

# A "Lascivious Orgy," as Mayor Gaynor Imagines a Tea Dance to Be, Is Mostly a Group of Silly Old Folk in Search of Lost Youth

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**The Most Astonishing Thing About the One Visited by an Evening World Writer Was the Size of the Women's Feet, and There Wasn't a Single Thrill in the Whole Performance.**

**Nobody Was Arrested, No One Was Thrown Out and There Was Nothing of the Ballroom Glamour About the Scene—Gray Haired Girls Among the Dancers.**

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

Come, cease that improper fandango, Be it grizzly or grape-vine or tanglo! If too quickly you move, The police won't approve— Better walk—that's as fast as you can go.

For New York is wearing the lid very well over her eyes this morning. And notwithstanding all we've heard about current fashions in millinery, it's not a small lid either. In fact, it's as large as a picture hat, though it is intended to shut out all pictures of "vice and crime" and to put an end to "lascivious orgies" such as Mayor Gaynor has discovered are daily occurrences within the city limits.

Yesterday by decree of New York's Chief Executive the dancing teas which have been a feature of several Broadway restaurants this winter were ordered stopped. Men from the Bureau of Licenses visited the Taverne Louis, the Folies Bergere and George Rectors, and a still small voice said to be "from Headquarters" whispered to Reisenweber's at about half-past five that no more dancing was to be permitted.

So the negro band ceased its ragtime, the head waiter approached a few whirling guests with an air of apology and other waiters went from table to table where people were "guzzling"—it's the Mayor's own word—and told them that the room had to be cleared for a banquet, so they must leave a little earlier than usual.

**NO THRILL, NO ONE ARRESTED OR THROWN OUT.**

It was all very tame and disappointing to everyone who had gone in the hope of being arrested or thrown out or put in the stocks—but perhaps they haven't revived the stocks yet. Anyway, a lot of persons were there in the hope of being thrilled. And I was there to see just what sort of "lascivious orgies" has so roused the moral indignation of New York's Mayor that he has prepared and sent special bills to Albany to put a stop to them.

Now, when you go to see an orgy you want to see an orgy. Even if you hope of being arrested, you have had about such things in Roman history. The cost of tea—including the tea itself and the biscuits accompanying it—is as high as \$2 in most places. Most of this has been velvet for the restaurateurs, and no one has complained, because between drinks it has been possible to dance upon an excellent floor, to excellent music and under the eyes of an audience that—superficially—is smart as smart can be.

**MAN ARRESTED IN TEST CASE DISCHARGED.** The test case brought under Mayor Gaynor's ruling for the closing of all restaurants at 1 o'clock in the morning—that of former Fire Captain Michael Burns, arrested in Churchill's last Tuesday morning—resulted in the acquittal of Burns by Magistrate Levy in the West Side Court today.

Burns was seated with John E. Jordan, one of the trustees of the restaurant, and other friends, partaking of tea and toast, according to Burns's statement, when he was ordered to get out by Detective Wittenberg. He refused to go and was promptly arrested on the charge of disorderly conduct.

In rendering his decision Judge Burns, the Magistrate, who had received briefs both from the Assistant District Attorney and Burns's lawyer, said his decision would not be taken as a precedent, he hoped, because it was the first rendered under the Mayor's new orders. But he declared there was lack of evidence of disorderly conduct on Burns's part and he could not hold the prisoner.

**GIRL WITH THE BIG FEET DISCONTENTED.** The girl made a little face expressive of discontent. She was a very slim girl with molasses hair which had

been pulled into a very fantastic coil, and she had very long, thin legs which showed plainly under a black broadcloth hobble. She had big feet. In fact, the most astonishing thing about the dancing tea was the size of the women's feet as the lingering daylight revealed them. At a ball, of course, a girl puts her best foot foremost. She wears charming stockings and slippers, but I never know how much the charm of the dance owes to the shoemaker till I saw the unattractive feet at that dancing tea. There were some rather daring costumes. Here and there were pretty young girls who should have been at home having tea and jam in the sunny room instead of sitting in Reisenweber's with silly pompous little schoolboys. Some of these little girls were very much made up, and after each dance they would frankly repair ravages to complexion and hair, taking out their gold or silver vanity boxes to help the process.

I didn't see any young woman brush her teeth, but I don't know whether she shall come to that. It's all part of the engaging candor of our times and, quite seriously, a whole lot better than the solemn hypocrisy of some other times.

There were also of course a great many persons who were not fresh young girls, and an old-fashioned mind might have judged the proximity of youth and innocence to such persons not especially desirable. But you don't have to go to a dancing tea to see that. Moral exclusiveness is about the most difficult and the most expensive thing to get these days, and then so few persons who can really afford it want it.

**SOME OF THE DANCERS GRAY-HAIRED WOMEN.**

Half the couples on the floor at Reisenweber's yesterday afternoon might have judged the proximity of youth and innocence to such persons not especially desirable. Many had gray hair which had never had its morals corrupted by a curling iron. Of course, this doesn't sound a bit like a "lascivious orgy," and I'm just as sorry as you are, but it's what I saw.

There was a long time between dances—obviously so there wouldn't be a long time between drinks. Here and there waiters scurried about with whiskey glasses and soda siphons, but I saw more persons eating ice cream than drinking highballs.

At the table next to mine two young women sat, evidently in the hope that some friendly soul would come along and pay their check. They were not disappointed. He came and he was just the sort that is born to do that kind of thing. At his arrival he extended his right hand to one of the women, his left to the other and held them for what he considered a compensating period. Then he paid the bill and took the obliging young ladies to another table where he had friends.

I describe this incident because it was the liveliest I saw. Altogether this dancing tea was not what the Mayor's object may lead the unsympathetic to believe. It was just an unattractive group of silly young people and old ladies and gentlemen in search of their lost youth. I was glad when the waiter came around and said the room was closing early on account of a banquet. If all lascivious orgies are as stupid as that, I wonder there are any left for the Mayor to suppress.

**To Stop for Commuters.** The Public Service Commission issued an order to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad yesterday demanding that the company stop four commuters' trains each way, every day at Hunt's Point, Casanova and Port Morris in the Bronx, on the Harlem River branch of the company's line.

**World Wants Work Wonders.**

## T.R.'S NEW SON-IN-LAW AND HIS BRIDE SAIL FOR MEDITERRANEAN

Their Departure Was, Oh, Such a Secret, But Somehow They Were Noticed.

Dr. Richard Derby and his bride, who was Miss Ethel Roosevelt, sailed away on their honeymoon to-day on the Hamburg of the Hamburg-American line. They go from here to Rome and from there to Naples, and the honeymoon proper will be spent beneath Neapolitan skies in a pretty villa owned by Miss Emily Carow, sister to the bride's mother.

The young couple spent the night aboard ship, in stateroom No. 21, below decks. Their departure was to have been a secret one. The bridegroom was aboard early, and when discovered on a deck was looking over the rail contemplating in silence the rolling hills of Hoboken. His bride had not yet made her appearance. The doctor carried a little cane and wore a cap that was almost jaunty. When approached by a ship news reporter and asked if he were not Dr. Derby he said—er—he was not. When another reporter, a little later, asked him if he were Dr. Derby he said he was.

But that was all the doctor would say for the trip was a secret. When Count Phil Roosevelt, a reporter, went on board the doctor begged him to save them from the reporters. It was about seven o'clock when the bride made her appearance on her balcony. The happy pair strolled into the saloon and had coffee, while the passengers and others on board took six peeps at the all unconcerned couple. Their departure was a great secret.

Dr. Richard Derby expect to return in June, when the doctor will go to St. Luke's Hospital, where a position awaits him.

## GAYNOR VETOSES TAX BILL DESPITE WOMEN'S PLEAS.

Objects to Measure Relieving Them From Paying Assessments on Williamsburg Bridge Approach.

The tears and pleas of the women house-owners of Williamsburg who besought Mayor Gaynor to approve a legislative relief measure have not prevailed. The Mayor to-day disapproved the bill. He objects to special legislation affecting municipal affairs which are under the immediate supervision and control of the city authorities.

The bill sought to relieve the property-owners in the neighborhood of Hoisting street, Williamsburg, of a heavy assessment for the proposed new widening of Hoisting street.

Last Monday nearly two hundred women appeared before the Mayor and implored him to approve the bill. He then announced his displeasure that taxpayers should "run to Albany" for relief when the Board of Estimate had full power. He assured the women, however, that their grievance would be heard by the Board of Estimate and relief afforded—if warranted.

## "BIGGATIM" BITES FOUR IN DEFENSE OF HIS PUSHCART

Mulberry Bend Dog Gives S. P. C. A. Men Fight of Their Lives to Gather Him.

Frank Espanola conducts a pushcart vegetable stand in front of No. 116 Mulberry street and his dog's name is Biggatum—same being Mulberry street for "Big Tim" Sullivan. Biggatum is part wire-haired terrier. The rest of him is several kinds of dog. It is the duty of Biggatum to protect the stand in the absence of his master. Nearly all the pushcart peddlers along Blott and Mulberry streets have unobscured dogs for this purpose.

None of these dogs is licensed. A few days ago agents of the S. P. C. A. notified the pushcart men to get licenses for their dogs. The pushcart men laughed scornfully. "Take out licenses for their dogs when already they had licenses for their pushcarts? Ridiculous! Therefore their swung into Mulberry street to-day a big automobile dog-wagon, driven by Joseph Shaughnessy and commanded by S. P. C. A. Agents James Wallace and Benjamin Albertson. These three began to gather dog, and lost them into the wagon. The gathering was good until they reached Biggatum, which animal had just licked three dogs and was feeling peevish. Albertson tucked Biggatum under his left arm. The amazed and insulted Biggatum turned his head and sank all his front teeth into Albertson's elbow. With a yell audible for blocks, Albertson dropped the dog.

Wallace, an expert dog grabber, gripped Biggatum behind the ears and lifted him. Biggatum squirmed loose and bit a piece out of Wallace's leg. Shaughnessy jumped into the fray and grabbed Biggatum by the tail. Biggatum bit his hand.

Espanola grabbed his dog by the front feet. Biggatum, by that time pretty well aggravated, bit Espanola a couple of times, called into Wallace, Shaughnessy and Albertson, and bit them all over again. Everybody else had fled but Policeman Bishop. With his aid the S. P. C. A. men tossed Biggatum into the wagon and Biggatum got into a fight with all the other dogs.

Bishop took Espanola to Centre Street Court, where Magistrate Marsh fined him \$2. Espanola pleaded with tears in his eyes for the life of his dog. "Biggatum," he told the Magistrate, "is smarter than me."

Espanola closed up his business and started for a dog license and Biggatum will be back on the job to-morrow.

## HISTORIC FRENCH CHATEAU BOUGHT BY VANDERBILT?

Chenonceaux, Sold by Brother of Boni Castellane, Said to Have Passed to American.

PARIS, April 5.—The historic chateau of Chenonceaux, belonging to Count Stanislas de Castellane, brother of Count Boni de Castellane, was purchased to-day for \$4,000 by a Parisian lawyer, who, it is believed, was acting on behalf of an American, whose name has not been made public, but who is said to be William K. Vanderbilt Jr.

According to the French law the name of the new proprietor must be disclosed within three days after the change of ownership of a property. Count Stanislas acquired the chateau through his wife, Nathalie Terry, who was the daughter of a Cuban millionaire. It was constructed in 1515 and was confiscated for debt by Francois I., King of France. It was afterward passed through the hands of several royal owners.

## GIRL HELD IN PRISON AT FATHER'S DEMAND FOR ROBBING MOTHER

Edith Polacek Begg in Court for Mercy, But Parent Refuses to Relent.

Edith Polacek of No. 253 East Seventy-second street is in Harlem Court prison charged by her father, a partner in the dry goods firm of Katz & Polacek, of Seventy-third street and First avenue, with stealing \$200 from her mother. The girl begged for mercy, but on the father's demand she was held for examination by Magistrate Butts. She could not furnish bail.

Miss Polacek was engaged to be married in three weeks to Julius Presenda, a salesman, of No. 1051 Kelly street, the Bronx. The engagement party was held at Terrace Garden on March 16. The next day she disappeared from her home and her father reported to the police that she had stolen \$200, a diamond lavalliere worth \$300, and a diamond cluster ring worth \$250. Detective Gallagher found her last night at the home of the aunt of a man with whom her parents said the girl was infatuated.

"I found I could not marry Julius," the girl explained to the magistrate, "because I did not love him and did love somebody else. I did take my mother's money, but the jewelry belonged to me, because it was given to me by my mother and fiancée at the party."

Magistrate Butts refused to order the girl to take off the jewelry which she wore in court, but held her on the charge of stealing the money.

## CHILD WORKER FALLS.

Eleven-Year-Old Window Cleaner Pitches From Fire Escape to Street.

Eleven-year-old Kitty Connolly has worked to add to the family income since she was big enough to wipe a dish and to-day she got a job window cleaning on the second floor of No. 518 West Thirty-ninth street. Kitty lives at No. 518 West Thirty-ninth street.

Kitty was on the fire escape in the front of the house when playmates called up to her. Kitty looked down to answer, pitched through the ladder hole, bounced off the fire escape below and landed in the street. Her friends ran screaming for a policeman and an ambulance took her to Bellevue Hospital in a critical condition.

## Children's Shoes

None better made We guarantee every pair we sell Our models are correct We offer the largest assortment Everything new worth having

We Feature the Popular Prices **Best & Co.** FIFTH AVE. At Thirty-fifth St.

## SHE ASKS \$150,000 FOR LOSS OF LOVE OF HER RICH HUBBY

Mrs. Einstein Sues Father-in-law for \$100,000 and Brother-in-law for \$50,000.

## CHARGES ALIENATION.

In Separation Suit She Alleges Husband's Friends Tried to Kiss and Hug Her.

Mrs. Manuelle N. Einstein, who is suing her millionaire husband, Arthur Einstein, vice-president of the Borden Manufacturing Company, for a separation, to-day filed suit against her father-in-law, Julius Einstein, for \$100,000 damages, and against her husband's brother, Edward Einstein, for \$50,000 damages for the alleged alienation of Arthur's affections. In both suits Mrs. Einstein charges father and brother prevailed on Arthur to abandon her because of social and racial differences.

The two complaints state that by "sneak, cunning and artful ways" the father and brother destroyed such love and marital affection as existed "from time to time" between the young woman and her wealthy husband. She swears that Monroe Einstein asserted she was not fit to be his brother's life companion. No answer has as yet been made by any of the Einsteins to the wife's three suits.

Mrs. Einstein eloped to Westchester, July 10, 1907, and married the youngest of Julius Einstein's sons secretly. The father's leather business, at No. 300 William street, is one of the largest in New York. The Einsteins are wealthy.

## CHILD FAILS TO RECONCILE HIS FATHER.

Until about a year ago young Einstein kept his secret. Then an effort was made to pave a way into his family for his wife through three-year-old Steven Einstein. But the grandfather rejected the child and his son's wife, and shortly afterward Mrs. Einstein notified her husband had become indifferent to her and their child. She then brought suit for a separation.

When the papers were to be served Mrs. Einstein learned her husband had been placed in a sanitarium at Riverdale. She obtained from Justice Hendrick an order appointing Monroe Einstein his guardian. Then separation papers were then served on the brother, and when the case comes up for trial, Monroe will appear in her husband's place at the counsel table.

The wife asked the court for \$500 a week alimony and a counsel fee of \$1,500. She alleged her husband's income is \$15,000 a year, and that he has a considerable block of stock in his father's company. She charged that since August 1, 1912, her husband has refused to recognize her as his wife, saying he had made a mistake in marrying her, because she was his social inferior. He told her in an insulting manner, she says, that she is not of his race, and accused her of having an insufficient education to come into a family socially elect as his own.

**SAYS HUSBAND'S FRIENDS TRIED TO KISS HER.** She further charges her husband brought to their Riverside Drive apartments "persons of the most vicious and depraved character," and that women put their feet on the table and men tried to kiss her. Einstein introduced her to a flirtatious John Doe, and the latter made a mistake in marrying her, because she was his social inferior. He told her in an insulting manner, she says, that she is not of his race, and accused her of having an insufficient education to come into a family socially elect as his own.

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**Sunday Marriage License O. K.** ALBANY, April 5.—The right of a town clerk to issue a marriage license on Sunday without invalidating a marriage was upheld in an opinion rendered to-day by Attorney-General Coady.

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