

SEIZING AIR BALL HURDLES OVER SHIP

Rushes Toward Liner on a Clear Night, but Vanishes as It Loses Its Tail.

OBSERVER IS TRUTHFUL

Vauban's Meteoric Visitor Near Equator Stirs Up Astronomers.

CERTAIN IT IS GENUINE

For Second Officer Blessing Is Rated a Master Both for Steam and Sail.

The most remarkable, flaming celestial visitor that ever got into the log of a liner passed over the steamship Vauban, in yesterday from South American ports, when she was a few miles south of the equator, on the night of January 12, on her last trip to the southward.

The astronomical observatories of Rio, Montevideo and Buenos Aires were so intensely interested in the report of the phenomenon that they sent experts to the ship to get special talks with Second Officer Francis Blessing, who had charge of the bridge on the memorable night, and who besides being an amateur meteorologist, has a master's certificate both for steam and sail.

Second Officer Blessing said last night that it was a calm, clear night and the sea was smooth, when at 9:30 dawn seemed to be getting up out of the wrong side of the sea, the west.

A few seconds later he noted the cause about 20 degrees above the horizon in the form of a glowing red ball, with a comet-suggestive tail, as big as the full moon in the southern hemisphere, and rushing toward the liner. In less than a minute the sea looked, as bright as within a radius of 700 miles, as bright as at midday.

Like a Torchlight Express.

To say that Blessing was startled at putting it mildly, is to say the least of the possibility of that torchlike mass hitting the ship and leaving behind no relic of her utter destruction.

Capt. Cadogan was off duty asleep in his stateroom, but Blessing decided to have him aroused, to share in the vision and take some of the responsibility.

The blazing messenger from the sky darts was coming on like an electric express, and some of the officers and crew declared later that they feared it was going to smash into this planet and put it out of business forever.

Presently it passed above the ship, apparently only a Woolworth tower length away, but really many miles off, yet close enough for Blessing to hear it sizzle.

At that instant every light in the ship was obliterated by the great glare and passengers and crew fled to their staterooms came out, much alarmed at the sudden return of broad daylight.

Only a few of them saw the cause of the illumination, as the meteor, for that is what it seemed to be, was seen on its way toward the eastern horizon.

The ship's compass was only slightly affected by the transit of the "shooting star," which was in sight for the second officer between two and a half and three minutes. It seemed longer than that when Blessing felt like cursing his luck in fear of receiving the visitor broadside on.

Capt. Cadogan Dazzled.

Blessing's scientific calmness of soul returned to him after the meteor had crept over the ship, and he noted that it began to wobble as it streaked eastward and finally vanished, not in the sea, but about 20 degrees above the horizon.

A few seconds before this happened, Capt. Cadogan came out on the bridge and was dazzled by the sunlike glow of the sky. He was glad that he had never been awakened and said he had never seen anything like the "heavenly body" in all his long voyaging.

He was inclined to believe that it might have been a little planet plunging to formlessness in the atmosphere of the earth.

Meteors, or, as some skippers call them, "balls of fire," have been frequently seen at sea, some falling close to vessels, but their duration as light-givers usually has been short, few lasting more than half a minute, and none so gorgeous as the Vauban's, which the astronomical experts said was phenomenal.

I'LL GIVE MOVIES TONE, SAYS CHICK TRICKER

Too Many Fakers Filling Screen Pictures With Bunk, Asserts Bowery Veteran Who Knows the Real Gunman and Gang Fighter—Has Plans to Make Scenes True to Life.

"Vincit omnia veritas," said Chick Tricker, the well known Bowery reformer, yesterday as he meditated aloud in his bachelor apartment at 63 Bayard street upon the deterioration of manners and morals so obvious in this day and age.

"Believe me," Mr. Tricker continued, "truth conquers all things, but every once in a while you've got to help her out with a blackjack or even a gat. I've been wise to that ever since the old Five Points days and it was never truer than now."

Chick's apartment, reached by three flights of stairs, is one suitable to a personage who was not impetuous before January 17, 1919, and whose tidy fortune has not decreased since that day.

Several notable lithographs illuminate the walls, and a masterly portrait of Chick himself, done in the period when he was knocking 'em for a goal at 126 pounds ringside, intrigues the glance of the visitor. He was awaiting with the patience of the true philosopher yesterday the telegram which will take him to Hollywood in Los Angeles, where he purposes to do what one zealous uplifter may do toward purifying the movies.

Will Give Tone, Not Act.

"No, I'm not going to act," he explained. "They want me out there to give 'em a little tone. They have just got to on the fact that they don't know anything about making gang pictures or pictures of what is called the underworld. And I'll say they don't. If they pay me my price—and I can't hear anything even whisper except real money—I'll grab the first rattler I can catch and teach 'em a little about the business."

"What's the matter with the movies?" asked Mr. Tricker's caller. "Everything," he replied emphatically. "People are getting on to the fakers that have been filling the pictures with bunk. Now you take pictures that pretend to show New York gunmen and gang leaders. Honest, they make us laugh down here. I've known as many gang leaders and gang fighters as any man in New York and I never saw one that looked like a movie bad man, nor did I ever see a fight that came off the way they run fights in the movies."

It may be stated, parenthetically, that one of Mr. Tricker's salient characteristics is modesty, a congenial aversion to talking about his own exploits. You might never learn, merely by conversing with him, that he carries enough lead in his person to weight the keel of a racing yacht, and that his epidemics has been bored or creased by at least twelve bullets.

A Topnotcher in His Day.

There are gangsters yet alive between Park Row and Fourteenth street that have seen Chick come leaping into a dance hall seeking revenge or reprisal, blue guns flashing fire; but all this was in the old days when the Bowery was a battleground and there were feuds on all sides stranger than the east Kentucky mountains ever knew.

"These movie kings, what do they do when they make a picture of New York's underworld?" he went on. "They always make a gunman and gang fighter look like a bum, a ragged bum. If they put a woman of the underworld into their picture they make her look like something the cat dragged in. It ain't true to life."

"The gang leaders I have known (again we note Mr. Tricker's modesty) liked to dress within an inch of their lives—silk shirts, clothes made by a good tailor (no hand-me-down stuff), silk socks, patent leather kicks—the whole works. I give you me word, you stack a bunch of gangmen up against a bunch of bums (Mr. Tricker was employing the vernacular for cops, one noted), and which bunch would look more like gentlemen? I ask you. I've known some of the toughest guys the town ever saw, so tough they could bite a horseshoe in two, hard boiled eggs if there ever were any, but to just meet 'em you might never guess it."

"Smiling, polite, soft voiced, generous—that's them. "Where do they get that bum stuff, anyway, when they try to picture to Oshkosh what the Bowery is like?" "Then take the dimes. The underworld skirt is a pretty dippy piece of silk. If anybody should drive up and ask you, they have to be kept their men in mind. The best of the best dresses, the best silk stockings and satin kicks; diamonds and little gold bags—all these things. And some of them I have known have had manners as good as Mrs. Astor's. I betcha I could slip one of those skirts into a Fifth avenue racket, calling her the Countess de Hoole, and get away with it like a million dollars."

Tales of action, tales in which the flash and report of .45 automatics, slung from the shoulder or carried on the hip, being in great demand, Mr. Tricker called attention to the number of the days when running fights were the ordinary outdoor sport along the Bowery, and when no dance was complete without the invasion of armed youths, the crash of breaking glass, the screams of frightened ladies and the shrilling of police whistles.

"Personally," he commented after some discussion of recent fatalities, "I don't see a lot of these people are nutty, too much coin, too much putting on the back for their own good. Maybe there's dope, too."

Lots of Dope in New York.

"There's plenty of it in this man's town, more of the white stuff than I ever saw or heard of. "Another thing I've noticed, the Chicks are drinking more than they used to do. "Prohibition? Well, a lot of guys will laugh when Chick Tricker says what he thinks about Prohibition, meaning that I used to have a string of gin mills. But, on the level, I see more rum dums nowadays than I ever used to see when the old Bowery walked right down to Park Row through a double line of saloons. It's the talk stuff that goes the work—had a dose. People that fall for the hoop peddled about nowadays are giving the undertaker 50 per cent. of the best of it."

Mr. Tricker spoke regretfully of some old friends and enemies, Big Jack Zieg, Jack Sirocco, Monk Eastman, Lefty Louis Rosenber, among them—all dead—and suggested that the times are indeed changed. He is not sure when he will start westward with whitewash Hollywood. He awaits the call of the wire.

HEARST LANDSLIDE, BOLD BY WOMEN

Published, Backed by \$21.75, Sweeps Brooklyn Mock Election for U. S. Senator.

CALDER ROLL ONLY \$12 Senator's Fair Supporters, Swamped at a Cent a Vote, Hold on to \$10.75.

Over in Brooklyn, where they take their politics a little more seriously than in Manhattan, especially the women, the women members of the Twelfth Assembly District Republican Club are wrought up over what they say was "handed to them" by their sisters of the Tenth Assembly District League of Women Voters. Judging from indications yesterday, it may be some time before certain of the more ardent of them are again on arguing terms.

DESERTED, HE SLAYS WIFE AND HIMSELF

Coney Island Man Ends Quarrel With Pistol as His Children Play.

A quarrel between Sidney Thompson, 29, a steamfitter's helper, living in West 23rd street, Coney Island, and his wife Emma, 33, which led to their separation a week ago, ended yesterday afternoon when Thompson shot and killed her and then took his own life. The Reunt, an island in Jamaica Bay, where he had taken refuge for a week, seldom stopping, was the place where the swift tragedy was enacted.

Mrs. Thompson, after leaving her husband's home at 4 o'clock last week, went to the Reunt with her two children, Arthur, 4, and Vernon, 2 years old, to live at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Bird. About 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Thompson, glancing out the window, saw her husband approaching. Apparently fearing harm, she ran from the house to that of an uncle, Benjamin McKee, two doors away. Thompson did not see her leave. When he arrived at Mrs. Bird's house he found his children there.

The steamfitter appeared to be in a cellophane. He told his mother-in-law he wanted his wife to "come back." She said she did not believe her daughter would do so. Thompson changed the subject and began playing with the children. He finally learned from Mrs. Bird where his wife had gone. He immediately went there. McKee, who met him at the door, also was shocked by his familiar manner, and yielded to his pleadings to see his wife. They talked earnestly for a short time, and then Thompson urged her to go into a bedroom to talk matters over. Both were alone when he entered the room. Gradually their voices were raised in argument, and soon a violent quarrel developed. Suddenly there were two shots and silence. McKee rushed into the room. He found his niece on the floor with a bullet wound in her left temple and Thompson beside her with a bullet in his right temple. Both were dead. The revolver lay beside Thompson's body.

Mrs. Bird, hearing the shots, ran from her own house to the other, leaving her two grandchildren playing happily together. She became hysterical when she saw her daughter, and was under a physician's care last night.

The Rockaway police were notified of the shooting. The nearest police station is in Jamaica Bay, the police of the Marine Division were notified. A police launch from Sheepshead Bay landed Policeman Duffy on the island, but he could do nothing, as both persons had died instantly.

PRETTY GIRLS GALORE AT HEADWAITERS' BALL

Dining Room Czars From All Over Country Present.

The question that naturally presented itself last night and this morning at the annual ball of the Elite Headwaiters Association of America at Tom Healy's restaurant, Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue, was: "How is it that headwaiters have so many pretty girls?"

Because almost all the pretty girls in New York seemed to be there. If Mr. Ziegfeld had been on hand he would have worn out his fountain pen. There were girls and girls and girls, and every mother's daughter would have finished one, two, three in a beauty contest.

Headwaiters—ordinarily, of course, you can't even approach them—were today golden pretty girls around Mr. Healy's Golden Glades just as though they were human. And Charles Muller, president of the association, said these were better than the girls of the smaller hotels. Neither Mr. Muller nor anybody else could count 'em.

The ball swells the charity fund of the organization. Last year it made no small table tender included—came from all parts of the United States. Mr. Muller said. There was a headwaiter from Portland, Me., and another from England, Ore., and several from points between. The fact as has often been said of such events, it was a gala affair.

TO ANSWER CRITICISM OF RUSSIAN RELIEF

Paxton Hibben Defends Work of Smaller Societies.

Paxton Hibben, Near East Relief worker and former captain in the United States Army, in an address next Sunday evening at the Lexington Theater will answer the criticism of the smaller Russian relief societies recently made by Secretary of Commerce Hoover.

Mr. Hibben has already expressed himself as strongly opposed to the criticism emanating from Washington and published in the press. That the smaller organizations are working in connection with the Soviet Government. He insists that this attitude is "little to do with." It is his aim to prevent the public from contributing greater sums to the Russian famine sufferers.

Mr. Hibben is a graduate of Princeton University, a lawyer and has served in several public capacities, among which was his secretaryship of the American Embassy at Petrograd in 1919-20.

The Many Sided Wanamaker Store



Yes, it's dear old Pied Piper who's dancing along, The children enticing with caper and song To follow him where they'll find such a sight 'Twill fill their young hearts with amazing delight.

'Tis gay old Pied Piper who's dancing along, The children enticing with caper and song To follow him where they'll find such a sight 'Twill fill their young hearts with amazing delight.

Play Clothes When we look at the new play frocks as they are taken from their boxes, we wonder if colors were ever as brilliant or as lovely as they are for the new season!

The Wanamaker Store is, indeed, "A Wondrous Portal Opened Wide"—to wee babies and little children and to their mothers. It is a door that opens upon a fascinating world full of small clothes of fairylike daintiness, and baby furniture, too, thrilling toys, and no end of helpful suggestions that make mothers' knottiest problems cease to be problems at all.

The one who selected such dainties as these Sought Paris and many a city to please, And, last but not least, added toys and some beds, Chairs, bureaus and pillows for tired wee heads.

So, young mothers, all mothers, if by perchance You are seeking an outfit for baby, just glance At our wares, and our best you shall see To fit out the baby—as baby should be.

And, mothers! We have a delightful surprise for you—

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A New Infants' Shop!

It's right next door to the old one, on the Third Floor of the Old Building, where the BIG BOYS' SHOP used to be before it rose to the great dignity of being a neighbor of the Men's Shop in the New Building.

Bedding is here, too—in the proper sizes for both beds and bassinets. Not made on skimpy proportions like so much one finds—but long enough and wide enough to tuck in snugly.

The new ideas, the materials, the embroideries, the laces; we could write pages about these exquisite baby fashions, but type could not possibly do them justice.

Fairy Blankets

Delightful things, indeed, with so much more than their mere warmth to make them interesting. Many of them have pretty histories that read like tales from a story book. Some are made by an old man who lives all alone far

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boxes are laid out in brightly lighted cases where you can see them perfectly and make your selection conveniently.

To make it easy to find things, we have divided the big shop into several small shops, a shop for the wee babies, a shop for the rompers, a shop for the coats and hats, and so on.

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We take care also, in the choice of each article in the Infants' Shop. Everything is the very best at each price—best in quality, nicest in workmanship and most attractive in design. We think you will find some pleasant surprises.

The selections have been made by one who has had years of experience in buying clothes for little ones. She has traveled the world around many times looking for things that are new and charming. Every year she goes to Paris and searches its highways and byways for new treasures. When she returns she brings boxes and boxes full of lovely clothes, many of them from the dear little shops which hide from all but the discerning eye.

London, too, is explored for smart new topcoats, sports togs and any knick-knacks which might capture the fancy of the fastidious baby or its mother.

But before we talk intimately of these little things let us tell you of the Furniture Shop. Mothers think of nursery furniture long before the baby arrives. In the new shop are grouped to give you an idea of how they will look in your own home. We think we have not overlooked a thing for which the most particular mothers or modern of nurses might wish with which to make the baby comfortable and easy to take care of—from the convenient drop-side beds to the collapsible dressing tables and bathtubs that may be folded up and tucked out of sight when not in use.

When Baby Goes Outdoors Frocks, coats, bonnets and the innumerable accessories for a baby are darling things, indeed, and are here in endless variety, appropriate for every day or for such momentous occasions as christening or the first visit to grand-mamma.

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DRUGLESS HEALERS CLASH WITH DOCTORS

Chiropractors Oppose Bill for Medical Course.

The fight between the medical profession and the chiropractors was continued yesterday, when the New York District Chiropractic Society held a protest meeting at the Hotel McAlpin and the Medical Society of the County of New York gave out a statement embodying the objections of the medical profession to the proposed bill.

Speakers at the meeting at the McAlpin were Dr. Lyndon E. Lee, president of the Greater New York District Chiropractic Society; Philip Troup, postmaster of New Haven, Conn.; Major Dent Atkinson, formerly of the United States Army; and Joseph N. Weber, president of the American Federation of Musicians.

Resolutions were adopted protesting against the bill now pending in the State Legislature which would require chiropractors first to complete a regular medical course before licenses can be given to them.

"We are not here to criticize the methods, medicine included, have their place. We do criticize, however, the political activities of medical men when these activities are directed toward destroying the public interest in the use of healing devices."

The County Medical Society, on the other hand, made public a statement giving the results of an inquiry conducted under the direction of George W. White, side, counsel for the society. The specialists whose opinions are given in the statement are well known. Their criticism of chiropractic in general is that its teachings are dangerous to the public health, and that its claims as to the effect of "adjustments" of the spine are "ridiculous."

Practical Layettes

What a boon they are to mother whose information is embarrassingly limited! To be of help to them we have prepared complete layettes. They include everything for a new baby, daintly made of materials of the softest texture.

Master 2 to 4 and His Sisters

When the great day arrives for the little boy-babies to don trousers, trouble begins. The dignity of Master 2 to 4 is a very real thing. One must be ever so careful not to slight it. His clothes must strike just the right note between babyhood and big-boyhood—and we fancy we have found it.

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In design, the furniture is of quiet simplicity. A reliable cabinetmaker with whom we have worked for years made it for us of wicker or wood, enameled white, ivory or silver gray.

For the fencible mother who loves a touch of color, there are sets decorated with French flowers tied with butterfly bow-knots. We trim the furniture, too, if you wish with fluffy rosettes of ribbon and charmingly arranged draperies of point d'esprit edged with lace. Quaint chintz draperies, blooming with

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