

# THIS BOCHE KISSES BACON GIVEN HIM BY AN AMERICAN

Commander of First Relief  
Ship Through Kiel Canal  
Tells About It.

A thrilling voyage through mine-infested seas was described to-day by Lieut. Commander Charles Boettger, in charge of the American steamship Westward Ho, the first vessel to pass through the Kiel Canal from the outside world since the signing of the armistice.

The Westward Ho sailed from New York for Danzig on Jan. 25 with a

cargo of food and other supplies for Poland. She arrived at Danzig on Feb. 24 and after a brief stay returned to New York. She is being loaded now with a new cargo of supplies bought with funds raised in this country by Jewish and Polish charities, and she will sail again for Danzig this week. The supplies are distributed by the American Relief Administration, of which Herbert Hoover is the head.

"We encountered fierce storms for three and a half days when approaching Europe," said Lieut. Commander Boettger. "Mines were and will be a great menace in European waters. On the trip to Danzig, I counted 125 floating mines which had been planted by the Germans during the war. We were under orders to travel only in the daytime. At night we lay at anchor and resumed our runs at sunrise.

"Germans in great numbers were on the bridges and the banks of the Kiel Canal when we went through. They asked curiously why food was being sent to the Poles when they got none. They had lots of money and offered to buy food from us at fabulous prices, but we were under strict orders not to sell any to them. One old German pilot, to whom I gave a piece of bacon out of pity, kissed it and fondled it like he was regaining a long lost child. He wept and told me it was the first bacon he had seen for three and a half years.

"We found most of the Germans with whom we came into contact wearing paper clothes and close to starvation. They offered us \$4 for 10-cent pieces of chocolate and wanted to buy 5-cent cakes of soap from us for as much as \$5. Coffee was selling for \$20 a pound, in a restaurant in one German town I paid \$2 for a cup of coffee that was not fit to drink. I do not know what it was made of. The German bread, I understand, is made mostly of sawdust and acorns.

"The Poles are enthusiastic over the help sent them from America. When the initial shipment arrived one of the Government Ministers expressed the general sentiment with this grateful remark: 'This is the first time any nation has kept a promise made to Poland.'

Lieut. Commander Boettger is a native of Posen, now a part of Poland, and, though only forty-two years old, has a marriage record dating back to 1885, during much of which time he has held a master's license. He entered the United States naval service in June, 1917.

The Westward Ho is an Emergency Fleet Corporation ship, built on the Pacific Coast. She was put in the freight transport service during the war and was torpedoed on her second trip to Brest. She was towed, badly damaged, to that port, repaired there and then taken over by the United States Navy, and later turned over to the Relief Administration.

## DR. WILLIAM H. HALE DEAD.

Former Superintendent of Public Baths Passes Away.

Dr. William H. Hale, a lawyer, seventy-eight years old, formerly Superintendent of Public Baths of the City of New York, is dead at his home, No. 452 Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn. He was found dead in bed by his wife, Louise, of No. 46 First Place, late Saturday night.

Though they had been living apart Mrs. Hale often visited her husband. Dr. Hale, a Yale graduate, was active in public life since 1888. He was one of the three oldest possessors of the Ph. D. degree, which he won at the university in 1888. He was picturesque and eccentric.

The last years of Dr. Hale's life were stormy. He was dropped as Superintendent of Public Baths following his conviction of entering the women's department of the Fourth Avenue Baths. The court suspended sentence. Trouble with his wife also brought him into public notice.

# Nothing in Criminal Case, But Cash in Slander Suit, So All Were Glad to Quit

## Two Family Parties in Essex Court Drive Zetlin to Distraction, but Hogan Comes to Rescue With a Happy In- spiration—Money.

The chorus ensemble of the Metropolitan was a mere whisper compared to the medley of voices of the Kruger-Ennick cohorts in Essex Market Court.

### CLANG! CLANG! ANVILS RANG

Frough yesterday. They were all there—families, relatives and friends—and the anvil chorus of wide repute was in good working order. A diagnosis of the case would be difficult. His Honor scratched his head; the court stenographer almost faintly exclamationed, and even the visible Mr. Zetlin, the court interpreter, was at a loss to express himself in any language.

It went something like this: Moe Ennick had lived in the house for many years. Four, to be exact, and during that time he had conducted himself with absolute decorum and propriety. But in some manner a carriage of his for here or somebody's else) was placed in the building. Whether it was a baby carriage or a buggy was an unexplained point. And somebody objected and somebody else called a neighbor many names. Hence the summons and the lauge.

Judge Frough looked at his watch. It was quarter past four, when the courts are supposed to be closed to customers. Then he looked about the court room and spied another piece of furniture which promised to be of similar nature.

"Mr. Hogan," he called to the Assistant District Attorney. "We have three cases left. You take one and I'll take the other."

"Very good, Your Honor," agreed Mr. Hogan.

He then invited the participants to hold session in the hall. The party withdrew.

"Now, what is the trouble?" There followed a series of speeches which reminded one of the popular conception of a Bolshevik meeting. Several languages were unrolled; all did their duty as stockholders in the noise-making corporation. Mr. Hogan's hands went up; Mr. Dittler, the attorney, tried vainly to restore order; the reporter broke his pencil. Finally a plan was hit upon. Two of the combatants were placed in each corner and were forbidden to speak until spoken to under penalty of a general nuisance.

"Now, what is the trouble?" Mr. Hogan asked the audience of the southeast corner.

"She called me names."  
"What did she call you?"  
"Blankety-blank!"  
"What else?"  
"Blink!"  
"What else?"  
"Dash—quotation marks."  
"Is that all?"

No, that is only a few. Do you want the rest?"  
Mr. Hogan then repaired to the other corners and extracted equally unprintable evidence and tokens of remarkable vocabularies. He then

## WIFE, 62, IS SUED BY HER AGED SPOUSE

### Court Grants Mrs. Fannie Kohn Alimony Pending Trial of Annulment Suit.

The mother of five children and grandmother of thirty-nine, Mrs. Fannie Kohn, sixty-two years old, of No. 451 East 171st Street, the Bronx, was granted alimony of \$14 per week and counsel fee of \$50 by Supreme Court Justice Mullian in the Bronx yesterday, pending the trial of an action for annulment brought by her aged spouse, Harris Kohn, teacher of Hebrew, who lives at No. 1647 Washington Avenue.

The Kohns were married Sept. 12, 1913. Harris, who is seventy-three, seeks to have the wedding annulled upon the grounds of a former marriage. Alleging that he is of the "orthodox Hebrew faith of the tribe of the Division of Cohanim," Kohn

signalled "assemble," and all rushed to the centre.

"I think the best thing for you is to go to the civil court and start proceedings for slander. We cannot do anything here."

"We might make a lot of money," said some one.

Followed a double thanks to every one, and a general exodus to pastures new.

John came back again. And although his third appearance in Essex Market Court in three days was not marked by a singular array of his costumes of his first and second, nevertheless John upheld his record of being "there" when attire was concerned.

John was the first of the captures of May Day. He started celebrating as soon as the old bell tolled midnight, and stopped half an hour later only because one cannot properly celebrate May Day or anything else in the local police station, particularly when one has been relieved of an arm band saying "Free All Political Prisoners" and sundry other Soviet stage properties.

The chief feature of John's debut was the combination blue bathrobe and Mardi Gras costume which he wore in place of the usual shirt and vest. His case was not taken up because he wanted to change his clothes and get a shave and a lawyer.

Yesterday he reappeared, bearing evidences of a change of attire, a shave and a counsellor. As a matter of record, the lawyer also recalled shades of Beau Brummel. But John himself was a knockout. He had a brown suit, such as one sees in the fashion section or on the stage, with silk pockets; a "tuck-me-in-mother" collar, with a purple tie. There were also English style shoes with the usual embossing, and elegant silk socks. As soon as he had his entourage arrived at the court one instinctively looked for the coach and four and Hawkins, the impeccable valet.

John's lawyer proceeded with the case in line shape and called witnesses.

"He has just left the service," he declared as No. 1 came from back stage.

"What service?"  
"The navy."  
"Where? At 250 Broadway?"  
"No, at 101 Street."

"Why, May Day is just like the New Year to the laboring man. Didn't you know that?" the lawyer asked the policeman.

"No, I didn't," replied the cop. "There was something else besides New Year's that made him collect a crowd."

After the discussion was finished His Honor sent John home. Perhaps it was because it would have been a shame to ruin the beautiful croasse of his trousers by hanging them over an iron cot.

## MAYOR SUES FOR A CENT.

Mr. Gillen of Newark Tests Increase in Fare Under New Order.

Suit was started yesterday in the Second District Court by Mayor Charles F. Gillen of Newark, N. J., to recover 1 cent from the Public Service Railway Company. Mayor Gillen was required to pay the cent on a trolley car under a Public Utility Commission order increasing the fare from 6 to 7 cents.

The New Jersey League of Municipalities, which has been fighting the company's applications for higher fares, contends that the latest order, issued last Friday night, is illegal. Mayor Gillen set out yesterday to test the order, and found a conductor who told him he would have to pay another penny or get off.

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## ORDER

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Skilled camera men in every country send the pictures they take to THE WORLD'S Gravure Section, but local events, New York and its myriad of exciting activities—the new Fashions, the Theatres, the Society events—are adequately pictured. Strong points in The World's Gravure Section are exclusive photographs, excellent reproduction and interesting captions. Each week it presents a distinctive appearance.