

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

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YOUNG WESTPHAL'S AGAIN UNDER SUSPICION

Police Satisfied that He Holds the Clue to the Death of Mr. Leyh at His Williamsburg Home.

Finding of Poison in the Man's Home Is Connected with the Conflicting Stories Which the Boy Has Told.

"I'm satisfied that young Westphal can solve the mystery of the death of his employer, George F. Leyh," said one of the Brooklyn detectives today, who has been working hard to find out who put the poison in the victim's beer.

"All our efforts are now being directed to get him to tell what he knows is the truth. So far he has told an amazing series of lies, most of which might be traced to boyish disregard for mere facts, but he has admitted that he put a headache powder in the glass from which Leyh drank a few minutes before his death.

"We will see if the boy did not put something stronger in the beer." In connection with this comes the statement to-day from Detective Garland, of the Bedford avenue station, that in searching the cellar last night where Mr. Leyh kept his beer, he discovered on a shelf a quantity of powder resembling either cyanide of potassium or bi-sulphate of mercury, both of which poisons Mr. Leyh kept in his store as part of his photographic supplies.

Coroner Williams said this afternoon that he knew much about the mystery that he had never spoken of to any one, but that by Monday at the latest a definite plan of action would be determined upon and sensational developments brought out.

Mrs. Westphal visited her son in the rooms of the Children's Society to-day. She wept over him, and when she came out from her talk with the boy she told the reporters that he was innocent.

"He is a good boy and he is being persecuted," she said. "He ought to be at home right now. He never harmed the old man and he never stole that money. If he found a pocketbook, like other boys, he would probably buy a bicycle and say nothing about it. The police have confused him and made him tell conflicting stories. It's a perfect shame the way he has been treated."

STORY OF CRIME THAT Baffles the Police.

The murder of Mr. Leyh at his home, No. 73 Broadway, Brooklyn, is to-day wrapped in as much mystery as the killing of Walter Brooks and the shooting of Albert Latimer in his Brooklyn home last January. Of course the Brooklyn police had to do with the Brooks murder, but Capt. Reynolds and his men had all to do with the Latimer case. The mystery is as deep as ever.

As in the Latimer case, nearly all of the clues in the Leyh murder have been furnished by the newspapers. From the start the Brooklyn police were inclined to the suicide theory. Grief over the death of his wife, they said, was the cause of the act.

The Facts in the Case.

Mr. Leyh died on Tuesday morning a week ago. These were the facts as reported to the Coroner by Dr. George F. Leyh, the old man's son, and Dr. M. Leod, his son-in-law.

On that morning, Mr. Leyh, who lived over his store, where he dealt in liquors and rubber goods, arose at 6 o'clock and went downstairs at 6:30. It is to be presumed that he followed his usual custom of taking a drink of whiskey as soon as he got downstairs.

His favorite daughter, Isabelle, who kept house for the old man, was still in bed.

At 7 o'clock the office boy, Robert Westphal, of No. 367 Stockholm street, came in and began to dust the bottles on the shelf in the back of the stores. Most of these bottles contain cyanide of potassium and other poisons used in the old gentleman's photographic and chemical experiments, and the boy was supposed to dust them every day. They were labelled "Poison" in red letters, but the Westphal boy declares that he never knew what they contained.

As to what happened between the hour that the boy arrived and 10:30 o'clock, when Miss Isabelle brought down the breakfast, the detectives have only the story told by Westphal. This story he has changed so often and so radically as to convince every one that he is an unusual liar.

"He opened the second bottle of beer," the boy says in his story of the tragedy. "I poured it into the glass and sipped. Then he called out, 'Ugh! Sonny (he always called me sonny), but that beer is bitter; there must be something wrong with it.'"

"Mr. Leyh then went over to the sink and emptied the beer into it, letting it run down the sloping side.

"A little later he said in German, 'Sonny, you must remind me that on next Monday I must pay interest on

CLOSE FINISH IN THE SIX DAY RACE.

Two Teams Still Tied for Lead and Long Grind Will Be Won and Lost by Inches To-Night.

RIDERS ARE ALL EXHAUSTED.

Leander and Krebs and Newkirk and Jacobson Watching Each Other Like Cats, Ready for Jump that Means \$2,500.

SCORE AT 4 O'CLOCK.

M. L. Newkirk and Jacobson	2,372	3
Leander and Floyd Krebs	2,372	3
Stinson and Moran	2,372	2
McFarland and Maya	2,372	2
Bedell Brothers	2,372	2
Galvin and Root	2,372	1
Keegan and Parson	2,372	0
Barclay and Franz Krebs	2,371	8

With only five hours left to ride, the six-day racers at Madison Square Garden were still plugging away at a snail's pace.

The crowd was the largest at that time that has been on hand in the afternoon, almost ten thousand persons being on hand. McFarland was riding in front, but showing signs of distress.

Ten hours from home found the six-day weary cyclists at Madison Square Garden bloodied along as usual, but cutting out all attempts to sprint.

The fast work will be left for the last few miles, and that will be when the real test will come, for two teams are tied for first place and three more are but a lap behind. The other three are out of it as far as first money is concerned.

The followers of McFarland and Maya, who are many, have counted on seeing McFarland's well-known sprinting ability to pull his team out of the hole in the last ten minutes of work.

Few in the crowd realize just how bad McFarland's condition is. The plucky rider has been ill for several days and before noon this morning fell from his wheel from sheer exhaustion. He did not have the strength to get up on his feet and had to be carried to his room. There is not a sprint left in him, and he will be lucky if some other team does not slip by him during the day.

McFarland's fall was the only one of the morning and the race was a steady grind hour after hour. The big crowd, however, was interested in every little move and stirred up plenty of enthusiasm every time a rider was relieved.

The Garden was half filled at noon and there were no sleepers in the entire crowd, for every one felt that something was liable to happen at any minute. Speculation as to the winners furnished the chief topic of conversation and the general opinion is that Leander and Krebs will do the trick.

Already the enterprising vendors are selling photographs of this pair, but they would do well to lay in a supply of Newkirk and Jacobson's. These two sturdy little fellows are sticking right there and are bound to have a word to say when the final test comes. Newkirk, however, may not wait for the last few miles as he is feeling as strong as any man in the race and may decide to jump the bunch some time during the day.

Leander is as well as usual and Krebs, too, has recovered greatly and is able to help out considerably.

Barclay and Franz Krebs are too far in the rear to hope to do anything and will content themselves with last place.

"Patsy" Keegan, whose spectacular but foolishly timed sprints attracted so much attention yesterday, has been on the carpet before the Judges. Complaint was made that he was endangering the chances of the other men by careless riding and he was warned to be more careful and told that he was being watched closely. The claim was made that he had intentionally thrown several riders and was working in the interest of another team. His riding, at the least, has been very peculiar, and Nat Butler was loud in his statements that Keegan had caused the spill in which he was so badly injured.

Keegan followed the judges' tip carefully today and was not much in evidence when it came to fast work. His team is three laps behind the leaders and with no chance of making up the lost ground.

Every man is watching the others in the most careful manner and there is little probability of any one getting clear during the day.

The training quarters below stairs have been broken up and the men not riding are camped at the side of the track.

Stinson is still plugging away although his broken collar bone troubles him more and more all the time. His grit is really remarkable and he even claims that he will regain the lost lap during the day.

The men all realize that the end is near. There was not a sign of the usual morning throng of spongers although the side of the track was lined with sleeping spectators.

Just Twenty Hours' Journey. The Pennsylvania special provides a rapid and convenient means of getting to Chicago. It leaves New York every day.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, WHO IS AT DEATH'S DOOR, AND THE WIFE WHOM HE WED DESPITE HIS FAMILY.



BULLDOG HUNG TO HER THROAT.

To Save Girl's Jugular Vein Owner Had to Choke the Savage Brute to Death on the Boston Road.

SHE LAY ON THE GROUND.

To prevent her jugular vein from being severed and thus ending her life, Miss Freda Volquartz, well known in Bronx society, held her head close to the ground to-day while Frederick Dorn choked to death his bulldog which had buried its fangs into the young woman's throat.

Miss Volquartz, who is twenty-one and lives at No. 127 Boston road, met Dorn on the street not far from her home. He was leading a vicious-looking brute with an undershot jaw which he just purchased at a fancy price. She stopped to speak with him concerning the animal, and while he praised its many ugly but good canine points she stooped to pet it.

The dog met her half way. With one spring he reached her neck and his murderous jaws snapped on her throat. With a gurgling growl he shook and thrashed. His incisors had closed inside the great vein which feeds the blood to the head.

Dorn grabbed the animal by the head and tried to pry the jaws apart, but they were as inflexible as cast-iron. Then, telling Miss Volquartz to bend over so that her head was low and so that she was not supporting the weight of the animal, he sank his fingers about the brute's windpipe and strangled him. Of necessity his required several minutes. But it was only when the dog was limp and lifeless that the jaws could be opened and the young woman's throat released.

The sharp teeth had inflicted severe wounds. Dr. D. J. Quirk, of No. 1001 Boston road, cauterized the wounds and said that, while they were serious, he did not expect anything worse than scars which the young lady would carry for life.

"If she had not held her head close to the ground, however," said the doctor, "the animal's teeth would have severed her jugular vein and she couldn't have lived but a few minutes."

It is believed that they contemplate a bombardment of the city after the harbor have cleared their decks for action and have moved into position near the Custom-House.

CASTRO FORCES ALLIES TO WAR.

President of Venezuela Breaks Off All Relations with the Powers by Withdrawing His Diplomatic Agents.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—One more step toward the complete severance of relations between Venezuela and the allies who are seeking to punish her was taken to-day in the withdrawal of the Venezuelan Consul from Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, by orders of his Government.

Notice of the fact came to the State Department from United States Consul Smith at Port-of-Spain. It is presumed that Venezuela has sent out similar orders to all of her other consuls in British and German possessions to withdraw from their posts.

These withdrawals would not be particularly serious but from the fact that they indicate a purpose on the part of President Castro to proceed to extremes in his quarrel with the allies.

The State Department has not been advised of the rejection of President Castro's proposal to arbitrate the dispute as transmitted through Minister Bowen.

Secretary Hay had a busy time to-day conferring with Senators and Representatives who are already beginning to show anxiety as to the Venezuelan situation. No one was able to suggest, however, how the attitude of the State Department could be improved upon at this moment.

ALLIED WARSHIPS STRIP THEIR DECKS FOR ACTION.

LA GUAYRA, Dec. 13.—The British and German warships now in the harbor have cleared their decks for action and have moved into position near the Custom-House.

It is believed that they contemplate a bombardment of the city after the

KEEGAN GAINS A LAP BY FINE SPURT—6 O'CLOCK SCORE.

"Patsy" Keegan gained a lap on the six-day riders by a magnificent five-mile spurt at 5 o'clock this afternoon.

This places his team on an equal footing with Galvin and Root for third place.

His feat set the crowd on fire with excitement. After a minute's rest Keegan returned to the track. Franz Krebs unexpectedly gained a lap at 5:30 o'clock and was presented with \$50.

Miles.	Laps.
NEWKIRK AND JACOBSON	2,408 5
LEANDER AND FLOYD KREBS	2,408 5
STINSON AND MORAN	2,408 4
M'FARLAND AND MAYA	2,408 4
BEDELL BROTHERS	2,408 4
GALVIN AND ROOT	2,408 3
KEEGAN AND PETERSON	2,408 3
BARCLAY AND FRANZ KREBS	2,408 1

LATE WINNERS AT NEW ORLEANS.
Fifth Race—Jessie Jarboe 1, Scotch Plaid 2, C. B. Campbell.

VANDERBILT'S LIFE IN THE BALANCE HIS DOCTOR SAYS.

Dr. Austin Flint Says the Young Man Has One of the Worst Cases of Typhoid Fever Which He Has Treated During His Entire Professional Career.

Disquieting Bulletin Issued Which First Attracted Attention to the Seriousness of the Attack—Patient Not Visited by Members of the Family from Which He Was Estranged.

The following disquieting bulletin was issued this afternoon by Dr. Austin Flint, attending Cornelius Vanderbilt:

"While Mr. Vanderbilt is very ill his condition is fairly satisfactory. There has been no material change in his condition since last night, except, perhaps, he is a little stronger. As yet there have been no complications, but the crisis has not yet arrived."

Later Dr. Flint was seen by an Evening World reporter. He said: "There is no use trying to hide anything. Mr. Vanderbilt is suffering from one of the worst cases of typhoid I have ever been called upon to handle. Considering the nature of his ailment, there is every ground for hope. He was quite weak yesterday, but to-day he is stronger. He has power of resistance and he is game."

"The most hopeful sign is the absence of complications. Thus far the disease has followed the lines usual in typhoid. So long as there are no complications we have a good chance to save Mr. Vanderbilt's life. Should complications arise his condition would be such as to arouse the gravest apprehensions in the minds of his physicians."

There has been increased activity about the Vanderbilt residence on the part of the physicians in attendance since Wednesday. It is said that Dr. Flint has spent one or more nights in the house, within call of his patient. It was learned to-day that Dr. W. A. Brown spent last night in the sickroom.

The impression gains ground that Mr. Vanderbilt's heart is causing distress to his physicians. He is not robust and has suffered a great deal from illness in his life. The necessity has arisen for the administration of large amounts of stimulants, indicating that the heart action is not satisfactory.

Dr. Flint has confidence that the care and attention bestowed upon his patient will pull him through without ill effect.

"Some of Mr. Vanderbilt's friends," said Dr. Flint, "think that his attack of typhoid is only a slight one. As a matter of fact, it is more serious than the ordinary. His head remains fairly clear and he is bearing up with great fortitude."

Alfred Vanderbilt drove up to the house Thursday and left his card. None of the other members of the family put in appearance, taking it for granted possibly that the attack was not so serious as it proves to be.

DR. SHAW HAD HIS WIFE ARRESTED. HENLEY BARS OUR COACHES.

Said She Smashed a Door, Got Into the House and Broke All the Glassware in It.

New Rule Will Exclude Any American Crew that Has Sportsmanship Enough to Cross the Ocean.

Dr. Mortimer W. Shaw, a physician at No. 118 Cedar street, had his wife, Madeline, arrested to-day on a charge of disorderly conduct on a warrant issued by Magistrate Hogan at the Tombs Court.

He said she went to the house yesterday afternoon after being away from him for two nights. He would not let her in and she smashed the glass panels in the door, got into the house and smashed all the glassware.

Dr. Shaw is undersized, with blond whiskers. He told Magistrate Hogan that he was afraid of his wife. He referred to her constantly as "this woman."

Mrs. Shaw displayed a black eye, which she said she had received by a blow from the fist of her husband in the fracas Friday afternoon. She declared that she had been borne with her mother in Brooklyn for two days.

She said that she got home and was refused admittance. She got in as best she could. She said that Policeman Rohrig, of the Church street station, was in the doctor's office at the time that her husband refused to dress her hand, which had been cut by the glass of the door, and that Rohrig was unwilling to arrest her when her husband demanded it.

"I'm afraid to live with this woman," said Dr. Shaw to Magistrate Hogan, and I want to know whether I can occupy the house for which I pay the rent."

"This woman, your wife," said Magistrate Hogan, "is discharged, and I advise you to live amicably with her or else seek some other remedy."

The Captain of Industry uses the Pennsylvania Special because it takes him to Chicago in twelve hours. Every traveler gains by its use.

This is a blow aimed direct at the Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania crews. They are coached by Charles Courtney, Edward Hanlan and Ellis Ward, three of the greatest professionals that ever sat in a boat.

To ask one of these crews to disengage for four weeks before a race with the services of the professional coach, who picked the men in the row, taught them the elements of the art of rowing, developed them, conditioned them and polished their style, is equivalent to asking an orchestra to practice for four weeks without a director and then render a symphony in competition with the best orchestras in the world.

MOLINEUX AT THE TOMBS.
Second Visit There Since Jury Set Him Free.
Roland B. Molineux to-day made his second call at the Tombs since his acquittal of the murder of Mrs. Katherine Adams. He had a conference with the Tombs Chaplain. He refused to say anything, but it was reported that he went to the Tombs to get some facts in connection with the publication of his book.

Christmas Number The New York Herald, To-Morrow, Sunday.
Four special pages color and halftone. Beautiful illustrations. For children, Little Red Riding Hood, Jack and the Bean Stalk, Humpty Dumpty, The Three Bears, etc.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Sunday for New York City and vicinity: Sleet and snow to-night; Sunday partly cloudy and colder; brisk to high easterly winds, shifting late to-night to north-west.