WIFE NO. 1 REVEALS TO NO. 2 HUSBAND'S LIFE OF DUPLICITY

George H. Taylor Had Two Homes and Two Wives for a Year, Second Spouse Alleges.

IS BETRAYED BY A HAIR.

Wife No. 1 Discovers It on His Coat, Finds No. 2 and Discloses Deception to Her.

Herbert Taylor, who has just passed his sixth birthday, won't know for sure—though of course he is hardly old enough to appreciate his dilemma—just what his status is in society until after the tedious machinery of the law has ground a while for his benefit. All "Herbie" knows or cares is that he is a healthy little boy who loves to roll and tumble about and for whom the rear end of ice wagons are just beginning to hold a fascination.

But his mother, who was Miss Rose Wagner, daughter of a wealthy contractor, of No. 178 East Eightieth street, knows that at present Herbert's right to inherit his father's estate, and even to bear his father's name, will remain in question until some grave Justice of the Supreme Court has taken the youngster's case under serious advisement and has rendered his judicial decree as to whether Herbert Taylor is Herbert Taylor, legal son of George Henry Taylor.

Accordingly Mrs. Taylor took her son's case to the Supreme Court to-day and the wheels of justice took their first turn on Herbert's account.

Herbert's father is George Henry Taylor, an engineer, with an office in the Lord & Taylor Building, at Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street. The office still bears his name on the door, although Mr. Taylor is absent and is likely to continue so. He is the descendant of an old English family, and came to this country fifteen years ago to practice his profession. Along with the ordinary social talents possessed by the average Englishman of family, Mr. Taylor was an accomplished amateur boxer.

WED AFTER FALLING IN LOVE AT "THIRD SIGHT."

In his capacity of engineer, Taylor met Mr. Wagner. The contractor took the young Englishman to his home, and there he first met Miss Rose. On both sides it was a case of love at about third sight. The parents offered no objections, so on Dec. 24, 1906, Miss Wagner became Mrs. Taylor, through the good ministrations of Pastor Schoenfeld of the Lutheran Church at Eighty-eighth street and Lexington avenue.

For a year no home could have been more ideally happy than theirs. Everything went smoothly until Herbert came, on Dec. 20, 1906, but almost with him came the wreck of Mrs. Taylor's romance.

On the day following Herbert's birth a woman called to see Mrs. Taylor after the proud husband and father had gone to his office. According to the tale unfolded by Mrs. Taylor to the Supreme Court to-day, when that woman left the apartment the young wife and mother was prostrated. For the strange woman had told her an astounding story of Taylor's alleged duplicity; of a double life she charged he had been leading since the day of the wedding, a year before. She learned, too, that her own right to call him husband was seriously in question, and, worst of all, the baby boy could not claim to be his father's legal son and heir.

"Is George Henry Taylor your husband?" asked the strange woman when she had seated herself by the bedside of the young mother.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Taylor replied.

"I'm sorry to hurt you," the woman continued, "but you had better know it now than later. George Henry Taylor is my husband. He has been my husband for six years. I was Miss Rose O'Neill before Jan. 21, 1901, when he took me before Pastor Stern in the Lutheran Church and we were married.

DECEIVED BOTH WOMEN BY THE SAME STORY.

"We have been living together ever since. That is to say, we have been together whenever his business could spare him—for I was fool enough to believe it was business that kept him away from me. We have a home near Stamford, Conn. He has been telling me that new work kept him in New York six days in the week for the last year, but he has spent his Sundays with me and"——

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Taylor the second, "and on those Sundays he told me his work took him out of town."

"A few days ago," Mrs. Rose O'Neill Taylor went on, "I grew suspicious. A hair on his coat collar and some letters I found in his pockets made me so. I investigated, coming to New York for the first time in months. And then I learned the truth. He can never come back to me now."

"Nor to me!" exclaimed the woman on the sick bed.

When the engineer returned to his second home that night he was not allowed to see the mother of the baby. She sent down word she was too ill to see him, and she was. The next day an automobile carried Mrs. Taylor and Herbert to the home of Mrs. Taylor's parents. A note informed Taylor the truth was out.

For five years Mrs. Taylor was so busy rearing Herbert that she gave little heed to the legal side of his case. Then, a year ago, the father chanced to see his son—for the first time since the boy was born. He took a fancy to the little fellow that looked so like him. And he begged the mother to let him take the boy out once in a while. Mrs. Taylor could not find it in her heart to refuse, and thereafter the father was a frequent caller on the son, taking the lad to the "movies," and otherwise amusing him. At the same time, Taylor began to contribute liberally to his son's support.

A month ago Taylor suggested it would be a fine thing if he took the boy for a trip to England. If Mrs. Taylor refused, she feared the father might kidnap the son. Then Herbert's legal predicament occured to her, and she determined to appeal to the courts.

Through her attorney, Samuel Brand, of No. 44 Cedar street, she filed suit for an annulment of her marriage to-day. In addition to her plea that her marriage be declared null and void, she besought the court to decree that Herbert is the legitimate son of his father, with the right to inherit his father's or his mother's estate, quite as if the father had been legally her husband when the boy was born. Furthermore, she asks that she be given the sole custody of the child, and that Taylor be ordered to support him.

The papers in the suit were served upon Taylor in his offices day before yesterday. He took one look at them, then packed up, informed the superintendent of the building that he would not return, and sailed on the next steamship for England.

Mrs. Rose O'Neill Taylor divides her time between the home in Connecticut and the home of her mother, Mrs. J. S. Cotten, in West Fifty-sixth street, Manhattan. Mrs. Rose Wagner Taylor and Herbert are spending the winter at Lynnhaven, Fla.

USE POSLAM TO DISPOSE OF PIMPLES

Pimples and disfiguring skin affections are not to be endured one day longer than one chooses to endure them.

Poslam surely drives such troubles away.

It is inexpensive, obtainable everywhere; the modern remedy, handy, effective, through which thousands formerly affected for years have restored their skin to natural health color and texture.

All skin diseases, including eczema, acne, tetter, piles, salt rheum, skin scale, barber's and all other forms of itch, are relieved and cured by Poslam, itching being stopped at once.

The daily use of POSLAM SOAP, an absolutely pure soap medicated with Poslam, is of inestimable benefit to all whose skin is subject to eruptional troubles. Soothes tender skin; never irritates; ideal for baby's bath; best shampoo for dandruff.

All druggists sell Poslam (price, 50 cents) and Poslam Soap (price 25 cents). For free samples, write to the Emergency Laboratories, 32 West 25th Street, New York City.

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

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

Wed Early in Life, Urges a Happy Wife; Don't Be in a Rush, Warns an Unhappy One

"As You Have to Face the Music of Life Some Time, You Might as Well Do So While You Have Youth and Strength," Writes "A. L.," Who Married Young.

"The Ideal Age for Marriage Is When a Girl Has Seen Something of Men and the World, and That Means Not Younger Than Twenty-five," Says "O. W. L."

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

In the rush of men of all ages to agree or disagree with the Boston professor's selection of twenty-five as the ideal age for a husband, the young women have been a little bit neglected. To-day young wives present widely differing views of the ideal age at which to become a bride. It is interesting to note from these communications that, though one of these young women married at sixteen and the other at seventeen, they have opposite views as to the advisability of early marriages. The happy wife attributes the success of her matrimonial venture to the fact that she married "when the mind is easily trained," while the wife who feels that her marriage was a mistake warns young women "not to wed before reaching twenty-five" as "a girl who marries before she has seen more than a dozen men will surely be sorry. She should postpone marriage till she has seen something of the world and of men."

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

While the wife who urges that "the ideal age for a girl to marry is from eighteen to twenty-one," speaks with all the authority and confidence of personal success, early marriage is not always the best training school for the mind, and the woman whose mind is out of school is more apt to be a successful wife.

Unless we accept the theory held by some persons that in the long run it makes little difference whom one marries, every young girl should have the opportunity of judging and comparing as many men as possible before she makes a final choice from among them all. Maybe the result will not be changed by greater study and experience, but she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has chosen the best, or, at any rate, the most suitable.

It often happens that the first hat or the first suit or the first material shown is the one most admired and ultimately sent home, but few women are satisfied unless they have looked at everything else likely to please them before making a definite choice.

HOW A WOMAN BUYS A HAT FOR HERSELF.

A very good milliner who has made you one hat generally knows your type well enough to trot back to the workroom and bring out something at the very first guess which exactly suits your face and style. But haunted by fear that back in that unseen vortex of millinery there may be even greater miracles of beauty and becomingness, you send her back again and again until you are quite sure that your real affinity rests upon your head.

And so it should be when fate brings out her line of possible husbands to show you. If you are a widow, of course she knows whether your former purchase was a permanent satisfaction or proved ultimately disappointing, but if she is showing you her goods for the first time you are very foolish indeed to take the first thing that she brings forth with a true salesman's smile, and an ecstatic exclamation that never, never in the world was any one so well suited before. She may be right—often she is—but "it's no trouble to show goods" and no wise customer wants to take the first thing offered until she is assured it is the best thing. These remarks apply equally of course to the choice of men and women.

It is even more foolish for a very young man to marry the first girl that fate brings out of her workroom. For in addition to jeopardizing his personal happiness he assumes the life obligation of support. He may take the article back to the workshop, but he cannot under any possible circumstances get his money back.

Women are more fortunate in this respect. Early marriage may bring them to bankruptcy of the heart, but it is haunted by no hovering spectre of perpetual alimony.

IT IS WELL FOR A WOMAN TO HAVE PRACTICE.

Now the woman who marries at twenty-five or even a year or so earlier has had a chance to learn and to compare men. She is not so apt to be taken with a showy and cheap article. For the choice of extreme youth is too apt to fall upon those individuals who are like the cinnamon tree in that their bark is dearer than what is inside of it, whose entire value, in fact, is of the surface, their inner endowments being small and worthless. But let the rival advocates of early and late marriages speak for themselves. Here are their letters:

GET MARRIED YOUNG AND MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Dear Madam: To my mind the best age for a woman to get married is from eighteen to twenty-one. The mind can be more easily trained when young, and as you have to face the music of life some time, you might as well do so while you have youth and strength.

Your happiness will depend on your husband. My husband was ten years older than I, and better educated also. For his sake I tried hard and advanced in music, deep reading and chemistry. We were married on love, nerve and $18 a week. I was sixteen, young and giddy, and can honestly say that what I am and what I know to-day I owe to my husband. The first year of married life was hard, everything seemed to go wrong; but under the guidance of a good man you will come through. Every one thought I would be a failure, a regular case of "poor John!"

I never attended any balls and parties and never sighed for any. What the heart does not know exists it will never wish for. Girls who wait till twenty-five or thirty have a chance to go around and see too much of life and expect too much of one man. What you learn from society will never help you in married life. When you have your family when young you always look young and feel young also.

When married young you also stand a good chance to see your family grow up. That is worth while also.

The man should be at least twenty-five. Men are ideal then; have brains enough for a man, yet are soft enough to manage. At thirty or thirty-five they are self-centred, and might make very good husbands, BUT have lived on life's spray diet too long to get down to the plain fare of married life.

At twenty-five or thirty a couple will figure out too much what they can afford—children, furniture, &c. Half the joy of life is without figuring. We have had five children and we never stopped to figure could we afford them. Had I waited till now I might have had some glorious good times, known a lot of fellows, postponed my troubles, seen life's empty bubble, but I should have known no real happiness. After eight years I can say I have one good man, four nice children, a neat, cosy home free from debt and a FEW dollars put away. My husband earns $50 to-day, so marriage never hurt him. I have lots of work, but lots of happiness also. Get married young, but remember your marriage vows "till death do you part"; stick to each other and look on the sunny side of the street. A. L.

GIRLS, DON'T MARRY BEFORE YOU MEET THE RIGHT MAN.

Dear Madam: The ideal age for marriage is when a girl has seen something of men and the world, and that means not younger than twenty-five. One does not meet many men or see much of the world under that age, and a girl who marries before she has seen more than a dozen men, young or old, will be sorry. I married, at the age of seventeen, a man two years older than myself. I had hardly ever left my birthplace and I was young and foolish. Now, after a few years of married life, I find what a mistake I have made. I am married to a man I can't love, and I have the disturbing knowledge that had I only waited I would have met the man. Girls, don't marry so young. I know it seems alluring before you are in it, but unless you have met the man you will often regret your haste. O. W. L.

Laughter Lines—

or character lines on a mature face are not disfiguring. It is the hard lines that mar beauty.

VELOGEN gently massaged into the face twice daily, softens the lines, and lends a gentle, pleasing dignity to the face long after the passing of youth-beauty.

VELOGEN "Beauty's Guardian"

One application makes an improvement—

a week's systematic use a transformation

BETTER THAN COLD CREAM—USED THE SAME WAY

At your Druggist's. In collapsible tubes, 25c.

HAVE TO BEAT SENSELESS A BURGLAR WHO BITES.

Ex-Convict Who Whips Two Sinks Teeth Into Policeman's Arm and Won't Let Go.

William Esche was awakened at 1 o'clock this morning at his home, No. 249 West Twenty-third street, by a burglar. He closed in and was being badly beaten when Gustav Deube, who lives in the house, went to his aid. The burglar whipped them both and ran to the street, where he was caught by Patrolman Nathanson of the West Thirtieth street station. It required the combined strength of the three to overpower him.

On the way to the station the prisoner suddenly fastened his teeth in Nathanson's right arm. Two other patrolmen came and the man was beaten almost insensible before he would relax his jaws.

In the station the man tried to chew up a piece of paper which showed that John Scott was paroled from Sing Sing recently. He admitted he was Scott. He was locked up charged with burglary.

OLYMPIC CHAMPION CHOKES GIANT EEL TO DEATH IN WATER

"Duke" Kahanamoku, Prize Swimmer, Loses Finger in Desperate Battle.

HONOLULU, Jan. 28.—In a battle with a giant eel ten feet under water "Duke" Kahanamoku, world's champion short distance swimmer, had a narrow escape from death. He killed the eel and in doing so lost the index finger from his right hand. He is fearful lest blood poisoning sets in.

Kahanamoku, known as the "Duke of Waikiki," a resort near Honolulu, has been practising for the Australian championships, and with companions was going through his daily exercise.

His friends were paddling about and did not notice his disappearance until cries from the shore aroused them. They soon were diving in desperate efforts to locate the champion.

After the "Duke" had been under fully two minutes his companions noticed a furious churning of the water fifty yards from them. Suddenly one of the swimmer's legs shot up from below, and was kicked about in the air, indicating that he was struggling to release himself. The leg after one final kick was dragged beneath the surface again.

Just as the swimmers reached him Kahanamoku came to the surface, gasped for breath and sank again. His friends dived, brought him up and dashed for the shore, where he was revived. One of the party got the body of the eel, which the "Duke" had checked to death. It was the largest ever seen in these waters.

"Duke" Kahanamoku has been known throughout the United States as a swimmer for three years, and leaped into international fame last summer at the Olympic games in Stockholm, when he won the 100-metre swimming match. He is in his early twenties, and got his experience as a "beach rider" in the Hawaiian Islands. After the Olympic games he participated in the Hamburg races and there established the world's record of 1 minute 11-5 seconds for the 100-metre distance. Recently various athletic associations voted to have him represent them at the coming Australian swimming races.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

DUE TO-DAY.

Gertr, Marseilles. Lenape, Jacksonville.
Exeter City, Swansea. Nueces, Key West.
Cosmo, San Juan.

39 BRUISES ON BABE ONLY ONE YEAR OLD MADE BY CRUEL FATHER

Judge Rosalsky, Sorry There Is No Whipping Post, Sends Prisoner to Penitentiary.

At least forty men in General Sessions to-day stood ready to batter Pasquale Pollarti after they had heard Gerry Society agents tell Judge Rosalsky how the prisoner had brutally beaten a year-old infant of a woman with whom he lived at No. 417 East One Hundred and Sixth street. Several women were in tears.

Pillarti had pleaded guilty to beating the child with a heavy strap because it cried and annoyed him. An examination by Dr. Gibbs, a Gerry Society's physician, disclosed thirty-nine bruises. Thirty-seven of them were made by a buckle on the strap. There were also the marks of a bite upon the cheek of the child. These, the mother said, were caused by the defendant.

It was said in Pollarti's defense that he only beat the child and, incidentally its mother, when he was intoxicated. The woman told Judge Rosalsky that Pollarti was seldom sober. Dr. Gibbs and Assistant Superintendent Moore of the Gerry Society declared that all the injuries to the child had been inflicted in one day. Judge Rosalsky wasted no time in lecturing the child-beater.

"If the whipping-post law were now in vogue," he said, "I do not think there is a man in this court-room who would not volunteer to administer the lashing that you deserve. If that form of punishment existed to-day everybody would rejoice in battering you as you battered this defenseless babe."

A sentence of one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary and a fine of $500 was imposed on Pollarti. If he is unable to pay the fine the child-beater will be obliged to remain in the penitentiary one day for each dollar of the fine.

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

Prince Sigismond	Kingston
Rijndam	Rotterdam
Trent	Colon
Algonquin	Genoa
Barbarossa	Posta

Choice of Any Suit In the House

Formerly Marked $25, $28 or $30

Unrestricted Selection from Unlimited Assortments, at - - - - $12.75

This is without question the one big opportunity of the Winter to PICK AND CHOOSE from unlimited assortments at prices which would be impossible were it not that these immense Mail Order stocks have to be cleared within a very short period.

Every Fashionable Model and Fabric Is Represented.

There Is an Appropriate, Richly Tailored Suit for Every Woman.

Your Choice at $12.75

Broadcloth Suits	Silk Braid Trimmed Suits
Diagonal Cheviots	Mannish Norfolk Suits
Smart Diagonals	Jaunty Youthful Suits
Wide Wale Serges	Stylish Cut-a-way Suits
Handsome Bouclés	Parisian Jacket Suits

Many of these charming Suits are correct duplicates of imported and Fifth Avenue models which have been illustrated in the leading fashion publications. Their trimmings and linings are of the latest vogue in color and richness of materials used. Altogether this is a sale sufficiently unusual to warrant your attendance from a distance.

No Alterations. Sale in Three Cities: New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn.

Bedell

14-16 WEST 14TH STREET NEW YORK

14-16 West 14th St. NEW YORK; 468 and 462 Fulton Street BROOKLYN; Market, cor. 13th Street, Philadelphia

Best & Co.

A Special Sale

Tomorrow, Thursday

Augustine Corsets

Broken Sizes

Regular prices $3.00 and $1.50

Reduced to 2.00 a 00

Also

Misses' Corsets

Broken Sizes

Regular price $2.00

Reduced to 1.00

FIFTH AVE. At Thirty-fifth St.

Don't Let Your Stomach Trouble You

When you feel miserable, run down, have a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue and frequent headaches it is a sure sign that your stomach, liver and bowels are not in order and need a good, thorough cleansing at once.

EX-LAX

The Delicious Chocolate Laxative

will cleanse your system in a natural, healthy manner, without pain or griping. Ex-Lax will relieve your bowels of the undigested waste matter, and in several hours your head will be clear and your eyes will sparkle.

One 10c box of Ex-Lax is enough to convince you.

Get it at your drug store to-day. 10c and 25c.

Hearing Bad?

Don't risk deafness! Get a 25c or 50c tube of Kondon's, the original and genuine Catarrhal Jelly. Use it as directed and note the beneficial result. Kondon's brings instant relief by removing the germs of catarrh—by soothing the inflamed membrane, by healing the raw surfaces. Sold by nearly every druggist. Sample FREE from Kondon Bros. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

The 1913 World Almanac will tell you something about most everything and everything about a great many things.

Premier ASK YOUR GROCER

PERRI-WALLA TEA
ROASTED COFFEE
STRAWBERRY JAM
CANNED CORN

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 $4 & $4.50 SHOES

For style, fit and wear W. L. Douglas shoes are unequalled at the price. They are the standard of quality everywhere.

Stores in Greater New York:
31 Nassau Street
[illegible] Broadway, cor. 11th St.
540 Broadway, cor. 46th St.
1475 Broadway, Times Sq.
34 3d Ave., near 20th St.
462 3d Ave., near 2d St.
[illegible] Av., cor. 126th St.
170 Third Avenue
[illegible] Eighth Avenue
[illegible] Av., near 42d.
250 West 125th Street.
Bronx—[illegible] Broad St.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.
421 Fulton Street.
[illegible] to 710 Broadway.
1507 Broadway.
[illegible] 5th Av., cor. 11th St.
1179 Flatbush Avenue.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Safe. Sure. Reliable. 25c.

"I found Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a good remedy for my cough due to a heavy cold." Mrs. Jess L. Stapf, 179 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Send for FREE SAMPLE to Dr. D. S. Bull Co., Inc.

Don't let your cold run into **Grippe**. Nothing pulls you down more than Grippe. Its effects are often serious and permanent. Get rid of that cold now.