

BOUCK WHITE TAKEN FROM BED, FLOGGED, TARRED, FEATHERED

Masked Men Seize Parlor
Red Leader on Bride's
Cruelty Charges.

DRAGGED OUT BY ROPE

Citizens of Marlboro, N. Y.,
Flog Radical Agitator
Outside Home.

WIFE IS SAFE IN HOTEL

Couple Were Married April 21
in Paris—Lived in Lonely
Shack in Foothills.

POUGHKEEPSIE, May 29.—Bouck White, radical agitator, founder of the Church of the Social Revolution, and the man who served jail terms in New York for invading Calvary Baptist Church and for burning an American flag, was horsewhipped and tarred and feathered last Monday night by a group of citizens of Marlboro, N. Y., because they believed he had been cruel to his bride of less than five weeks. Mrs. Andre Emilie Simon White, who is now seeking an annulment of the marriage on the grounds of fraud. The mixture of tar, asphalt, carbolic acid and feathers was applied so thoroughly that when White removed it he took with it large sections of skin. The back of his neck to-day seemed to be almost skinless.

According to the story told by the people of Marlboro and corroborated to a large extent by White, although he insists that the group was composed of "city toughs," the agitator was asleep in bed when three automobiles filled with masked men drew up in front of the rude stone and wooden shack in which he had been living in retirement for the last three years. The shack is in the foothills of the Shawangunk Mountains, one of the most desolate spots in Ulster county.

White was dragged from bed, a rope tied around his waist and he was hauled into the middle of the dirt road that ends at the shack. There he was flogged by the masked men until he dropped from exhaustion, after which his pajamas were ripped from his back and the tarring and feathering done.

This is the story that the neighbors, including men who are said to have taken part in the affair, tell, but White says the truth is somewhat different. He said he had been treated roughly "by a gang of city toughs," and he told a reporter for THE NEW YORK HERALD who visited his shack yesterday that he had not been tarred and feathered, but that he had been beaten. When asked what was the matter with his neck, he said he had been sunburned. The agitator declared that the "toughs" threw him into an automobile and drove him to a town south of Newburgh, a distance of more than thirteen miles, where he was thrown out after promising to "do right by his wife," and left to make his way back home as best he could.

Admits Marital Troubles.

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Reporters who visited White at his shack found him asleep in a rustic swing in the front yard. With him as his companion on the thirty acre estate was William Sanger, an artist and the husband of Mrs. Margaret Sanger of birth control fame, who is now in Europe. Sanger has a studio on the grounds, which a huge signboard announces is "Bouck White's Place." When the reporters came in White arose to a sitting position in the swing, but he did it with difficulty, and rubbed himself carelessly, as if he was in considerable pain.

"It's all true," he said, when asked about his marital troubles. "You boys can go the limit. Never mind me, but take care of her. Give her the best of it."

The man who was so spruce and dapper and so careful of his appearance while a leader of the parlor raids in New York city was dressed shabbily. He wore a pair of old army shoes, through which his toes poked; his elbows protruded from holes in a dirty gray sweater and he wore the remnants of a linen hat. He declared he had told his wife that he was an agitator, but said he probably did not make her realize fully the extent to which he was "committed to the cause of social revolution."

"It is just one more," he said, "of the 10,000 marriages between French women and American men since the war that have turned out unfavorably. French publicists and statesmen are beginning to concentrate on the fact and are trying to discourage such unions. It is just a case of two opposite strains of temperament not mixing. French and American marriages do not turn out right. It is not my fault and it is not her fault. It is merely because the French temperament cannot get used to American frontier ways. I consider myself a frontiersman. My place is at the end of the road and I am, therefore, practically at the frontier."

White denied that he ever had struck his wife, as she claims, but he said that one time during a difference in opinion he picked her up and carried her to her bedroom. He has several scratches on his face to prove his assertion that Mrs. White did not like that. When he was asked why he had buried himself in the mountains, White said:

Says World Has Brainstorm.

"The war broke up my work down there in New York city. My agitation was all before the war and I had a right to agitate. When America entered the war I told my radical friends that since America had an enemy in the open and the blood of America's sons was being spilled, it was up to us to abandon our radical activities. When I made this announcement all of my friends abandoned me, so I came up here."

"The world now is suffering from a

BOUCK WHITE TAKEN FROM BED, FLOGGED

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brainstorm, and when this is over and people get back to sane thinking again, I shall have a message for them, and I am sure they will listen to me. I and my marital difficulties are but an incident, merely one of the 10,000 such failures, and they are easily settled. The girl—I mean my wife—will get her annulment and I will pay her fare back to France. This story should be kept on a high plane, and it can best be done that way if you boys do not mention the visit of these city toughs last Monday night.

"They call me an anarchist, a Socialist, a Bolshevik and an I. W. W., but I am none of them. I am just a liberal. All I want to do is live and write. I am now writing a book on the part the municipality will play in the great cataclysm that is bound to come."

The tar and feathering episode which cost White much pain and considerable skin was the climax of twelve days of married life in the shack near Mariboro, twelve days in which an attractive young Frenchwoman who had thought she had married a conservative American business man was thoroughly disillusioned. The awakening, Mrs. White said, was attended by a series of fights in which she was hit by White and suffered many black and blue marks. She finally left the shack a week ago last Thursday morning, and was seen by Mrs. Leonia Swile, housekeeper of the Marlboro Mountain House, the nearest home to White's place, walking down the road carrying a heavy suit case. She was crying and seemed to be about to faint.

Mrs. Swile called to William McElrath, owner of the hotel, and they invited the young woman to come in and rest. She is now staying there as the guest of the hotel, and will be cared for by Mr. McElrath and Mrs. Swile until the courts dispose of her case and she can be sent back to her home in Paris. She told of marrying White in France because she thought she loved him and believed he was a business man. The ceremony was performed on April 21 in Paris, and on the following day they started for the United States.

White and his wife reached New York April 20 and went to live in the Hotel Holly in Washington Square. White then proceeded to introduce the young French woman to his radical friends, but none of them made a favorable impression. Her husband then summoned Miss Louise Adams Groot, a Socialist in good standing, to teach his wife the principles of radicalism, but Mrs. White was deeply imbued with the nationalistic ideas of the French and she refused to be converted. It was then that White decided to take his bride to the mountains, to the shack which, she says, he had pictured to her as a luxurious country place.

Bernard F. Cecire, a Poughkeepsie lawyer, is acting as Mrs. White's counsel in the annulment action, and Harry G. Harper has been named guardian ad litem, the girl being only 20.

NINES HONORED IN VENICE.

VENICE, May 19.—A banquet was

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