

# TENANTS HOWL AS RENT DAY COMES TWICE IN MONTH

Actresses Play Unwilling Roles in Drama Called "Too Many Landlords."

## MOVING VANS BUSY.

They Paid Up Once, Now Court Says Pay the March Rent Again.

Thirty-five tenants—mostly theatrical folk—occupying quarters in the Albany apartments, on Broadway between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, are sitting on packed trunks to-day and wondering what roles they will ultimately play in a domestic drama in which dispossess warrants, city marshals, real estate agents and moving vans are the principal "leads."

The trouble started yesterday when City Marshal Peiser appeared with a dispossess warrant and informed the tenants they would all have to get out unless they could make terms and obtain new leases from the Girard Trust Company of Philadelphia, owner of the property. Since 1911 six different companies have held leases on the property, so that the mere matter of signing a lease had become a habit with the older residents.

But the Girard Trust Company lost patience the other day when it discovered \$55,000 was owing the estate, and on Thursday the officers of the company went to Justice Murray and obtained the dispossess warrant restoring the property to its owner and technically ousting the tenants as well.

Miss Valeska Suratt, Miss Fannie Brice, Miss Emma Belmont and other well known actresses in the apartments thought nothing of proceeding at first.

"It's just a matter of making out a new lease," they said.

So naturally there was a howl of protest to-day when an agent of William B. May & Co. of 749 Fifth Avenue, the new agents of the property, came along with a pocketful of leases to offer to desirable tenants and incidentally demanded the March rent.

"Nothing doing," said John Denbald, owner of a third store at No. 1647 Broadway, the first tenant approached. "We paid the March rent on the 6th," and he produced the receipt signed by the De Soliding Brothers of No. 150 Broadway, former agents, acting for ex-United States District Attorney Henry A. Wise, recently appointed a receiver of the property.

"It doesn't make a bit of difference," explained the new agent. "On a court order we took this property over on Thursday and any tenant who wants to stay here must sign a lease and pay us from that day."

The majority of the tenants were in the same predicament, having paid their March rent to the other agents. Their only recourse, it was explained, was to get their money back from the former agents.

Before noon three moving vans were at the side entrances of the apartment house and the telephone switchboard was one of the busiest in the city.

## SINGS "ANNIE LAURIE" ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Reception Held by Telephone Between New York and Frisco Exposition.

The executives of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company were the hosts to their wives and friends yesterday afternoon at the first reception ever held by telephone. It was a transcontinental reception. Sixty women at 15 Day Street conversed across the continent with telephone men at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Through Mrs. Union N. Bethell, wife of the senior Vice President of the company, greetings of the women of the east were sent to the women of the west and to officials of the exposition.

A unique feature of the affair was the singing of "Annie Laurie" across the continent by Mrs. Louis N. Comstock of Upper Montclair. In 1914 Mrs. Comstock sang from New York to Boston over the first telephone line between those two cities.

## WOMAN KILLS HERSELF.

Biographer Turns on Gas After Leaving Letter.

Miss Mary McGuire, a stenographer, killed herself with gas to-day in her furnished room in the home of Mrs. Louise Cook at No. 147 East Twenty-first Street. Mrs. Cook told the police that Miss McGuire kept very much to herself, and apparently had no friends.

# "Nothing New Under Sun," Suffragettes Were Agitating Even in Ancient Rome

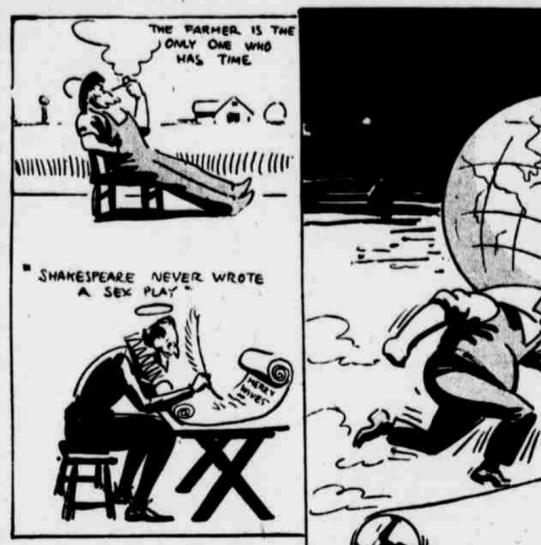
"There Is No Progress," Says Dr. Walsh. "We Do Nothing but Copy—In Shakespeare's Time They Had Clean Minds and Dirty Bodies, Now We Have Clean Bodies and Dirty Minds."

By Marguerite Moore Marshall.

"There is no progress in human history. War emphasizes this. All the great literature came along before our time. There is not a new idea in architecture in 400 years. Our poets are such minor poets that the less said about them the better. In all the enduring expressions of human intelligence our generation is woefully behind. Homer, the Hebrew literature, the Temple of Karnak, the Book of the Dead, but, above all, the decorations by the cave men of their caves, show us men doing better things in old times than we are doing now."

If you look at it one way, that's a paean to pessimism. If you look at it from another angle, it's a caution to cocksureness. However you take it, Dr. James J. Walsh gives it to you as his honest, carefully thought-out conviction.

Dr. Walsh is an M. D., a Ph. D., an Sc. D. and a Litt. D. For years he was dean of the Fordham University Medical School, and he is now professor of Physiological Psychology in the Cathedral College. Moreover, he is the author of "Modern Progress and History," "The Century of Columbus" and half a dozen other fat, scholarly volumes, throughout which he elaborates in a thousand ways his theory that not



merely have we of the twentieth century failed to progress, but that in many ways we have actually retrogressed.

## SCOFFS AT HUMAN PROGRESS AND EVOLUTION OF THE RACE.

Dr. Walsh has been called "the basest man in New York," but I finally cornered him in his home at No. 110 West Seventy-fourth Street and asked him if he really meant what he said in his recent lecture in the New York extension course of the Catholic Summer School of America. He had called attention to the fact that the great World's Fair of London, where it was proclaimed that now no longer would there be war between nations, but commerce instead, was followed by a series of the worst wars in human history.

"And yet the generation that had seen these wars talks calmly about human progress and the evolution of the race," he commented. "We fight now quite as we did at any time, and we try to kill as many people and to maim as many more. We cannot even be kinder to non-combatants. Man does not progress."

"There is no such thing as progress," Dr. Walsh repeated to me with emphasis. "I do not know of a single thing we are doing that is not copied.

"Take our architecture. All the best and most beautiful buildings are imitations of classic and mediæval models. There is nothing new architecturally about the Public Library. When we want to build a beautiful cathedral we search the world for artisans and then model after something in the middle ages. All around us handsome Renaissance buildings are arising. One of the city's most famous skyscrapers is nothing but Giotto's Tower set down in a New York square.

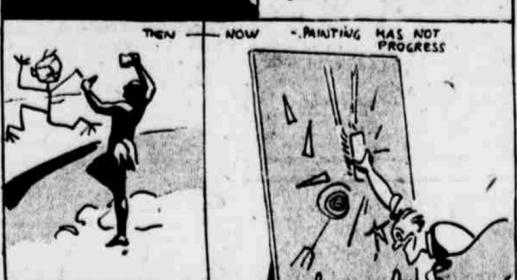
"There has probably never been a period when so many supremely great things were done or when so many men whose enduring accomplishment has influenced all the after generations were alive as during the nearly seventy years of Columbus's lifetime. In Italy the list of names of painters who were at this time doing work which the world will never willingly let die is long and glorious. There has never been a period of equal influence and achievement in this mode of art in the history of the race. In sculpture the roll of great names is scarcely less wonderful than that of the great painters. Modernism in the sense of thinking our generation ahead of the past is just our vanity."

There are those of us who believe Rodin a greater artist than Michelangelo, but I didn't want to get into an argument on art. It seemed to me there was a more obvious refutation of Dr. Walsh's theory of non-progress.

## LEARNED DOCTOR HAS A DEFINITION FOR HUMAN PROGRESS.

"Surely the twentieth century has advanced over all others in the field of mechanical invention?" I put it to him.

"Even in that field we are doing lit-



THEY HAD HIGHBROWED WOMEN IN THE OLD DAYS



## PAIR ARRESTED FOR MYSTERIOUS THEFTS IN DOWNTOWN OFFICES

Find Loot in Two Handsomely Furnished Rooms of Phoenix Company.

Arrested yesterday afternoon in a handsomely furnished office in the Globe Building, two men were arraigned to-day before Magistrate Nolan in the Yorkville Court on a charge of burglary. Detectives informed the Magistrate that the men had at least two offices in buildings where many robberies had occurred of late. They waived examination and were held in \$5,000 bail for trial.

## HE TANGOES AT 101 WITH WOMAN OF 93 AS HIS PARTNER.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 13.—Aber Sheldon, New Haven's oldest inhabitant, celebrated his 101st birthday anniversary yesterday and started the innovation of morning tangoes. Mr. Sheldon's partner was Mrs. Sarah Cook of Fair Haven, ninety-three years old.

Mrs. Cook called during the morning and offered congratulations. Mr. Sheldon suggested a tango, and the two interpreted the steps, to the astonishment and joy of young people at the reception. Mr. Sheldon ascribes his longevity to hard work and regular habits.

in New York with its five millions, and our minds are nasty." Personally I prefer to live in a civilization of plumbing, even if it is also a civilization of problem plays. But then, I have a woman's mind, and Dr. Walsh says that always amuses him. He doesn't think women have progressed a bit.

"They had suffragettes in Rome and higher education for women during the middle ages," he said. "But the kind of woman America most needs to-day is the woman my mother was, the woman who, like her, bears and brings up twelve children without neglecting one of them and without feeling that she is a martyr to an unjust duty. The rise or fall of this Nation depends on its wives and mothers. The modern new woman is just making the same old blunders.

"This war in which the world is now engaged," he concluded, "is an indictment of the idea of human evolution. There is no evidence for any evolution of man. The oldest skulls we have of historic man are just like ours. Anthropologists are agreed that there is no change in the racial characters of man since the glacial period." The very oldest skulls we have found, those of the cave men, have a larger cranial content than ours. The idea of human evolution came from what biologists now call the "illy seventies" of the nineteenth century, when men thought they had solved all the problems of the universe and of humanity. We know better than that now."

## Oddities in the War News

When inhabitants of Lille, France, cheered prisoners of war brought into the city, the German military authorities imposed a fine of \$100,000 on the city and ordered the people henceforth to remain indoors between 9 P. M. and 7 A. M.

Nine audacious Germans who escaped from Tsingtao have invaded Manchuria to put the Trans-Siberian Railroad out of commission and thus shut off Russia's source of supplies from China, Japan and the United States. While they are looking for a vulnerable part of the railroad a force of Russians is looking for them.

## STOVE WRECKED BY BEANS.

Forgotten in Oven, They Explode and Bombard Kitchen Walls.

AUBURN, N. Y., March 13.—An explosion shook the Sixth Ward yesterday and brought scores of persons to the home of William E. Bills, No. 62 Lansing Street. Members of the family were gathered on the scrap iron that represented the family range, and the walls and furnishings of the kitchen looked as if they had been the target for hundreds of small bullets.

Mrs. Bills explained that she had placed a quart can of beans in the oven and had forgotten it. She was reminded of it by the explosion and the bean bombardment that came with it.

# NOVELIST TELLS OF SEEING AIRSHIPS BOMBARD DUNKIRK

Mary Roberts Rinehart, Here on the Arabic, Describes Her War Experiences.

## MAIL RECORD BROKEN.

White Star Liner Brings 8,264 Sacks—Was Convoyed by Destroyers.

With the latest cargo of mail ever brought into this country in a single ship, the Arabic of the White Star Line arrived at her pier at 11.30 o'clock this morning. She arrived at Quarantine at about 2 o'clock this morning, and from that time until she docked the mail box were busy removing the 8,264 sacks of mail. There were 537 passengers on board.

When the ship left Liverpool the night of March 3 Capt. Finch ordered all lights out, and accompanied by two destroyers the ship went out from the submarine danger zone at full speed and without incident. The lifeboats were out on the davits and for two days the destroyers convoyed the ship. The rest of the trip was uneventful.

Among the passengers was Mary Roberts Rinehart, a magazine writer and novelist. She told of an interview with King Albert of Belgium, of the dropping of bombs on Dunkirk, and of a night near the trenches of the Belgian soldiers. She left here on Jan. 3, and went to Dunkirk soon after arriving in England.

On her first night in Dunkirk she was dining in the Hotel des Arcades, she said, when there was a series of explosions. Most of those in the dining room fled to the cellar, but no English women and Mrs. Rinehart went to the roof of the hotel. From high up in the air could be heard the bursting of airplanes and every second, from a different quarter of the town, would come the sound of an explosion. Sixty-six bombs were dropped, she said, and many people are killed in the streets.

Mrs. Rinehart met the King and Queen of Belgium at Lippin, where the Belgians are making their headquarters, and while she did not care to discuss her interview with the King, she said he was "the guiding spirit of a heartbroken people, and his Queen is a wife first and a Queen afterward."

Lippin seemed to be the one spot that was spared in the desolation of Belgium, Mrs. Rinehart said, and some were of the belief it was because the Queen was there. She was a Bavarian princess before her marriage, and the Germans are thought to have considered this.

Mrs. Rinehart said the French soldiers were the best equipped of the allies and the best trained. Foch, of the French Army, pointed out to her a spot at Ypres, where he said 75,000 Frenchmen fell. The French, she said, were holding four hundred miles of the line of the battle, while the English were holding forty miles.

## FAMED SURGEON DIES FROM LEPROSY AS HE WORKED AMONG LEPERS

Sir George Turner, "Second Father Damien," Expires of Dread Disease He Fought.

LONDON, March 13.—The death at Colyton, Devon, of Sir George Turner is announced. Death was caused by leprosy, contracted during research work to discover a cure for the disease. His study of the disease, which caused his death, earned knighthood for him.

Sir George worked for many years in South Africa and discovered a cure for the rinderpest. He also had been service as Medical Officer of Health in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, and later was engaged in research work in England. He was born in Melbourne in 1851.

Dr. Turner's most important achievements were in South Africa, where he not only discovered a serum which stamped out the rinderpest and scourge of rinderpest in 1901. In the leper camp were nearly 100 Dutch and native patients. Dr. Turner gave all his spare time to research into the nature of the disease of leprosy. In his regular work he saw these patients twice a day. The desire to find a remedy for the disease became his chief ambition.

published an appreciation of his remarkable career under the title of "Another Father Damien," telling how he contracted leprosy while working in the bacteriological side of the disease.

# WOMAN AUTHOR WHO WITNESSED WAR'S HORRORS.



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

# HARLEM BURGLAR FIGHTS WITH GIRL, FLEES WITH LOOT

She Seizes Him as He Robs Flat, But He Breaks Away From Her and Escapes.

The "fire escape" burglar of Harlem, for whom the police have been looking for the last two months, made a good haul again this morning, and for a few minutes was a prisoner in the hands of a servant girl in the employ of Jacob Swift, who has an apartment on the second floor, No. 18 East One Hundred and Twentieth Street.

The girl was awakened by a noise in the kitchen about 3 o'clock. Running into the room, she saw a man just getting out of a window. The girl screamed and grabbed the man by the coat. In Yiddish he told her to let him go, but she clung to him, screaming. The struggling burglar at last broke away from her and fled down the rear fire escape. He climbed over a fence and disappeared.

The screams of the girl roused the entire neighborhood. Windows were thrown up and pandemonium was let loose. The reserves from the East One Hundred and Twentieth Street Station came on a run and surrounded the block. A house to house search was made, but the burglar was not to be found.

Mr. Swift discovered about \$150 worth of jewelry had been taken. Nathan Gottlieb, at No. 16 East One Hundred and Twentieth Street, had lost, in money and jewelry, about \$200. Herman Lipshitz, on the floor above him, reported the loss of \$100 worth of jewelry. Jacob Kaufmann, at No. 22 East One Hundred and Twentieth Street, was out in jewelry and money about \$200, and Nathan Rosenstein, at No. 24, was a loser to the same amount.

Hundreds of houses in Harlem have been robbed in the last few months. Jewelry has been the principal quest of the burglar and always an entrance has been effected by the rear fire escape. Special detectives have been assigned to hunt for the mysterious burglar, without result. The police say the Swift servant girl got a good description of the burglar, which will help in running him down.

# OLIOLETH'S SINGLE CLUE DUNHAM MURDER

Police Seek Purchaser of Piece of Cloth Used to Hide Face of Man's Body.

A small triangular piece of cloth may lead the police to the slayer of Rufus A. Dunham, the 21-year-old collector who was killed while making collections in the Hollow section of Brooklyn on Jan. 21 last. The torso of his body was found in a marsh near Coney Creek on New Year's Day, and his arms, legs and head were found in sewer catch-basins at Forty-second and Forty-fifth Streets and Avenue, Brooklyn, on Thursday.

The arms were wrapped in a piece of oilcloth on which the base their hope of solving the mystery of Dunham's murder. It has been learned that oilcloth of this pattern was sold to small furnishing stores in the Brooklyn section known as "Sunny Hollow." To-day a score of detectives are endeavoring to find the purchaser. The oilcloth is of the kind used by painters and decorators for protection work on bathroom walls. Detective McCarthy of Cape Charles staff yesterday located the manufacturers, Klaw & Water Street, and Broadway.

The Brooklyn dealers and the police are decorators they sold the oilcloth of that pattern to a dealer in New York, and Jersey City.

The police have traced the movements of the oilcloth to a house, but there is no record of having arrived at his residence, No. 18 East One Hundred and Twentieth Street, where these two points the police believe the murder probably occurred. The counterpane and shirt in the portions of the body were found thus far not been traced.

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—A fact we are mentioning here, not as important news particularly, though it may be interesting, but merely as an instance of the leadership you naturally expect at Best's.

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