

SING WIFE USES SCHOOLGIRL'S LOVE NOTES AS EVIDENCE

Miss Buchanan Is Accused as Heart Thief in \$25,000 Alienation Action.

PEEVED BY CHAPERON.

In Affectionate Missive She Tells "Dearest Chester" She Dreamed of Him.

Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder of No. 290 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, who has brought a suit for \$25,000 damages for the alienation of the affections of her husband, Chester Snyder, against twenty-one-year-old Elsie Buchanan, recently graduated from a finishing school, announced to-day that her alienation suit is only a beginning. She also contemplates bringing a suit for divorce.

"There is only one ground for an absolute divorce in this State," said Mrs. Snyder. "I shall sue on that ground, but I am not prepared to make public the name of the co-respondent."

Snyder disappeared from Yonkers six months ago. Miss Buchanan, with her parents, went to the Buchanan country place at Fourth Lake, in the Adirondacks, yesterday, after an answer had been filed to the alienation suit, and the Buchanan home, at No. 407 Warburton Avenue, is closed. Mr. Buchanan is a wealthy retired oilcloth manufacturer.

When Snyder went away, his wife says, he left behind a number of love letters written to him by Miss Buchanan. Upon these letters, taken in connection with evidence she expects to produce at the trial, she bases her claims for damages. One letter dated April 20, 1914, reads:

"Chester Dear: You and I must not scrap any more. Now please don't. If we have any differences, let's straighten them out like human beings and not like a couple of wild animals. Let's be true to each other and ourselves. Tell each other the truth, no matter what it is. Don't even lie about the little things, and I promise I won't. We aren't children, and we understand each other enough to be absolutely true to one another."

"You're the best Chester in the world to me, dear. I'm going to be the best girl in the world to you, so don't worry about me if I shouldn't be able to see you this week."

"Your Own Little Girl, ELSIE." A letter dated April 22 runs: "Dearest Chester: I've had the blues to-day. It's so tiresome hanging round the house with nothing to do but sew or read or play with the dogs. Mother and father are going to take Etta Thomas to come up and stay with me while they are away. Isn't that the limit? It makes me peevish to death, because I really thought I'd have a few days to do as I liked in. But never mind. We'll have to be nice and make the best of it. Trust your little girl, ELSIE."

Under date of April 27 this missive was sent: "Dearest Chester: I'm stealing this time to write you a few lines. I hope you are taking care of yourself and not running around too much. I had the dearest dream about you last night, and some day I'll tell you about it. Your own little girl, ELSIE."

A trace of jealousy appears in this note dated May 4: "Chester: After I got home Saturday I got a kind of a hunch that you had a date, because at first you said you were going to City Island. Now, where did you go? I think if you have some woman on the string you might tell me. The very first chance I get I'll meet you down in New York, and I promise you it won't be very long."

"Elsie." But a week later this was written: "Dearest Chester: Yesterday morning I went to the city in the car. In the afternoon and evening I was home. This morning I went for a walk and saw you standing on Dr. B's porch, with the saddest, most woe-begone expression. Please be happy. I can't be happy unless you are. I've gotten over that jealous fit I had one day for the first time in my life. I'm closed in a little a little about love. See if it fits in your case; I think most of it does."

On May 17 the following brief epistle was penned: "My Dearest Chester: I am very anxious to have a long, long talk with you about a great many things concerning us both, and I will let you know as soon as possible when and where to meet me. Your sad little girl, ELSIE."

"P. S.—May 14. Just one year."

Operation on the Sultan.

CONSTANTINOPLE (via Berlin wireless), June 25.—Prof. Israel, Berlin surgeon, operated on the Sultan of Turkey yesterday, removing gallstones. The Sultan's condition was pronounced satisfactory to-day.

For Constipation use EX-LAX

The Delicious Laxative Chocolate Ex-Lax relieves constipation, regulates the stomach and bowels, stimulates the liver and promotes digestion. Good for young and old, 10c, 25c, and 50c, at all druggists.

"What's a Juvenile Court Without a Mother?" Asks Woman Who'd Be Children's Judge



"Incomplete," Is the Answer of Mrs. Clarice Margoles-Baright—She Would Never Force a Delinquent Child to the Terror of Telling Her Own Shameful Story in Open Court, and She'd Segregate First Offenders From Hardened Criminals.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"If home is incomplete without a mother, so is the Judge's bench!" That is the opinion handed down by Mrs. Clarice Margoles-Baright, the woman lawyer who wants to be a Judge. She wants to be one so badly that she has made application to Mayor Mitchell for the vacant Justiceship in the Court of Special Sessions, the extra post which has just been created by the joint action of the Board of Estimate and the Board of Aldermen.

While the Mayor's counsel is burrowing in big books to find out if the appointment would be legal, Mrs. Baright is waiting confidently in her law office at No. 170 Broadway. "If I don't win now I'll win some day," she told me with conviction when I dropped in to see her late yesterday afternoon. "Do you know how I know?" she went on quickly, her brown eyes flashing. "It's because of this." And from her desk she drew a carefully folded newspaper that had been printed down on the east side in a script incomprehensible to me, but that had in the center of the page a big square picture of Clarice Baright.

"The first application for my appointment came from them, my people," she said tensely, as she returned the paper to its place. CHILDREN OF NEW YORK NEED A JUDICIAL MOTHER.

She impresses one as a rather tense young woman, for her eyes kindle quickly under dense, level brows that are like a pair of black dashes across her creamy face, and her hoarse contralto deepens or sharpens in the come-and-go of conversation. "Why do you want to be a Judge?" I asked.

"I believe the children of New York need a judicial mother," she said earnestly. "We pity the little ones in a motherless home, who must be scolded and comforted and cared for by the father alone. Why should we forever go on bringing them into a motherless courtroom, to answer for their juvenile misdemeanors? So many of the 'crimes' of New York children are the sort that mother deals with unassisted in simpler communities."

"Please don't think that I am criticizing the men Judges in the Children's Court," Mrs. Baright at once added. "They have been so kind to me. Judge Fawcett of Brooklyn wrote a wonderful letter indorsing my application to the Mayor. The men are doing splendid work—but they are doing it as men. I don't want people to get the idea that I feel I could supplant them; all I ask is the chance to co-operate with them."

"The work I should do as Judge would be no different from the last which I have been doing for the last twelve years, except that I would have the backing of judicial authority. I know the cost side, and I love it. Before I was married I lived in the very heart of it. I understand the languages the people speak and I understand their hearts."

"Also, I understand children. I have brought two little girls happily and healthily to the verge of womanhood." IDEAL STEPMOTHER QUALIFIED TO BE A JUDGE.

"Did you adopt them?" I couldn't help interrupting, for Mrs. Baright looks like anything but the mother of grown-up daughters. "I am my husband's second wife; they were his children when I married him," she explained simply. "But just ask my children if I don't understand them," she went on, the possessive pronoun chancing quite as a matter of course, although the children remained the same. From a purely psychological point of view it seems to me that a successful stepmother has some of the very qualities necessary to make a successful Judge.

"What are the things you would do if you were a Judge?" I inquired. "I would not brand a child's



"IT TAKES MORE THAN LEGAL LEARNING TO BE A JUDGE"



"SHE WOULD TALK TO THE WAYWARD GIRL IN PRIVATE"

MUST CUT HIS CIGARS DOWN TO ONLY 1 A DAY, SAYS MR. PLUNKETT

Ordered to Pay His Share as Stockholder in Defunct Northern Bank.

From to-day on ex-State Senator George W. Plunkett, staunch Tammany man, will smoke one instead of his two cigars a day. Together with 126 stockholders in the defunct Northern Bank he must pay his share of the stockholders' liability for which they were held responsible by a decision of the Supreme Court.

The judgment against Mr. Plunkett, totalling a million dollars, was docketed in the County Clerk's office to-day. "In all my seventy years," said the former legislator when he appeared at the County Courthouse just to find out what it was all about, "this is the first judgment ever obtained against me. I went into the bank as an advertisement for some friends on the west side, to help the project along. I was prominent in politics and my name, they told me, would help a lot. I'll have to cut down my cigars, that's all. It'll be a case of one a day instead of two."

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HEIR TO HALF MILLION LIES IN PAUPER'S GRAVE

Relatives Plan to Bring Body of Thomas W. King Here From Sacramento for Reburial.

DECLARES SLADES SOUGHT TO FAKE OSBORNE PICTURE

Prosecutor Tells Jury Brothers Wanted Photographer to Snap Lawyer With Rae Tanzer.

FEDERAL TRIAL OPENS.

Elusive "Oliver" Not in Evidence in Court, but James W. Is There.

Assistant United States Attorney Roger B. Wood this afternoon opened the case for the prosecution of David and Maxwell Slades and their detective, Albert J. McCullough, on trial before United States District Judge Gordon Russell, accused of conspiracy. They are charged with inducing Franklin D. Safford to commit perjury in Rae Tanzer's \$50,000 suit against James W. Osborne. The woman accused Osborne of having wronged her, registering with her at a hotel in Plainfield, N. J., as "O. Osborne" and Mrs. O. Osborne.

Mr. Wood began by telling the jury that on March 16 last Mr. Osborne was served with Rae Tanzer's complaint in her breach of promise suit.

"Mr. Osborne," he said, "a lawyer, fifty-six years old, married, with a son almost grown, had never heard of Rae Tanzer until a few months earlier, when he received a number of letters signed by her and addressed to Oliver Osborne."

Martin W. Littleton, counsel for the Slades and McCullough, here objected to Mr. Wood's saying anything that should go into the merits of the action brought by Rae Tanzer against James W. Osborne. He declared that that action was not germane to the indictment in this case. Judge Russell refused to limit the prosecution in this way.

"We expect," Mr. Wood continued, "to show you that when Safford was brought before United States Commissioner Houghton, on March 19 last, by Detective McCullough, McCullough pointed out James W. Osborne to him; that before that time Safford said he could not be sure Mr. Osborne was the man who had accompanied Rae Tanzer to the Hotel Kensington, at Plainfield, N. J., where he was clerk; and that after that pointing out David Slade went out into the hall with Safford for a few minutes and when Safford shortly came back into court he pointed out James W. Osborne and said positively that he was the man."

"That evening David Slade gave Safford \$12 and he went to a hotel and registered under a false name." SAY THEY TRIED TO GET FRAUDULENT PICTURE.

Mr. Wood was telling the jury about Safford's indictment for perjury, but Mr. Littleton objected to that as not binding in this case and Judge Russell upheld the objection.

The prosecutor told of a visit of Charles Legendre, a World photographer, to the office of the Slades, where one of them said they would like to get a full-face photograph of James W. Osborne.

"Legendre," said Mr. Wood, "replied 'If Rae Tanzer was running around so much with Mr. Osborne, I should think you'd have plenty of pictures of them together,' and Slade said, 'It isn't too late now. We can put Rae up to stand close to Osborne and you can get a picture—meaning to induce that photographer to take a fraudulent picture.'"

Mr. Littleton, constantly protesting that he wouldn't for the world interrupt Mr. Wood, kept interrupting him about once every two minutes.

"Why does the Government come here with an indictment for conspiracy?" he thundered. "We invite, we dare the Government to begin this case at the beginning, bring an indictment for blackmail in Rae Tanzer's original suit, and try this issue aright."

Mr. Wood declared that the Slades were deeply aggrieved against James W. Osborne because in the trial of an insurance suit a year ago James W. Osborne accused the Slades of being involved in causing the fire. "I object!" cried Mr. Littleton. "I ask Your Honor to withdraw a juror and declare a mistrial because counsel has made this atrocious, unwarranted and unjust charge in the hearing of this jury. It is not within the purview of this indictment. I urge you to declare this a mistrial because of the reckless, unfounded and atrocious statements made by the District Attorney."

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The motion was denied. Mr. Littleton excepted.

United States Commissioner Clarence Houghton was the first witness for the prosecution. He told of Safford's identification of James W. Osborne, in his courtroom on March 24, as the man who accompanied Rae Tanzer to his hotel.

The jury, selected after two hours of questioning by counsel on both sides, is: Robert J. Howe, bolting cloth, No. 621 Broadway. Samuel H. Myers, manufacturer, No. 545 Broadway. Charles A. Falconi, broker, No. 55 Pine Street.

Harry Stahl, wearing apparel, No. 22 West Twenty-sixth Street. George C. Porter, real estate, No. 150 Broadway. Isaac O. Schiff, house furnishings, No. 475 Broadway.

James Klaber, marble, No. 126 West Thirty-fourth Street. Thomas J. Lee, tailor, No. 26 West Twenty-third Street. Carl M. Watson, retired, No. 115 Cedar, Westchester.

Frank H. Washburne, advertising, Nos. 9-15 Murray Street. C. F. Haight, retired, No. 971 Summit Avenue. Elwood C. Hall, manager, No. 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, White Plains.

"Oliver Osborne" was nowhere to be seen. The Slades, with their detective, McCullough, who discovered Safford in a remote part of New Jersey and brought him and the Slades together, are all jointly indicted for "influencing a witness to testify falsely and attempting to obstruct and impede justice." Upon that indictment they are now being tried.

HAVE NO CLUE AS TO WHERE ABOUTS OF OLIVER. The mysterious "Oliver Osborne" who came to New York from Boston and told Mr. and Mrs. James W. Osborne that he was the man in the case, has disappeared.

When the case was called Martin W. Littleton, for the defendants, asked: "Upon which indictment does the Government move?"

Assistant United States District Attorney Roger B. Wood replied by moving to consolidate the indictments against all three defendants for conspiracy to obstruct justice.

Mr. Littleton in arguing his motion to dismiss the indictment brought out a new allegation concerning the Slades and their alleged conspiracy. The document charges the Slades with having asked Clarence Legendre, a newspaper photographer, who had previously taken pictures of Rae Tanzer and James W. Osborne separately, to arrange a "misleading photograph which should indicate that James W. Osborne and Rae Tanzer had heretofore willingly been photographed together holding hands—the shop where you own the picture will be absolutely matched in 24 hours."

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James W. Osborne, looking a little less hunched and wrinkled than he was during the trial of Safford for perjury, came into court for a few minutes, placed his son in a seat in the front row and drifted out again.

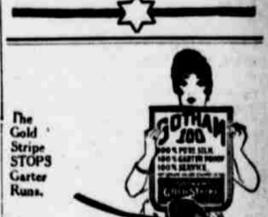
Maxey Blumenthal Gets License. "Maxey" Blumenthal, who gave an \$50 a plate bachelor dinner, to-day obtained a license to marry Louise Slayer, an actress, of No. 79 West Fifty-sixth Street. Blumenthal states on his license that he is a broker, was born in Chicago, and that he lives at No. 209 West Fifty-fourth Street, Manhattan. He is forty-eight. Miss Slayer says she is twenty-eight. She was born in Boston. The couple are to be married in the Roman Catholic Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Broadway and Seventy-first Street.

Wife \$175 Monthly Allowance. Supreme Court Justice Crane of Brooklyn yesterday granted a decree of separation, with \$175 a month allowance, to Mrs. Edith M. Gibbs of No. 46 Piermont Street in her suit against Henry C. Gibbs, a wealthy grain merchant. The case was tried before Abraham W. Engling, Jr., referee, who recommended the separation. She alleged that her husband frequently choked her and alarmed her by his threats.



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