WOMAN ACROBAT FLIPS TO NOWHERE FROM LINER'S PIER

Mrs. Boganny, Decked With Diamonds, Hunted in Vain for "Detention."

ELUDES CUNARD MEN.

Whisked Away in Auto She Vanished, and Line May Be Fined $5,000.

Although Mrs. Etta Boganny is a professional acrobat, she appears to be equally good at conjuring herself from the ken of Immigration officials and representatives of the Cunard line. Although she was reported to have ensconced herself at the Hotel Breslin, following her escape from the Carmania, on board which, although a first cabin passenger, she was being held for transportation to Ellis Island, it was learned positively to-day that she is not there. Secret Service men and detectives of the Cunard line guarded the hotel all night. The elusive Mrs. Boganny did not have a chance to escape unless she had boarded an airship.

At the Hotel Navarre, it was said that, although the Bogannys usually stopped there, nothing was known of them now. It was the same at other hotels. The Cunard officials declared early to-day that they knew where the woman was and would turn her over to the Immigration authorities in two hours. Up to noon they had not done so. The United Booking Offices, which books the Boganny act, declared everybody was in the dark there also.

The Government was informed recently that the woman would arrive as Mrs. Etta Boganny, although she had travelled as Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Clifton, and furthermore that she was coming here as the wife of Joseph Boganny, manager of acrobats.

SHE WORE MANY VALUABLE DIAMONDS.

The boarding immigration inspectors found the one they sought, a fine-looking woman, ablaze with the biggest array of dazzling diamonds ever worn by a traveller in all their experience. She is thirty-three years old, according to official records, but on the manifest she is put down as twenty-nine. She said she had been married to Mr. Boganny for ten years, but had not seen him in four months.

Before the Carmania docked last night the woman was refused a red landing card and ordered to Ellis Island. On the pier waiting for the acrobat were sixteen-year-old Cyril Saunders, an acrobat, wearing spectacles, who has been here twelve weeks; Joseph Boganny, a finely dressed and imposing man, and a man with a bald head and a big nose. The Boganny Troupe is advertised to appear at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre this week.

While the immigration officers were busy the woman tipped a steward to rush her two suit cases ashore and stole to the deck. Boganny easily got aboard over the gangplank, explaining to the Cunard officials that he wished to meet his sick wife. He met the female acrobat on deck, and the two whispered together.

"I will get you ashore," said the manager. The steward at the gangway asked her for her red ticket, but the man, who was behind her, said: "Oh, that's all right. I'll bring back her card in a minute." The steward let her pass. Directly they were on the pier the man and the woman threaded their way swiftly through the maze of trunks and people, descended the staircase and were met on the lower level by a good looking, well dressed, tall woman. All three climbed into a limousine and sped away.

There is a penalty of $5,000 fine or a year's imprisonment, or both, for permitting a passenger to get away.

TWO BOYS DIE BY GAS, MOTHERS ARE ARRESTED.

Find "Hope Everything Will Be Well Done" Note and Life Insurance Policies.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 3.—George Stebbins, thirteen, and Ralph Carpenter, six, were found dead in bed from gas asphyxiation at their home, No. 628 Collinsville avenue, East St. Louis, yesterday. Mrs. Pearl Bell Stephens and Mrs. Nellie Carpenter, mothers of the two boys, were arrested and held for investigation.

A three-fourth inch pipe, which had been connected to a gas range, was found in a room adjoining the one occupied by the boys. There was no cap on the pipe and none was found on the floor. There were no other gas fixtures in the house.

The police discovered two life insurance policies on the Stebbins boy made out in favor of Mrs. Stebbins. One was for $125 and the other for $100. They also found a note signed Slim Jim in which was written:

"I hope everything will be well done."

Mrs. Carpenter testified that her son and the Stebbins boy left home about 8 o'clock to attend a picture show and that she and Mrs. Stebbins departed about a half hour later and were out all night. The women were held by the Coroner.

SHE "VANISHED" TO WED.

The "mysterious" part of the disappearance of Dorothy Isabella Morrill, the seventeen-year-old daughter of James E. Morrill of Port Richmond, Staten Island, was exploded yesterday when her father announced she had been married to John Kana, twenty-two, of Mariners' Harbor.

Taft Writing Messages.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—President Taft cancelled all his engagements to-day and remained in his study in the White House preparing drafts of two special messages to be sent to Congress this month. The first will deal with the proposed budget system, and with the second the President will transmit the report of the Alaskan railways commission.

How New York Men, Women and Customs Strike an Observing Woman From Paris

Breezy Comments on Styles, Policemen, Hot Air and Taxis

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Meg Villars Finds Coal Holes in the Pavements Are Stumbling Blocks.

Looking for a Gondola in Sixth Avenue When It Rains Smartly.

A Visit to Peacock Alley Causes a Shock to a Lady in an Arm Chair.

BY MEG VILLARS.

Dear New York:

I do like you so! You take a lot of getting used to, and I haven't quite managed it yet; but you are a very lovable city most ways, even if it does break a hole in one's savings to take a ride in one of your taxicabs!

When you are over fresh from Paris, where the taximetre starts off at 15 cents and goes up slowly at only 2 cents a jump, you begin to feel panic-stricken and think about cabling home for funds as you roll down Fifth avenue and realize what very little ground you can cover here for one dollar!

I shall certainly stick to the nice dime 'bus, with its funny fare-collector, or to the elevated railway or the Subway when I want to travel!

I'm still a bit scared of walking because I keep forgetting the coal holes on the sidewalk. I look so idiotic when I trip up over them, as I have done once or twice, to the great amusement of several small newspaper boys! You certainly have to watch your feet here; the pavements and roads are rather hard to negotiate, they have unexpected holes and pitfalls. Sixth avenue way especially!

The other day when it was raining I quite thought I was in Venice and looked around for a gondola to take me across the pools.

NEW YORK COPS BETTER THAN THE PARIS BRAND.

The policemen are very nice. They stop the traffic quick and don't keep you waiting like you have to wait on the Place de l'Opera in Paris. I've stood there sometimes five minutes before I could catch the policeman's eye. Once I get his notice, though, I'm all right. I put on the sort of expression that means "shall-I-ever-see-my-happy-home-and-mother-again?" and it makes people either want to smile or throw things at me. I've got one of those funny faces, you know, that would look well modelled in soft Indian rubber!) The result is that the French policeman, who doesn't want to smile because it would be undignified and who can't throw anything at me because if he did I'd hit him back, stops the traffic and let's me across quick. As I've said before, it's a simple matter of catching his eye! I like the way the cops in New York manage things, a nod there, a wave of the hand here and everything works as smoothly as the roulette wheels at Monte Carlo. I would like to stop and watch the officers working at the crossings, sometimes, only I've discovered it's as much as your life is worth to loiter on the streets in this busy part of the town.

When you go into an elevator the men are lovely and take off their hats and stop puffing at their cigars, * * * but, my goodness, if you get in their way on the sidewalk and have one of them bump into you, you'll never forget it as long as you live! There's a sort of concentrated scorn in their gaze which says, "What's this fool female doing here anyway, wasting my good time and knocking the breath out of my body? Why isn't she at home mending her husband's socks?"

I tell you the only time this happened to me I went straight to the hotel and darned my stockings for the rest of the afternoon! I couldn't do my husband's, as I've left him in Paris to look after the maids and see they don't run away with the houses! (Of course, on the other hand, they may run away with him; but one has to take some risks in this life!)

OUR BUILDINGS LIKE TURKISH BATHS.

I wonder why you keep the buildings heated up so, dear old New York. I still feel as thought I'm living in a Turkish bath, although I've switched off the heat thing in my room and opened all the windows.

Just this afternoon I was downstairs finding out about the peacock alley, but I couldn't stand it for more than half an hour. After that I had to come up here and just put my head out of the window for a breather before sitting down to write.

I was sorry to have to leave! My! but the ladies do come out with their glad rags at tea-time, don't they? I had some idea of that being the case, so I "beautified" a bit, put on my best-Sunday-go-to-meeting and swathed myself in my one and only ermine stole and muff that took me two years to save up for! Then I aeroplaned down in the elevator. I peeped into the men's bar out of the corner of my eye as I passed—I'd love to go in there and sample those messy things in the big bowls, and the sandwiches looked fine—I said 'How d'ye do?' to my nice little fountain pen lady, I made a detour to get away from the candy store (I'm scared of it because sweet things make you so fat), and then I settled down into one of the gorgeous armchairs, that look as if the Waldorf authorities have been pilfering the museums and old palaces of Europe. I have never come across such comfortable seats anywhere as in the peacock alley here! The big hug-me-tight ones are just the right size for a before-and-during-the-honeymoon couple, ain't they?

There are a lot of women in New York. It seems to me that I've seen enough this afternoon to fill Paris a dozen times over. Perhaps their number seemed so overwhelming because there were no men! Haven't you any men that don't work and are sort of just-for-amusement-only? I guess not and I must say that it looks good to the men's credit even if it's a bit lonesome for the ladies!

TEA CAN'T CROWD OUT THE HIGHBALL HERE.

In all the smart Parisian places there are as many male tea-drinkers as there are members of the fair sex; if there were not the tea shops would have to put the shutters up. In Europe ladies mostly dress to fascinate the men and look nice for them, and not for the sake of running the gantlet of the critical eyes of their sisters in peacock alleys. Here the "tabby-parties" are as jolly as any of the mixed ones at home though and the ladies seem to enjoy themselves together immensely.

I must confess that I was a bit disappointed with the way your women dress, dear New York, and I don't like the furs that I've seen so far. The ones I've noticed to-day seem so mixed! Opossum cap, pony skin coat, red fox muff and a little bit of ermine round the throat is what I saw adorning one pretty girl.

I prefer to save up till I can get one really nice thing, no matter what it is, from jewelry to a carpet for the spare bed room. I hate shoddy finery obtained by degrees, don't you?

Some of the girls I saw during my half hour stay down in the Turkish bath atmosphere (I can't get over the heat question, can I? You certainly are leading us strangers up, by degrees, to what we may expect hereafter if we are bad in this life!) were sweet and charmingly dressed. They were gay, lively, bright eyed, altogether good to look at and so delightfully unselfconscious.

The neat tailor-made ones I like best of all. You can't go far wrong with a tailor-made suit unless you are silly enough to go in for fancy lace collars, inappropriate buttonholes and have a colored handkerchief sticking out of an unnecessary pocket!

Some of the home made gowns that had ambitions to pose as being Paris models were a bit terrible and once or twice I had to kick myself for singing, under my breath, "Oh, the sights you see when you're out without a gun!"

NEW YORK WOMEN NEVER GROW OLD.

What a lot of old ladies there are out to have a gay time! At home we'd be having them wheeled about in invalid chairs. The American dowager certainly doesn't give up early, does she? Here's long life and health to her plucky endurance and, in the words of the Hindu gentleman whose name I forget, "may her shadow never grow less."

I'd have lots more to say about the peacock alley if I'd stay down there longer but, as I have remarked already too many times, it was too warm. I did try to bear it, but it got my goat. (good for me, eh? This is the latest I've learned.) I started by taking off my gloves, then I shook myself free of my furs, next I got out of my jacket and enjoyed the coolness of my thin shirtwaist. After that I retired, however, for the lady in the chair next to mine looked so anxious and worried lest I should suddenly throw off further garments that I thought perhaps I was wrong in removing any of my wraps at all.

Good evening, dear New York. As Shakespeare says, "I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."

33 BOYS IN SCHOOL APPENDICITIS VICTIMS.

Philadelphia Physicians Believe Peculiar "Epidemic" Is Due to Microbe.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—An epidemic of appendicitis has prevailed at the St. Francis Industrial School at Eddington, near here, during the past week.

Twenty-nine of the boy students have been operated upon by Dr. Ellwood Kirby in a hospital in this city and four others will undergo operations to-morrow.

Dr. Kirby stated last night that he believes the large number of cases was due to some microbe disorder and will make an investigation at the school.

The boys' ages range from twelve to fourteen years.

SLEPT AS GAS ESCAPED.

Boston Man's Violin Fell on Tube and He Is Found Dead To-day.

Bernard Courtney, a young chemist who recently came here from Boston, was found dead in his room at No. 170 Hicks street, Brooklyn, to-day. The neck of a violin on which he had been playing lay across a tube connecting a drop lamp with the gas fixture on the wall. It had dislodged the tube and gas was pouring from it.

Other people in the place, a rooming house, heard Courtney playing last night. About 9 o'clock his violin ceased to sound. From the position of his body, which was seated in a reclining chair and fully dressed, it appeared as if Courtney had fallen asleep while still holding his violin, which had then dropped upon the gas tube, disconnecting it.

The door was unlocked, and when gas was smelled in the house early to-day it was quickly traced to the young man's room. An ambulance surgeon from the Swedish Hospital thought he detected a spark of life in Courtney when he arrived, but after working over him for two hours he gave it up. Courtney was twenty-three years old and employed some where in Manhattan in a wholesale drug house.

Babies Not Scarce in the St. Louis 400, Investigators Find.

Twenty-three Rich Families Have 62 Children and Majority Have Some.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 3.—Three-fourths of the wealthy homes in Boston's fashionable district are childless," says the Rev. Austen Kennedy De Blois, pastor of the First Baptist Church here, who has had four investigators getting statistics. "Beacon Hill and Back Bay ought to have a look at St. Louis, particularly at the finest residence parts of St. Louis—Portland Place, Lenox Place, Hortense Place. There are children in more than 75 per cent. of the homes of St. Louis's smart set."

When the home owners of Lenox Place two summers ago hung a heavy chain across the entrance to the street, barring automobiles and vehicles, it was remarked: "How very exclusive they're getting to be!" The reason for putting up the chain was to protect the many children from the danger of being run down by automobiles. In twenty-three families investigated in the district sixty-two children were found.

PARISIANS THRONG COURT FOR AUTO BANDITS' TRIAL.

Hundreds Eager to See "Phantom Outlaws" and Women Accomplices Are Turned Away.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—The trial of the famous "automobile bandits" began at noon to-day with the Palace of Justice jammed to its utmost capacity. Curious crowds surrounded the building, anxious to get a glimpse of the notorious prisoners, and scores of handsomely gowned women thronged the court-room. Hundreds of others were turned away.

The men on trial are the remaining members of the famous Bonnot gang of outlaws, Carouy, Dieudonne, Meunier, Soudy and seventeen lesser lights of the underworld who last year held all Paris in a reign of terror. The Bonnot band was the Jesse James crew of France. They were known to the police as the "phantom outlaws" by reason of their apparent ability to be in several places at the same time. This they accomplished by using high power automobiles for their raids.

Of the accused brought up for trial to-day there are women—Anna Maitrejean, Marie Vuillemin and Barbe Leclerc—all young women who were closely connected with the bandits in all their operations. The trial is expected to last several weeks.

Dinner to Russian Diplomat.

Henry Clews gave a dinner at his residence, No. 27 West Fifty-first street, last night in honor of George Bakhmetieff, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to this country from Russia, and his wife. Twenty-five friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clews were at the dinner.

PHOTO IN LOCKET OF WIFE NO. 1 WAS SAME AS IN NO. 2'S

That's How Blonde Mrs. Van Tassell and Brunette Mrs. Van Tassell Learned Secret.

THEN THEY SWOONED.

Wives Worked Side by Side in Shop Till Chance Revealed Their Strange Relation.

Two young women, one of them very dark, one very blond and both very small, pointed accusing fingers at Walter Van Tassell in Harlem Court to-day and chorused:

"That's our husband and we can prove it!"

In evidence before Magistrate Campbell there were two marriage certificates, purporting to show that on March 25, 1907, Rose Donlon became Mrs. Walter Van Tassell and that on Aug. 21, following, Margaret Elling went to the altar with a man of that name.

Magistrate Campbell shook his head.

"There is no use to go on with the hearing, because of these dates," he said. "More than five years have passed and the statute of limitations shields the defendant, whether or not he is guilty. The only thing I can do is to discharge him."

Dark Mrs. Rose Van Tassell and light Mrs. Margaret Van Tassell looked at each other and sighed and then turned two blue eyes and two black eyes toward Assistant District-Attorney Phillips. He was looking up something in a large leather-covered book. Van Tassell bowed politely to the two, who claimed him as husband, and started from the courtroom.

LOCKET REVEALS TO WOMEN THEY HAVE SAME HUBBY.

"Wait!" cried Phillips. "Stop him, there!"

A court attendant intercepted the late defendant at the door and brought him back.

"Mrs. Van Tassell No. 2 has a child by this man, Your Honor," went on the prosecutor. "He has failed to support the child and in that is guilty of a violation of the Penal law, punishable by a year's imprisonment or a $500 fine."

Van Tassell, who is twenty-eight years old, a clerk, and lives at No. 159 Seventh avenue, was held in $500 bail to Special Sessions, and the complainants started, hand in hand, for the Sixth avenue manicure shop where both are employed.

Although they had been working side by side for months, they told Magistrate Campbell, it was not until two weeks ago that they realized they had anything more in common than their occupation. At that time their friendship reached the stage of intimate revelation of pasts and the blonde tearfully told the brunnette how she had been deserted, the girls said.

THEY LOOK AT PICTURES AND THEN THEY FAINT.

"And I've had to work ever since to support the baby," continued the girl, who still called herself Margaret Elling. "He's sent me a little money, but not enough to count."

"Don't cry, dearie," comforted the brunette. "I've had my troubles, too. Why, my husband deserted me two days after we were married and I haven't seen him since or heard from him, much less got money from him."

Then Rose Donlon—for Mrs. Van Tassell No. 1 also was using her maiden name—opened her locket and showed the picture of the man she said had deserted her. The blonde looked at it and fainted. When she recovered she opened her own locket and exhibited a similar picture, immediately after which she had to minister to the fainting brunette.

The alleged Mrs. Van Tassell No. 2, after she and the brunette had consulted Detective Barron of the East Fifty-first street station, made an appointment with Van Tassel, to whose whereabouts she had a clue, for last night, and Barron arrested him.

Room has been made in the two lockets for new pictures.

AMERICAN YACHT AGROUND.

Invincible Run on Mud Bank in English Waters—Has Heavy List.

SOUTHAMPTON, England, Feb. 3.—The American yacht Invincible, belonging to C. T. Varney went ashore to-day at Calshot Spit in Southampton Water, opposite Cowes. She is lying in the mud with a heavy list but is expected to float again at high tide. A tug is standing by to render assistance if necessary.

It is understood that the Invincible was recently purchased by a Mr. Burgess of New York. She had just started on her voyage for that port when she went ashore.

COURT OVERRULES WILL THAT BARRED OUT A SON-IN-LAW

Orders That Insane Daughter's Share in Suchy Estate Be Paid to Husband.

A father who dislikes a son-in-law cannot disinherit his daughter because she refused to separate from her husband. A decision to this effect was made to-day by Justice Ford in the Supreme Court in an action brought by Dr. Julius G. Paider of No. 349 East Seventy-second street to set aside the will of the late Franz Suchy, a wealthy retired merchant of the Bronx, who died in November, 1911, leaving a codicil in his will which prohibited Mrs. Paider from sharing in his estate unless she left the physician or unless she became a widow.

The papers in the action fail to disclose the cause of the testator's animosity toward his son-in-law. The first indication was shown when a daughter came to bless the union of the doctor and his wife about fifteen years ago. The happy young father called on Mr. Suchy to announce that the merchant was a grandfather. The physician says his father-in-law used such abusive language that their relations became strained. Shortly afterward Mr. Suchy forbade his son-in-law to cross the door of his home.

In 1907 Mrs. Paider became insane and was committed to the Manhattan State Hospital. She was discharged, but in 1909 was recommitted and is now an inmate of the asylum. The Paiders have two children, the younger being Julius, ten years old.

After Mr. Suchy's death, Dr. Paider, as the committee of his wife, sued his mother-in-law, Mrs. Josephine Suchy, her son Frederick and a daughter, Mrs. Josephine Vanecka, the executors and trustees under the will, to have the provision relating to Mrs. Paider set aside as contrary to public policy and good morals.

Justice Ford pointed out that Suchy had carried his grievance against his son-in-law beyond the grave by a double prohibitive document—first in directing that his trustees should have absolute control over the payments of any money to Mrs. Paider and second that in no event should she share in his estate unless she became a widow or ceased to live with her husband.

"The second provision is, in my opinion, invalid," says the Court, "because to suspend payment until the death of the husband might involve suspension during three lives in being—that of the husband and two children—and to forbid the payment unless the wife separates from her husband is against public policy. Such separation as ensues from the confinement of the wife in an institution does not, in my opinion, fall within the language of the will. With provision No. 1 eliminated we have a valid will."

The Court then directs that Dr. Paider receive the share of the Suchy estate which is due his wife.

TOO MUCH DYNAMITE USED IN BLASTING WRECKS SUBWAY 'CUT'

Two Laborers Are Seriously Injured in Seventy-Ninth Street Excavation.

Two workmen were seriously injured by falling timbers, jarred from their supports by a blast in the excavation for the new subway at Seventy-ninth street and Lexington avenue to-day. The foreman in charge of the work at that point for the Bradley Construction Company did not make a police report of the accident and were shy about giving information when policemen, informed from other sources, sought to make an investigation.

It has been established that an overcharge of blasting dynamite, placed by some person whose identity has been concealed, was set off for the purpose of loosening a wall of rock. The blast jarred down not only the wall attached but much of the timbering for half a block in either direction, and beside the two seriously injured half a dozen others sustained minor cuts and bruises, bruises.

John Bradshaw, a negro, of No. 256 Tiffany street, Bronx Borough, and Tony Dalaci of No. 251 West One Hundred and Thirty-third street, were working alongside a pump supported on a platform braced by beams when the blast was set off. The beams were loosened from their foundations and fell on the two men. Both Bradshaw's legs were crushed and Dalaci's left leg was fractured. The injured men were placed on stretchers kept for such an emergency and fellow workmen rode with them to the German Hospital on Seventy-seventh street and Lexington avenue. Some of the other injured men went to their homes and the remainder remained at work.

The blast jarred the buildings throughout the neighborhood. Bottles and glasses on the shelves and counters of Peter Jaffe's drug store on the corner were jarred from their places. Residents of the section say that the blasting is kept up at intervals all day and resembles a series of shocks from the explosion of big guns.

"Some boob put a double load in a blast," said one of the workmen.

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