

EAST SIDE BLAZE DRIVES SCORES INTO THE STREET

Fire in Fifteenth Street Accidentally Started by Once Noted Singer.

TWO WOMEN ARE SAVED

One Was Eugenie Boner, Brought Here by Courier, but Who is Now Poor.

At a fire in which twenty families were in peril this morning, Miss Eugenie Boner, once a famous prima donna, brought to this country by Heinrich Courrier, came near being burned to death in her apartment at No. 65 East Fifteenth street.

While the fire was raging and the occupants of the five-story tenement house were shivering in the street, where they were driven in their nightclothes by the flames, several apartments were ransacked by thieves.

Miss Boner, who now makes a meagre living by teaching music to the children of her poor neighbors, lives in a small three-room flat in the rear on the third floor.

In a moment the draperies of the bed were on fire. In trying to put out the blaze Miss Boner was badly burned about the face, hands and legs.

Policeman Hecker of the East Twenty-second street station found her unconscious and, wrapping her in a blanket, carried her to the street.

She was a famous singer in Germany when engaged by Herr Courrier, director of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the living place theatre.

She is arrested for the same time and making many friends here, her voice suddenly failed her and she lost her position just when she was about to reach fortune.

In the stampede out of No. 65 Mrs. Luciana Luciano, thirty-three, fell from the third to the second floor on the stairs and was badly trampled.

WOULD WITHDRAW SUITS AGAINST BATONYI.

His Former Wife, Who Was Frank Work's Daughter, Makes Application to Justice Pendleton.

Application was made to Supreme Court Justice Pendleton today by Mrs. Frances Work, Burke-Rocha Batonyi, daughter of the late Frank Work, millionaire banker, broker and turfman.

Morris Kukor, counsel for Mr. Batonyi, opposed the discontinuance on the ground that his client had interposed counter claims.

Outside the court room Mr. Kukor said: "The first suit is for \$1,500, and Batonyi answers with a counter claim for \$1,500.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Louise Seymour, who plays the granddaughter in the prologue and epilogue of "Romance" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

FREE FOR THE COUPON. Two beautiful photographs, copies of famous paintings, will be given with each Sunday's World.

WHY IS YOUR MARRIAGE A SUCCESS? WHY IS IT A FAILURE?

Eleventh Article of a Series.

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Marital Misery Attributed to Cowardice On the Part of Henpecked Husbands



"Women Wish to Own Men Body and Soul," Writes "J. S.," Who Quotes the Sermon on Mount to Describe the Kind of Man Woman Would Create, if She Could Fashion Him.

"I Think That What Some Modern Wives Need Is a Really Bad Husband, Which Would No Doubt Be Instrumental in Making a Good One Appreciated," Says a Heart-Broken Wife.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

"Is there any wonder that there is so little marital happiness where women wish to own man body and soul? 'Happy' married man, please speak up and confess! Be a man and unburden your soul! You don't have to sign your name. Let us know what you honestly think; not what you have to say when your wife is present!"



of her self. I don't think there will that wives always insist—to use his own phrase—that their "think" shall come first.

In her widest vision woman sees no more than equality with man, asks for no more. But if the American husband really occupies the position of Uncle Tom quivering under the lash of a female Legree, I agree with "J. S." it is time we heard from him on the subject.

Come all you Uncle Toms, speak up! The pledge of immunity is extended herewith.

LOVE IS THE ARBITRATOR BETWEEN COUPLES.

Sometimes the wife offers the greater sacrifices in the interests of harmony; sometimes the husband makes the larger surrender. In every home there should be one arbitrator to whom all differences may be submitted as to The Hague Tribunal.

WOMAN'S REASON FOR EVERYTHING IS "BECAUSE."

Dear Madam: The unconscious or conscious assumption of professional oracles always is, without exception, that every woman is a combination of Venus, Juno and Minerva, who is born panoplied "with an eye like Mars, to threaten and command" all who would resist her mission to regenerate the world.

sinners. Foolish men contend that only he that knows best how to obey is the best fitted to command, but woman, being born perfect, has no need to obey and is "naturally" born to command.

Certain portions of the Sermon on the Mount have always been admired as possible and even desirable in a millennial state, but impossible to apply in our present imperfect human governments.

This would be the kind of a man that woman would create if she could fashion him, and this is the only kind of a man she endeavors to recreate. Doubtless every woman would agree that true love means "two souls with but a single thought," but she would qualify it by insisting that her "think" comes first.

fool who strives to conform to her model? He becomes a mere spaniel and ceases to be a man, and so far from gaining the "love" (!) of this supreme incarnation of selfishness he gains only her contempt.

SOME WOMEN NEED A REALLY BAD HUSBAND.

Dear Madam: I think that what some of your correspondents need is a really bad husband, which would, no doubt, be instrumental in making a good one be appreciated.

I will cite my own case and I hope some of the women-folk who have written you will see it, and in consequence thank heaven for what they have, and not grumble any longer over trifles.

Before I met my husband I had a proposal of marriage from a very estimable young man, who was incidentally well educated and, well-to-do.

Had I been anything but a mere child, I would have seen his true character in that last sentence, but he had won my love by that time, or what I thought was love, besides I was so afraid he would carry out his threat that I accepted him.

It would truly take a book, and a large one at that, to write all that has happened to me since, and I am still under thirty. But I will cite a few cases, just to show some women what good husbands they themselves have, and as a result stop finding fault. We were living at his mother's at first—who, by the way, thought it ought to be very gratifying for getting her son. When I was within a few months of becoming a mother, I was cleaning out a bureau (at his mother's) when I discovered the photograph of a bad woman he had at one time known.

(I had, since my marriage, heard of this creature.) I was disgusted to think he had such a person's photo in his mother's home, and being nervous health I destroyed it. When I discovered this he in turn tore my own photo in halves.

I have a lovely child, but my husband does not hesitate to call me the vilest name in front of him. He has never given me more than \$700 a year. With this I have to pay all household expenses, including absolutely everything. I make all my own clothes, do all my own housework, except washing; but even with this I help.

He said that he married me out of compassion. (He even told this to his mother, after we were married, but I did not know of it at the time.) My home life, owing to a jealous older sister, who in turn insulted an older brother, was made unhappy. He discovered this, and that is the reason he says the above.

He has told me time and again he wishes he were rid of me, but no such blessing would befall him. And oh, dear madam, I would gladly get out and work for my own living as well as my child's if I only knew how to go about it.

When I say how heartbroken I am, he laughs the most mocking laughter and taunts me all the more. It gives him such joy and satisfaction because I have no place to turn to, nowhere to go for protection. I have shrunk more or less from making friends, because he takes such delight in making a fool of me in front of others, or insulting others when I invite them.

He has said that he would drag me into the mire. And now, in conclusion, the pity of it is that I am such a coward. I shrink so from having others guess even at my unhappiness that I have acquired a sort of second nature, because when I am with others I act very jolly; even those of my friends or acquaintances closest to me do not know me as I am; they think they know me, that is all.

I both look and pass for a happy, jolly woman. I force myself to do so. And now, reader, you have part of the story of a faithful wife, or fool, whichever you prefer to call me, and also the actions of an American husband, one who boasts of "May flower" descent, and when I read of some foreign "fool" saying, or rather "braying" about the goodness of American husbands, I think of mine—and if I weren't so utterly pathetic I would actually burst out laughing, for there are good and bad among all nationalities. Well, it has done me good, anyhow, to open my heart a little just this once.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

CERISE SILK NIGHTIE IS DIVORCE EVIDENCE AFTER RAID BY WIFE

Her Detectives Swear Little Brunette Wore It When Wellman Called.

A huge silk knee length, sleeveless garment of a cerise hue encasing the manly form of Walter D. Wellman, and a tiny silk "nightie" of precisely the same shade draped over a dainty little brunette, figure largely in the suit for an absolute divorce begun by Mrs. Cora Stockton Hummel Wellman in the Supreme Court to-day.

Mr. Wellman, a man of large wealth and commanding physique, is New York manager of the Block Light Company. Mrs. Wellman was formerly well known to the patrons of art and the tragic drama as Cora Stockton Hummel.

Two years ago Mrs. Wellman was a divorcee of separation, with liberal alimony, at the hands of Justice Newburger. Since then she has had Mr. Wellman followed by two private detectives.

Last Thursday night the detectives telephoned Mrs. Wellman at her apartment in the Buckingham, No. 222 Broadway, to hurry right around the corner to No. 210 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street, where she would find something of interest to her.

Mrs. Wellman met the detectives in front of the house. They crept silently to an apartment on an upper floor. Access was gained to an apartment registered in the name of "Miss So-and-so"—her name is being carefully guarded—by calling out "Ice water."

The door was opened just a crack and a big, strong, muscled arm was thrust out to receive the cooling beverage. With a shove the detectives and Mrs. Wellman were inside the apartment. In the middle of the floor, the detectives swear, stood Mr. Wellman, resplendent in the cerise knee length and armless garment. Huddled whimpering in the corner was a doll-like little brunette of not more than nineteen years glistening in the pink silk "nightie."

As soon as the little brunette caught sight of Mrs. Wellman she scampered into an adjoining room and locked the door. Thereupon the detectives alleged, Mrs. Wellman took her stand outside of the door and dared her to come out. She of the cerise "nightie" elected discretion as against valor, so Mrs. Wellman turned her attention, both vocally and physically, to her recalcitrant husband.

The detective caught her by the arms when she attempted to give a practical demonstration of her wrath which so angered her that she indulged in a fit of hysterics.

FORMER MAGISTRATE IS PUT IN JAIL WHEN HE IGNORES COURT ORDER

Higginbotham Tells Judge He Was Drunk on Day He Failed to Appear.

Confessing he had been drunk on the day, last week, on which he was ordered to appear in court on a charge of non-support brought by his wife, former Magistrate E. Gaston Higginbotham was locked up in Raymond Street Jail to-day by Magistrate Miller, after he had been surrendered by his bondsmen.

In the Domestic Relations Court this morning Higginbotham, who had been arrested by a private detective in a saloon at Fourth avenue and Warren street, Brooklyn, as a fugitive from justice, protested vigorously against being sent behind bars.

"I have always kept my appointments with this Court with the exception of the one last Thursday. The reason I did not appear then was because I was drunk. Any man has a right to drink; I have been drinking this morning. You know I was an honest Magistrate and I want to be paroled. I have no money in my pockets right now, but my wife has money, in spite of the fact she says I don't support her. I am a gentleman and a lawyer and I belong to—"

At this point Magistrate Miller silenced ex-Judge and asked James J. Noonan, who has been on Higginbotham's bond, if he cared to become his bondsman again. Noonan, who employed the private detective who arrested Higginbotham, said all he wanted was to wash his hands of the former Magistrate, whereupon the prisoner was ordered taken to jail. His bail remained fixed at \$1,000.

For Constipation EX-LAX The Delicious Laxative Chocolate EX-LAX RELIEVES CONSTIPATION regulates the stomach and bowels, stimulates the liver and promotes digestion. Good for young and old. 10c, 25c and 50c. at all druggists.

SOCIETY'S LATEST FAD IS A FAMILY CREST ON STOCKING OF MILADY.



Happy, indeed, are those feminine members of smart society who have succeeded in adding to their treasure (how, no matter) a family crest. And those who have been careless enough to neglect looking up possible armorial bearings are making feverish excursions into the mysteries of heraldry.

The reason is the discovery of a new and ultra chic use for one's coat of arms, which is the embellishment of one's hosiery with lace copies of the crest.

The originator of this latest fad is Countess Giszynka, formerly Miss Ellnor Patterson of Chicago, who introduced it to a mildly staid throng of society folk at the Washington House Show.

Two beautiful photographs, copies of famous paintings, will be given with each Sunday's World. Pictures are suitable for framing on heavy art paper, and represent historic subjects, the contents of which are in the Metropolitan Museum and other great art collections. Order now Sunday's World in advance.

PREPARED FOR TWINS, BUT TRIPLETS COME; FAMILY WANTS PRIZE

Corsettis of Grand Street Had to Sew for Only One Extra Baby—Live in One Room.

Two boys and a girl, each weighing five pounds, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Tony Corretti shortly after Sunday midnight. "And do we get a prize from the city?" was the question the assembled family chorused to a reporter.

On the pillow by their mother were placed the three additions to the family. Triplets were not expected, but preparations had been made for twins, so only one little dress and cap had to be sewed at the clewath hour.

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1000 Coats Reduced To-morrow, Tuesday

Striking Long-Coat Styles, Stylish Draped Models, Smart English Cutaways, \$10, \$12 and \$15 Values.

High class and inimitably effective designs will be presented in tomorrow's sale, in this captivating collection of the crown gems of the season's coat creations.

Novelty Mixtures New Checks Rich Whipcords Fancy Stripes Modish Serges Fine Diagonals

These materials are of a superior grade that at once stamps the coats as innately stylish. No contemporary offering in the city can begin to offer anything to even remotely compare with the beauties of tailoring, style, comfort and workmanship in these delightful coats.

Any coloring that you may prefer will be found here in the most attractive new models. In the offering of these coats at so low a price a new mark of economy is set that will not soon be equaled, if, indeed, such coats can ever be duplicated anywhere else at a figure so remarkably moderate.

Remember—Alterations FREE

Sale At All Four Stores Bedell 4 LARGE STORES

SOROSIS And Modern Dress

The prevailing mode of dress to-day among fashionable women throws great responsibility on the maker of shoes.

Any defect of shape or fit in a pair of shoes is at once apparent and the finishing touch so necessary to style in dress is lacking.

SOROSIS SHOES designed for style and comfort with a mode of dress which placed less emphasis on the foot become an absolute necessity to-day for women who adopt the fashionable mode.

SOROSIS SHOES can be bought in well located department stores or in our own stores in every large city in the world.