

TANGOED INTO HER HEARD AND DEVELS; TOOT! HE'S GONE

Widow Asks Police to Find Youth Who Even Promised to Wed.

WON BY HIS DANCING.

Disappeared From Bank While Fair Admirer Was Waiting in the Office.

Detectives are to-day searching for the smooth-spoken, nice-looking young man who yesterday deserted his prospective bride, Mrs. Mary E. Sloane, who gave her address as the Hotel Majestic, in the banking room of the German-American Bank, No. 22 Broad street.

For, incidentally, when the young man unceremoniously took his departure from the woman he had wooed and won in less than a week, he carried with him bits of her jewel display to the value of \$1,400 and left her with a collection of his own I. O. U.'s to the extent of \$45.

According to the story told the bank officials and the detectives by Mrs. Sloane, who is a widow about thirty and very good looking, she met the man in the case last Saturday night at one of the town's leading tango emporiums. He was introduced to her she said as Howard L. Hanson, and described himself as a wealthy commission merchant of Chicago. He was young, handsome, a divine dancer and Mrs. Sloane readily assented when he asked to be permitted to call upon her next day.

CHECK HE EXPECTED HAD NOT ARRIVED.

He appeared with a look of great sorrow on his face to keep that engagement, Mrs. Sloane said. Money he had been expecting from Chicago had not arrived. He was in a dire predicament. Mrs. Sloane was sympathetic. When he left that evening he carried with him \$25 loaned him by the lady and she held his receipt.

He called again next day. Still the expected remittance from the West was missing, and again Mrs. Sloane came to the rescue. She was forced to dig into her treasury again and again until Thursday, when he called and promptly exhibited a check for \$370 drawn on a Chicago bank. He suggested that the amount called for would just about serve to defray the expenses of a wedding and a short honeymoon. Mrs. Sloane agreed with him. It was then and there decided that the wedding should be the next day.

But at 1.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Sloane was called to the telephone. Excitedly her near-spouse informed her that he could not secure the identification necessary to have the check cashed. However, he said that the paying teller at the German-American Bank had expressed his willingness to cash the check if jewelry to cover the amount of the check be deposited with him until the check was accepted by the bank. Mrs. Sloane acceded to this request that she lend him some of her jewelry, but insisted on accompanying Hanson to the bank.

WOOLER AND GEMS DISAPPEAR FROM THE LINE.

At 2.45 o'clock yesterday afternoon, fifteen minutes before the closing of the bank, Mrs. Sloane was informed that the jewelry she had given her near-spouse was missing. She was told that the jewelry was in a safe in the cashier's enclosure and the man took a position in the long line that then extended from the paying teller's cage. Five minutes later Mrs. Sloane decided to take a look at him to whom she had given her heart and nearly her hand. He was now being held by the bank. A scream she then rushed up to the paying teller, J. A. Williams.

"Where is the man who just had a check for \$370 cashed?" she inquired excitedly.

Mr. Willard glanced over the checks he has just cashed and informed her that no check of that amount had been cashed. Nor had he seen a man of the description furnished by Mrs. Sloane. The man in question had evidently made his exit through the rear door.

There was an alarm scream and until Detective Mayer arrived from the Old Slip Police Station all was excitement within the bank. Finally Mrs. Sloane was quieted and described the missing jewelry as three diamond rings and a plectrum diamond ruby pendant. She said that Hanson was about six feet in height, smooth faced, had dark brown hair and wore a checked suit.

The man who had been driven to the Majestic. At that hotel it is said to-day, however, that no one of that name is a guest there.

TREATS FEVER; DIES IN DAY.

Orange Physician Believed to Have Contracted Patient's Malady.

Dr. Eugene G. West of Cleveland street, Orange, N. J., died this morning of scarlet fever, apparently contracted from a patient, after an illness of only one day. He was one of the best known physicians in the Orange, where he had practiced for sixteen years. He came from Southern Illinois and was a graduate of Hahnemann University.

Dr. West was forty-nine years old and leaves a widow and two children, Nellie, thirteen years old, and Ralph, ten. He was born in Hope, Warren County, N. J. He was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M. of Orange, County of New Jersey, of the New England Society, Orange Council, Royal Arcanum, the Orange Board of Trade and Calvary Methodist Church of East Orange.

Even a Homely Man Is Attractive to Women If He Has Real Sympathy and Good Humor



Women Don't Care About Looks of One Who Understands Them, Says Margaret Vandercook, Whose Hero Proves Her Theories in the "Loves of Ambrose."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall. Ambrose had four wives. Not contemporaneously, but with a proper consecutiveness four delightful women willingly promised to love, honor and obey Ambrose. Yet he was not handsome. He was not rich. He was not a hypnotist. How did Ambrose do it? That's what Mrs. Margaret Vandercook explains to us in her recently published novel, "The Loves of Ambrose." And when I talked to her yesterday afternoon she gave an even more complete and definite analysis of Ambrose's method.

In her opinion the three essential requisites for the lady-killer are Impressionability, Sympathy and Humor. The first two act directly, the last is of great indirect assistance in understanding the ways of womankind.

"You see, I know Ambrose," Mrs. Vandercook explained, smilingly. "He was an uncle of mine. I come from Louisville, Kentucky, and he was a Southern man. I really do think that the men of the South make more love and more skilful love than Northerners, and I also think that Europeans are more adroit at expressing sentiment than Americans." "And women do like men to show that they care," I observed. "Indeed they do!" exclaimed Mrs. Vandercook, opening her blue eyes wide. They are very pretty eyes, and her face has that peculiar roundness and softness which Southern women retain for so long. With her ash-brown hair and her supple curves she is an attractive and youthful figure.

"The man most attractive to women is, above everything else, the man most attracted by them. He is the man to whom, throughout his life, woman is the supreme thing. He is eminently impressionable. The man for whom every woman has a weakness is the man who makes her feel while she talks to him that she is the only thing in the world."

"Tending of Ambrose it seemed to me that he was the type which we describe nowadays as a 'good fuser,'" I remarked. "And you believe that sort is attractive to others besides very young girls?" "A CASE OF IMPROVING WITH AGE." "Consider Ambrose's matrimonial record!" laughed Mrs. Vandercook. "His first wife, indeed, was a sixteen-year-old girl; it was a case of spring-time fancy. But the second woman he married was in the full prime of intelligent young maturity; she was the greatest love of his life. I believe that the most sentimental man has a grand passion. In middle age a rich widow chose him in preference to two other suitors. And even when he was very old he found a spinster who gladly accepted him as a husband."

"And yet he had neither wealth nor good looks," I mused. For he merely owned half a country store, and at nineteen he stood six feet four in his stocking feet, with big bones, a high forehead, straight, straw-colored hair and solemn, light-blue eyes. "A man need not be good-looking in order to make a hit with women," stated Mrs. Vandercook. "We like men who are manly and strong, but I don't think we mind homeliness. At a dinner the other night we were saying that the last word in feminism would be spoken when women dared to be homely—as homely as lots of successful men are."

"In the matter of money I think the modern girl is apt to be more particular than were the lassies fifty years ago in Kentucky. Other things being equal, the man of fortune wins out over the poor man when women are in question. Nevertheless, the poor man is not even yet to be despised as a rival, provided that he wants to succeed with women and that he possesses both sympathy and humor."

"Women are attracted by the man who understands them, and who is tender to their weaknesses and woes. They like to lean upon a broad shoulder, literally and

GLASS ROOF HURTS FIREMEN IN BLAZE IN EDISON STUDIOS

Two Injured in Bronx Fire that Destroys Valuable Costumes and Films.

400 ACTORS AFFECTED.

Defective Insulation Blamed for Loss of \$25,000 in Movie Plant.

The studio of the Thomas A. Edison moving picture plant at Decatur avenue and Oliver place, the Bronx, was destroyed by fire early this morning. Firemen Timothy F. Driscoll of Engine No. 79 and John McCarthy of Engine No. 22 were bruised and cut by flying glass and falling timbers. Thousands of dollars' worth of cameras, scenery, costumes and properties were burned, as was all the film so far used in making a picture of a spectacle to be called "The Battle of Mobile Bay." Other films worth \$100,000, including original films of Mayor Gaynor and Andrew Carnegie, stored in fireproof vaults, were saved.

More than a hundred actors left the place at half past four o'clock this morning after completing several scenes of the battle picture. Two hours later, Daniel Clifford, a watchman, found smoke coming from the switchboard by which the lights in the studio, which was one of the largest in the country, were controlled.

He failed to smother the fire with a hand extinguisher and called John Collins, Bernard Gurning and William Porter, stage managers, who slept in the building. The switchboard was in the property room in the basement. The flames had spread to the inflammable properties and the men were quickly driven back.

GLASS ROOF ENDANGERS LIVES OF FIRE-FIGHTERS.

Capt. Buckley of Engine No. 79 sounded a second alarm as soon as he got a glimpse of the situation and Deputy Chief Sloane took charge. The studio was soon ablaze and the firemen were ordered from the floor because of the falling of jagged pieces of the great glass roof. The heavy smoke from the masses of painted scenery again and again drove back the firemen and the volunteers who were trying to save valuable property.

Tremont and Bronx Park police stations sent platoons of reserves. A hundred or more actors arriving for the day's work later, were restrained with difficulty from entering the ruins to look for personal belongings.

NIGHT OF THE MURDERS.

The vessel with its twelve people sailed from the wharf at Boston on July 3. The captain's wife made the beds and took care of the poems of herself, her husband and the passenger. The 18th of July was the day that the schooner was wrecked. The crew of the schooner consisted of the captain, whose name was Nash; the first mate, named Thomas Bram; a second mate, and six men in the fore-cabin. The captain was accompanied by his wife and arranged to take a passenger. This passenger, a young Harvard student named Lester Harvard, was on his way to Europe. The crew consisted of the captain, whose name was Nash; the first mate, named Thomas Bram; a second mate, and six men in the fore-cabin. The captain was accompanied by his wife and arranged to take a passenger. This passenger, a young Harvard student named Lester Harvard, was on his way to Europe.

WILL PUNISH FATHER FOR STEALING JEWELS

Mrs. Howard Phelps's Gems Gone and Parent Confesses He Took Them.

Patrick White, of No. 108 West One Hundred and Sixth street, father of Mrs. Howard Phelps, who is the daughter-in-law of the president of the Austro-American Steamship Company, was held in \$5,000 bail by Magistrate Simms in the West Side Police Court to-day on the charge of grand larceny.

White confessed that he stole a gold mesh bag containing \$2,500 worth of jewelry and \$500 in cash from his daughter when she visited her mother yesterday. He spent nearly all of the cash in saloons and, while drunk, had the gold mesh bag and jewels stolen from him.

TOOK PRISONER WHISKEY.

Sand Barge Captain Held for Smuggling at Blackwell's Island.

Evening World "Novel" Not Fiction, but Truth

Mary Roberts Rinehart Says the Amazing "After House" Happenings Were All Based on Fact.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "The After House" (which will begin serial publication in Monday's Evening World, as next of the "Complete Novel a Week" series), says that the amazing plot of this story was founded on absolute fact. She modeled it on the famous "Bram" case, which stirred all New England in the '90's. Mrs. Rinehart saw the wonderful fiction possibilities of such a case and wove it into this newest and best of her novels. Here is her story of the strange affair:

I CAME across the material for "The After House" in the most casual way. It was the summer of 1912, a hot starlit night, and two or three people were sitting on the lawn in front of the Allegheny County Club. In some way the conversation drifted to the sea, perhaps because we were so far away from it. Finally we got to sea mysteries. The "Marie Celeste," I remember, was under discussion.

At last the group narrowed down to a prominent Pittsburg lawyer and myself. The lawyer was Thomas Patterson. He said: "I have often thought that there was a great story to be written around the murders of the Herbert Fuller, and I also believe that in that case there was a grave miscarriage of justice." I was immediately interested. He told me the main facts of the story and later secured for me an account of the crime and trial in a magazine for lawyers of a date seventeen years ago.

On July 2, 1896, the Herbert Fuller, a lumber schooner bound for Rosario, in the southeastern part of South America, sailed from Boston. She carried a cargo of dressed lumber piled five feet above the deck. Openings were left in covering this weighty cargo to allow entrance to the two deckhouses, and since the lumber made a sort of deck itself, a rail was thrown up around it for the protection of the men in the fore-cabin. The crew of the Herbert Fuller consisted of the captain, whose name was Nash; the first mate, named Thomas Bram; a second mate, and six men in the fore-cabin. The captain was accompanied by his wife and arranged to take a passenger. This passenger, a young Harvard student named Lester Harvard, was on his way to Europe.

The vessel with its twelve people sailed from the wharf at Boston on July 3. The captain's wife made the beds and took care of the poems of herself, her husband and the passenger. The 18th of July was the day that the schooner was wrecked. The crew of the schooner consisted of the captain, whose name was Nash; the first mate, named Thomas Bram; a second mate, and six men in the fore-cabin. The captain was accompanied by his wife and arranged to take a passenger. This passenger, a young Harvard student named Lester Harvard, was on his way to Europe.

LOSES WEIGHT, WORRIES; ENDS LIFE WITH RAZOR

Wealthy Insurance Man Kills Self in Home After Giving Up His Work.

John F. J. Purdy, forty-eight years old, a well-to-do insurance man of No. 5 St. Nicholas Terrace, killed himself this morning by cutting his throat with a razor. Missing him when she arose, his wife found the door to the bathroom closed and called him, but got no response. She became alarmed and summoned a neighbor, Ralph Shelp, who called Policeman Conrad of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. They found Purdy on the floor of the bathroom, a razor in his hand. Dr. Erlwein of No. 12 Convent avenue pronounced him dead.

It is said Purdy was worth about \$50,000, gained from his insurance business. He recently retired and had occasionally worked for his boyhood friend, George Aron, manager of the Douglas Shoe Store at No. 250 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Aron said Purdy had tired of his life and had worked for him to occupy his mind. He said Purdy was nervous and worried, chiefly because he had lost thirty-seven pounds in weight since he gave up his work in the open air.

You Procrastinate If You Suffer from Indigestion

MAN-A-GEAWATER

Park & Tiltford

and all First Class Druggists and Grocers