

## "PHONE ROMANCE" IS NOW IN COURT

"Hello Girl" Who Won Millionaire Tower Wants Her Freedom.

### TELLS TALE OF CRUELTY.

THREAT SAID TO HAVE BEEN MADE WHILE HER RIVAL WAS PRESENT—WOULD HAVE LIBERAL DOWRY PLACED UPON HER.

New York, Jan. 4.—The "telephone girls" romance, which upset all the old families of Poughkeepsie in 1905, when millionaire Albert Edward Tower wedded Mary Bogardus, the operator, has ended in the divorce courts. Mrs. Tower has served papers on her husband in an action for separation. The application was made by her attorney to Judge Mills at White Plains today for alimony and counsel fees.

From mistress of a palatial home with an unlimited income, Mrs. Tower sets forth in her complaint, she has been reduced to the necessity of living on \$100 a month. She is willing to accept a settlement of \$700 a month, with an allowance for servants and maintenance, running the account up \$400 additional. She and her husband signed an agreement to this effect last September. This was about the time when the stories got in the papers about Mr. Tower's attention to a dazzling southern woman named Weiss.

#### Declares She Stood Abuse.

Since that agreement was executed Mr. Tower has changed his mind. He reduced the allowance to \$100 a month and Mrs. Tower no longer occupies the Tower family mansion at Poughkeepsie. She is living with relatives.

Mrs. Tower in her complaint verifies the charges made some months ago, that she and her husband had quarreled over his attention to Mrs. Weiss on the yacht Erl King. At that time Mrs. Tower expressed her faith in her husband, and said that she would stick to him in hopes that some day he would learn and come home. But he did not.

Mrs. Tower, in her complaint, relates that her husband is guilty of cruelty, excessive drinking, consorting with women of ill repute, whom, it is alleged, he frequently compelled his wife to meet on his yacht and in other places. Mrs. Tower repeats that her husband allowed Mrs. Weiss to preside at the table in the yacht's dining room at which she was compelled to eat.

#### Says Rival Heard Threats.

Mrs. Tower says her husband quarreled with her in Mrs. Weiss' presence on the Erl King, took a revolver, loaded it, and compelled Mrs. Tower to go to her cabin, lock the door, and pass the night in fear.

There was a lively scene, Mrs. Tower alleges, at the Waldorf Astoria hotel on the night of April 15, 1906. While she was sick, she alleges, Tower told her in the presence of her counsel, Charles Morschauser, that he hated her, and never would live with her again; that her presence was offensive to him, and that he would get rid of her by fair means or foul.

Mr. Tower makes his home at the Metropolitan club in New York, and has a summer home near New Rochelle. He is a member of the New York Yacht club. His first wife was Miss Nina Carpenter, daughter of C. Platt Carpenter, who once was territorial governor of Montana. Mrs. Tower killed her half grown son and herself a few months before Mr. Tower wedded Miss Bogardus.

#### A CARD

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from cold. Cures a gripe, coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. A. G. Lukens & Co.

It's Knollenberg's 50 per cent. discount remnant sale on Dress Goods That Attracts the prudent buyers.

Cornelius V. Collins, New York's superintendent of State prisons, said at a recent dinner at Troy: "Then there is the fatidist type of prison warden. I know one such warden. It is his hobby to give to his prisoners congenital work which they like and to which they are accustomed. He said one day to a new convient: 'Young man I see that you are a convict; you are to hard labor. Now in providing you with work I shall take your former occupation into account. What were you?' 'An anarchist, sir,' the convict returned. 'Ahem,' said the warden turning to his assistant, 'then we will put this man to blasting roads.'

#### HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM.

Steam Radiators are now placed in the Auditorium. Owing to the large attendance and more constant use of this space, it was found not to be economical and required too much coal to daily maintain a temperature of 70 degrees in a 98,000 cubic foot space.

The Ventilating Apparatus will be used as heretofore. The direct radiators are to be used as a supplement, or when the ventilation is not required.

Charles Jobanning, the heating contractor for this work, states the cost of heating this space will be reduced fully 30 per cent.

C. C. & L. ticket agents will sell you sleeping car tickets to Chicago for their 11:15 P. M. train. Call on him.

4p-6t

### WEDDING CULMINATES ROMANCE WHICH BEGAN ON TOP OF SNOW CAPPED ALPS.



## HUSBAND IS HELD FOR WIFE'S MURDER

Identity of the New Jersey Swamp Victim Is Practically Established.

### POLICE ARE NOW SATISFIED

NUMEROUS OTHER IDENTIFICATIONS ARE NOT NOW COUNTENANCED—HAD QUARREL WITH HUSBAND ON CHRISTMAS.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 4.—Following a searching examination during which many incidents of his life were laid bare, Theodore S. Whitmore, the husband, was held by the New Jersey police last night as a suspect in the death of Lena Whitmore, who was beaten insensible, stripped of her clothing and drowned in pond near Harrison, on the Hackensack meadows, on the morning of Dec. 26. Whitmore, who had been detained in New York, was taken to Harrison last night and, having definitely identified his wife's body, was rigorously questioned by the authorities. The nature of his testimony determined the police to keep him within the jurisdiction of the local courts.

After a half dozen supposed identifications had been disproved, the police were satisfied that the woman was Helena Salter Whitmore, who with her husband conducted a furnished room house at 235 Adams street, Brooklyn. The identification was made by the woman's sister, Mrs. Susan Schmitter of the Bronx, and corroborated by Mrs. Schmitter's husband, Martin Frank Engert, a friend and finally by the murdered woman's husband. A summons has been issued to Engert. The latter, who admitted an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Whitmore, was able to go into such minute details in his identification that the authorities believe he will prove a valuable witness.

Mrs. Schmitter also furnished the police with what is believed to be important information. She told of a series of letters and telegrams received by herself and the sister in Schenectady, purporting to come from Mrs. Whitmore, but some of which must have been written after her death. A trunk belonging to Mrs. Whitmore had also been sent mysteriously to her home, Mrs. Schmitter said.

Mrs. Whitmore left her home on Christmas day with the intention, according to her husband, of making a visit to her sister, Mrs. Bessie Hughes, whose home is in Schenectady. At 2 o'clock the next morning she was seen in the company of a man on the Hackensack meadows. That afternoon her nude body was found partly submerged in a pool of water near where she had been seen. The next day Mrs. Whitmore's trunk was delivered at her sister's home in the Bronx.

Whitmore is a Brooklyn elevated motorman who ordinarily works at night. He did not go to work Christmas night. He explained that he was ill with the grip after his wife left their home and he had not been able to work since. He had frequently quarreled with his wife, he said and was not surprised when she failed to return home. They had quarreled, he said, because she had accepted attentions from two other men.

These are not the only kinds of shapes of bread whose origin has been traced to odd circumstances. The crescent shaped rolls which one sees in some parts of the city had a curious birth. On one of the occasions when the Turks besieged Vienna, Peter Windler and his wife had a bakery in that city. This baker's patriotism was tinctured with a sense of humor and possibly a sense of business. At any rate, he conceived the idea of making rolls in the shape of a crescent, the emblem of the Turks. They found a ready sale, for everybody wanted to devour the half moon typifying the Mohammedans at the outer gate.

Germany is the home of commemorative cakes and bread. Other countries, while having as many varieties, have not woven sentiment about them to the same extent.

A great many Americans would not know what schwänekerkuchen is unless they asked a native of the old German city of Rostock. It is to be had only at a certain season of the year because it commemorates a kindly act of many years ago. Rostock was surrounded by an enemy. The city gates were closed, and the enemy had come close to the walls, with clubs, spears, heavy mortars and many other old time implements of war. Once and again and again they rushed upon the walls with thunderous noise and clangor of weapons, but the brave burghers as often forced them back. Then, urged forward by threatening famine, the latter sallied beyond the gates and drove back the foe until the siege was raised.

It was with great joy that they saw the bakers of Schwaan, a village twelve miles down the river Warnow, at the gate as the enemy drove away, bearing heavily laden baskets of cakes. It was such a godsend to the famished burghers that they rewarded the Schwaan bakers by giving them the privilege of coming to Rostock every year on Maundy Thursday to offer their cakes for sale. For many years this custom prevailed, to the profit of the bakers from the neighboring town. In time, however, the bakers of Rostock, showing ingratitude, some might think, baked the schwänekerkuchen themselves. To this very day everybody in Rostock eats schwänekerkuchen in holy week.

Another German bread, which in shape resembles a capital W, owes its existence to the siege of the German town of Kralshain in 1379. It is called haars affen or hair monkeys, a name suggested by the appearance of the apparition which raised the siege. The efforts of the besiegers to take the place had been in vain. They decided to starve the burghers and their families. So they sat down before the town. There they sat for seven months. By this time the provisions were getting short, and starvation seemed inevitable. One woman had pondered long upon the subject, and finally she said to the head of the defenders: "The people outside the wall are superstitious. Let me masquerade at night before them on the city wall in a peculiar dress." She was permitted to carry out her plan. When her fantastic figure was seen upon the wall in the dim light, dithering from point to point, climbing nimbly over obstacles, they were horror stricken.

"Haar affer," they exclaimed pointing at the apparition on the wall. "It is an evil spirit." The following night they fled from the town.

The little chap listened intently, and when his mother finished he looked at her quizzically.

"No, no, mamma," he murmured. "You talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist to have that tooth pulled."—Harpers Weekly.

COULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

This Judge Raised, but the Culprit Promptly Called.

A correspondent sends in the following account of an incident which occurred in his presence in a Kentucky courtroom:

Under the laws of Kentucky the penalty for gaming is a fine of from \$20 to \$50. Judge W. W. Jones was holding a term of circuit court, and when the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky against Daniel Cross was called he asked Daniel if he had a lawyer to defend him. Daniel said he had not, and Judge Jones asked him what he wanted to do about his case which was a charge of gaming.

"I don't know, hardly, judge," said Daniel. "I thought I would just pay it off."

"Were you actually playing?" said the judge.

"I guess we were," Daniel replied. "About how much were you playing for, Daniel?" the judge asked.

"Oh, nothing much," said Daniel. "Just a nickel or dime on the corner."

"Well, Daniel," said the judge. "I will see your dime and raise you \$20."

Daniel looked rather crestfallen for a moment; but, catching the force of the judge's remark, he quickly looked up at the judge and said, "Well, judge, I am satisfied that you have got me beat, so I'll not raise you, but I guess I will have to call you."—Law Notes

#### A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right. If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded at A. G. Lukens & Co. drug store, 25c."

Remnant sale at Knollenberg's Dress Goods Dept. one-half price.

#### LITTLE CHIP

With "Dream City."

just as at Weber's theatre, New York, where it was one of the pronounced hits of the past season. The musical comedy extravaganza or "dramatic pipe," as it is called has scored tre

## THE HOT CROSS BUN

TWO THEORIES AS TO THE ORIGIN OF ITS MARKING.

**Symbols in the Shape of Pretzels and Certain Cakes—The Siege of Rostock and the Bakers of Schwaan. German Commemorative Cakes.**

Who would think of the pretzel as an astronomical symbol or the hot cross bun as a missionary document? Yet it is said that originally the one was intended to represent the sun and the four seasons and the other to convert pagan England to Christianity. The former is declared to have been first made by the Romans, who called it the annulus—a word they are said to have formed out of annus, a year—by which they meant a year ring. The ring represented the sun's annual circuit and the four spokes the seasons. It was afterward known under other names in the more northerly countries of Europe. There are two stories of the origin of the hot cross bun. The Christian missionaries to England are said to have discovered that, although they could alter the views of the people on religious matters, they could not induce them to abandon their time honored pagan customs. One of these was the eating of a certain kind of cake in honor of the Goddess of Spring. They decided to put the sign of the cross on the Saxon buns and launch them forth on a missionary enterprise. The buns accomplished their mission.

The other story is that in early times in the observance of holy week the church was more strict in the matter of fasts than now. Only a certain amount of food could be eaten. This was indicated by two boundary marks made in the dough to show the length and width of the piece. The loaves were sold in churches and were carried from place to place by pilgrims. So the custom of crossing the bread used on Good Friday became fixed.

These are not the only kinds of shapes of bread whose origin has been traced to odd circumstances. The crescent shaped rolls which one sees in some parts of the city had a curious birth. On one of the occasions when the Turks besieged Vienna, Peter Windler and his wife had a bakery in that city. This baker's patriotism was tinctured with a sense of humor and possibly a sense of business. At any rate, he conceived the idea of making rolls in the shape of a crescent, the emblem of the Turks. They found a ready sale, for everybody wanted to devour the half moon typifying the Mohammedans at the outer gate.

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