

COX'S BROTHER SAYS "NO ONE CAN BEAT JIMMIE"

"Going to the Top, and Deserves It," Says William in Modest Candy Store.

HOW HE GOT START.

Made His Own Way, Says Postmaster, Who "Taught Him to Be a Democrat."

By George Buchanan File. (Special Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

DAYTON, O., July 15.—Three little girls raced into the quiet shop, letting the screen door bang noisily behind them. The grizzled old man in high spotted apron, who had been dividing himself between a talkative visitor and an evening newspaper spread on the cigar counter, glanced up at the interruption and then strode slowly across the shop to wait on his customers.

The three, in a whispering ecstasy of indecision, were huddled together before the Monte Cristo wealth of colored sweets in a showcase. He watched them for an instant, a smile in the eyes twinkling behind his gold-bowed spectacles, and said: "Well, little ladies, what's it going to be this evening? How about lollipops?"

He crossed his arms on the broad glass of the case and beamed patiently upon the children.

But a selection of such importance was not to be made so lightly. There were many things to be considered, several dishes of them, in fact, of varying degrees of desirability. However, choice was made at last, and three little girls giggled and clattered out and banged the door again. The old man dropped the pennies in the tin, returned to his visitor and the newspaper.

"OLD ROMAN" IS THE ELDEST BROTHER OF COX.

With his smooth-shaven, rugged features and his closely-cropped gray hair, there was a compelling suggestion of the old Roman in this kindly man. Coatsless, collarless, in an apron that rose to his throat, he rather tricked one into seeing him in a sort of sleeved toga as he bent over his counter. His deep, resonant voice was another aid to the illusion. It may be difficult to visualize an elder Roman in a Dayton candy shop, but there he was.

It was a busy evening. The women and children of the neighborhood were soon trooping in for their after-summer ice cream or candy. Now and then a man came in for tobacco or a light, and whatever conversation he could obtain. Still the inquisitive visitor was rewarded only at varying intervals, in the evening's business. But whenever the old man came back to him to renew his talk, it was with the same proud assertion that Jim Cox would be the next President of the United States.

"Just you wait," he said once, when a party had been served and he was momentarily free, "and you'll see what a man Jim will give 'em—and what a beating." His eyes and his spectacles glistened as he nodded his head on emphasis. "Yes, sir," he went on, with an extended finger marking each word, "you wait and you'll see my brother in the White House on the 4th of March."

STANCH PARTISAN OF HIS BRILLIANT BROTHER.

No man ever had a less envious brother or a stancher partisan than Jim Cox's brother, William, the keeper of the little candy shop in Dayton—the elder Roman smiling down upon the perplexed children searching his wares. The shop is a tiny, one-story building of brick, at No. 444 West Third Street, a "neighborhood shop" and a main place of business for the neighborhood. In gold letters upon one of its windows is the legend: "Candies and Creams" upon the other, "Cigars," and the screen doors hang between them.

William Cox has been there more than five years and found no fault with the trade the surrounding community, set rather at a distance from the wider, busier streets of the town, years old, the eldest of the four Cox boys, seventeen years senior to the Governor, who is the youngest.

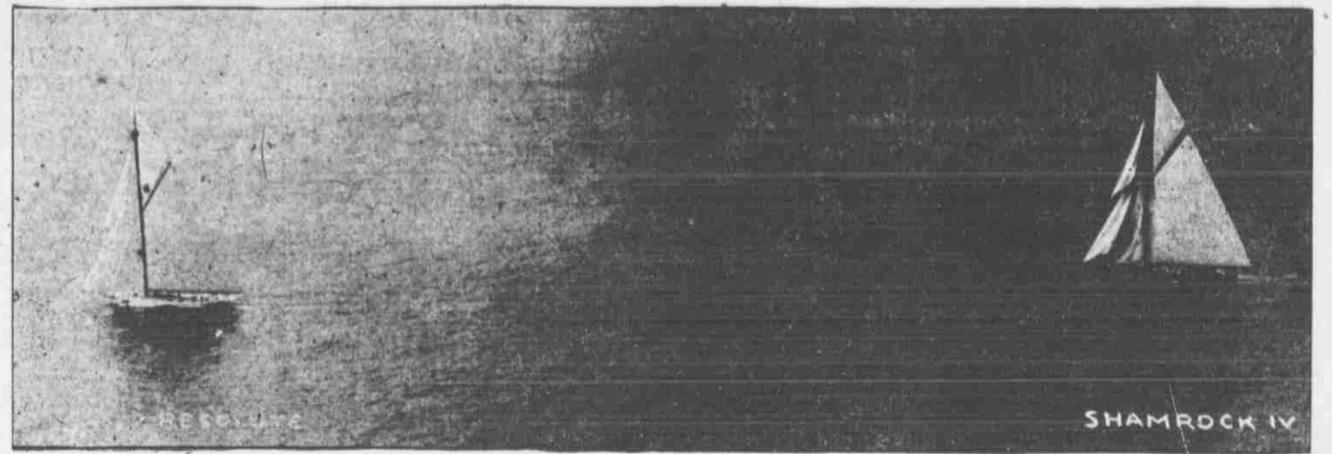
"Yes, and Jim deserves it, too," he said, appearing suddenly at his visitor's elbow in another respite from his tasks, "because Jim is the best man I ever knew. He's going far, Jim is—far as Washington, anyway." He added with a throaty chuckle, "You see, Jim was a real studious boy. He used to read a lot when he was helping about the old farm, near Jacksonburg. Jim owns the place now, you know. He left there when he was about thirteen and went to live with our brother-in-law over in Middletown. That's what made Jim, and he's been going up ever since. This time he's going to the top."

"DON'T LIE, DON'T SWEAR," HIS BOYHOOD LAW.

"I remember that Jim was always reading when he was a little fellow. He used to sit up at it late at night, and I've seen him with a book in his hands even during dinner hours on the farm. Jim never had any bad habits. Father said to that. He used

Photograph of Cup Racers From Airplane, Showing Resolute Leading the Shamrock

Pictures Taken for Evening World From Altitude of 250 Feet by Bide Martin. Curtiss Airplane in Charge of Pilot Olsen.



SHAMROCK IV

HORACE WADE, BOY AUTHOR, AT POLO GROUNDS, FINDS RUTH AND SISLER ARE REAL HEROES

Brown Star Just the Sort of Chap a Boy Would Like for a Pal, and as for Babe—Well, Rah for Him.

By Horace Atkisson Wade.

(Eleven-year-old author of "In the Shadow of Great Peril," who is writing his impressions of New York especially for The Evening World.)

Ruth vs. Sisler. It was the line-up in Tuesday's game at the Polo Grounds. And since that double-header fell on the 13th it gave both sluggers the jinx, and both failed to wallop the pill for a circuit smash. But what can you expect!

Rah for George H. Sisler, the king of American baseball. He's a corker. He is a medium-sized man—in fact, just the sort to smash the horsehide. He isn't too big and he isn't too short—he isn't too bulky and he isn't too lean. The real way to place it is that he's just right!

And you can tell he loves children by the merry twinkle in his eyes, blue as the very sky. Behind that twinkle is hidden love, kindness, mischievousness and joy. If we two were pals, wouldn't we have a pipkin of a time! We'd burn up Coney Island like wildfire. How about it, George?

SISLER SHOWS EFFECTS OF OUTDOOR EXERCISE.

His skin is as white as his record, and his beaming face, full of that which makes one friends, shines as brilliantly as the full moon on a summer night. And those muscles, they stand out like whippersnaps. And they were given him by clean, outdoor exercises—hunting, fishing and rowing being his favorites—but of course nothing could beat baseball, he told me confidentially.

"How do you hang on to the ball?" I asked, twisting my leg up to my neck like the hoof of a bobtailed donkey.

"Well," he scratched his head puzzledly, "that's hard to tell. I was cut out for a first baseman, and the balls just stick where they belong. It's not luck that makes you hold a ball. It's just knowing the game, pure and simple."

GUN FIGHT WON BY ELEVATOR MAN

Twists Stronger Antagonist So That Bullet Goes Through His Hand.

Otto Miller of No. 600 West 123d Street, who works in the advertising department of the German Herald, was arraigned in Washington Heights Court today charged with felonious assault and violation of the Sullivan law. The complainant was Cornelius Goodwater, an elevator boy, of No. 119 West 128th Street.

Goodwater charged that Miller and he got into an altercation at the West 123d Street address. Goodwater, although diminutive in size compared to Miller, knocked his opponent down. Miller is then alleged to have fired three shots. Goodwater clinched, gradually turning the other's hand so that the third shot went through the palm of Miller's own hand.

Detective William Hauptmann congratulated the elevator boy on his prowess.

"Man soul!" came the answer. "Ah just had to fight to deny mah relatives grief. Ah saw mahself in a coffin and that goes with me. I'll keep it as a souvenir, here's where you and I put up one law fight. Who wouldn't?"

Field Training for 71st Regiment. Nine hundred men of the Seventy-first Infantry, New York National Guard, go to Camp Upton to-morrow to begin two weeks' field training.

MRS. DE CORDOVA FOUGHT ASSASSIN, DOCTOR DECLARES

Tells of Marks on Throat and Other Evidence of Struggle.

Benjamin H. Hewitt, Town Prosecutor of Stonington, Conn., says that, according to Dr. Frank Paine of Westerly, R. I., Mrs. Arthur De Cordova of No. 251 West 9th Street, was attacked before she was shot and killed by her chauffeur, Bernard B. Geissler. Dr. Paine examined Mrs. De Cordova's body after he had taken the dying chauffeur to the New London Hospital. He said there were finger marks on Mrs. De Cordova's throat and other evidences of a violent struggle.

The ambulance doctor's assertion was denied today by Dr. Floriz De L. Myers, associate professor of nervous and mental diseases at the Post-Graduate Hospital, and brother-in-law of Mrs. De Cordova. He said he knew from his own examination of the body that there had been no attack.

BODIE CHEERED FOR CIRCUS CATCH OF SISLER.

Bang! Before I had taken my seat in the first game I saw Sisler legging it for first, while the ball, describing a circular route in midair, shimmied like that donkey I rode at the Zoo. After running back and forth like a drunken man, not knowing which way the ball was going, Bodie made a remarkable one-handed catch, featured by a half crackle in the air. For this act he was given a hand by the record-breaking crowd of 25,000 people.

When at last Ruth advanced to the plate winking the trusty stick in his hand that he made so many home runs with in Detroit's game pandemonium reigned. Shocker fooled him on three sharp wide-drops and Babe fanned the air three times. Don't worry, Babe, the air is cool enough without making it any cooler.

"I'm a lover of true sports and like to see a game loser. Ruth does not smile like Sisler does, Sisler is always laughing; Ruth scowled darkly. Then when he struck out two more times noise reigned supreme. Both of these times Sisler was out, so the two were still tied."

F. D. ROOSEVELT GOES TO YACHT RACE

Democratic Nominee for Vice President on Board U. S. Destroyer.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, with a party of friends went out to see the yacht race this morning on the United States destroyer Mason. They motored in from Poughkeepsie last night and boarded the boat at the Columbia Yacht Club at the foot of 86th Street and the North River. They were guests of W. Dunham Butler, Chairman of the Cup Committee of the races and Mrs. Butler.

In the party were Mr. Roosevelt's aide, Lieut. Commander Langworthy, and Mrs. Langworthy; Mr. and Mrs. John Mack and Thomas M. Lynch of Poughkeepsie, Representative Lathrop Brown of Long Island and Mrs. Brown. There were also 11 wounded soldiers aboard under the care of Mrs. Butler.

Rear Admiral Cyrus P. Flunkett, in charge of the Third Division of the Atlantic Squadron of destroyers, went with a party on the Destroyer Satterlee to see the races.

she never detected signs of liquor on him and did not think he drank. "Barney was absolutely sane and was not religious," she declared. "He was a Catholic, but never attended mass. He had not been to church since we were married."

The new evidence, as given by Mr. Hewitt, is this: "Dr. Frank Paine of Westerly, R. I., was the physician who took the chauffeur to the Lawrence Memorial Hospital in New London Monday night. I have just interviewed Dr. Paine and have received information which the local Stonington doctors did not give me."

"My previous theories about the case were based on the statement that no signs of a struggle had been found. Dr. Paine says, however, that he found black and blue marks on the woman's neck, indicating she had been attacked by the chauffeur. "Dr. Paine made this discovery about midnight Monday, after he returned from attending the chauffeur at the hospital. He says, by the way, that he treated the chauffeur's wound on the way to the hospital about 9 o'clock that night, and found it had not been treated previously, although the shooting took place before 6. The doctor went to the undertaking shop at Myrtle to see the woman's body that night, after attending the chauffeur."

LAUNCH ON ROCKS IN EAST RIVER

Sidney Raymond's \$5,000 Premier, on Way to Yacht Race, Is Beached.

The \$5,000 motor launch Premier, soon after leaving College Point at 9 A. M. today for Gravesend Bay to take on the owner, Sidney Raymond of Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, and go to the yacht race, was caught by the tide opposite Lawrence's Point, Astoria, and dashed on the rocks. Water began pouring in through a hole amidships. Capt. John Vandewater of No. 77 West 14th Street, Flushing, and Engineer Harold Pierce, No. 324 Evergreen Avenue, College Point, the only two aboard, whistled for help. Policeman Tracy, on duty on Riker's Island, heard the distress signal and responded with the Health Department boat Dutchess. The Premier was down to the gunwales in the water when they took it in tow and beached it on North Brother's Island.

JACK UP CAR TO SAVE GIRL.

Evalina Holezna, three years old, of No. 144 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, was struck and thrown underneath the forward truck of a Franklin Avenue trolley car at Franklin Avenue, between Lexington and Greene Avenues, Brooklyn, last night.

Passengers on the car procured a raising device from a nearby auto, lifted the car and pulled the child from underneath the wheel. She was taken to the Cumberland Street Hospital, where surgeons said she had suffered a possible fracture of the skull and internal injuries.

THE TAILORED WOMAN INC.

A Shop of Tailor-mades Have Prepared An Unprecedented Offering in

Tailored Coats and Suits at 25.00

A LIMITED collection of representative "Tailored Woman" Coats and Suits have been taken from regular stock and marked at radical disposal prices for this event. In their entirety they are examples of the finest type custom tailoring, showing advanced but not extreme styles in fine quality fabrics.

622 Fifth Avenue at 50th Street

DOUBLE MURDER MYSTERY CLEARED IN NEW JERSEY

Prosecutor Says Two Convicts Confessed Killing of Man and Girl.

The mystery—almost two years old—of the murder of Arthur Kupfer and Edith Janny is now cleared, according to County Prosecutor Metcalfe of Union County, N. J., who says he has obtained confessions from two men now in New York prisons.

On the night of Aug. 22, 1918, an automobile passed the home of Dr. Frank Moore, No. 123 West Millton Avenue, Rahway. He heard two shots, went to the window and saw a body thrown from the car. This was the body of Kupfer. Half a mile away the body of Miss Janny was found. And the automobile was abandoned eight miles west of Rahway.

The men who are alleged to have confessed are Harry Lamle and John Pershand. Lamle is serving a nine-year term at Auburn for highway robbery and Pershand is serving six at Sing Sing for stealing an automobile and having a revolver.

The purpose, according to the alleged confession, was to steal the car in which Kupfer and Miss Janny, both residents of Perth Amboy, were riding. There was resistance and the shooting followed.

The New Jersey authorities are negotiating with the New York authorities to have the prisoners sent to Jersey for trial on the murder charge.

WORSE THAN BEAST, JUDGE TELLS FATHER

Bond Salesman Severely Rebuked By Judge Mulqueen for Abandoning Little Daughter.

Judge Mulqueen in General Sessions today granted to John De Souza, a bond salesman of No. 122 St. Paul's Avenue, Jersey City, a suspended sentence on De Souza's plea of guilty to abandoning his nine-year-old daughter. The court made arrangements for the girl's education and support, after explaining that he wanted De Souza a prison term merely out of justice to the daughter. Agents for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children testified De Souza had not contributed to his daughter's support since 1914.

"I can't understand what kind of a man you are," said the Court. "It is amazing to find a man who will not care for his own flesh and blood. In this short life the greatest joy is that of bringing up a family. You are worse than the beast in the field which, like the bird in the air, protects its young and is willing to die for them if necessary. A man who willfully abandons his children should be shown no mercy."

De Souza was ordered to post a bond of \$5,000 for the child's education and to pay \$1 a week for her maintenance.

OFFERS BIG REWARD FOR FALSE CZAR

LONDON, July 15.—The Soviet Government is offering a reward of 2,000,000 rubles for the head of a man claiming to be Czar Nicholas II of Russia, according to information received by the Jewish Correspondence Bureau today. The advice says the claimant, who is in Siberia, has raised a considerable following. In accounting for his escape from the hands of the Bolsheviks he asserts it was a servant impersonating the Czar who was killed at Yekaterinburg, where the Czar and his family are understood to have been executed.

THIRD STORY JUMP KILLS YOUNG WOMAN

Mrs. Ina Patterson, Twenty-five, Was Patient in St. Luke's Hospital.

Mrs. Ina Patterson, twenty-five years old, formerly an employee in the Children's Home at Chappaqua, N. Y., died early today after jumping from a third story window of the women's ward at St. Luke's Hospital, Amsterdam Avenue and 113th Street.

She went to the hospital yesterday to be treated for epilepsy. It is believed she had an attack late last night when the ward nurse was out of the room for a moment, and leaped. She died from a fractured skull and internal injuries a short time after being taken to the operating room.

HURLEY SHOES

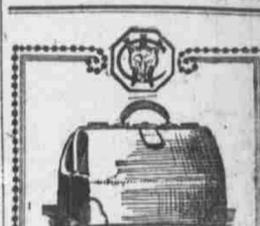
The severest test of shoe making skill is found in the production of Low Shoes. There can be no halfway—they either fit or they don't. Hurley Low Shoes are splendid examples of expert designing. Providing perfect ankle fit, they keep it to the end of service.



Made over special lasts in one hundred different combinations of widths and sizes.

For example—C forepart, B instep and A heel. Grip the foot firmly. Cannot gap at ankle or slip at heel. Corset fitting at instep. Absolute comfort in forepart.

HURLEY SHOES 1434 Broadway, 1357 Broadway, 1177 Broadway, 215 Broadway, 41 Cortlandt St., 254 Fifth Ave. Factory—Rockland, Mass.



SAMPLE BAGS

Regularly up to \$25 \$15

AFFORDING vacation purchasers a rare chance to purchase notable Wolf-quality Bag at greatly below the usual outlay. Bags of genuine Cowhide leather; leather-lined; solid brass trimmings; strong riveted frames; Russet, Black, Brown.

COWHIDE LEATHER BAGS. Factory Samples; sewed frames; Russet, Brown, Black. Regularly up to \$25.

CHAS. W. WOLF 22 Cortlandt St., 50 Broadway, 102 Nassau St., 58 Cortlandt St., 225 Broadway.