MME. SEMBRICH SOBS FAREWELLS AS SHE DEPARTS

Great Opera Songbird Affectionally Speeded on Her Way to Europe.

FRIENDLY HOST ON PIER

Herr Dippel Alone Represents Associates of the Metropolitan.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who made her last Ameri appearance in opera at the Metropolitan Opera-House on Saturday night, sailed for Liverpool on her way to Berlin on the Cunarder Campania to-day. There was a great company of the singer's friends at the pier to wave good-by to her and shout good wishes. Andreas Dippel was the only one of her associates in the Metropolitan company, however, who was noticed at the pier.

The parting between Herr Dippel and the singer and her husband, Prof. Stengel, who accompanied her, was affectionate in the extreme and seemed to move all of them deeply. Tears coursed down Herr Dippel's plump cheeks as he embraced and kissed Prof. Stengel on both cheeks with voluminous rapidity. Still more tears fell when he repeated the osculatory process, even more generously, so the interested observers thought, with Mme. Sembrich.

Through her own tears Mme. Sembrich said a few words to an Evening World reporter in gratitude and appreciation regarding her relations with the musical public of this country.

"I am divided between pleasure and sorrow," she said. "Pleasure and pride, on the one hand, because of the unvarying kindness and generosity of sentiment I have had from all of you, ending as it did with that beautiful tribute at the Metropolitan Opera-House last Saturday.

"And, of course, the sorrow is for the parting. I love the American audiences; I love your people and your country.

"I am comforted by the knowledge that, though I shall know your opera audiences no more, I shall be here in the fall for a concert tour under the direction of Mr. Lowden G. Charlton. My last operatic appearances abroad will be in Germany and Russia."

BARGAIN SALE KILLED HER.

Mrs. White Suffered So in Crush That She Soon Died.

CAMDEN, N. J., Feb. 10.—Mrs. James R. White, whose husband is a member of Engine Company No. 5, of the Camden Fire Department, died yesterday at her home, No. 328 North Tenth street, as a result of excitement while attending a bargain sale Saturday.

Mrs. White went to a department store which was crowded with bargain seekers. The excitement was so great among the crowd that the police had to be called in to preserve peace.

Mrs. White swooned and was carried to her home. She had been in a weakened condition ever since, and last night suffered a relapse. Besides her husband she is survived by two children.

BOTH DIVORCED, THEY WED.

STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 10.—Benjamin R. Vaughn, a broker, of New York, and Miss Mary H. French, of Davids Island, were married here yesterday by Justice Tipper. Both had been divorced. The bride is a daughter of John W. French. She is twenty-five, he twenty-seven.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Sunday World will give with its next issue the song hit of the Yankee Prince, entitled "From the Land of Dreams," words and music complete. The song is by George M. Cohan and is one of his best from that rollicking musical comedy.

Help Wanted To-Day!

As advertised for in The Morning World's Want Directory.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10, 1909.

Addressers	2	Horseshoers	1
Agents	20	Ironers	35
Alteration Hands	2	Janitors	11
Artists	2	Janitresses	7
Bakers	5	Jewellers	2
Bartenders	3	Ladies' Tailors	3
Blacksmiths	2	Laundresses	1
Bookkeepers	11	Machinists	4
Boys	51	Managers	1
Brassworkers	2	Manicures	6
Bushelmen	2	Milliners	29
Butchers	13	Nurses	12
Buttonhole Makers	1	Operators	137
Canvassers	28	Photographers	5
Carpenters	3	Painters	3
Cashiers	4	Printers	2
Chambermaids	20	Polishers	3
Cigarmakers	1	Porters	5
Collectors	5	Pantry Help	1
Compositors	7	Pressers	17
Cooks (Male)	3	Pressmen	3
Cooks (Female)	15	Proofreaders	1
Cutters	25	Roofers	1
Dressmakers	40	Saleladies	13
Dentists	7	Salesmen	40
Dishwashers	3	Shipping Clerks	1
Drivers	4	Skirt Hands	2
Drug Clerks	5	Sleeve Hands	2
Electricians	1	Solicitors	4
Elevator Runners	2	Stablemen	1
Embroiderers	18	Stenographers (M.)	3
Engineers	1	Stenographers (F.)	7
Engravers	1	Tailors	12
Feeders	16	Trimmers	12
Finishers	20	Tinsmiths	3
Firemen	1	Typewriters (F.)	5
Folders	2	Upholsterers	2
Foreladies	2	Varnishers	1
Foremen	1	Waiters	6
Girls	64	Waitresses	7
Harness Makers	1	Watchmen	1
Housework	104	Miscellaneous	412
Total			**1,344**

The World printed to-day 1,344 Help Ads., 555 more than all other New York papers combined.

RIVERSIDE DRIVE RESIDENTS TO BE VIGILANTES

Attack on Woman Brings to Climax Revolt Against Police Inefficiency.

ALL CARRY WEAPONS.

Crimes of Almost Daily Occurrence, but Patrolmen Are Seldom Seen.

An attack by a thug yesterday evening upon Mrs. C. E. Carpenter in Ninety-fifth street, near Riverside Drive, served to bring to a climax the long-growing revolt of the people of that part of the city against police inefficiency. Manager Samuel H. Fox, of the Robert Fulton apartments, Ninety-fifth street and Riverside Drive, made the astounding statement to-day that he has not seen a policeman at night in that vicinity since the house was opened in October, 1907.

In spite of the fact that the vicinity of Riverside Drive and Ninety-fifth street is rapidly filling up with high-class apartment-houses, the lowest slums in the city are better protected by the police. There are many reasons, too, why there should always be police protection along the Drive in that neighborhood.

At the foot of Ninety-sixth street there is a big coal deck and a man-o'-war landing. Riverside Park at that point narrows into a ribbon of verdure and pathway between the Drive proper and the New York Central tracks. Inbound freight trains pass slowly along that part of the park and tramps jump off and rendezvous in the neighborhood. Riverside Drive passes over Ninety-sixth street on a viaduct.

Policemen Keep Away.

While Ninety-sixth street has been slow in building up, Ninety-fifth street, from West End avenue to the Drive and Riverside Drive, from Ninety-fifth street south have attracted builders. At the same time Ninety-fifth street from Broadway down to West End avenue has remained undeveloped.

Tenants of the apartment houses in Ninety-fifth street, between West End avenue and Riverside Drive, pass through a deserted stretch of billboard blocks whether they approach their homes through Ninety-sixth street and West End avenue or through Broadway and Ninety-fifth street from the subway. The vacant lots and billboards afford ideal hiding places for thugs and highwaymen.

Policeman apparently shun the vicinity. Women are afraid to go out of nights. Men who are out after dark carry revolvers. The owners of the apartment houses are contemplating the formation of a force of special armed guards to patrol the streets in front of their property.

There have been a dozen robberies, assaults and attempted robberies right around the Riverside Drive and Ninety-fifth street corner since the beginning of the year. Minor annoyances to women have been frequent.

Mrs. Carpenter, whose home is in the Robert Fulton, was hurrying down Ninety-fifth street toward Riverside Drive, shortly after 7 o'clock when a man stepped out of the shadow of a billboard just in the rear of the apartment-house and struck her under the chin. The attack occurred within a few feet of the tradesmen's door of the Robert Fulton.

Chased to the Drive.

The street was slippery from snow, and Mrs. Carpenter reeled and went down in a heap. The highwayman seized the woman's handbag and ran across the Drive to Riverside Park, and then made off to the railroad tracks that skirt the river.

Mrs. Carpenter's screams brought men from every apartment-house in the neighborhood. Among them was Henry Danker, a grocer's clerk, who was delivering goods in the Robert Fulton. Danker was joined by half a dozen men in evening clothes. Danker saw the thug as he dived through the underbrush and followed, outstripping the others in the chase. He closed in on the man as the latter dodged in and out among the long line of freight cars.

Suddenly the thief stopped and with a terrific swing he hurled Mrs. Carpenter's handbag in Danker's face. Danker stopped for an instant and picked up the bag. The thief then escaped. The handbag contained Mrs. Carpenter's money and jewels, and was returned to her.

Crimes Are Suppressed.

The police, acting under orders from Bingham, are not making public all the crimes that are committed these days. They did not put on public record the fact that Miss Pearl Alexander, a settlement worker, and her sister, Miss Goldia, who live at the Irving Arms, Ninety-fourth street and the Drive, were waylaid on Monday night at Ninety-fourth street and the Drive. Miss Pearl Alexander was robbed of her purse.

On Sunday night there was also a woman robbed almost in front of the Irving Arms. She, too, was knocked down. Since Jan. 23, last, when a department store clerk, named Banks, was beaten insensible in the areaway of the Irving Arms, several residents of the neighborhood have kept a list of the robberies and assaults, and to-day this list, a long one and most convincing, will be shown to Bingham.

Following the attack on Mrs. Carpenter last night indignation meetings were held at the Irving Arms, the Robert Fulton and other houses, and it was determined to demand protection of the Police Commissioner.

Capt. Shaw, of the West One Hundredth street station, and two of his detectives got busy to-day and picked up a suspicious looking hobo in the railroad yards near Ninety-sixth street. They hustled the astonished man up to the Robert Fulton and sent word to Mrs. Carpenter that they wanted her to see if she could identify him as her assailant.

She replied that she was ill and unable to see anybody. She refused to allow Capt. Shaw to enter her apartment. The prisoner said he just got to town this morning, but Shaw locked him up.

Two Admit Robbery.

Theodore Crowley, nineteen years old, who was arrested last night at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Eighth avenue, admitted at Headquarters to-day that he had been hanging around the neighborhood of Ninety-sixth street and Riverside Drive. He said that on Jan. 30 he and a boy named Frank Renner stole $110 from Gebhard Ratz, who runs a saloon at No. 330 West Ninety-sixth street.

Renner was found to-day at his home, No. 730 Elton avenue, the Bronx. He confirmed Crowley's story of the robbery of Ratz. The young men were held in $1,000 bail each for further examination in West Side Police Court, and the persons who have been robbed recently in the Riverside Drive section will be asked to look them over.

Do You Think that "Jimmy" Wadsworth Is The Handsomest Man in New York State?

Is There Any Man Who Would Lend More Distinction to Inauguration Ball?

Is James W. Wadsworth jr., the Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York, the handsomest man among our millions of handsome men? The authorities of the Inauguration Ball in Washington, which is to help defray the expenses of decorating the city for its inauguration crowd, have asked each State to send its handsomest man to the ball. The selections have been made by persons prominent in politics. No prominent artists, sculptors or theatrical experts have been called in.

And the Hon. Mr. Wadsworth has, tentatively at least, been selected as New York State's handsomest man. There is to be a great banquet given in Washington on the night of March 2, and the handsomest representative of the several States will then and there be selected from those assembled. He will take rank and station as the handsomest man in the United States.

Is He, or Is He Not?

Without in the least disparaging the quality of Mr. Wadsworth's tender beauty, is he or is he not the man who is best fitted to enter into that great trial as the fittest and loveliest representative of New York's manly pulchritude? That is the question.

The Evening World prints herewith a portrait of Mr. Wadsworth. It's for every reader of this newspaper—for, taken together, its readers represent more fully than any other body of citizens the best taste and sentiment in this State, to ponder on this portrait and study it discriminatingly. It may be that the politicians who selected Mr. Wadsworth have done that which will come nearest to pleasing us all.

It must not be forgotten that the voice of the very lovely Timothy L. Woodruff was strong among those who chose Mr. Wadsworth. And the fact that Mr. Woodruff acknowledged that Mr. Wadsworth was even more beautiful than Mr. Woodruff thinks he is himself must not be passed over lightly.

Are There Others?

But if there are some in the great mass of citizens who were not consulted about Mr. Wadsworth's selection who think that he is not the handsomest man in New York their opinions are certainly worthy of consideration. This should be no junta-managed, clique-railroaded affair.

The Evening World would like to know if there are other men among the citizens of this State who might stand a better chance than the Speaker of the Assembly to bear away the beauty prize from all our sister States on March 2, and thereby earn the honor of prancing next behind President Taft and the official party in the grand march of the inaugural Ball.

If it so be that there are one or more persons who seem to the readers of The Evening World to be more beautiful than Mr. Wadsworth, after conscientious study of his portrait, it will be their duty to the State to communicate the name of their candidate to this newspaper, accompanying the nomination with a photograph.

NOMINATION BLANK

To The Evening World:

I am glad to nominate

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ADDRESS.....

For Your Taft Inauguration Handsome Man Contest.

YOUR NAME.....

YOUR ADDRESS.....

Send to "Handsome Man Editor of Evening World."

THE PRIZES;

FOR THE FOUR HANDSOMEST BLONDES—Four Free Fascinating Trips Around the Block, under the guidance of a member in good standing of the Janitors' Union.

FOR THE NEXT FOUR HANDSOMEST BLONDES—An All-Night Trip in the Subway with the Subway Bun.

FOR THE FOUR HANDSOMEST BALDHEADS—A Trip to Staten Island with a Whistling Barber.

FOR THE FOUR HANDSOMEST BRUNETTES—A Fragrant Ride to Washington and Back—principally back—via the New York Belt Line.

FOR BROADWAY'S FOUR HANDSOMEST—A Toothpick Tour from Beefsteak John's to Haims's.

Other prizes offered by eminent clothiers, delicatessen merchants, toy sellers, art collectors, etc., will be enumerated in later editions.

RODE BEFORE "SPEEDING" AUTOMOBILE TO TIME IT.

Magistrate Couldn't See How Policeman Did It and Discharged Woman He Arrested.

Mrs. John Degener, of No. 94 Field Point road, Greenwich, Conn., charged with speeding an automobile on Broadway at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, was exonerated by Magistrate Corrigan, in Harlem Court, to-day. Policeman Helms said that Mrs. Degener, who was driving a large touring car, was making it run at twenty-two miles an hour.

Mrs. Degener, who had been bailed out by her husband last night with a $100 bill, said that she was not going half as fast as the policeman said. In the car with her, she said, were her mother, her husband, a nurse and the chauffeur, who was sitting beside her.

Magistrate Corrigan learned from the policeman that he had done his timing by riding ahead of the automobile.

"I don't believe an automobile can be accurately timed," said the Magistrate, "by a policeman riding in front of it."

LYNCH NEGRO MURDERER.

HOUSTON, Miss., Feb. 10.—E. Rody Baskin, the eighteen-year-old negro who shot to death and robbed the Rev. W. F. Hudson, a Baptist clergyman, on Saturday last, was lynched here late yesterday.

A Real Treat

Post Toasties

For Old and Young, anytime, anywhere.

"The Taste Lingers"

Pkgs. 10c and 15c.

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

SCORES ARREST OF STUDENT WHO AIDED WOMAN

No Witnesses to Back Charge of Theft Against "Good Samaritan."

HIT BY A POLICEMAN.

Magistrate Denounces Actions of Officers, Then Paroles the Prisoner.

When James A. Stewart, the well-dressed, fine-looking young man who was arrested yesterday evening in the lobby of the German Theatre charged with the theft of a purse containing $3.80 from Mrs. Ella Thornton, who lives at the Farm Colony, a pauper home, in Staten Island, was arraigned in the Yorkville Court to-day on suspicion of roobery, Adams, the policeman who arrested him, had none of the witnesses on hand to testify.

Magistrate Herrman scored the policeman in no tender terms when he heard Stewart's story of the arrest and the lame explanation of the policeman. The woman who was alleged to have been robbed is in Bellevue, where she was taken after she proved herself incapable of coherency.

Adams didn't know whether the woman was intoxicated or not. He admitted that he had arrested young Stewart without waiting to hear his explanation of how he had gone to the assistance of the woman when his wife called his attention to her condition.

Struck by Policeman.

She was leaning against a rail outside the German Theatre, apparently in a state of collapse, when Stewart and his pretty young wife went by. Stewart was a medical student at the Rush Medical College for three years and thought he could be of assistance to the woman if she were ill. He helped her into the lobby of the theatre, and the first thing he knew he was accused of robbery and smashed in the face with a policeman's billy.

"A crowd pressed around me as I helped the woman into the theatre lobby," said the prisoner. "I didn't know then whether she was ill or intoxicated. A man who said he was Elmer S. Teats and showed a S. P. C. C. shield, rushed up to me and said, 'Get to hell out of here! I'll attend to this woman.'

"Then he took her bag and looked in it to get her address. Not finding it, he laid it on the ledge of the ticket seller's window. It fell off to the floor. I picked it up and the first thing I knew this policeman stepped up and struck me across the face with his club. Then that man Teats and another man charged me with trying to steal the woman's purse."

Witnesses Missing.

"Where is that man Teats and those other witnesses you name in your complaint?" Magistrate Herrman asked Patrolman Adams.

"They couldn't come here to-day," replied the policeman.

"Did you hear the woman who owned the purse charge this man with attempting to steal it?"

"No, she couldn't tell anything. She didn't know what had happened. She was taken to Bellevue and is now in the medical ward. She lives in Cottage B of the Farm Colony, down on Staten Island, and recently spent four months in the City Hospital suffering from rheumatism. That's all I know about her."

"And on this sort of evidence," said the Court, "you yank a man to jail, lock him up in a cell over night and then take him down to Police Headquarters in the morning to have him 'mugged,' as you call it."

Had Right to a Hearing.

"What right had you to take him to Police Headquarters before bringing him to this court? Don't you know that the law holds that a prisoner has the right to an immediate hearing. You should have had this man here when court opened so that he would have a fair chance to tell his side of the story. You certainly seem to have made a sweet bungle of this case, but I will give you till to-morrow to bring those witnesses here to court, and meanwhile I will parole this young man in his own custody."

Stewart is thirty-two years old and lives with his wife and three children at No. 204 West One Hundred and Ninth street. The wife, a handsome young woman, and the three children, all fine-looking youngsters, were in court when the husband and father was arraigned.

Assemblyman Spielberg appeared as the young man's counsel and declared that an outrageous mistake had been made, as his client was an estimable young man, whose character was above reproach.

FATALLY BEATEN IN HIS LAUNDRY BY TWO ROBBERS

Williamsburg Chinaman Is Found Insensible in His Shop, Cash Gone.

Two citizens passing the little laundry at No. 599 Flushing avenue, Williamsburg, late last night noticed that the front door stood ajar, although the lights were lowered, and that there was no sign of life about the place. Wondering, they pushed the door open and walked in.

By the light of a match they saw the proprietor, Lee Ching, a sixty-two-year old Chinaman, lying on the floor in front of his tiny counter in a pool of blood. He was unconscious, frightfully battered about the head and face.

One of the men ran for help, while the other tried to arouse the groaning laundryman. Policeman Mahoney, of the Clymer street station, called Dr. Parks with an ambulance, and Ching was sent to the Eastern District Hospital. There it was found that he had a probable fracture of the skull and several broken bones in his face. Because of his age and the length of time that he lay without attention he may die.

This morning the old man revived somewhat, and in pigeon English told this story to the police: He said that about 9 o'clock last night he was alone in his shop at work when two rough-looking men entered with tickets for some sort of ball which they insisted that he buy of them. Disliking their appearance and hoping to get rid of them, Lee Ching agreed to take two tickets.

As he turned to his little cash box to get the money one of them hit him on the back of the head with something, possibly a blackjack. He went down to his knees, and then the two of them jumped on him and kicked him in the face until he ceased struggling. The last thing he remembered was one of them feeling under his blouse for his money, which he carried about his waist. He couldn't tell how much cash the footpads got, nor could he give anything like a detailed description of them.

Constipated Thinking

Due to Constipated Bowels

Have you ever experienced the clear wittedness that follows a perfect bowel movement? Would you care to? Then, as you know, you must seek help from something more capable than cathartics. Cathartics may rumble and grip a man all day, but they all fall short of doing perfect work. Hence they leave one exhausted and dull.

In their stead, for once, try Dilaxin. Dilaxin is a liberator to the man with the cathartic habit. It gives one a perfect bowel movement, from the stomach on down. And if you do not realize what a social, mental, physical and financial advantage it is to be **absolutely clean** inside, lose no time in making the acquaintance of DILAXIN. You cannot imagine, before taking, how delightfully it freshens up one's personality. A thorough cleaning out, or Dilaxination, is the greatest and safest of all brain and body exhilarators.

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For women who never appear stylish in anything because of thinness Protone may prove a revelation.

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I want to put on more flesh, so please send me a free 50c. package of your remarkable Protone, all charges prepaid; also your free book telling me why I am thin. As evidence of good faith, I inclose 10c. to help pay postage and packing.
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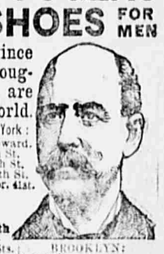

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845 Broadway, cor. 14th St.
1349 Broadway, cor. 36th St.
1447-1449 Broadway, cor. 41st.
96 Nassau Street.
250 West 125th Street.
974 Third Avenue.
2209 Third Av., cor. 126th
2779 Third Avenue, between 146th & 147th Sts.
856 Sixth Av., cor. 22d St.
845 Eighth Avenue.
Jersey City—18 Newark Av.
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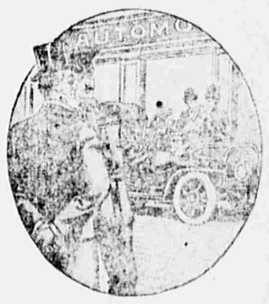

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