

LIPPANT FLAPPER A REAL PERIL, SAYS LABOR SECRETARY

Cigarette Smoking, Cocktail Drinking, Erotic Speech, All "Disturbing."

SEE A GREATER EVIL.

Child Labor Means Million and a Half Doomed to Dreary Drudgery.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—"Rightly foibles and the flippancy of the flapper," Secretary of Labor Davis declared today in addressing the American Insurance Union, are disturbing evils in the social fabric of the Nation which must be overcome.

"We hear," Mr. Davis said, "much of evil tendencies among our girls and boys, of erotic conversations and literature in our schools and homes, of the exuberance of youth turned to the ebullience of sophisticated sentimentality."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand American babies snatched by death from their mothers' breasts every year before they have had scarce time to open their unseeing eyes upon the world about them."

"Half a million children, so-called delinquents and delinquencies, growing almost totally neglected. A million and a half American boys and girls bent beneath the burden of premature toil in mine and mill and factory before they have learned the duties and privileges of manhood."

"Here, if anywhere, we face a real danger to the Republic. Here is a menace greater than any that lies in the blatant mouthings of doctrinaires and demagogues who preach false political and economic doctrines in camp and market place."

INDICTMENTS ASKED IN BRUNEN MURDER

Accused Wife of Slain Showman to Face Trial.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., Sept. 20.—The murder of "Honest John" E. Brunen, showman, who died in his hotel room here Sept. 19, will be presented to the Burlington County Grand Jury to-morrow.

Prosecutor Kelsey has asked indictments against Mrs. Brunen, wife of the murdered man; Harry C. Mohr, her brother, and Charles Powell, who is alleged to have conspired to the slaying, deceiving Mohr and Mrs. Brunen conspired to have the circus owner killed.

Charges of the defendants probably will be held early in October.



Japanese Prima Donna Revolts Against Husband And National Tradition

Tamaki Miura, great singer and new woman, in rebellion against Japanese tradition affecting the rights of native married women, has left her consort in Japan to obey in America the call of her musical art, and she'll be accompanied by a singing teacher of Caruso, who will be her accompanist.



Latest "New Woman," a Brave One, Upsets Nipponese Family Custom and Leaves Native Land—Wears Kimono on Body, Not on Mind—Lightened in America.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall. WEAR the kimono on my body, but not on my mind. That is what my husband cannot understand."

So Mme. Tamaki Miura, the world's only Japanese grand opera prima donna summed up the Newest Woman's newest rebellion—the rebellion of herself, a modern daughter of old Nippon, against the express command of her husband, her husband's father, the whole sacred clan of her in-laws.

Mme. Miura has written her Declaration of Independence by going on tour with her accompanist, Aldo Franchetti, Italian composer and teacher of Caruso, despite an order from her husband to stay at home in Tokio, like a good little Japanese wife.

At the Hotel Ansonia I saw this half-portion prima donna—she is literally about half the size of the average song-bird of grand opera—and I asked her to tell me the story of how, like Ibsen's Nora, she left her home and banged the door behind her.

"I love Japan," she at length brought out. "I love my country. But I cannot stay in it always. My whole heart is for my music. And my music takes me to America, to Italy, to Honolulu, to the whole world. Eight years I have lived and sung in America. They have changed me these years have not left me the same little Japanese girl I was before. In Japan a woman has been nothing. I must live part of my life in America, where a woman is free."

GALLERY APPLAUDS AS MRS. TIERNAN REFUTES LAWYER

She Resents Intimation That Husband Doubted Paternity of Second Child.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Sept. 20.—The sudden and dramatic intimation hurled at Mrs. Augusta Tiernan by Attorney Samuel Parker in the form of a question, that her husband had previously doubted the paternity of her second child, thus causing an open break between the two, was the outstanding feature of the second day's hearing of the case in which Mrs. Tiernan charges that Harry Poulin and not her husband, a Notre Dame law professor, is the father of her third child, ten months old.

Mrs. Tiernan rose swiftly and dramatically denied the inference. In a voice shaking with anger and scorn, she called to the defense attorney, "stop to that."

"Don't you dare intimate such a thing," Mrs. Tiernan cried. Gallery spectators broke into cheers for the woman who has voluntarily taken the stand and bared in detail her story of shame and deceit.

According to the testimony of Mrs. Tiernan and corroborated by her husband, the couple had discontinued marital relations several months before Mrs. Tiernan's alleged relations with Poulin began in February. It was further brought out that while they continued to occupy the same house they slept in different rooms and had no relations between December 31, 1920, and April 10, 1921.

HUMAN SKULLS DUG UP ON OLD SCHOOL SITE

Records Show Cemetery on Baxter Street in 1822.

Skulls, bones and other human remains have been dug up by a steam shovel in an excavation being made at No. 142 Baxter Street, the site of old Public School No. 130. A silver coffin plate unearthed to-day bore this inscription: "James Porter, Died 23rd, Feby. 1822. Aged 66 years. They were found by Lieut. Anthony Poyet of Engine Company No. 17, who lives at No. 4 Centre Market Place.

Referring the find to Dr. Edward H. Hall of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, it was learned from him that the records for 1817 showed the site to have been that of the Irish Presbyterian Church, which had a cemetery adjoining it. In those days Baxter Street was known as Orange Street.

The excavation will be provided for an addition to the recently erected De Wets School at Baxter and Hester Streets.

"I do not think my husband would have made me so unhappy, except for his father. But my husband is a little—little weak, and his father appealed to him in the name of all the old traditions. He said, first, that I must not go on a concert tour in Japan, and take with me Mr. Franchetti as an accompanist. I said I could find an accompanist anywhere I might happen to be."

"Now," Mme. Miura's tiny figure straightened, and a gleam came into the dark eyes—"now I am an opera singer, the only Japanese woman opera singer! Not every person can accompany me. Especially in Japan, it would be very rare to find a musician who can accompany me, especially when I am not singing Japanese, and I must not always sing Japanese—if I do, I shall lose my art. Besides, Mr. Franchetti is more than an accompanist; he is a composer, and he has taught the great singers, Caruso, Russi and others. I wish to study with him—I am doing so."

"But," I interrupted, apologetically, at this point, "wasn't—er—don't your husband—perhaps feel jealous of Mr. Franchetti?"

"My husband's father," she said, "said it was not proper for me to be travelling with Mr. Franchetti—but he would have said the same thing about any other man. What he hoped—what my husband hoped—was that if they could succeed in keeping me from travelling with my accompanist, I would have to give up my tour altogether and stay at home. Especially, they did not want me to leave Japan, to come to America."

There was a momentary pause while the prima donna obviously was trying to translate what she wanted to express into the foreign idiom.

HYLAN DECLARES OPEN WARFARE ON JUSTICE CROPSEY

Would Take Stump Against Him, Says Mayor at Hearing on Budget.

"If Cropsey ever runs for public office I will take the stump against him if I am alive," declared Mayor Hylan at to-day's first public hearing on the 1923 city budget.

The Mayor's threat to openly fight the Justice who has issued injunctions against his pet buses and who recently restrained the O'Malley push cart market supervisors from pocketing \$50 a week salaries for themselves, was made at an examination of budget estimates submitted by Brooklyn Supreme Court Justices.

"The Second Judicial District is next on the calendar," announced one of the budget examiners. "Ah!" exclaimed Comptroller Craig, "is Cropsey in this?"

"He certainly is," replied the examiner.

"This is Cropsey's budget," chortled Comptroller Craig. "Let's eliminate some of it."

"We'll eliminate some of his budget, but the people of this city will completely eliminate Cropsey the first chance they get," replied the Mayor. The members of the board then began to analyze the Cropsey budget.

An indication that the Board of Estimate is determined to keep the 1923 budget down at least to the figures of last year—\$350,516.52—was furnished when the request of Public Administrator Thomas F. Smith for \$1,559 in salary increases and \$2,800 for salaries for an extra bookkeeper and an extra clerk was turned down. Finally after an eloquent plea he was allowed \$1,600 for an additional bookkeeper.

Mayor Hylan declared that he and the other members of the board are against any salary increases or any new jobs, however much they may be needed. To allow Mr. Smith the extra money he said would open the way to a flood of similar requests from all departments.

"Tired Business Man" Relaxes And May Christie Watches Him Dance and Revel in the Cabarets

Now She Knows He Indulges in "Fun, Romance and Dalliance," Where Baldheaded Romeos Meet Their Juliets—Writer Gets Glimpse of Night Life.

By May Christie. Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World), by Press Publishing Co.

IN this amazing city, where the very air is energizing, so that even I—a newcomer—have already found my cherished "dolce far niente" creed back where it belongs, in Europe, and become a high-charged dynamo of Up-and-Doing, I have asked myself the question:

"Since, contrary to European custom, WORK is each man's hobby in this town, do the Napoleons of Finance ever take a breather at the shrine of Fun, Romance and Dalliance? In a word, do they relax?"

"You've said a fortnight," said my New York friend in New York. "Let me lead you to it!" (Odd expressions, aren't they?)

My name is Mary, and like Mary's lamb I followed, metaphorically bleating with astonishment (thank God, when the reckoning came, I was my friend was floored, not I).

Hot on the trail, then, of the Mighty-ones-at-Play, we crisscrossed off in a private car, complete with darkey at the wheel, down the most wonderful street in the universe, whose electric signs were once described by an English friend as: "Oh, dash it all, just a bit conspicuous, you know!"

I do love Broadway. Nothing in the world can disorient me, and presently found myself in an enchanted fairyland of colored lights, and dripping waterfalls, and such pretty girlish such galling bewitchment.

Wife, Long Mute, Regains Voice To Call for Husband as He Dies

Man, Dining in Restaurant Here, Victim of Heart Failure, Never Knew of Her Recovery.



SAMUEL SIMPSON AND CLARA SOUTHWELL SIMPSON.

Mrs. Samuel Simpson of No. 47 Hayes Street, Baldwin, L. I., who has been in a semi-comatose condition for more than a year, had not used her voice since last December, when she was operated upon in a vain effort to arrest the gradual advance of the creeping paralysis with which she is afflicted.

Last evening, about 7 o'clock, much to the surprise of her two attending nurses and her old Negro maid, she aroused herself, looked around the room and asked: "Where's Sam?"

"The nurses hugged each other with joy. "Just wait until Mr. Simpson comes home; won't he be glad to learn that her voice has returned," one said to the other. The Negro maid smiled from ear to ear.

Then the telephone rang. One of the nurses answered it. "I regret to inform you that Mr. Simpson just fell dead while eating dinner at the Archambault Restaurant, at No. 2672 Broadway," said a voice over the wire. The voice identified itself as that of Dr. Charles P. Locke, who was dining with Mr. Simpson at the time. Dr. Robert J.

Mitchell of No. 150 West 140th Street, also was in the party. A check-up revealed that Mr. Simpson's death and the return of his invalid wife's voice came at almost the same time. The nurses now are reading the supernatural into the double occurrence.

Mr. Simpson, who was fifty-five years old, was Vice President of Edmonds & Bouton, public accountants of No. 28 Cedar Street. He had just told the physicians of an improvement in the condition of his invalid wife.

"I'm sure she recognized me," he was saying. "She looked at me with recognition and a half smile appeared on her face. But this afternoon I moved by hand in front of her open eyes, and there wasn't a flicker."

Then, holding his hand to his chest, Mr. Simpson complained, of feeling ill. And before the physicians could reach him he toppled over to the floor. Heart failure was ascribed as his cause.

The death was the third in a chain of tragedies that have visited the immediate Simpson family. Mrs. Simpson was Mrs. Clara Virtus. She came here from Canada twelve years ago with her mother, a Mrs. Southwell. She was at that time an accomplished musician, tennis player and swimmer, but about eight years ago she became afflicted with creeping paralysis and each year it became worse until in about three years it confined her to her bed, where she has been since.

Shortly after her affliction her mother, living with her daughter and son-in-law in the Hotel Walton, where they passed their winters, fell into a tub of boiling water and was scalded to death.

GIRL TAKES POISON THROUGH MISTAKE Peggy Kison in Serious Condition After Swallowing Arsenic. Suffering from the effects of arsenic, said by the police to have been taken by mistake, Peggy Kison, twenty-four, of No. 40 West 52nd Street, was taken from her home early to-day to Knickerbocker Hospital in a serious condition. She later was transferred to Harlem Hospital.

The young woman lived with her sister, Mary, who told the police that Miss Kison had gone into the bathroom for some cosmetic sprays of ammonia for a headache, but took arsenic by mistake.

LIQUOR ON FLOOR NOT IN WARRANT IS NOT EVIDENCE

So Magistrate Ryttenberg Decides in Two Cases in Centre Street To-Day.

If a warrant to search for suspected liquor limits the area to be searched, any liquor found outside that area does not make the owner or custodian of the premises liable to prosecution. This was the ruling to-day of Magistrate Ryttenberg in two cases which came before him in Centre Street Court. In both cases he discharged the prisoner.

The first one arraigned before him was Herman Fick, employed in the restaurant at No. 139 West Street. A warrant to search the first floor of the premises was issued by Supreme Court Justice Marsh. Detective Erzenzinger, who went armed with the warrant, found nothing spirituous on the first floor, but in the basement, he stated he found 101 bottles of whiskey, fifty-eight bottles of wine, five gallons and two bottles of gin, a bottle of kimmel and four bottles of apple cider.

"Prisoner discharged," quoth the Magistrate. The second case was that of Daniel Marino. On Sept. 1 Detective Price went to No. 182 Washington Street with a warrant from Justice Marsh to search the first floor and basement there. Price went to the second floor and found a barrel and seventeen quarts of wine and thirty bottles of beer. Then he arrested Marino.

"Discharged," said the court.

APART SEVEN YEARS, WIFE GETS DIVORCE

Separation Agreement Provides for Care of Gordon Children.

After being separated for seven years, Mrs. Thelma G. V. Gordon, an attractive Italian blonde of Serpentine Trail, Larchmont, to-day obtained a divorce decree in White Plains from Harvey M. Gordon, a wealthy salesman of No. 25 Warren Street, Manhattan. The decree was granted by Justice Young.

Mrs. Gordon testified that she and her husband parted in Toronto, where they were married on Nov. 11, 1908. Florence Leonard Appleby, at whose home the plaintiff is living, testified that at the request of Mrs. Gordon, his sister-in-law, he accompanied a detective to an apartment on West 46th Street, Manhattan, last October, where he alleged he found the defendant with a young woman.

Under the decree Mrs. Gordon will receive \$100 per month for the maintenance of her two children, Crayton twelve, and Lester eight. She stated that by the separation agreement Gordon has been paying her this sum monthly.

THREATENS TO KILL DETECTIVE CREHAN

Philip Crusol Whose Home Was an Arsenal, Arrested.

When two detectives began a search of his cobbler shop, No. 93 Union Street, Brooklyn, yesterday, Philip Crusol suddenly drew a loaded revolver and, pointing it at one of them, John L. Crehan, threatened to kill him. Detective Charles M. Geary, who was with Crehan, shouted a warning, and Crehan threw one of four German automatic revolvers the detectives said they had found in the place into Crusol's face. Crusol was arrested and to-day was held in \$2,500 bail in Fifth Avenue Court on charges of violating the Narcotic Law, the Sullivan law, and felonious assault.

The detectives alleged that they found a quantity of white powder, apparently heroin in the man's possession.

Advertisement for White Rose Tea, featuring an illustration of a teacup and saucer. Text: "The East's enchantment in your cup. White Rose Tea. The all-Ceylon Tea."