MODEL WIFE TELLS COURT SHE DOESN'T BOSS HER HUSBAND

Mrs. Steinig Doesn't Even Know What Time "Fred" Gets Home at Night.

NOR WHEN HE GETS UP.

And as to Where He Works and His Salary—Gracious, Don't Ask Her!

The Model Wife made her appearance before United States Commissioner Gilchrist this morning. She is Mrs. Sayde Carruthers Steinig, spouse of Frederick Steinig of No. 615 Caldwell avenue, the Bronx, who was in business as a wholesale provision merchant at No. 392 Columbus avenue, until three of his creditors filed an involuntary petition in bankruptcy against him in the United States District Court.

Little Mrs. Steinig, who is just past eighteen, appeared to testify as to her husband's financial status. Her replies to the questions propounded to her by a representative of the law firm of McLear & McLear, attorneys for Mr. Steinig's creditors, revealed her as a paragon of wifely complacency for "she knew not what her husband did with his money nor did she ask him prying questions anent the same."

In addition to her charms of disposition, Mrs. Steinig laid claim to more than passing consideration by virtue of a figure petite, a wealth of glistening black hair, coiled within a chic "chicken hat;" a smoothly rounded cheek of the color and texture of a full blown peach; big violet eyes; and a ready smile that revealed two rows of gleaming white teeth.

LOTS OF THINGS ARE HIS "PRIVATE AFFAIRS."

"Where is your husband working?" asked Mr. McLear.

"Really, I don't know," replied Mrs. Steinig, with a smile. "He never told me."

"How long has he been working wherever he is working?"

"I don't know."

"Well, then, Mrs. Steinig, how much is his salary?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Steinig reproachfully, "I wouldn't ask him an embarrassing question like that. He gives me a certain amount every week and I'm perfectly satisfied with my allowance."

"How much did he get for his Columbus avenue business, when he sold it to Joseph Ungar on Jan. 13?"

"All I know is that he got quite a lot for it. But I don't know what he did with the money. I hate to bother Fred, so I haven't even asked him the name of his bank. No, he has never told me whether anyone owes him any money."

"Well, what time does your husband get up in the morning?"

"Mr. Lawyer," returned Mrs. Steinig sharply, "I wouldn't pry into my husband's private affairs like that. All I know is that when I get up in the morning he is gone."

"Who gets his breakfast?"

"That is his private affair, too. I know I don't. Maybe he gets his breakfast outside. You see, the janitor of our apartment house is a little slow in getting steam heat to our apartment in the morning, so it's altogether too cold for me to think of getting up and getting a breakfast. And our present arrangement seems to suit Fred perfectly."

SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHEN HUBBY GETS HOME.

"Well," inquired the desperate attorney, "tell me, please, when Mr. Steinig comes home at night."

Mrs. Steinig pondered.

"I couldn't exactly say," she answered at length. "I never want Fred to come home until he really wants to see me. And I don't really know what time he does come home. The best I can say is that he comes home when he is perfectly ready—sometimes at one hour—sometimes at another.

"Mercy, no. He never gave me any property. I wouldn't bother the poor boy by asking him to do such a thing. I just want him to have all his property for his own dear self."

The Steinigs lived at No. 137 West Ninetieth street until Mr. Steinig sold his business, when they moved to the Bronx address.

FIRE CAPTAIN IS MORTALLY HURT AS ENGINE HITS POLE.

Sullivan Thrown From Step When Driver Avoids a Crash With Trolley Car.

Capt. James J. Sullivan of Engine Company No. 59 was mortally injured yesterday afternoon while responding to an alarm at No. 2590 Eighth avenue. In trying to avoid collision with a surface car at Seventh avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street his engine crashed into a trolley pole.

Sullivan and Fireman John Clahcey, hanging on the rear step, were thrown to the street. Driver Kenny, who was strapped to his seat, escaped injury. Clancey, only slightly bruised, rushed to the assistance of Capt. Sullivan, who lay unconscious in the gutter. He was taken to Harlem Hospital in a S. P. C. A. wagon.

Dr. Sayles found Sullivan's skull was fractured. The engine, which was partly wrecked, was towed to the repair shops. One of the horses was injured. The fire, a cellar blaze, was trifling.

Red Cross Cough Drops. Nothing better for sore throat. 5c. per box.—Adv.

THE LENTEN LOOKING GLASS

Third Article of a Series

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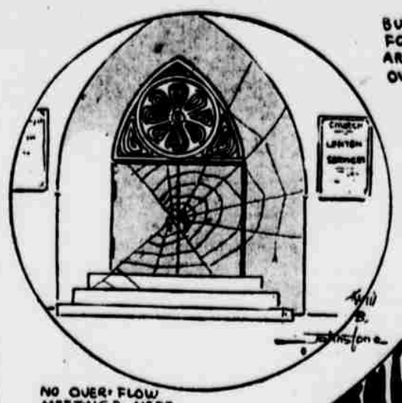
The New York Man Is a Human Refrigerator With His Heart Kept in Cold Storage

"He Likes to Pose as a Regular Devil, but, Believe Me, He's More Like a Clam, and His Worst Fault Is Cold-Bloodedness," Writes "Hildegarde."

"I See Bedizened Women Sitting at the Feet of Hindu Fakirs, Holding Hands with Greasy Palmists, While Churches Are Empty," Declares "Old Fogy."



BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

WHAT is the matter with the New York woman? One masculine reader who has taken a peep into the Lenten Looking Glass answers that she does not go to church. "A woman without religion is like a flower without perfume," he quotes approvingly, leaving us to conclude that the girl of the period is as lacking in sweetness as the artificial orchids in her corsage bouquet.

Now whether or not he is a church member, no person can regard with approval the kind of woman who withdraws her faith from religion to place it with the fortune teller, the palmist, the crystal gazer or the Hindu swami. And one look in the Mirror of Meditation must show us a horde of women, young and old, who haven't faith enough to go to church, but who accept the word of a greasy, unwashed fakir charging them from fifty cents to $5 for a "reading," with a blind faith they refuse to the law and the gospel. Every now and then somebody remarks that New York is a pagan city whose inhabitants believe in nothing. Yet the palmists continue to do a thriving business, the clairvoyants are besieged with patrons anxious to be told to "distrust the dark man" or to "beware of a treacherous woman friend."

As a matter of fact, New York believes in everything except the things which may be true, after all. A prophet may be without honor among us, but a fakir can do a land office business any time.

I do not think The Evening World reader is altogether fair in confining his criticism to the women of New York. But his letter is very interesting. He writes:

A WOMAN WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING IF IT COST ENOUGH.

Dear Madam: Peeping into the Lenten Looking Glass at the New York woman I see a lot of dedizened creatures crowding around card tables, sitting at the feet of Hindu fakirs, holding hands with greasy palmists, while the churches are empty and spiders have spun their webs across their doors. It is folly to contend that a scientific age has done away with ancient forms of belief when you see women flocking after cheap fakirs of all sorts begging them to take their money away from them. You can make the New York woman believe in anything if it costs her enough. She says she is too tired to go to church on Sunday, but if she would get up early, dress and go to mass or whatever service she should attend, she would not be nearly so fat as she is to-day and she would be a much more useful and contented woman. There is an old saying that a woman without religion is like a flower without perfume. I believe it, and a great many other men feel as I do.

OLD FOGY.

Here is a woman's vision from the Lenten Looking Glass as she reports it:

THE NEW YORK MAN IS A MIGHTY CHEAP PROPOSITION.

Dear Madam: I have taken a look at the New York man in the Lenten Looking Glass, and I must say he is the most selfish, self-satisfied creature I have ever seen. Be he ever so homely or small he thinks no girl is good enough to take out unless she looks like a Venus and dresses like a queen. Nine times out of ten he has no matrimonial intentions. When he has it is generally because the girl is an heiress.

The New York fellow asks himself about everything, "What is there in it for me?" and, if the answer be satisfactory, he proposes. If not, he takes up a poor girl's time for a few years and then marries for money or stays an old bachelor. I think the modern man's worst fault is his cold bloodiness. He likes to pose as a regular devil, but, believe me, he is far more of a clam. He is so afraid that some woman is going to get him to commit himself to a proposal that when he is in feminine society he is always on guard, never natural and hearty as he is with men.

Even when he so far forgets himself as to try to hold a girl's hand or even to kiss her, he acts as if he had hired a lawyer to defend him or put his property in his father's name before he indulges himself to that extent.

The real reason so many American women marry foreigners is that foreigners care far more for women than Americans do. And a woman would rather have a man who is ardent, even if a little impertinent, than one who is respectful mainly because he is indifferent. The New York man as I have studied him is a human refrigerator with a cold storage heart.

HILDEGARDE.

SHIP EGGS TO MORGAN IN EGYPT FROM HIS HIGHLAND FALLS FARM.

Home-Made Butter Also Sent by Messenger to This City for Financier in Cairo.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 20.—There was shipped from New York today by express to Cairo, Egypt, a case of freshly laid eggs and a quantity of butter for J. Pierpont Morgan, who has been ill there.

The eggs and the butter are from Mr. Morgan's farm here. They were taken to New York by messenger for shipment.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—The Exchange Telegraph Company publishes a despatch from Rome stating that Prof. Giuseppe Bastianelli, the best known medical specialist in Italy, was to-day summoned to Cairo, Egypt, by J. Pierpont Morgan.

The agency states that the professor leaves this evening and is to remain with Mr. Morgan until he sails on March 10.

It was stated that Mr. Morgan had telegraphed Dr. Bastianelli that his condition was entirely satisfactory, but that the physician's presence was desired as a precautionary measure. Despatches received here declare that Mr. Morgan again went for an hour's automobile ride to-day.

WENT UNDER THE KNIFE TO LOSE CRIME TAINT, NOW FACES LIFE TERM.

Burglar Grimmal, Whom Operation Failed to Make Honest, Again Convicted.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Edward E. Grimmell, whose skull was operated on four years ago to remove criminal tendencies, was to-day convicted of burglary in the Supreme Court. He will be sentenced Monday. Being his fourth conviction for a felony, Grimmell may get a life sentence.

REGENTS ELECT M'KELWAY.

Editor Chosen Chancellor to Succeed Whitelaw Reid.

ALBANY, Feb. 20.—St. Clair McKelway of Brooklyn was elected Chancellor of the Regents of the University of the State of New York at a meeting of the Regents to-day, to succeed the late Whitelaw Reid. Daniel Beach of Watkins was elected Vice-Chancellor. Dr. McKelway has served as acting Chancellor for several years.

FOR CHARITIES INQUIRY.

Cuvillier Bill to Call for Light on Taxation.

ALBANY, Feb. 20.—To determine whether charitable organizations of the State are improperly escaping taxation Assemblyman Cuvillier will introduce a resolution Monday night calling for a legislative investigation of all such organizations.

CATHOLIC WOMEN ORGANIZE TO FIGHT FOR THE SUFFRAGE

St. Catherine, Called Original Suffragette, Is to Be Their Patron Saint.

Catholic young women of the archdiocese of New York launched last night their campaign for the propagation of votes for women among members of their faith with a big meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Public Library at No. 503 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street. The hall was too small to accommodate the large numbers of serious-faced women, accompanied by their mothers, who went there, and before the meeting ended it was intimated efforts would be made to get the use of the parochial schools.

The suffrage movement is to be spread by means of an organization called the St. Catherine's Welfare Association. Miss Ellen McPike, secretary, and Dr. Anna Shaw were the principal speakers. Miss McPike stated St. Catherine was the original promoter of the organic movement for the betterment of her sex.

"She was a mystic," Miss McPike said, "a philanthropist and a politician; then naively: "I wonder where in the history of mankind we can find a man who was at once a saint of God and a politician?"

Dr. Shaw welcomed the auditors to the ranks. About two hundred joined the organization. Letters approving the movement were received from Archbishop Keane, Archbishop Riordan, the late Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, and a number of minor clergymen throughout the country. Archbishop Keane stated that in the course of an experience covering forty years of missionary work in the West he had found but one woman who made herself obnoxious in advocating the use of the ballot, and that there was no foundation for thinking Catholic women who joined the uplift movement were in danger of losing their faith.

Though Cardinal Farley has expressed an opinion opposed to women at the polls, a number of the local clergy are strongly in favor of it. The most recent convert is the Rev. Father Dooley of Corpus Christi Church. A number of the Paulists, including Father Searle, is supporting the women, and the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. McMahon is, locally, their most outspoken advocate.

AUTOS CRASH, KILLING MAN.

Newark Resident Struck by Truck Thrown to One Side.

John Kastner, sixty-two years old, of No. 211 Bergen street, Newark, was fatally injured when two automobiles collided at Fifteenth street and Bergen street in that city last night. He died in the City Hospital.

Crossing the avenue when an automobile belonging to Dr. Emanuel Sears of No. 581 High street crashed into an auto truck. The truck was thrown to one side, knocking Kastner down and fracturing his skull.

EXPERT ON FLIES NEEDED TO TEACH CITY SWAT'S SWAT

Gaynor Looks With Favor on Proposition to Employ Woman to Boss the Slaughter.

"Perhaps Mr. Fly is as pestiferous and dangerous as Miss Mosquito, and we may have to deal with one as the other," said Mayor Gaynor at the meeting of the Board of Estimate to-day when the subject of having an official fly swatter put on Father Knickerbocker's payroll was discussed.

Dr. William Henry Hale of Brooklyn addressed the board on the subject. He suggested that the services of Dr. Jean Dawson, a teacher in the Normal Training School of Cleveland, be obtained in the work of fly extermination. Dr. Hale said that Dr. Dawson—who is a woman—is an expert in the direction of getting rid of flies. Dr. Hale is an expert himself on public baths, and recently went as a delegate from this city to the International Conference on Public Baths held at The Hague, Holland. He spoke at length on the subject of fly extermination before the Board of Estimate to-day. All experts agree, he said, that the fly is not only a useless insect but a carrier of diseases and should be put out of business.

President Miller of the Bronx suggested that mosquitoes should be mercilessly attacked also. It was then the Mayor referred to the pestiferous and dangerous Miss Mosquito. He added that the Board of Health should take up the matter and pursue the fly and the mosquito vigilantly and energetically.

"Some of us smiled when you brought up the subject, Dr. Hale," said the Mayor, "but we realize that it is a really serious matter. This board will now request the Board of Health to consider the subject and take steps to dispose of the flies."

LOVE LETTER HIS UNDOING.

Miss Grace Fleischer, eighteen, declared yesterday that it was the loss of a love letter that induced her to prefer a charge against Jacob Berman of stealing her pocketbook. Berman was convicted before Judge Malone in General Sessions after it had been proved that he had taken the young woman's purse while she was riding on a Sixth avenue car. In the purse were a small quantity of change and a letter.

"It wasn't the money that I minded," said Miss Fleischer, "it was the letter. You it was a love letter, I suppose, and I thought so much of it I determined to make things hot as hot as I could for the person who took it."

After the trial the letter was returned and the young woman quickly thrust it into her new pocketbook.

Convalescent.

(From the Buffalo Enquirer.)

Tim Collins is using the word "must" again. It is a sure sign of recovery.

LEAP FOR LIFE, AS PLANE FALLS, SAVES HAMILTON

Daring Aviator Plunges 200 Feet to Beach Near Jacksonville, Fla.

(Special to The Evening World.)

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 20.—Charles K. Hamilton is in the hospital again to-day. With his machine plunging head down and beyond control, Hamilton, the most spectacular bird man and "daredevil of the sky," leaped clear from the dropping aeroplane and fell 200 feet to the sands of Pablo Beach, a resort near this city.

He was unconscious when found and was rushed by auto to a ferry where an ambulance hurried him to the De Soto Sanitarium in Jacksonville. There he recovered consciousness after several hours, but was unable to tell just how the mishap occured.

Hamilton, who has probably performed more air stunts than any other aviator alive, was trying for an endurance record. He was up only a short time when spectators saw the machine tilt forward. They could make out the figure of Hamilton, 200 feet above, working wildly to regain control.

Hamilton, standing up on the struts, saw he was doomed to death if the machine struck earth with him in the aviator's seat. The heavy engine behind him would be torn loose from its fastening and would crush him. So he threw himself clear of the wires, to one side and far out, dropping like a plummet and striking the beach twenty feet away from the machine, which had turned a complete somersault. The machine was reduced to a mass of kindling and wire, the engine burying itself in the sand. Hamilton lay unconscious, bleeding profusely, when companions picked him up. His clothing had been ripped by the force of the fall.

The fact, though, that he had sustained a badly fractured left thigh and a score of bad bruises will probably not annoy Hamilton unduly, judging from past performances. He is the most "bunged up" airman left alive. All he had suffered, previous to this time, in the line of injuries was a cut head, a collarbone broken twice, an eye nearly gouged out, two ribs broken, left arm broken, forefinger broken, right leg broken twice, right kneecap broken twice, left leg dislocated, right ankle broken twice and left ankle broken twice.

BABY ENJOYS GAS THAT NEARLY ENDS LIFE OF MOTHER

Infant Kicking Lustily Beside Unconscious Mollie McGuire When Found.

Gas that nearly killed Mollie McGuire early to-day at No. 153 East Twenty-second street only made her two weeks' old baby boy stronger and livelier. When Dr. Pinkston of Bellevue found the baby kicking and crowing beside its unconscious mother, he said it was a remarkable case.

Who Mollie McGuire is the police can't find out. She was discharged from Bellevue only yesterday. She had refused to say anything there except that she was Mollie McGuire, and it was her baby.

She appears to have had no place to go. Policeman Courtney met her on Third avenue in the afternoon and she asked him if he could tell her where to get a furnished room cheap. She explained she was just out of the hospital and had very little money. He started with her to the East Twenty-second street station to have her provided for when a richly dressed woman came along.

She looked at the thin, shabbily dressed mother and at the wriggling bundle in her arms, and asked the policeman if the woman was a prisoner. Courtney explained the case.

"Well, there's no need to take her to the station, if you are only trying to find a place for her," said the woman. "Come with me."

She led them to the rooming house of Mrs. Prunts at No. 158 East Twenty-second street, paid for a week in advance and told Mrs. Prunts to see that the little mother wanted for nothing and that the baby had plenty of fresh milk every day. She promised to return in a day or two and pay all bills. Mollie McGuire seemed grateful to the good Samaritan, but told nothing of herself. She and the baby retired rather early last night. There is a gas heater in the room with three burners. Whether she lit all three and one went out, or thought she did and lit only two, is not known.

HONEST BUSINESS HAS NOTHING TO FEAR, SAYS WILSON

New Anti-Trust Laws Only Hit Those Who Engage in Heartless Practices.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 20.—"Honest business and honest men have nothing to fear." This is the assurance which President-elect Wilson gave to-day in a statement explaining the enactment into law of the seven anti-trust bills which he signed yesterday.

"Those who would engage in the heartless practices of ruining rivals and filching from the pockets of the people more than they ought reasonably to demand," said the Governor, "are the only ones who will have cause to regret the enactment of these measures. I predict that under them the people of New Jersey will enter upon a new era of prosperity. I congratulate the Legislature and the people on their passage. These laws mark a new era in our business life."

EXPLAINS THE ACT THAT DEFINES A TRUST.

"Senate bill No. 43, the act defining trusts and designed to promote free competition and commerce in all classes of business," continued the Governor, "makes it criminal to make an agreement which directly or indirectly precludes a free and unrestricted competition. * * * It was urged upon the Legislature that the bill be amended by adding the word 'knowingly,' so that it would read that any person or persons who wilfully and knowingly make an agreement in restraint of trade should be punished.

"I do not see how agreements can be made without the knowledge of those who make them, but I do understand how exceedingly difficult it is to prove knowledge to the satisfaction of a court; and it was perfectly evident that the proposal to superadd the word 'knowingly' was merely a plausible scheme devised by those who would escape the just penalties of illegal acts.

"It has been said in some quarters that these laws will help big business and hurt the small dealers. That is, of course, not the intention, and it cannot be the effect. The purpose is to strike down monopoly and restraint of trade, big or little, and I confidently predict that these laws will prove a blessing to the whole people.

NEWS OF MISSING GIRL.

Friend Who Disappears at Same Time Reports Marriage.

George Widman, who on Wednesday reported to the police the disappearance of his sixteen-year-old daughter from his home at No. 1066 Forty-first street, Brooklyn, got word to-day of the girl. Charles Gerson, of No. 1112 Thirty-ninth street, whose daughter Mary disappeared at the same time, received a telegram saying: "Salome is married and I am living with her. Mary."

The Widmans believe their daughter has married a moving picture actor with whom she became acquainted while she was cashier of a show in Hamilton avenue. They had objected to the engagement because the girl was so young.

NEW ONE NOT NEEDED.

(From the Buffalo Times.)

"Why don't you get a new wife," said Wilkins to Widower Brown.

"Because we don't need a new carpet yet," said Brown.

INTENSE ITCHING AND BURNING

Skin Trouble Began Spreading. Scratched and Made Sores. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured in Two Weeks.

165 34th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"My child's trouble began from a little pimple on the back of the head. She was constantly scratching and by so doing it began spreading. The itching and burning were so intense that the child scratched and made sores and the more she scratched the worse it got. Just as soon as a scab would form and she started to scratch, she would pull the scab off, leaving a fiery red spot with matter running from it. The more she scratched and pulled the scabs off, the larger the scabs got, until one half of the back of her head was one solid mass of scabs. There was many a night's rest lost and she was very cross and restless.

"I used ——, —— and —— salves without any results. I was using these salves for about three weeks and then sent for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Seeing the results from the samples, I purchased the full-sized Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The child was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. W. Chanler, Oct. 21, 1912.

For treating poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a generation. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

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No. 786, low bust; coutil and batiste, price $3.00; No. 785, low bust, imported coutil, $5.00; No. 789, med. bust, coutil and batiste, $3.00; No. 790, med. bust, imported coutil, $5.00.

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