HUNT'S HEIRS PAY WIDOW $250,000 TO END HER SUIT

She Drops Action to Set Aside Divorce Decree, Begun Two Years After His Death.

'TURPENTINE KING' SUED

She Was Alleged to Have Fled With Count She Had Known an Hour.

Mrs. Bessie Babcock Hunt, former wife of John Wright Hunt, who sought to have the divorce decree granted to him set aside two years after his death, has accepted a settlement of $250,000 and ended her action.

The settlement probably means that the public never will know the truth of a story that has filled newspaper columns for more than ten years, in which time Hunt alternately appeared as an aged, wealthy ogre and a warm-hearted, forgiving, fatherly husband. Mrs. Hunt's role varied from that of impetuous, faithless young wife to that of innocent-hearted and much-wronged young woman, helpless in the hands of a designing villain.

Bessie Babcock was a Detroit beauty, just out of a convent and wooed by a dozen suitors, when Hunt, then in the shadow of sixty, vanquished the younger men and married her in 1901.

Then began a honeymoon of luxury and splendor that lasted eight years and took in every country in Europe.

ALLEGED TO HAVE ELOPED WITH "WICKED PRINCE."

It was in the summer of 1909 that those who had followed the wife's happy story, as told occasionally in cabled news, were shocked to read one day of the elopement of Mrs. Hunt from the Hotel Crillon in Paris with the Count Alexander de Tcherniadieff, said to be a cousin of the Czar and known to Continental society as "the wicked Prince." It was only an hour after she first met the Count, it was said, that she threw jewels valued at $100,000 into a satchel and eloped with him.

Soon afterward Mrs. Hunt came to America. The story was undenied. Rumors had the outraged husband about to bring divorce proceedings, other rumors had the couple reconciled.

Adelbert Babcock, her father, had moved meantime to Brookfield, N. Y., and there he took the woman whose story had aroused such intense interest. He let her talk to reporters just long enough to enter a general denial.

Stories of a reconciliation were untrue. The "turpentine king," then nearly seventy, got his divorce in Kings County early in 1910. Secrecy was maintained.

In December of that year Mr. Hunt died in Dallas, Tex. Still Mrs. Hunt refused to deny in any detail the many ugly stories in which gossip made her principal, following the publication of the elopement.

SOUGHT TO VOID DIVORCE OF DEAD HUSBAND.

But in the following year Mrs. Hunt sent for the reporters and told how she regretted her silence, through which she had permitted her name to be sullied.

In detail Mrs. Hunt told of her acquaintance with the Prince and asserted there never had been a shadow of impropriety in her relations with him.

A few months afterward Mrs. Hunt filed with Supreme Court Justice Stapleton a petition that the divorce granted her dead husband be reopened and that she have another opportunity to present her side. It was thus the public first learned of the decree. The Justice denied her motions, but last month the Appellate Division overruled him and yesterday's settlement followed.

ASTORIA WOMAN FOUND DROWNED IN CISTERN.

Mind Affected by Quarrel With Man Who Had Been Attentive to Her, Parents Say.

When Miss Catherine Rusbach did not appear for breakfast at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rusbach, No. 276 Fifth avenue, Astoria, they made a search for her. Her bed had been slept in, her clothing was disturbed, but she was not to be found.

The mystified parents rushed out into the yard surrounding their house, only to find the top of an unused cistern in the rear uncovered. At the bottom, partly covered by water, was Miss Rusbach's body. The body was quickly removed from the cistern, but the woman was dead.

Miss Rusbach, who was forty-one years old, recently quarreled with a man who had been attentive to her for years, according to her parents. They wouldn't tell his name or the cause of the quarrel, but said the ending of the romance undoubtedly had affected the mind of their daughter.

BACKOS VICE-CHANCELLOR.

Democratic Trenton Lawyer Gets Eighth Post on List.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 22.—Chancellor Edwin Robert Walker to-day appointed John H. Backos, a Democrat, and well-known lawyer of this city, as Vice-Chancellor under the law creating a new Vice-Chancellor.

This appointment makes eight Vice-Chancellors, four of whom are Democrats and four Republicans. Chancellor Walker is a Democrat. The term of a Vice-Chancellor is seven years, and the salary $12,000 a year.

THE SPRING HAT—HERE IT IS!

BY ELEANOR SCHORER.

$1,000,000 STORM DAMAGE.

Chicago Still Ice Coated and Practically Isolated.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—Damage caused by the sleet storm which gripped this city for thirty hours was to-day estimated at $1,000,000. Although the fall of rain and sleet stopped early to-day the city still practically is isolated from the outside world, as practically all telegraph wires are down, and it will be twenty-four hours before repairs can be made.

Railroads and through trains were late in arriving and mail schedules were demoralized. There was much damage in the parks where hundreds of trees were broken down by the weight of ice. Squads of repair men were busy to-day restoring the thousands of telegraph, telephone, electric and trolley wires which snapped under the weight of the ice.

A Mere Mortal.
(From the Chicago News.)

A girl's air castle falls to earth when she realizes that the man she married is just an ordinary mortal like her father or brother.

Give the Children All They Want.
Red Cross Christmas Stamps. 2c. per box.—Adv.

'BURLY' TRAPPER WHO THREATENED WILSON A 'DEMON'

Fought With Savage Fury, Say Federal Officers Who Arrested Him.

HE DOESN'T LOOK PART.

Seen in Jail, He Turns Out to Be a Puny, Undersized Victim of Drink.

Seeley Davenport, mountaineer, who has been arrested charged with sending a letter threatening President-elect Woodrow Wilson with death unless he gave $5,000, is in the Hoboken jail today awaiting removal to Trenton for trial. According to Deputy United States Marshal Louis G. Beekman and Post-Office Inspector Francis Butler, Davenport was taken after a fierce struggle in his cabin in the Sparta Mountains near Wharton, N. J.

As narrated the arrest had many dramatic features. Davenport, who had been taken last December on a similar charge and released with his brother for lack of evidence, was described as a giant woodsman, who put up a fierce battle before he was subdued by the intrepid officers in the lonely mountains. A warrant for his arrest had been signed following his indictment by the grand jury at Trenton on evidence furnished by the detectives who had watched him near the rural mail box designated as the place for the delivery of the $5,000 demanded.

In an automobile Beekman and Butler started for Wharton fully armed and ready to encounter Davenport, who was reputed to be a dead shot and a handy man with a rifle, one who could put up a fight. Near his cabin the officers separated and closed in. They found him almost helplessly drunk and manacled him. At the doorway he seemed to recover himself—according to the story—and tripped up Butler, who went down with the heavy mountaineer on top, beating him with great strength and bruising him badly before Beekman could interfere. Even then it took a heavy club and repeated crushing blows to subdue him. When headed for the automobile the mountaineer shook himself in a rage again and felled Butler, who rose and drove him into the machine with a club.

STRUGGLE TERRIFIC, ACCORDING TO THE OFFICERS.

When they reached Dover Butler was so badly done up that he had to leave the train. Even on his arrival at Hoboken the surly giant of the woods is said to have struggled and had to be hurled bodily into the patrol wagon. Then he was locked up. And locked up an Evening World reporter found him to-day. His cell was the first in the row at the right.

"There's Seeley Davenport," said the guard.

The reporter peered into the cell expecting to see a giant mountaineer filling the shadows and crouching like the grim child of nature he was reported to be.

"Hey, Davenport," said the guard.

There was a shuffling and a pale, thin face appeared at the bars. With the most woe-begone look in his small, black eyes, a little, thin trembling man with all the apparent effects of a hangover jag took hold of the rods and replied:

"Yes, sir; are they going to let me out now?"

His voice was shaky and he looked frightened.

"You are charged with writing death threats to Gov. Wilson. How about it?" asked the interviewer.

"I didn't send no letters," he pleaded. "I ain't writ a letter in nigh two years. Ain't not no one to write to. All they is is my brother an' me. They arreated m before an' brother too, but they let us go."

HIS OWN TREMBLING STORY OF THE ARREST IN THE WOODS.

"Are you a trapper? Do you hunt?"

"I ain't never been a trapper," he answered. "Ain't got no traps barring two rat traps, one of 'em no good. I cut ice in winter and chop wood in summertime."

Then he explained how he came to be in Hoboken jail.

"Yisiddy I felt awful bad—been drinkin' heavy—and I went to Tom Bright's hotel in Woodport, at the head of Lake Hopatcong, to get some whiskey to kinder straighten out. The ice on the lake is about eight inches an' we were a-cutting it because I reckon it won't get any thicker an' I wanted to get to work again. Detective Butler came into the hotel an' told me to come with him bekase I'd been writin' more letters to the president. I went with him and he took me up here—him and another man—in a railroad train."

He stretched his arms through the bars.

"I'm plumb sick; get me a doctor or suthin', will ye?" he begged of the guard. "I'm shakin' all over an' my nerves is gone. Please get me suthin'."

Asked what he wanted he thought a good "slug of whiskey" would be the proper remedy.

Davenport was dismissed before Federal Commissioner Stockton in Newark, for lack of evidence. With the two brothers was arrested Jacob Dunn, who was held for trial, and is now in Trenton prison.

A month ago Marshal Beekman received a letter, unsigned, which read:

Beekman: If Dunn is sent away you will be shot dead. We know you live in Jersey City. Pro[illegible] his four nails.

P. S. You better save h[illegible]

On receipt of this letter Beekman and Butler watched Da[illegible] and they found him going often to the rural mail box designated as the one in which Gov. Wilson should place the money in complying with the demand. When the Grand Jury heard this evidence they found an indictment against Seeley Davenport. He is charged also with writing the unsigned letter.

FOUR MEN HELD UP WITHIN ONE HOUR IN WILLIAMSBURG

Only One Alleged Thug Caught and Three Victims Have Fractured Skulls.

BOLD STREET CRIMES.

Highwaymen Busy in Brooklyn Section and Police Make Little Headway.

Within the hour intervening between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning four hold-ups occurred in Williamsburg. In three of the cases the victims were removed to hospitals with fractured skulls. In all of them the assailants were numerically strong.

Jerome Cambrick, a tailor, and his wife Marie were on their way home to No. 231 Bedford avenue, when at North Fourth and Berry streets, within two blocks of their destination, five men sprang out upon them from the vestibule of an apartment house. One of the thugs wielded a blackjack with which he struck Cambrick repeatedly over the head. While two of the gang held the tailor fast the others held his wife captive. They rifled him of twenty dollars and a watch and chain valued at thirty dollars.

The woman's screams finally attracted the attention of Patrolman Haggerty of the Bedford avenue police station. He came on the run to the corner where Cambrick lay on the sidewalk, and as they caught sight of him the five thugs ran off. Haggerty reasoned that Cambrick needed his attention just then, and the five highwaymen got away. The patrolman discovered that Cambrick's skull was fractured and that Mrs. Cambrick's wrists and arms were bruised. Both were sent to the Williamsburg Hospital, where it was said that Cambrick's injuries were serious.

ALLEGED THUG CAPTURED IN SECOND HOLDUP.

About fifteen minutes later Charles McEwen of No. 25 Newell street was attacked at Roebling and North Sixth street by several men, who jumped on him from behind a pile of lumber in front of a building in course of construction. His cries for help brought a patrolman from the Bedford avenue police station, who succeeded in catching Anthony Monroe of No. 131 West Ninth street, Brooklyn. On Monroe was found McEwen's watch and chain. Magistrate Nash in the Manhattan Avenue Court held Monroe for trial.

Theodore Kester, a jeweller, of No. 274 South Second street, was the next victim of the hold-up epidemic. Kester was pounced upon while passing Ainslie avenue and Rodney street, Williamsburg. He was knocked down, beaten and kicked and robbed of 75 cents and his watch and chain. He was found by a patrolman, who turned in an ambulance call to the Eastern District Hospital, to which Kester was removed suffering with a severe scalp wound and a possible fractured skull.

Detective Kennedy of the Bedford avenue police station stumbled over a man lying on the sidewalk at Marcy avenue and South Fourth street at just about the same time as the assault on Kester occurred. The man had a bad scalp wound and was unconscious. He was taken to the Williamsburg Hospital, where, when he regained consciousness, he said he was Meyer Brockway of No. 90 Intervale avenue, the Bronx. A gang of hold-up men had struck him down and robbed him of $75 and his jewelry, valued at $50, he said.

CASTRO OFF FOR VERA CRUZ TO MEET ZELAYA IS REPORT.

Former Dictator of Venezuela Sails for Southern Port, Probably to Confer With Deposed President.

Cipriano Castro, the doughty little stormy petrel of Venezuela, who gained admission to this country only after an arduous and complicated legal battle, departed to-day on the Ward liner Saratoga for Vera Cruz. The object of Castro's departure is surrounded with the obscurity that the "petit corporal" of Central American politics can throw about his motives when he chooses.

There was a rumor that he is bound for Vera Cruz to meet Zelaya, the deposed President of the Nicaraguan republic. Just what the two exiled rulers will confer about is not known, but it is thought possible they may have some plan in view of joining forces to regain the country that Castro has never given up hope of once more controlling.

MYLIUS LEAVES FOR WEST.

Man Held for Libelling King of England Departs.

Edward Holton James, editor of the Liberator, the periodical in which appeared articles written by Edward Mylius, said to have contained libel, announced this morning in the National Arts Club that Mylius will to-day leave New York.

Mr. James would not divulge Mylius's destination, but said he had advised him to "go West, roll up his sleeves and start all over again."

Mylius was detained by the immigration authorities on Ellis Island for more than eight weeks before he was permitted to enter the United States.

Broadway Star and Daughter of Banker Young Elopers

Roy Atwell of "The Firefly" Now Madame Nordica's Son-in-Law.

Jay Le Roy Atwell, the thinnest actor and playwright on Broadway, and Miss Dorothy Young, daughter of George W. Young, the banker who married Lillian Nordica, eloped yesterday afternoon and were married at Greenwich, Conn., as the Town Hall clock struck 3.

And when it was learned that the bride had repeated the bridegroom's phrase, "Why, a marriage license is as cheap as a dog license," Broadway chuckled and said, "Roy's always getting off something original."

Atwell is now playing the star comedian's part in "The Firefly" at the Casino Theatre, where he shares the applause with Emma Trentini. He is about thirty-five years old. His bride is nineteen, a graduate of the Castle School just above Tarrytown, and for the last two years has been studying music and foreign languages under private tutors at her home, No. 8 West Ninth street.

This is Atwell's second venture in matrimony. His first wife was a chorus girl, Blanche West, who played with him in one of Marie Cahill's plays. They were divorced a few years ago.

F. Trafton Pullen, who acted as best man in the wedding party and continued his role as best spokesman at the theatre last night, where the bride occupied a box, said the couple decided at a supper given by Mr. Young at Martin's last Thursday night to get married.

GOT PERMISSION, BUT JUST COULDN'T WAIT.

"Mr. Atwell received Mr. Young's permission last Thursday to marry his daughter," said Mr. Pullen last night, "but before the supper was over they decided that they couldn't wait and made arrangements to go to Greenwich to-day.

"We left New York on the 12.07 train and went to Greenwich. There were only four of us in the party—the prospective bride and bridegroom, Miss Elizabeth Wolfe, Miss Young's classmate and best friend, and myself. Arriving at Greenwich, a license was procured and the Rev. Mr. Frederick Stiehler performed the ceremony at the Methodist parsonage. Miss Wolfe was the maid of honor. She has been staying with Miss Young for the last week or so.

"After the ceremony we came back on the 4.15, so that Mr. Atwell would be in time for his performance this evening."

Mr. Pullen said that the actor had recently signed a contract whereby he would star in a new musical comedy under the management of Arthur Hammerstein after his engagement with Miss Trentini production comes to an end. He has also completed, according to Mr. Pullen, three plays which will shortly be seen on Broadway. The first is "Don't Cheer, Boys," which Mr. Pullen modestly stated that he collaborated on for Raymond Hitchcock; the second is "The Frame-Up," which has been evolved for Douglas Fairbanks, and the third is "Are You My Wife?" which will have Wallace Eddinger in the star role.

Mr. Pullen further said that Miss Young and Mr. Atwell had met for the first time two months ago, and that since then the young woman had been an assiduous theatre-goer, with her feet turned always in the direction of the Casino Theatre, where she had been delighted beyond expression by Mr. Atwell's acting.

BRIDE'S FATHER UNPREPARED FOR SUDDEN MARRIAGE.

George W. Young, father of the bride, told a reporter last night that the marriage was a great surprise to him. At the time that the reporter called at his home, at No. 8 West Ninth street, he had not yet heard from his daughter.

"Although my daughter and Mr. Atwell have known each other for some time," said Mr. Young, "I was entirely unprepared for their sudden marriage. Please understand that I have no objections to Mr. Atwell as a husband for my daughter, and I expected she would become Mrs. Atwell. I had hoped that the marriage would take place from my home, but as they seem to have preferred this method, there is nothing I can do but bow to the inevitable and say 'God bless them.'

"Mr. Atwell comes of a good family and I knew his father, who was a prominent merchant of Syracuse, very well."

Trentini in one of the acts last night pulled a handful of rice from the pocket of her trousers (she is a boy during the first part of the play) and pelted Atwell with it. Then the actors threw rice at the blushing bride, who sat in the second right hand box on the ground floor, and the audience applauded delightedly.

Mme. Nordica, now mother-in-law of the actor, was married to Mr. Young July 29, 1909, in King's Weigh House Church, Grosvenor Square, London.

WILSON TO STAY CLOSE TO WHITE HOUSE FOR HIS FIRST SIX MONTHS

President-Elect Returns to Princeton for His Last Week Before Taking Office.

Woodrow Wilson went back to Princeton to-day for his last week at home before he goes to Washington to become President of the United States. The President-elect spent the night here at a friend's house and left for Princeton this forenoon. He remarked it probably was the last visit he would pay New York for a long time.

The next President expects to stick pretty close to the White House for several months after his inauguration. He has announced his desire to devote all his time to the extra session of Congress, and to familiarize himself with his new office. For this reason he has accepted no formal invitations for a period of six months after March 4.

The trip to the Panama Canal is the only plan definitely arranged, thus far, for President Wilson's summer. Because he does not know when the extra session will permit him to depart on this journey, the rest of his summer arrangements are indefinite.

The selection of a summer home has been held in abeyance. Gov. Wilson said to-day that he and his family had not yet accepted any of the places offered. The choice lies between a residence in the mountains and one at the seashore. In case the shore is chosen, it is said the place will be somewhere on the coast of New Jersey.

Senate and House Celebrate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—Washington's Birthday anniversary was celebrated to-day in the House and Senate despite the pressure of public business. In the Senate, Senator Brandege of Connecticut, in response to a request from the presiding officer, read Washington's farewell address. This exercise took nearly fifty minutes.

SUFFRAGISTS' GOAL NOW IS BALTIMORE; WILL LINGER THERE

Forced March Planned So They May Spend Two Days in City—at Belair To-Night.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., Feb. 22.—The little band of suffrage pilgrims marched out of Havre de Grace with full ranks to-day, heading for Belair, Md., fourteen miles distant, where it was planned to stay to-night. The hikers seemed eager for the day's tramp, and were cheered by the knowledge that they had a good road before them in contrast to the mud through which they ploughed yesterday. A brief stop was made at Churchville, about midway between here and Belair, for luncheon.

At a "council of war" last night it was decided to push on straight for Baltimore after leaving Belair to-morrow, instead of stopping at Towson for the night as originally planned. The change of programme was made to give the "army" two full days of rest in Baltimore instead of one.

A few miles out from Churchville the pilgrims halted to honor the memory of Washington. Miss Freeman spoke, and all sang patriotic airs.

To-morrow religious services will be held at one of the resting points.

TELL THEIR AGES? RUIN! CRY ACTORS OF GERMAN STAGE

They Join in Plea to Government Against New Law Compelling Birth Data.

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—Actors and actresses in Germany have been placed in the awkward dilemma of being compelled to give their ages under the new Imperial Insurance Act and they petitioned the Federal Council to-day through the German Stage Society to release them from their predicament by amending the measure.

The players pray the authorities to permit them to guard the dates of their birth as a professional secret. They declare that it is not a mere question of vanity but one of bread and butter, especially for the women, many of whom obtain engagements by reason of their talent being combined with a youthful appearance. If they are forced to state their ages many managers will look askance at them, they argue.

The Stage Society first pleaded with the State Insurance Department, but the officials were obdurate and the matter has now gone to the highest authority in the Empire.

The new Insurance Act, by which many categories of employees besides actors have been added to the ranks of those who must compulsorily insure against old age, sickness and infirmity, goes into force next year.

MOVING PICTURES

Being Incidents in Man's Struggle for Peace, Progress and Prosperity

Move 4.

This man is "speeding." Not according to law, but on the road to health, happiness and all the other assets in life that these two great "essentials" embody and lead to.

Motoring is a pastime that makes many other forms of out-of-door recreation seem like child's play.

Any motorist will tell you that!

If you doubt that you can afford an Auto, just USE A "BARGAIN WANTED" AD. IN THE "USED MOTOR CAR" ADVERTISING COLUMNS OF THE WORLD AND YOU WILL PROBABLY CHANGE YOUR MIND IN A HURRY.

WORLD ADS. FOR VARIETY AND RESULTS!