

CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE NAME OF LOVE

A Strange Epidemic of Murders in New York City in Which Dan Cupid Plays the Leading Part.

That there is really an epidemic of crimes in the sacred name of love might well appear from the recent startling record of fatal tragedies, a large proportion of which have had their scene in New York.

"I killed her because I thought she was not true to me," said Julius Hoffman, as he looked from the New York office to dying Draga Seigel.

"Will you take me back?" demanded Henry Fischner of Johanna Hoefler, an attractive young waitress who was on duty at her uncle's lunch room, 821 Tenth avenue, and as she didn't reply he shot her down in cold blood, then turned the weapon on himself.

Thus, on the police blotter, within 24 hours two more murders were charged to the blind little god, Love.

Why has Cupid traded his well-beloved and gentle weapons, the bow and arrow, for the more formidable revolver?

In the days when Love was young, and the simple life an actuality, not a theory, Cupid tipped his arrow with golden love-songs and aimed it with a laugh. To-day, in New York, with its strange commingling of foreign elements, its nervous tension, its glittering pleasures and its appalling loneliness, Cupid oftentimes loads his newly acquired weapon with death-dealing bullets and sends them flying to the accompaniment of a groan or a curse. Within the past 12 months Love's hand has aimed more deadly weapons than Bacchus, or Greed, or Revenge, or Hatred. Race-hatred, sudden fury following on the heels of a business quarrel, these and all other causes must give Love precedence as the power behind the gun, the knife, the stiletto.

Just a year ago, in an obscure downtown hotel, Louis G. Hampton, a man of family, social and business standing, shot and killed first the woman he loved and then himself. The woman in the case was Victoria Tackow, a beautiful salesgirl in a department store. She was 32 years the junior of her wealthy and influential admirer, who was an official of the United States Trust company, of Wall street. She did not know he was married. She was waiting for the death of his aged mother to relieve him of certain domestic responsibilities and get him free to marry the girl he loved. Her name was above reproach. Her family knew of her love affair and approved of the supposedly prospective marriage.

What happened between these two behind the barred door of the obscure hotel no one knows. Perhaps the girl had learned the hideous truth, and told the man she no longer loved him—that she was leaving him forever. Three sharp reports, scurrying foot-

steps and bated breaths in the hallway without, and within—Cupid weeping over his deadly work.

November—and the Thanksgiving spirit abroad in the big, bustling city. But no such spirit in the heart of Giuseppe Figlia. Working with him in the same factory at No. 67 Spring street was beautiful Antoinette Maciocci, beautiful as an Italian woman is only at the age of 19. Figlia had loved and wooed her, had been one

of many admirers treated with courteous toleration by the belle of Carmine street and the Spring street factory, but in time all fell back in favor of Vincenzo Lavorec. The betrothal of the handsome couple was announced, their wedding day grew near—but with it came death. Antoinette, not content with her conquest, had later made fun of Figlia, who was small and unattractive, calling him "The Toad." On the twenty-sixth day of November "The Toad" and the factory beauty met during the noon hour at the water cooler. An angry question, a taunting reply, four reports from a death-dealing pistol, a once beautiful form lying in a pool of blood, a sullen man facing the officers of the law.

"She made fun of me, and I killed her. Now she won't marry any one, and if I die, too, I don't care."

December, month of the Christ-child, passed without a murder in the name of Love; but on January 2 the police gathered into their drag-net Leo Mitchell, who for more than four years had been in hiding for the murder of Marie Lewrazzo, a pretty girl who had refused to marry him, after he had paid her passage over from Italy. To be sure, this was because Marie had heard that Leo had another wife in Italy, but the jealous Italian had passed the stage where marriage vows counted against the power of the little god—and so he, too, raised his revolver and shot the girl through the heart.

Five days later George Fallen, who ran a flower stand at Eighty-first street and Columbus avenue, shot and killed Mrs. Madeline Wiedman, the wife of his business neighbor, John Wiedman, a news dealer. Mrs. Wiedman was a striking brunette who with her assistant, Miss Ratel, plied the trade of manicuring at the Endicott hotel. She lived at No. 80 West Eighty-second street, whither on the fatal night George Fallen had been bidden, with other guests, to celebrate a birthday. As the guests separated, Fallen drew Mrs. Wiedman aside and again urged the unlawful love which she had often spurned, and, being spurned again, that love cried hoarsely: "I'm tired of this nonsense. I love you, and I'm going to have you."

Then again the fatal shot and another at Mrs. Wiedman's assistant, who came to her rescue, and still a third and a sharp knife at his own throat. Another tragedy in the name of Love had been written in New York's criminal annals.

In the early dawn of March 1 Ametillo Gallo, a young bride of Northern Little Italy, went a-gunning for the man who had stolen from him, at a

to live with me she will never live with another. We are going to die together. Laura and Jim." But the woman shot herself first. The man missed his aim and then weakened. Broken marriage vows, quarrels patched up and then renewed, love one minute, hatred the next, death for the wife, suspicion, arrest and dishonor for the husband—and all in the name of Love!

"Three bullets for sweetheart and one for herself," is the tabloid form in which Marie Balasi's tragedy was written on Independence day. Deceived and ruined by Henry Stern, a stranger in a strange land, and deserted by the man she had trusted, poor Marie Balasi thus ended forever the new love dream in which Stern had lost all sense of honor and obligation to her.

On July 23 occurred one of the most sensational murders in New York's recent history. Miss Esther Norling discovered that Frank H. Warner, once her business employer, later her partner, was not worthy of her trust and love, and thrust him out of her life. Drink-sodden and believing that the girl, by her act, had

hand in hand. From Australia came some childhood friends of the pretty Draga. She did the honors of New York to her former playmates. Hoffman heard and armed himself for revenge.

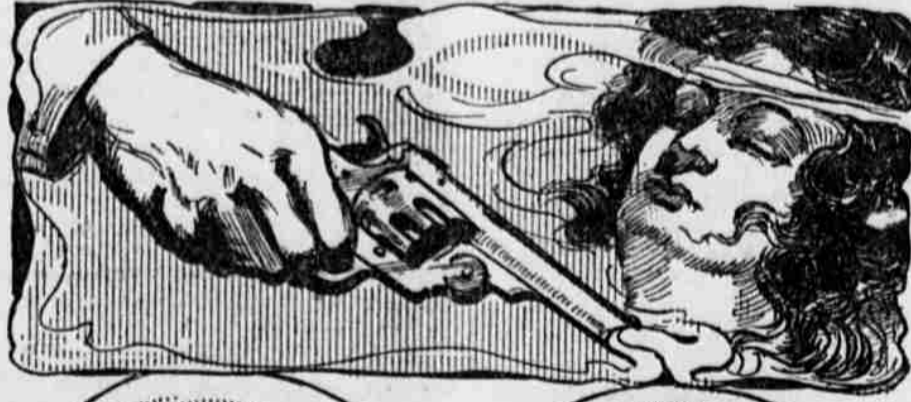
"I gave up everything, wife, family, standing, for love of you. You shall belong to no other man."

Again the fatal shot. Again a woman pleading that she loved only the man whose hand held the smoking revolver. Again the rage-dimmed eyes that somehow regulate a fatally true aim. Again the rush of excited people, the clang of the ambulance bell, the shouts of officers driving back the curious throng—and another crime is laid at the door of poor, twentieth-century worn Cupid.

TELEPHONE USED BY JAPS.

Government Owns System Which Has Many Up-to-Date Features.

In Japan the telephone system is operated by the government. Telephone, postal and telegraph services are all under one head, being controlled by a group of officials who



GEORGE FALLEN.



MISS E. C. NORLING.



The Clergyman Pinioned the Half-Crazy Youth and Miss Crouse Escaped to Her Family.

separated him from the last hope of earthly happiness or all connection with a decent life, Warner shot and killed her in the very door of the store where she was employed as cashier, at No. 3 West Forty-second street. Then, blood-crazed, he dashed down town and killed a life-long friend, John C. Wilson, a millionaire hat manufacturer of Waverley place and Greene street, who was in the act of loaning the crazed man money.

A doughty and strong-armed minister of the gospel saved a young woman from a hated marriage and perhaps from actual death at Ashbury Park on September 19. Belle Crouse, daughter of a Presbyterian minister at Stanhope, N. J., was engaged to Percy C. Bissell, a student at the state normal school, Trenton, N. J., when rumors reached her that her intended was a confirmed gambler. Her father found that the rumors were only too true and the engagement was broken off. The Crouses went to Ocean Grove, whither young Bissell followed. The two young people met on the street, and surreptitiously Bissell displayed a revolver and ordered the girl to accompany him to the parsonage of Rev. C. M. Griffin, pastor of the Ashbury Park Methodist church. In the middle of the service Miss Crouse began to scream, asking that she be protected from her too anxious lover. Whereupon, the clergyman, being strong of arm, pinioned the half-crazy youth, and Miss Crouse escaped to the bosom of her family. But the end was not yet, and friends of the family assert that Bissell should be confined, as the girl is not safe so long as he is at large.

And last comes Julius Hoffman, married, formerly a lieutenant in the Austrian army, who for love and jealousy killed Draga Seigel. For he had given up wife, children and friends. Hoffman and his wife had come from Australia, bringing with them Draga, who had been an apprentice in Mrs. Hoffman's dressmaking establishment.

In New York they all prospered until love, blind, irresponsible, unreasoning love, took a hand in the game. Mrs. Hoffman left her husband and Draga went to live with a family by the name of Lucas. Hoffman lived alone. Mrs. Hoffman brought suit against Draga Seigel, who in another year would come into an inheritance of \$100,000, for alienating her husband's affections; and Draga in turn brought suit for defamation of character. In the midst of this confusion jealousy and death appeared

form what is known as the department of communications. Although this department has had only a few years in which to build up the telephone service it has made such progress as to put the Japanese system in a condition which makes it so much superior to others in the east that it is not for a moment to be compared with them, says the American Telephone Journal. In fact the Japanese telephone men have adopted many ideas in connection with the building and operation of their plants which show that they could give valuable pointers to many Europeans in charge of telephone systems under government control.

Their progressiveness, for example, in the use of telephones to aid in army maneuvers is known to the whole world. It is acknowledged everywhere that in the late war with Russia they developed field telephone service to a point of greater efficiency than has been reached by any other army.

Tokio has, as would be expected, the largest telephone system of any of the Japanese cities, and the general features of construction and operation there seem to be typical of the practice throughout the country.

Out of a population of nearly a million people about 15,000 are subscribers for telephone service. The lines are divided between five offices. The rates are 66 yen (about \$33) for either business or residence stations. All lines are individual, party line service being esteemed unsatisfactory.

Cleanliness is the most noteworthy thing which impresses itself upon a visitor to one of these central offices. The reason for the absence of dust is made apparent to the stranger by the request that he shall remove his boots before entering, which is courteously made at the door. Although a pair of slippers is provided as a substitute for the foot covering worn out of doors, the shape of these shoes is so peculiar that the writer has in some instances found it more convenient to walk in his stocking feet. The advantage of this oriental custom of removing the shoes before walking upon the floor of a room is shown clearly enough by the results. The Japanese offices are by long odds the neatest the writer has ever been in in any part of the world.

All the operators are girls. The endless succession of challenges, "Nanban" (number), is spoken in a well-modulated tone of voice and all calls seem to be answered promptly.

The Girl Who Read the Proof

By MINNIE W. BAINES-MILLER

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The city editor was scratching away for dear life, but he couldn't keep up with the calls for copy from below. It was one of those days when, to use his own expression, everything was "balled up" in the office. One of the sub-reporters was sick, another was attending the funeral of his father, and a third was on the chase after a sensational "scoop" that would turn the other dailies green with envy, and subject more than a few well-meaning young men who failed to get there, to editorial scoring. The young woman who read the proof, and varied the occupation by broadening her fingertips on the keys of the typewriter, after sneezing all the forenoon with an inopportune attack of the grippe, had been excused and gone home.

The city editor himself was engaged on a pertinent little "story" designed to expose the boddling methods of the opposite party in the Fifth ward.

There were certain appointed days for these expositions, and this was one of them. So, with his coat off and his hair standing on end, a la porcupine quills, he was boning right down to it, wishing he had, like Briareus, a hundred hands to bring to the varied duties of the hour, when the devil came in with a handful of proof-slips, and laid them on his desk.

This seemed to be the last straw that broke the camel's back. One woe was certainly treading upon another's heels, so fast they followed. The city editor groaned, and followed up the groan with that which desperation alone excuses—a soliloquy. "What in the thunder—I am sorry to be obliged to write it, but that was what he said—'what in the thunder am I to do with this proof?'"

"Give it to me; I will read it," came an unexpected answer from behind him.

The city editor jumped as if a bomb had exploded in the rear of him, and suddenly turned around. What his astonished eyes beheld was a young woman sitting at the desk back of his own. She wore a big black hat with "four and twenty black birds," more or less, standing on their heads, with wings extended and tails in air, upon either side its crown. He further noticed, for, like most men, the city editor was great on details of dress, that she had on a silk shirt waist, "of some kind or other." He guessed at the wide skirt and tan shoes below it.

"You? Who are you?" asked the city editor, in extreme surprise, forgetting his manners, and scrutinizing her "with a power of cool stare in his eyes, equal to 4 brown stone fronts." Yet, surprised as he was, he couldn't help noting the absurdity of the small young face framed in the ugly style of fashionably-parted hair, which causes a maiden in her teens to appear as if, like Buddha, she might have been 51 one times her own ancestor; transforms the rosy curves of a Venus into the severe lines of a Minerva.

"I?" She gave a musical little laugh, and her serious countenance relaxed. "I am a young woman in search of something to live by. You were so busy when I came in, I didn't like to disturb you with inquiries."

"Humph!" ejaculated the city editor in that disagreeable tone denying Fate has placed her patent on, and to which the young woman took immediate exception. For, alas, it is not always that meekness is one of need's distinctive qualifications.

"I'm sure," said she, a little spiritedly, "it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to feel the need for doing—much less to ask for work." Her voice faltered and came near breaking on the end of the sentence. The blue fire in her eyes seemed about to be quenched in tears. Was she going to cry? Good gracious! What was to be done with her if she went to crying? The city editor was a single man and did not know what might be the proper thing to do in such an emergency.

"Well," said he, a little ungraciously; "if you can read proof, go over this," and he bundled proof-sheets and copy onto the desk before her, fleeing for refuge back to the Fifth ward boddling scheme.

He had succeeded in forgetting all about the young woman behind him, when her high clear voice broke in upon his consciousness, saying: "Dear me! I've forgotten how to make the mark for transposing."

"Don't bother!" was the curt reply. He was just ripping a councilman up the back, and was afraid some of his vituperative adjectives might get away.

"Sir?" was the indignant rejoinder, in a tone crisp as celery and cold as well-frozen sberbet. But the city editor went on scratching, and paid no attention.

But, by and by, when the corruption had all been exposed, and the story was complete, this terrible male representative of Nemesis, who shares with her in this age the duty of chastising all offending malefactors, subsided into his proper person of meek, gentlemanly young man, and in his suavest tone addressed her, saying: "Now, madam, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" as he turned on his swinging chair, in her direction.

But lo and behold! the black hat

and silk waist with the young woman under and inside them, respectively, had vanished.

There were the proof-slips duly corrected; even the mark for transposing was all O. K. If it had not been for the pencil marks on these slips, he might have imagined the entire affair only the astounding hallucination of an over-worked city editor's brain. Could she, after all, have been a female Pixie? But no! He had never heard of a Pixie with a whole nest of black-birds on his or her head. He concluded, upon reflection, that she must be a genuine bona fide woman who had gone away in a pet because he was not sufficiently polite to her. And that was where he hit the nail squarely on the head.

Day after day went by, but she did not come again; and as the city editor went to and fro in the street or on the trolley cars, it annoyed him to find himself peering anxiously into the face of every young woman who wore a big black hat. On more than one occasion he had chased after silk shirt waists that bore some general resemblance to his hazy idea of what hers might have looked like, only to discover that they were not the one which he sought. What impelled him to this search, or what would have been the result had he found her, he could not explain, even to himself. Day after day the sick proof-reader and type-writer girl failed, as the devil expressed it, to "show up."



"If You Can Read Proof, Go Over This."

Word reached the office that she was down with pneumonia. Everybody and nobody read the proof, and rival papers perpetrated jokes over the fearfully-and-wonderfully-made headlines that got locked up in the forms and came off the press. The editor-in-chief gave notice that "there would be one vacant chair," if this state of affairs wasn't speedily remedied. Then, with a heart beating with mingled hope and fear, the city editor inserted in the paper this "ad.":

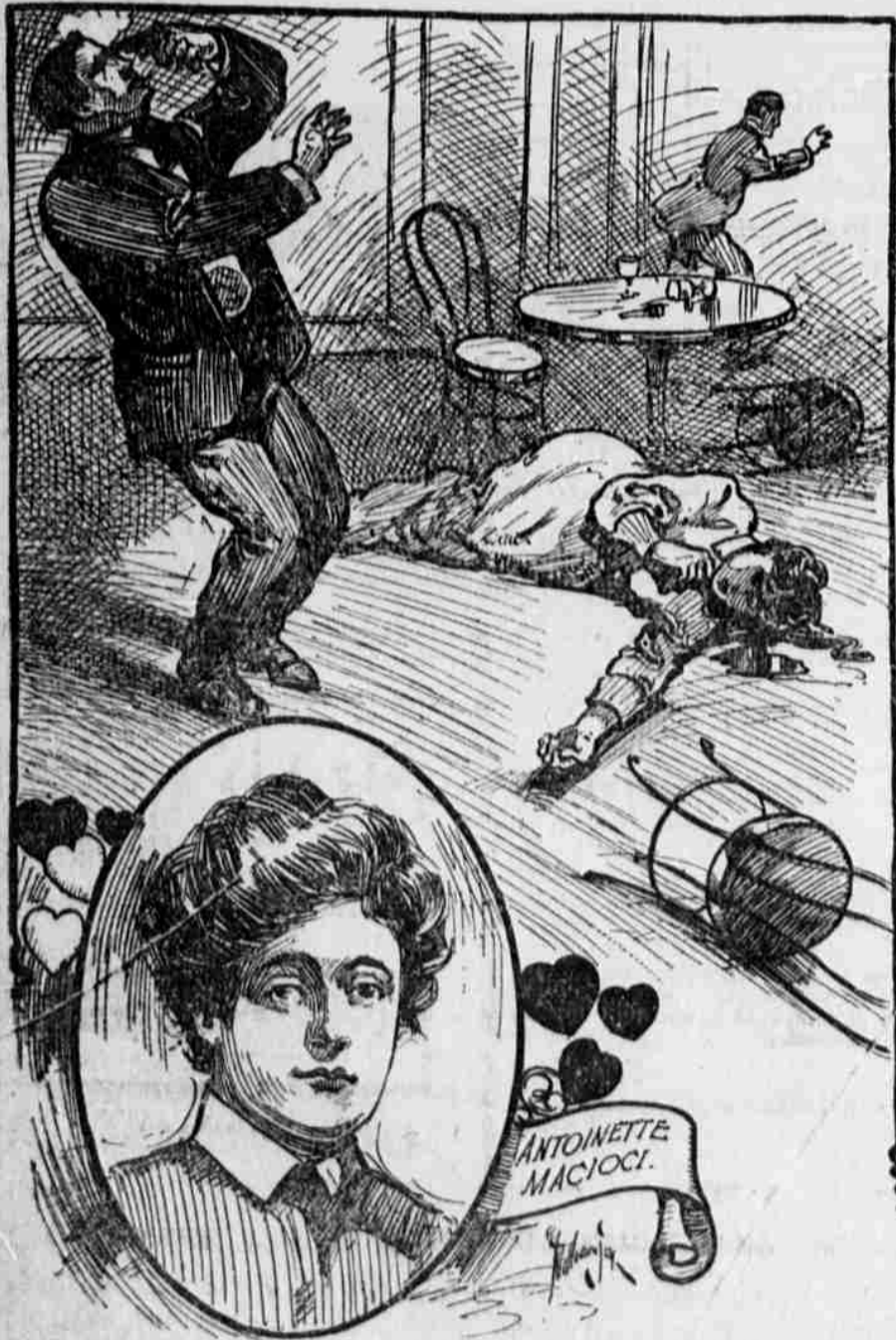
"PERSONAL.—If the young lady in black hat and silk shirt waist who read proof for the city editor in the office of the —, two weeks ago last Monday afternoon, will call at this office immediately, she will hear something to her advantage."

Next morning, the city editor looked over his shoulder and saw her sitting behind him as on a former occasion. Although taken by surprise, and somewhat embarrassed, he lost no time in laying before her the proposition he was empowered to make. She accepted at once, and the contract was soon closed; but not until he had revenged himself upon her for some of the follies she had, unconsciously, led him to commit, by the following malicious catechism: "Does tobacco smoke make you sick?" "Do you scream if you chance to see a mouse?" "Do you think it necessary to convert all the reporters into a train of special admirers?" "Do you make engagements with your dressmaker to take effect during office hours?"

She knew he was exceeding the limit of his inquisitorial duties designed to determine her fitness for the place, but she bore herself humbly, convinced of the certainty of future reprisals.

"All things come 'round to him who waits"—and her. When, a year afterward, the editor-in-chief received an uplift to a metropolitan journal and the city editor was promoted to the position he formerly occupied, he made a second proposition to the proof-reader, and this time, she did the catechizing: "Do you stay out later at night than business strictly requires?" "Do you come home sober?" "Will you stop smoking cigars and put the money in the savings bank?" "Will you build the kitchen fire?" "Shall you think it necessary to make invidious comparisons between my cooking and your mother's?" "And, last but not least, may your mother-in-law live with us?"

To all these questions he gave satisfactory replies, adding as he kissed her lips and prevented her from propounding more: "If the proof isn't clean, you shall be the one to correct it, dear."



steps and bated breaths in the hallway without, and within—Cupid weeping over his deadly work.

November—and the Thanksgiving spirit abroad in the big, bustling city. But no such spirit in the heart of Giuseppe Figlia. Working with him in the same factory at No. 67 Spring street was beautiful Antoinette Maciocci, beautiful as an Italian woman is only at the age of 19. Figlia had loved and wooed her, had been one

of many admirers treated with courteous toleration by the belle of Carmine street and the Spring street factory, but in time all fell back in favor of Vincenzo Lavorec. The betrothal of the handsome couple was announced, their wedding day grew near—but with it came death. Antoinette, not content with her conquest, had later made fun of Figlia, who was small and unattractive, calling him "The Toad." On the twenty-sixth day of November "The Toad" and the factory beauty met during the noon hour at the water cooler. An angry question, a taunting reply, four reports from a death-dealing pistol, a once beautiful form lying in a pool of blood, a sullen man facing the officers of the law.