

WANDERED IN PARK ALL NIGHT AFTER AUTO-KILLED GIRL

Chauffeur Who Went Over Bridge With Machine Surrenders to Police.

HE WAS DAZED.

Party of Four Out for a Night When Machine Took a Terrible Plunge.

After wandering all night and most of the morning through Central Park, his mind dazed from the shock of the automobile accident which sent his car over a parapet in Central Park last night and caused the death of Miss Thelma Fitzgerald, one of its occupants, Patrick J. McCormick, a young demonstrator for Carl H. Page & Co., Broadway and Fifth street, walked into the West Sixty-eighth street saloon this afternoon and surrendered himself.

Miss Frances Lyman and Frederick Dumont who, with the others, had composed the automobile party, had told Detective Brennan that McCormick had risen from the ground to which he was flung by the shock of the accident, and staggered away into the darkness. He had seemed to be covered with blood, but they, half senseless, had made no effort to stop him. In the belief that he had died somewhere in the Park, Brennan and McCormick's young wife had never happened upon the young man.

McCormick was arraigned before Coroner Holtzhauser. He said that something must have gone wrong with the steering gear to cause the accident and that after it he had wandered about in a daze until this morning when his faculties were restored he visited a doctor. Then he went at once to the station. He was paroled until Monday when the inquest will be held in custody of George Stowe, Vice-President of the automobile company. Mr. Stowe said McCormick had a first class reputation. He lives at No. 31 West Thirtieth street, and is a friend of young Dumont, who is a soda water bottler, and lives next door to Miss Lyman to whom he is connected.

GIRL VICTIM WAS ON A CHRISTMAS VACATION.

Miss Fitzgerald, a somewhat older girl than Miss Lyman, who is only twenty-two, was employed in the Westchester Military Academy at Peekskill. She had met Miss Lyman when both were waitresses in the Lausanne Club in the Adirondacks last summer and accepted the younger girl's invitation to spend her Christmas vacation with her.

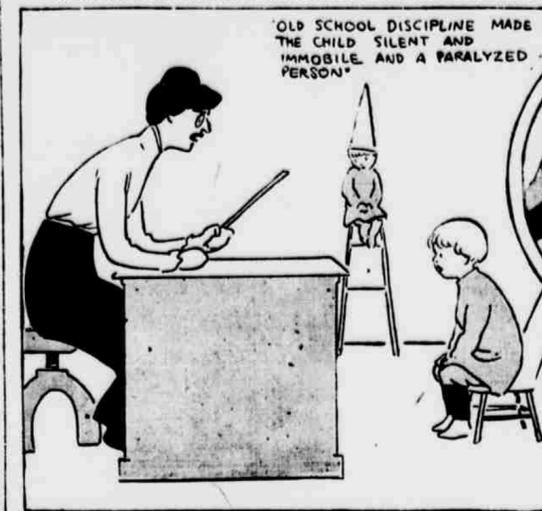
INJURED CHAUFFEUR GETS UP AND STAGGERS AWAY.

All were thrown out except Miss Fitzgerald, who was jammed between the car and the rocks. Her head was crushed in and she was killed instantly. A few persons saw the accident and some one blew a police whistle which brought Policeman Woolley of the Arsenal station. By the time he arrived McCormick had risen and staggered away. A motorist took Dumont and Miss Lyman to the Mount Sinai Hospital, where both were found to be suffering from cuts and bruises. In addition Dumont's back was sprained and Miss Lyman's right leg was so sprained at the hip and knee that she could scarcely walk. Both insisted on going to their homes, however, after they had been treated. Miss Fitzgerald's body was taken to the station.

Little is known of Miss Fitzgerald except that she was an orphan and her only relative was a brother, John W. Fitzgerald, living in Morgan, Va. He was notified by telegram. He was accustomed to send his sister \$20 each year for a Christmas present, and she had the old pipe in her pocket when she was killed.

Discipline Like Slavery Bad for a Child;

Must Involve Liberty, Says Dr. Montessori



"When a Child Is Constantly Taught to Sit Still He Is Not Being Prepared for Life—Let Him Be Taught to Move."

"A Child's Liberty Should Conform to What Is Generally Called Good Breeding—He Should Be Taught to Respect the Rights of Others."

ARTICLE IV.—DISCIPLINE.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

The objection most frequently urged against the Montessori Method is contained in the statement, based on misunderstanding, that "all discipline must be banished by the system." There has been a more or less general impression that the "liberty of action" allowed in the houses of childhood means liberty to hurt or destroy, liberty that goes to the point of license. Many mothers have shrunk from such a consummation, even though they are opposed to the disciplinary measures of Solomon.

Now comes Dr. Maria Montessori herself to correct our faulty interpretation of that phrase, "liberty of action." She smiled tolerantly when I told her how it had been misconstrued.

"Our method is one of pedagogical observation," she said. "It has for its foundation the liberty of the child. But the true discipline must come through liberty. You certainly cannot call discipline that which is nothing more or less than slavery, under which the pupil assumes an attitude of immobile subservience to a teacher or a rule of that teacher. You can never convince me that a subjugated spirit is a disciplined spirit."

"Now, if you wish," she said, settling herself back in her chair, "I will answer whatever questions you may ask."

"Won't you simply talk in detail about your ideas of discipline?" I urged. She smiled again, this time with distinct satisfaction—for she does not like the petty interruptions, which break the trend of her thought—and began:

"As I understand discipline, it is that state to which the individual attains when he is master of himself. While it is necessary that some rule of conduct be followed, he regulates his own activity. Not always an easy thing to grasp, but certainly something which carries within it a great educational principle. One reason for its difficulty of comprehension is that it is so much at variance with the old conception of school discipline which made the children artificially silent and immobile like the paralyzed person—rather an annihilated class of children, but not disciplined. Never!"

"Here let me say," and the Doctor's eyes were flashing, "that I would like all parents to bear in mind that when a child is constantly taught to sit still he is not being prepared for life. Let the child be taught to move. When he moves he is being perfected as an active human agency and not as a dumb, immobile servant of the wishes of others. He is more and more able through forces of habit and practice to perform, correctly and with ease, the simple acts of his life in the community. As his life broadens into maturity he will be more easily do the things necessary to make him a useful member of society."

"Returning to the liberty accorded the child in his hundred little daily activities, we must, of course, teach him that there are limitations to which he should subject himself. Those limitations correspond to the collective interests of the little school community, and in a large sense represent the interests of the mature community into which the child will come day by day.

"The liberty of which I have just spoken should conform to what is generally conceded to be good breeding. That is, we teach the child that he must respect the rights of others, and that



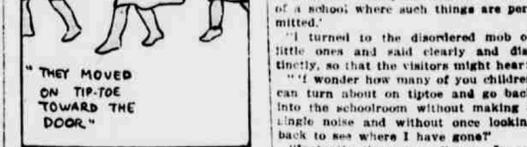
DR. MARIA MONTESSORI



"I DON'T MEAN THAT BECAUSE HE IS THWARTED AT SCHOOL THAT HE SHALL BE SPANNED AGAIN AT HOME"



"SHE WAS PLAYING TEACHER."



"THEY MOVED ON TIP-TOE TOWARD THE DOOR."

interest in his own unconscious progress. "You need not fear that the child will not learn to discipline himself under the proper influences. Visitors at our schools in Rome invariably speak of my boys as 'the little men of the case did'." They are indeed little citizens of the school community. Still they act with refreshing spontaneity. They move each in his own sphere of activity, but never overrunning the rights of other citizens.

"And when we try to stifle this natural activity, when we suffocate spontaneity, we are depriving life itself of an opportunity to expand and broaden to its natural proportions. We should always respect these first manifestations of a growing individuality, for here human life shows itself in greater splendor than it can be found anywhere else.

"For those mothers who find the early years of their children the most trying to them, I will say that I fully realize how greatly the traditions of centuries away their ideas of child discipline. I have seen it in the training of teachers who come to me. They are intelligent and keen to grasp the principle, but putting it into practice is another thing.

"So I say to the mothers that conscientious efforts, even though not up to the standards which I have personally set, will work better effect on future generations. Their own children and their children's children will improve upon them and eventually the traditions of the centuries will have been conquered. A real discipline will result and hasten the day of the fine race which I can now see rearing itself in this wonderful new nation.

"I know how the mother will feel," the educator continued after a reflective pause. "She will be like the teachers I have come to my schools to instruct my little men and women. It has been so long her duty to keep children quiet that the apparent disorder and bustle of activity about her annoys her sense of propriety. She looks about in an embarrassed way, as if seeking some reason for exclaiming herself to the public and the world at large for the disorder for which she wishes to accept no responsibility. We vainly try to show her that this disorder is a necessary manifestation of growing life."

"I remember one little girl who was constantly drawing a crowd toward her, talking with assurance and swinging her arms in commanding gestures. A teacher stopped her upon one of two occasions and forced her to be silent and unmovable. I observed the case quietly and discovered that she was playing at being teacher, and, at other times, the mother of the others. She was already displaying qualities of leadership which would have been stultified in the ordinary school, no doubt. That is one example of a thousand of which I could tell you."

A CROWD WHO MISUNDERSTOOD CHILDREN. "I remember very well, one day in Rome, of surprising a crowd of visitors approaching the school. I was about to walk out on the street. The children, some forty in number, rushed after me. One of the teachers was about to stop them, but I told her to let them go and see what they would do. They trailed forth after me in a noisy throng, and the street was in an uproar."

NIGHT GLASSES SEE 'SEPTEMBER MORN' IN ARTIST'S STUDIO

Vigil of Detectives Results in a Divorce for Mrs. Marie A. Becker.

MRS. HERNDON NAMED.

Spotters Watched the Couple Through Binoculars From Across the Street.

Two pairs of eyes that for two weeks peered through night glasses into the artistic recesses of Mrs. Olive B. Herndon's studio in the Lincoln Square Building at Sixty-seventh street and Broadway, to-day give Mrs. Marie A. Becker, member of a prominent New Rochelle family, a divorce from Christopher A. Becker, wealthy scale manufacturer, with offices at No. 7 Maiden Lane and a big factory in New Rochelle.

Mrs. Herndon achieved considerable note in the art world a few years ago by painting a life sized portrait of Maxine Elliott for the late J. Pierpont Morgan. The painting now stands in the lobby of the theatre bearing the famous actress's name. Mrs. Herndon and other prominent artists have studios in the Lincoln Square Building, but Mrs. Herndon's workshop windows are curtained with heavy Russian draperies and one would never suppose that night glasses would penetrate the folds of such curtains. But they did and Justice Giegerich has the word of E. S. Bennett, a detective, and George W. Johnson, a friend of Mrs. Becker, that everything that transpired in Mrs. Herndon's studio for two weeks was recorded through the night binoculars.

TOOK ROOM OPPOSITE STUDIO TO WATCH COUPLE.

First came Bennett with this story: "I was employed by Mrs. Becker's attorneys to shadow Mr. Becker. We didn't have much trouble getting a 'spot' on him nor on the woman who went around with him a good deal of the time. We found them going up to a studio in the Lincoln Square Building, where Mr. Becker spent a good deal of his time at night."

"Did you watch Mr. Becker after he went into the studio?" asked Mrs. Becker's attorney. "Yes, the studio was on the third or fourth floor. We took a room on the top floor of the building on West Sixty-sixth street, across the street from the studio. We had a fine view from there in the daytime, but at night had to use night glasses. We could see Mr. Becker go into the studio and meet a stout lady, who greeted him affectionately. There were curtains on the window, but the lady never seemed to mind the door. Once in a while we could see them doing the turkey trot or a bunny hug. I sometimes thought somebody in the studio was posing for 'September Morn' pictures."

"Later did you enter this studio with any other person?" he was asked. "Mr. Becker, Johnson and one or two others went up with me one night last May to see what we could find out. I knocked at the studio door, but there was no response. There was a slit in the door for mail and I peered through this that I had a telegram for the lady inside. She opened the door, and we walked in."

"SAYS HE FOUND BECKER UNDER THE BED." "Who was the lady?" "Well, not Mrs. Becker. She was the lady of the studio and she came to the door with not much more clothing on than one would wear in the hot room of a Turkish bath. Her name was Mrs. Olive Herndon. She's a painter."

"What did you do?" "Asked Mr. Becker and Mrs. Herndon said he wasn't in. Then I heard some one cough, I looked under the bed."

"Who'd you find there?" "Mr. Becker. I dragged him out. 'Twas a pretty tough job. When I got him out on the floor on his knees, he looked at his wife and said, 'Well, you got me at last!' Mrs. Becker was very much excited and we left in a hurry."

Mrs. Becker nearly fainted when she took the witness stand and her testimony could be hardly heard. She nearly collapsed twice during the ordeal and had to be held from the courtroom by a staff. The child she had been married to Becker for twenty years and they had a child fifteen years old now in a convent up-State.

Vogt Remanded is Still in Bad Condition. Oscar Vogt, a musician, who was shot trying to escape capture on Dec. 15 for the murder of Mgr. Agnes Guilly, the miller, was remanded to the Grand Jury by a jury in Coroner Winterbottom's Court to-day. Vogt is still in Bellevue Hospital, where it was said his condition had not passed the danger stage.

Stretch your income. This tea goes twice as far.

White Rose CEYLON TEA. White Rose Coffee, 3 Pound Tins, \$1

YOUNG WOMAN WHO BROKE HER LEG IN TANGO DANCE.



MRS. GRACE FITCH CONGER

AGAINST THE TANGO AS SHE BROKE LEG IN DOING THE DIP

Mrs. Grace Fitch Conger, niece of the late Clyde Fitch and wife of Hoy W. Conger, whose father was Minister to China, is forevermore opposed to the tango. She is not opposed to the dance on any ground of morality or immorality, but from the pain and troubles which may ensue from its performance.

In consequence of the dance, Mrs. Conger is lying helpless in her apartment at No. 106 West Forty-seventh street, attended by a physician and a nurse. On last Friday night, while dining with friends in a restaurant in Herald square, Mrs. Conger accepted an invitation to tango between courses. In making the dip either she or her partner slipped and Mrs. Conger fell heavily to the floor. She was rushed to the Boonevelt Hospital, where it was found that her left leg was broken just below the hip. Yesterday she was taken to her home, where she will have to remain in close confinement over the holidays.

MAKE YOUR MONEY BUY TWICE AS MANY CLOTHES

The "Standard," the biggest, fastest growing manufacturer and distributor of women's and children's wearing apparel by mail, has a CLEARING SALE THIS WEEK.

Because we sell by mail, our season is over before the local season begins, and we must make room for spring goods which are catalogued January 1st.

Some Wonderful Bargains. Coats, suits, shirts, dresses, waists, furs, underwear, children's wear and some holiday goods are marked way below our cost, and as we make these goods ourselves this means prices at

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Ex-Lax For Constipation. This Wonderful Chocolate Laxative Relieves Bilioussness and All Bowel Troubles. Here's good news for sick folks—suffers from constipation. Ex-Lax is a never-failing remedy and a positive brightener. Just eat a little right down like you would sweet chocolate. That's what Ex-Lax seems like, in looks and taste. No more gulping down pills—no more hard-to-swallow tablets—no more nasty tasting liquids, like our granddaddy used. Ex-Lax does the business, and no mistake about it, yet seems just like chocolate candy, for it's chocolate all through. Ex-Lax unlogs, bad bowels, corrects acid stomach, puts an end to biliousness and all troubles arising therefrom. You feel like a new person when Ex-Lax gets your bowels right, and continue in splendid health, if you take an Ex-Lax every now and then. No pain or gripping—no bad spells after action. Ex-Lax is the best physic the medical world has ever known. Price 10c, 25c and 50c, at all druggists.