

"WHAT ARE THE MOTHERS OF YOUNG GIRLS SEEN DAILY AND NIGHTLY AT DANCING CABARETS DOING? DANCING IN OTHER BROADWAY RESORTS? OR LIVING IN HOMES FOR THE BLIND."

PRESIDENT'S VIEW OF GERMAN DELAY IN ANSWER TO NOTE

Has No Information, but Thinks It May Be Due to Italy's Action.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—President Wilson told callers to-day he did not know the causes for the delay of the German reply to the American note on the Lusitania, but he presumed the German Government, for the moment, was absorbed in the new circumstances arising from Italy's entrance into the war.

While Ambassador Gerard has sent several messages bearing on what the German reply may be, no direct intimation had been received concerning its contents and the American Government is really uninformed.

The German Embassy here, however, has made suggestions to the German Foreign Office for the reply, and in German quarters it is said the note will be of a character to satisfy American public opinion.

While declining to throw any light on the shipping situation as between Great Britain and the United States, the President referred to it as a chronic case. It was learned that he believed any formal note at this time to Great Britain might be construed as a weakening of the American Government's position in its delicate relations with Germany, but as soon as the Berlin reply is received some action may be expected.

Pressure is constantly being brought to bear informally on the British Foreign Office and Admiralty to ameliorate conditions with respect to American cargoes and ships, and if not relieved shortly general representations of a broad character would not be surprising.

Week's Trade Balance in Favor of United States Is \$19,000,000.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Secretary Redfield to-day reported the trade balance in favor of the United States for the week ending May 23 at approximately \$19,000,000. He estimated that the total balance since last July has been \$200,000,000.

New York's 'Girl-About-Town' Goes the Pace And Sows Wild Oats Under Her Mother's Eye



Scores of the Type Pictured in Eugenia Kelly Case Seen in Broadway Tea Dancing Resorts—Maternal Chaperons Rivals of Daughters for Smiles of Rounders, and Share Cigarettes and Cocktails.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

In the centre of the Broadway spotlight there stands to-day a new figure—the girl who goes the pace, the girl whose crop of wild oats is sown under the calcium sun and sprinkled with champagne and highball showers.

To Broadway itself, indeed, this girl is not altogether a new figure. Broadway has been getting acquainted with her for months past. But until nineteen-year-old Eugenia Kelly was brought into court the other day by her own mother on a charge of incorrigibility, most of us would have laughed at the story that a young girl of wealth and social position could be found daily and nightly in the White Way cafes. Yet Miss Kelly is only one of the quota of flappers now to be seen in many of New York's dance-and-drink centres.

In one crude sentence, girls who, by all appear-

ances, are not yet out of school visit these resorts daily to drink highballs, smoke cigarettes and dance with ex-chorismen. Eugenia Kelly is not an exception; she is a type of the girl-about-town.

According to Mrs. Kelly, Eugenia began by smuggling young men into the Kelly apartments for unchaperoned parties which emptied the refrigerator. Then, her mother says, she took to smoking cigarettes and returning home at 4 A. M. with the excuse that "a girl is no good in New York in these days unless she visits at least five cafes every night."

Still following her mother's account, we read that the young lady made friends of gamblers, professional dancers, drug fiends, and that her money and jewels disappeared with celerity.

Mrs. Kelly declares she did everything possible to restrain her daughter before asking the court to commit her to an institution where she may be separated from improper friends and cured of harmful habits. But Dick Warner, one of the Broadway men to whom Mrs. Kelly professes strenuous objections, asserts that it was "Ma Kelly" herself who introduced him to Eugenia! "I have known Ma Kelly about two years," he says. "I met Eugenia through her. I have been very fond of them both, and I thought Mrs. Kelly was as fond of me as I was of her. She knew all—or most—of these men whom she mentioned in the complaint that her daughter associated with dissolute men."

The girl and the rounder were dancing together when we went out. It might have been Eugenia Kelly, but I don't know. I discovered at the afternoon dance in a certain hotel which has a paper to itself in Broadway annuals, she was tall, slim, Oriental, and she wore a sand-colored corduroy suit, a shawl hat covered with plaid silk and in her hair a big, round, amber set in pearls. She had pulled her dark hair forward in "sideburns." The hard defiance in her long, dark eyes did not match the girlish gaucherie of her movements. She came in quite alone with a low-haired, rabbit-faced young man who had "chocolate" written all over him. An absinthe frappe and a cigarette apiece prepared the two for their dance.

This seems to be a Broadwayite's answer to that first instinctive question: "What can the mother of the girl-about-town be thinking of or doing?"

It was easy to see what one such mother was doing yesterday when the artist and I entered the restaurant ballroom in Longacre Square, where our search for the sporty school girl began. Mother was entertaining her daughter's young man, and doing it so successfully that daughter pouted. The three sat at the table next to ours, and their conversation, shrilly inconspicuous, clinched the relationship. Technically, of course, the mother chaperoned the girl. But it was a chaperonage which amply shared a box of cigarettes and permitted two highballs in fifteen minutes.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER RIVALS FOR ROUNDERS' SMILES. The girl was a pretty creature, with a helmet-shaped hat, plausibly pouted, and bright, restless blue eyes. She didn't look a day over seventeen, although her mother's makeup box was evidently accessible to her as well as the cigarette box. The man between them was a tall, slim young person, whose face had all the heavy intelligence of a color advertisement, but whose legs, when he stepped on the floor, proved to be those of a professional dancer.

Mother and daughter were frankly contending for his smiles, and at the

CATCHES HUSBAND IN HOTEL WITH ANOTHER WOMAN

Mrs. Elbertson a Ministering Angel to Herself This Time.

Mrs. Stella A. Elbertson, a member of Dr. Julia Seton Sears's faction of the New Thought Church, who, as a "ministering angel" helped trail Dr. Frank W. Sears, also a New Thoughtist, when Mrs. Sears was hunting for divorce evidence, told Supreme Court Justice Page to-day how she turned detective and with Dr. Sears's son, Warren, raided an apartment in the Gerard Hotel and found Leon W. Elbertson in the company of a petite young blonde.

Mrs. Elbertson's domestic troubles began to grow shortly after Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Sears aired their marital difficulties in court, with the result that the New Thought leader was found guilty of misconduct with Miss Pauline Langdon, who abandoned the stage to take up New Thought under the tutelage of Dr. Sears. Mrs. Elbertson was a pivotal witness for Mrs. Sears, and when it came time for Mrs. Sears to do her friend a good turn young Warren Sears planned the detective work, ably assisted by Gordon O'Keefe, his friend.

Young Sears and O'Keefe met Mrs. Elbertson at a tango party on the evening of April 24, and planned their coup. Mrs. Elbertson accompanied the two young men to Wallack's Hotel, but she remained outside while Sears and O'Keefe went into the hotel. They saw Elbertson meet the young blonde woman, and saw them enter the Hotel Gerard. Elbertson signed the register as "Mr. L. White and wife," and was assigned to Room 32.

O'Keefe and Sears and Mrs. Elbertson, after three-quarters of an hour, Sears testified, went to Room 32 and by a ruse got in, Mr. Elbertson opening the door.

"What did he do?" asked Edward A. Hiscott, attorney for Mrs. Elbertson. "Well, he didn't act a bit pleased," the witness replied. "He swore at us as soon as he saw Mrs. Elbertson. 'How the deuce did you get in here?' he said to his wife, but Mrs. Elbertson said nothing until we asked her if he was her husband."

"How the deuce did you get in here?" he said to his wife, but Mrs. Elbertson said nothing until we asked her if he was her husband. She said he was, and then she looked at the blonde lady who was dressed in a kimono and sitting on the bed. "Did the young lady have anything to say?" the witness was asked.

"She screamed what she had to say," Sears replied. "She was hysterical and crying, and to Mrs. Elbertson she said: 'I am not my wife.' 'Oh, Mrs. Elbertson, it is not my fault. I didn't know he was married!' Justice Page reserved decision."

dened ladies and the gray-haired or callowly youthful escorts with whom such ladies are usually provided. One sixteen-year-old, whose arm was in a sling, danced as frequently as any of the others.

Not a few of the girls were pretty, with fresh color and clear, smiling eyes. They were the sort of girls whom one would have expected to see perched on high stools in the corner drug stores sipping over ice-cream sodas. One needn't be a professional Puritan, nor believe that New York cafes are dens of iniquity, to regret that they have become the haunts of school girls. The life is so stupid and so ugly.

Where are the mothers of these girls? Dancing in other Broadway resorts? Or living in homes for the blind?

They were talking about Eugenia Kelly in the cafes between dances yesterday, and one venturesome orchestra recalled a certain old tune beginning "Has Anybody Here Seen Nobody?" Nobody had. But one saw her ally sisters all along Broadway.

BROADHURST MAY JOIN JAIL'S ALIMONY CLUB

His Wife Alleges He Hasn't Paid Her Anything Since Last October.

Unless George Broadhurst, the playwright, shows good cause to the contrary, he will be voted a full membership in Ludlow Street Jail's Alimony Club, the next time he comes into New York State. He will be given an opportunity next Friday before Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum to explain why he has not paid several months' alimony to Mrs. Ida Raymond Broadhurst. If the explanation is not satisfactory, he will join Harry K. Thaw, who, while he does not belong to the Alimony Club, is getting all the benefits of a non-resident membership.

Mrs. Broadhurst told Justice Greenbaum that her husband agreed to pay her \$750 a month, but that since last October he had failed to make the payments. Broadhurst, according to his wife, was last seen in Atlantic City by one of her attorneys. The playwright told the lawyer that he would return to New York when the case came up, but instead, she alleges, he went to Philadelphia and is supposed to be there now.

Mrs. Broadhurst said her husband has been making money hand over fist through his two latest plays, "Innocent" and "The Law of the Land," but she alleges, there is no way to collect alimony from him because his royalties are paid to Thomas Broadhurst, his brother. Recently Broadhurst returned from Europe, but just before leaving this country he transferred all his property, so that, his wife alleges, she could not file an attachment against it.

NEWARK SCHOOL GIRL MISSING; BOY GONE, TOO

Parents of Florence Dewitt Do Not Believe, However, She Is With Frank Shapiro.

(Special to The Evening World.) NEWARK, N. J., May 25.—Florence Dewitt, a pretty fifteen-year-old student of the South Side High School, did not return from school to her home yesterday. All night long hospitals and morgues were searched, but no trace of her was found.

Her father said she had planned to entertain several girl chums at her home last night, and he cannot account for her disappearance.

Not long after the Dewitt girl's disappearance another general alarm was sent out for Frank Shapiro, seventeen years old. Neither the police nor relatives of the girl believe they are together.

DRUG VICTIMS IN BURGLARY.

Two Young Men Pleaded for Medical Treatment.

Desperate after failing to find any one who would sell them drugs, Eugene Georgan, twenty-six, the son of a builder living at No. 880 Southern Boulevard, and Henry Drescher, twenty-three, formerly a bank clerk, of No. 1039 Simpson Street, entered the window of the drug store of Abram Adler at Tiffany Street and Southern Boulevard, the Bronx, this morning. People in the neighborhood who heard them entering summoned two policemen, who arrested them on a charge of burglary. They were held in the station for several hours, but the police later admitted they were drug addicts and pleaded for medical treatment.

Trice Outside in Unshowered Room. An unidentified man about forty years old, five feet six inches in height, and weighing about 160 pounds, attempted suicide by gas this morning in a furnished room let to him by Mrs. James Senior, at No. 74 East Eighty-seventh Street. He was taken to Flower Hospital. Mrs. Senior thinks the man's name is Andrew Pardo, tickets bearing that name were found on him.

JUDGE LOCKS UP CURIOUS.

CHICAGO, May 25.—The unusual squad of the Police Department to-day raided the City Hall and took nearly two hundred prisoners, hanging on in the morals court. These prisoners could not give a good reason for being in the court room were charged with vagrancy.

Nostrils Clogged? Throat Sore? Going Deaf?

SOME FACTS ABOUT LOW FEES

When the first cut-rate drug store was opened the other druggists tried to convince their customers that the cut-rate drug store sold inferior drugs, and warned them against dealing with such. The people soon found that the drugs were just as good in the cut-rate drug stores as in the drug stores that charged the high prices. It was not long before the cut-rate stores were doing the bulk of the business. The cut-rate drug stores sold on small profits and advertised. The other drug stores charged high prices and did not advertise.

When I placed my fees low and advertised the fact, it became the custom of other doctors to say all the mean things they could about my practice and warn people against being treated by me. The people quickly found that my results were as good as the other specialists and that my fees were about one-third what the high-priced specialists charged.

The great number of people I treat makes it possible for me to make a small profit on my practice. I can perform all the operations which would profit at this time, when every dollar must be made to serve the purpose that two dollars served before the war began.

My specialty is treating clogged nostrils, sore throat, deafness and head aches. I have thirty years of experience in this line. I can usually get the nostrils without cutting away the bone in the nose. The latest and for two years I have used a new method which is more effective than any other. I will be pleased to have you visit my office. It will cost you nothing for an examination.

Clogged Nostrils, Dropping in Throat, Deafness and Head Noises

Mr. Robert Allen, residing at No. 224 10th Ave., New York, writes: "I have been suffering from clogged nostrils for some time, and I have tried many remedies, but I have not been able to get any relief. I have heard of your treatment and I have decided to try it. I have had a very successful result. I have been able to breathe freely and I have no more head aches. I have also noticed that my hearing has improved. I have decided to have you treat my wife and child. I have heard of your treatment and I have decided to try it. I have had a very successful result. I have been able to breathe freely and I have no more head aches. I have also noticed that my hearing has improved. I have decided to have you treat my wife and child."

DR. J. C. McCOY
Candler Building—220 W. 42d St.
A few days West of Broadway.
Hours: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; Wednesday, 10 A. M. to 12 P. M.

DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER

Try this preparation to-day and note its wonderful beautifying effects. It has been used and recommended more than fifty years for the complexion and to cleanse the skin, healthy flesh on the face, neck, etc., and developing the bust.

There is absolutely nothing like Dr. Charles Flesh Food to remove wrinkles, cure's skin eruptions, freckles, etc., as one application will prove.

Send a box of all druggists, department stores or direct.

Send a coin, postage, for a sample box and illustrated book, "Art of Beautifying." Dr. Charles Flesh Food Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Made by P. Lorillard Company, the oldest tobacco manufacturers in America.

Established 1760.



Actual Size of Package

A WAXY JUICY CHEW

A FRAGRANT SATISFYING SMOKE

The BIG 5 CENT Package

NO PREMIUMS, SO WE CAN GIVE YOU MORE AND BETTER TOBACCO—2 1/4 OZ.

MECHANIC'S DELIGHT LONG CUT TOBACCO

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Streets

Semi-Annual Clearing Sale

Wednesday, May 26th

Women's Spring and Summer Coats

All This Season's Desirable Models

Outing and Sport Coats 10.00
Of gabardines, English corduroys, vicuna, plaids, checks and covers. Heretofore \$15.50 to \$20.50

Dress, Street and Travel Coats 15.00
Of English covers, gabardines, corduroys, wool checks and plaids, velvets and various silks. Heretofore \$20.50 to \$45.00

No Approvals No C. O. D.'s No Exchanges