

THIS WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

A Tale of Red Roses

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

IT BEGINS TO-DAY

BURGLAR SLAYS GUARD IN THEATRE; FINGER-PRINT CLUE

Safe-Blower Escapes After Shooting and Stabbing Special Officer.

MURDERER IS WOUNDED

Police Seek Owner of Stiletto With Blood Marks on It.

A burglar who had concealed himself in the engine room of the Jefferson Theatre, No. 214 East Fourteenth street, to get \$2,800 in the safe, early to-day, murdered Harry F. Simonds, thirty-two years old, of No. 215 East Seventeenth street, a special officer in the theatre. The slayer escaped, but left behind a number of clues, including a stiletto with bloody finger prints.

The Jefferson is a combination vaudeville and moving picture theatre near Third avenue. After it closes for the night Simonds is relieved by Louis Blankenburg of No. 219 East Eleventh street, a combination watchman and engineer. Last night Simonds changed from uniform to street clothes shortly after 11 o'clock, when Blankenburg arrived.

When he reached the stage he found an act in rehearsal. Simonds lingered to watch the rehearsal and Blankenburg went to the cellar to make his first round of the building. Shortly after midnight he came up and told Simonds he had heard a suspicious noise in the engine room, on the Thirteenth street side of the building. Simonds turned a switch that put on the cellar lights, picked up a hammer from the stage and went below, followed by Blankenburg.

When the latter got in the engine room he saw Simonds and a short, thick-set man struggling. The intruder had a long knife in his hand, and Blankenburg could see that Simonds had been stabbed. He picked up a shovel and began beating the burglar on the head, whereupon the man drew a revolver and fired four shots. Blankenburg ran upstairs for help. Irving Bruskin, the electrician, had heard the shots and tried to go to the cellar, but the young woman rehearsing had become panic-stricken and was clinging to him. Blankenburg outside found Policeman Poff of the Fifth street station.

"I DID MY DUTY," SLAIN MAN'S DYING WORDS.

When they reached Simonds he was dying, but managed to gasp: "Officer, I did my duty." They tried to get from him a description of his assailant and an account of what happened, but he was too far gone. When Dr. Noble of Bellevue Hospital arrived he pronounced Simonds dead and found that he had been stabbed nine times, four times in the back, his jaw had been broken by a bullet and he had been shot in the left arm. Two of the shots went wild.

In the cellar was found a bag containing a back saw, drills, hatchet, brace and bits, wrenches, a pocket flashlight and other burglar tools. There was also a soft black hat with the initial "D." cut in the sweat band, and on the floor was a pair of shoes and a plaid golf cap. The cap later proved to be the property of one of the stage hands and was eliminated as a clue, but the shoes and hat belonged to the murderer. Later Detective Bulger found in front of No. 243 East Thirteenth street a stiletto with a six-inch blade stained with blood. It was turned over to Inspector Faurot, who will try to photograph the finger prints on it.

The police thought at first that more than one man was in the cellar when surprised by Simonds, but decided after obtaining all the facts

2,500 KILLED AS EARTHQUAKE WRECKS TOWNS

People in Asiatic Turkey Meet Death While They Sleep at Midnight.

BATTLESHIP NEW YORK HERE

Come to Be Scraped Before Undergoing Trials.

Reserve Bank Ready to Open.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 5.—The Federal Reserve Bank for the Fifth, or Richmond, District was organized today by the selection of George J. Seay as Governor James W. Moore was appointed Secretary. The bank, with temporary quarters rented, is now ready to open for business at the order of the Federal Reserve Board.

possible that there was only one, although more were to take part in the safe blowing. They believe the burglar's plan was to creep up after everybody had left the theatre, overpower the watchman and let in his confederates. He evidently paid his way into the theatre some time during the evening, and from the wash-room stole into the engine room. When the lights went out in the cellar he thought the way was clear and took off his shoes to creep up on the watchman.

About a year ago Simonds discovered burglars trying to get in through a window on the Thirteenth street

side and drove them away. He had been employed in the theatre for more than a year. Last night he wanted his wife, Elizabeth, to go to the show, but she had seen it early in the week and decided to remain at home. When told of his death she sobbed that if she had gone with him his life might have been spared, as he would have hurried home with her instead of watching the rehearsal.



H. F. SIMONDS

Girls in Scant Attire Are Playing a Game: That Old-Fashioned One, "Boy-Catching"



So Declares Miss Henrietta Rodman, High School Instructor, Who Has Led Many a Foolish, Fashion-Crazed Miss Away From Powder and Paint and Thin, Flimsy Garments.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall. Can the girl of to-day be induced to give up her flimsy, flashy clothes? Are there any arguments which really appeal to her? These are questions which must suggest themselves to any one who reads that the high schools in Lynn, Mass., have been closed during a temporary weakness of the heating system "because the half-dressed girl students would catch severe colds." Nor can one derive much encouragement from observing the pupils in the girls' high schools of New York. Some of the students are simply and sensibly clothed, but many are at once over-dressed and under-dressed.

Is there a remedy for this truly deplorable state of affairs? And if so, what? I decided to consult Miss Henrietta Rodman of the Wadleigh High School, whose work along the lines of vocational training for girls has undoubtedly placed her among the foremost educators of the country. For years Miss Rodman has proved herself an understanding friend to hundreds of girls between twelve and twenty, and her personal influence among them is very strong.

Her method of dealing with the clothes-crazy girl of to-day deserves serious consideration from all who are interested in the problem. "I have taught a number of my girls to dress sensibly," she confessed with quiet satisfaction, "although the forces of society are all against me. We can't approve of the way the modern girl dresses, but instead of criticizing her, as an individual, I think we ought to realize that she is largely a product of her surroundings.

"By her spring of foolish fashion the school girl of to-day is really trying to win social approval. In the first place, she is deluded by that economic conspiracy of men which makes 'style' consist in each woman's dressing as nearly as possible like every other, and in changing the appearance of the costumes three or four times a year. In the second place, the school girl wants to win favor with the boys she knows.

"I tell them that it will not be possible for them to attain their supreme development as individuals if they are continually trying to make themselves look as they imagine others want them to look. I try to show them that to themselves is the most important thing in the world. And after all they are almost pathetically easy to influence—one way or the other," Miss Rodman half sighed.

MOTHERS APPROVE, WANT THEM TO ATTRACT. "But why is it," I asked, "that so many modern mothers seem unable to control their daughters in this matter of unsuitable dress?" "Because almost every mother desires above all things that her daughter shall be popular with the boys and therefore in line for an early marriage! If there are no boy callers at the house the mother is disappointed. She may not want them to come too often or stay too late, but she wants them to appear. She may criticize her daughter's methods of attraction, but she feels far worse if the girl fails altogether to attract.

"In their wives men do not care for the attributes which charmed them before marriage. The wife and mother, pleasing her husband in new ways, forgets that as a girl she probably did the very things which she cannot understand her daughter's doing. I can remember unashamedly using rouge on my face when I was a girl in order to make myself attractive at dances and to keep from being a wallflower. And I can remember how shocked and disgusted my mother was when she found it out.

"All my influence, such as it is, with the girls comes from the fact that I remember my own girlhood," added Miss Rodman with a little smile. "You see, I kept a journal, and it didn't get lost like so many of such records.

GAME OF BOY CATCHING IS A VERY OLD ONE. "Because I have the proof of how life used to look to me, I can understand the impulses and instincts of the girls I know, and help nature, as the doctors say, instead of trying to oppose it.

"The young girls whom one may see out walking any Sunday afternoon, dressed like puppets and painted like flowers—all white, with a spot of pink in the middle of each cheek—are engaged in the old-fashioned game of boy-catching.

"But were the girls of other generations quite such aggressive players, scantly speaking?" I asked. "Did you ever see a collection of Godey's 'Lady's Books'?" countered Miss Rodman. "When I was twelve years old I had a large pile given me to make paper dolls, and I traced American fashions back through the nineteenth century. Young girls and even children used to be decked out in the most absurd and elaborate of clothes! I don't think the simply and sensibly dressed girl has ever existed, in any conceivable numbers. Why, I can remember when mere youngsters had to wear pointed toe shoes and picture hats.

"What sort of dress do you recommend for the modern girl?" I questioned. "The ideal costume has three attributes," she replied. "It is comfortable, it is convenient, and, if possible, it is beautiful. One's clothes should in no way interfere with one's physical ease and well-being, nor with one's occupation, and it is desirable that they should please the eye.

SINGING SOLDIERS WIN OUR BATTLES, GERMANS DECLARE

Wounded and Maimed, Healthy and Strong, They All Burst Into Song.

By Karl H. von Wiegand.

BERLIN, Sept. 19, by courier via Rotterdam to New York (United Press).—"As long as our soldiers sing, I have no fear for the Fatherland." This was the statement of a German officer of high rank to me just after I had returned from the midst of the Kaiser's fighting men and found that they are distinctly "singing soldiers." The German soldier sings and fights—and fights and sings. He sings before the battle and he sings after the battle. He even sings on the operating table while his wounds are being dressed.

One of the most impressive things about the German army, aside from its excellent equipment and spirit of fighting for the Fatherland, is its singing. The men break into song at every opportunity. It seems they must give vent to the music of their soul.

The "singing soldiers" first impressed me during the mobilization in Berlin. Whenever they went, they went "singing," the reservists, with bundles in their hands, on their way to the barracks for uniforms and equipment, the soldiers uniformed and equipped, marching to the railroad stations, always and everywhere, singing.

In the improvised hospital of an ancient cathedral in Maastricht, on the Dutch-Belgian frontier, I found the severely wounded German soldiers constantly breaking into song. Travelling from Holland to Berlin, I boarded a train bearing wounded from Liege and Namur. They were singing.

In the hospitals in Berlin news of victories is the signal for song that breaks forth from souls and quivering lips of men with shattered limbs and faces distorted with pain. Two cars of soldiers moving to the front were immediately behind our car of the train on which I left Berlin for a short trip recently. They were singing. There was seldom a pause. When one car would rest the other would take up the refrain and at stations the two would join in a mighty chorus.

Three long Red Cross trains of wounded coming from below Namur, Liege and Maastricht passed. From many cars came song—weak, quavering and trembling, it is true—but song. And this music—the signaling of men about to go into battle, or returning maimed, bleeding and suffering—has no "forlorn hope" note or melancholy sentiment. It fires the spirit. It is powerful and forceful rather than sweet and dreamy. The rhythm sets the blood tingling.

There is music everywhere in the German army. While the big siege guns were smashing the Liege forts into heaps of ruins and shells were screaming over the city, Gen. von Emmick had the regimental bands give concerts in the little park in the centre of Liege.

"Music is helping us win our battles," a ranking officer told me today; "the love of our country that through song fires our spirit to deeds. What you have heard is the soul of the Fatherland."

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Swansea Dock Sentries Fired on London Heave. LONDON, Oct. 5.—The sentries at the Swansea docks have been fired on several times at night by unknown persons, according to a telegram received here. There is no official confirmation of the report.



FOR ECONOMY FASHION HEALTH WISE WOMEN KNOW WHY!

THOUSANDS of stout women, after a year or more of courting the "natural figure," find themselves hopeless masses of shapeless flesh. Now that the desired waistline is coming back, they are praying for some means to regain their former symmetrical proportions. Kopservice Corset No. 551 will render this service.



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Oddities in the War News

"Our troops are now en route to Ralenti," wrote the war correspondent of a London paper. He had obtained his information from one of the roadside signs of the French Automobile Association—"Ralenti" meaning to slow down.

A Russian officer reports that one of his soldiers went out and brought back on horseback under the enemy's fire a comrade who subsequently was discovered to be a young woman. She was wounded and is now in hospital at Kiel.

The report having been spread in Marseilles that the favorite delicacy of the Indian troops is goats' milk, the women of that city have requisitioned every goat in the South of France.

Joseph Felnesica, sixty-four, General Director of the Vienna Museum Art Industry, died at Reichenhall from overjoy on hearing of a German victory in the Vosges.

Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the French political economist, estimates that 847,000,000 persons—half the world's population—are affected by the war.

When King Albert of Belgium saw one of his soldiers writing a letter to his mother he volunteered to post it, and the soldier let him.

Saying she was content to lose her leg for France, Denise Cartier, the thirteen-year-old girl struck by a bomb dropped by a German aeroplane in Paris, knits jerseys for the soldiers.

German spies in the field use a crude picture of a black cow to impart intelligence to their troops of what is ahead. The size of the cow and the direction of her head indicates the proportions of the enemy and its location. If the cow's head points up it means look out for aeroplanes.

When the Turcos are hard pressed during hand-to-hand fighting they climb trees like monkeys and hide in the leaves.

As compared with wars of forty years ago, there are few amputations in this one, surgeons estimating them at about ten out of 600 operations.

A Paris pushcart woman found a potato of peculiarly ugly formation, and on naming it for the Kaiser immediately got more business than she could attend to.

cellent. For a school girl one couldn't ask a more modest and sensible frock. With it corsets are unnecessary. "On the days when they go to the gymnasium the girls have to wear a similar dress," she explained. "And a number have discovered its advantages for every day in the week. Did you know that many private schools, to do away with the evil of absurd and extravagant clothes, require their girls to wear a uniform?"

But we rather pride ourselves on finding education from all that savors of the ball and chain. Surely where Miss Rodman's treatment is successfully worked out, where girls are saved from precocious sentimentality, precocious craving for admiration, the motive for the crime of sensational dress is gone.

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