

THIS WARLIKE COMIC OPERA

Capt. Dan Archibald of Clyde Liner Cherokee Had Fun with the San Domingo Warship El Presidente.

RUNNING BLOCKADES EASY AS LIFTING ANCHOR.

But the Limit Was Reached When Half-Starved Man-of-War-men Wanted to Buy Pork at Any Old Price Without Cash.

It's mighty little old Capt. Daniel Archibald and his good ship Cherokee, of the Clyde line, care for the opera-buffe warship which excite the troubled Republic of San Domingo.

The Cherokee arrived to-day after having played tag with the Dominican man-of-war in and out of the island ports, after shots had been fired at her numerous times, and with her cargo and mail sheet duly executed as though nothing unusual had happened.

Here is the story as told by Manuel Garcia Savinon, of No. 294 West Twenty-third street, who brought his mother and two sisters up from San Domingo City and who acted as Capt. Archibald's spokesman in his clashes with the little republic and its insurgents.

"We were to start for San Domingo City harbor Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 3, but the revenue officers refused us clearance papers, saying a blockade had been declared against all other ports because the insurgents had captured them.

Got Out Anyhow. "But we left anyhow, Capt. Archibald saying he would take his chances against a Dominican blockade, and we expected to meet the United States warship Baltimore at Macoris. But when we got there there was no warship, and we went in and unloaded our cargo, took on more and then decided to go back to San Domingo and consult with United States Minister Powell.

"Minister Powell came aboard and told us to go anywhere we pleased and load and unload our cargo we pleased and we were not to return to the Dominican officers. So we went down to Samana Bay, and were just going in when the Dominican warship El Presidente suddenly appeared and fired a couple hundred rounds of shot across our bows.

"We lay to and waited until the warship alongside in a boat and told us that all ports were blockaded and that we could not enter.

"Concern your black eyes," says Capt. Archibald. "All that's against international law. You may sink a ship any day's notice over a blockade.

"Well, come over and see the boss," said the young man, who is the first mate of the gunboat. So the Captain and I, as his interpreter, went over to the El Presidente. His first mate, a Dominican, said he had orders from the Minister of War to sink a ship which tried to break the blockade.

"We took a copy of the order and let on as though we would put back to San Domingo. When it got dark we lighted up every lamp on the Cherokee and steamed away. The El Presidente, thinking we were going down the coast for Puerto Plata, chased down there in a hurry. When we were within a few miles he turned on the lights and stole back into Samana Bay. He gave up the chase and transacted our business.

El Presidente Again. "Things were coming easy when we were trying to go into Monte Christo harbor. We were suddenly stopped by the El Presidente which fired several shots across our bow. Then the Dominican came along to sink us sure, but Capt. Archibald said to the commander: "Don't waste your lead on us. We haven't anything left but a few barrels of pork."

"Sacre de Christo! Pork! We have had nothing to eat on this warship for beans and rice for eight days. Will you sell some of the pork?"

"Sure. How much do you want?" "How much a barrel?" "Twenty dollars." It was worth about \$2.

"The warship ordered us to send over all we could spare of the pork at \$20 a barrel, but Capt. Archibald first said: "You'll have to show me. Where's the money?"

"And he discovered that there was not a red cent aboard the man-of-war."

ITALIAN CRUISER OFF FOR SAN DOMINGO.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 12.—The Italian cruiser Liguria with the Duke of Abruzzi in command, sailed to-day for San Domingo.

FLED IN HER NIGHT DRESS.

Police and Husband Believe Woman Jumped in the River. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of the police of the East Fifty-first street station, and Louis Schmalz, a saloon-keeper of No. 761 East Fifty-first street, that the liquor dealer's wife, Christina, twenty-eight years old, has committed suicide by jumping into the East River.

SCHOOLSHIP GRADUATES.

RIOTERS RULE IN CHICAGO TIE-UP

Strikers Mob Non-Union Men, Derailed Cars and Block Traffic, While Police Fight a Way Through the Throngs.

SEVERAL MEN INJURED BY FLYING MISSILES.

Leader of the Strike Breakers Draws Pistol on Crowd that Surrounds Him and Is Struck with Stone.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—A day of rioting, in which many persons were hurt, marked the inauguration to-day of the big street-car strike, which involves 4,000 men and has tied up twenty-one lines.

The disorder began with the issuance of the strike order, the men resisting efforts of the Chicago City Railway Company to keep its lines going. Non-union men were beaten and stoned, cars derailed and traffic blocked by the mobs that gathered at various points.

Mayor Warns Public. A large force of police is on duty, and Mayor Harrison has warned citizens to keep out of the disturbed districts, but the strikers have the sympathy of the public, and every show of violence finds crowds ready to join in.

The first clash was on the Cottage Grove avenue line about an hour after the strike had been declared. A car manned by a non-union crew was stopped by a crowd and the motorman and conductor seeing they were in for trouble jumped to the street and ran, while a volley of stones followed them.

Three other cars that had been started on the same route met trouble. At Fourteenth street an obstruction upon the rails blocked the trains. A crowd of strikers had assembled and shouts and jeers greeted the train crews. A shower of stones followed and car windows were smashed.

One man, a non-union conductor, was injured in the first clash and other persons bruised by stones.

Another cable train was derailed at Forty-seventh street on the Cottage Grove avenue line by a crowd of strike sympathizers who had gathered in the cable slot and brought the train to a standstill.

Gripman Injured. The gripman was injured by the shock and was removed to a drug store. A physician called to attend him inquired if he had a union button. On receiving a negative reply he said: "Take him to the bars. They will attend to him there," and refused to examine the gripman's injuries.

A mail car following the first passenger car was also derailed near the scene of the riot. Besides 300 policemen the constabulary and various car barns, as many more were quickly made available for emergency calls.

A car on the Wentworth avenue line proceeded north with little difficulty until Van Buren street was reached. There its progress was blocked by trucks and delivery wagons, which gathered by the score, locked wheels and refused to move. Cars of the Union Traction Company also helped to make the blockade complete.

Thousands of pedestrians on their way to work massed in the street, adding to the confusion and hampering the police in their efforts to clear a way for the stranded car.

Fear Call of Troops. It soon became apparent that a determined effort was being made by the company to break the strike at the inception. The passenger cars on the Cottage Grove and Wentworth avenue lines came along quickly as soon as mail cars were safely out of sight. No policemen rode in the cars, which were almost invariably empty. Patrons apparently preferred to walk or make long detours to steam and elevated lines rather than risk injury.

The first passenger car on the Wentworth avenue line carried two women. Strikers say that the women were put there by the street car company to test the attitude of the union toward passengers. This was the car which was promptly blockaded by teamsters.

Officials of the union, fearing interference with the operation of the United States mail service, would result in calling in of troops from Fort Sheridan to protect the cars, instructed motormen on mail cars to report for duty as usual. Union men who reported at the various stations to take out the mail cars were told by the street car company that they must take off their union buttons if they intended to work. This a number of the men refused to do.

A the barn at Thirty-ninth and State streets the strikers distributed pictures to would-be passengers bearing a picture of a street car and the legend: "Stand for principle. I will walk."

Floated Revolver. The worst disorder of the early hours was at Clark and Van Buren streets, where two Wentworth avenue cars, followed by mail cars, were blockaded. On the rear passenger train a man believed to be "Boss" Farrell, the strike breaker, rode beside the motorman, flourishing a revolver. A brick thrown struck the

SWEET ALICE WINS UNION HANDICAP

FULLY WINS IN A HARD DRIVE

Driskany, at Odds of 10 to 1, Just Manages to Get Home a Head in Front of Fort Hunter, a 100 to 1 Shot.

SOURIRE TAKES THE BOULEVARD STAKES.

In First Three Races at Jamaica Favorites Get Home. Then Long Shots Take a Hand in the Game.

THE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Ascension (9 to 10) 1, Anrittus (6 to 1) 2, Alpaca 3.

SECOND RACE—Buttons (1 to 3) 1, Colney (9 to 1) 2, Tribes Hill 3.

THIRD RACE—Sourire (7 to 2) 1, Reveille (4 to 1) 2, Wizard 3.

FOURTH RACE—Sweet Alice (8 to 1) 1, Lux Casta (15 to 1) 2, Irene Lindsey 3.

FIFTH RACE—Oriskany (10 to 1) 1, Fort Hunter (100 to 1) 2, Yellow Hammer 3.

SIXTH RACE—Pass Book (50 to 1) 1, Sir Step (16 to 5) 2, Mart Mullen 3.

(Special to The Evening World.)

RACE TRACK, JAMAICA, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Two stakes on a racing card at this time of year are attractions out of the ordinary, and that was the reason why there was an unusually large attendance at the course this afternoon.

The stakes were the Boulevard, two-year-olds, six furlongs, and the Union Handicap, at the same distance, for all ages. Both had splendid fields and promised contests out of the ordinary.

The other races looked very good, and betting was brisk. The weather was fine and the track fast.

FIRST RACE.

Six furlongs. Starting weights, jockeys, St. H. Fin. Str. P. Ascension, 110, Biesen 3 1/2 11 9-10 2-3; Anrittus, 100, Reifers 2 1/2 11 1-3 9-10 3; Alpaca, 98, Higgins 3 1/2 21 3/4 9-10 3; Herta, 100, Callahan 6 4 5 15 5; Worry, 100, Fuller 7 5 7 150 50; Forward, 100, Burns 1 1/2 5 9-10 150 50; Start good. Won easily. Time—1:12 2-5.

SECOND RACE.

Five furlongs. Starting weights, jockeys, St. H. Fin. Str. P. Buttons, 110, Reifers 2 1/2 11 1-3 9-10 3; Colney, 100, Callahan 6 4 5 15 5; Worry, 100, Callahan 7 5 7 150 50; Forward, 100, Burns 1 1/2 5 9-10 150 50; Start good. Won easily. Time—1:12 2-5.

THIRD RACE.

Six furlongs. Starting weights, jockeys, St. H. Fin. Str. P. Sourire, 107, Fuller 6 4 15 7-10 2-3; Reveille, 102, Reifers 4 4 2 4 1-2; Monst, 100, Sullivan 5 5 9 2 1-2; Start good. Won easily. Time—1:14 1-5.

FOURTH RACE.

Six furlongs. Starting weights, jockeys, St. H. Fin. Str. P. Sweet Alice, 108, Hicks 8 5 15 15 6-7; Lux Casta, 121, Burns 2 7 15 6-7; Irene Lindsey, 116, Redfern 4 4 2 4 1-2; King Pepper, 100, Fuller 5 15 4 1-2; Start good. Won easily. Time—1:14 1-5.

FIFTH RACE.

Six furlongs. Starting weights, jockeys, St. H. Fin. Str. P. Fort Hunter, 110, Treubel 7 6 15 100 40; Oriskany, 110, Treubel 7 6 15 100 40; Start good. Won easily. Time—1:14 1-5.

SIXTH RACE.

Six furlongs. Starting weights, jockeys, St. H. Fin. Str. P. Pass Book, 107, Cochran 7 6 15 100 40; Sir Step, 110, Sullivan 5 5 9 2 1-2; Start good. Won easily. Time—1:14 1-5.

SPECIAL EXTRA.

3 MEN HURT IN EXPLOSION OF GAS TANK

A large iron gas tank at One Hundred and Second street and the East River, used for destroying dogs, exploded late this afternoon without any known cause.

Thomas Goodenough, of No. 356 West Fifteenth street, a driver; Andrew Schoenfeld, of No. 411 West Fiftieth street, and Charles Schoenfeld, of No. 2345 First avenue, were taken to Harlem Hospital burned about their hands and faces, cut and bruised.

TO BREAK INTO HOUSE TO GET HERMIT'S WILL.

Miller Campbell, a grandson of Mrs. Mary Oliver, the Harlem hermit, who was found dead in her home, visited the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street police station this afternoon to ask permission to break into the house of Alderdice, her late adviser, and search for her will. Alderdice having died suddenly and his son James having absented himself. Capt. McNally told Campbell he must get an order of court.

SKELTON OF SUICIDE IN A DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER

William Massey Hanged Himself Months Ago in the Dynamo House on Roof of Standard Oil Building, but the Bones Have Just Been Found.

The skeleton of William Massey, a window cleaner, who disappeared last April, was found to-day in a corrugated iron dynamo house on the roof of the Standard Oil Building, at No. 25 New street. Massey worked in the building last spring, but was discharged for drunkenness. He had trouble with his wife and there was a warrant out for his arrest on the charge of desertion when he disappeared.

The dynamo in the little house on the roof was used to propel a ventilating fan and Massey knew that no one would visit it during the summer when the fan was not used. The house was closed on April 1. He had no difficulty in making his way to the roof of the building and killing himself secure from observation.

Identified Through Card. The identification was made through a card found in the hat of the dead man. It bore the name of Mrs. Purcell, of No. 25 Albany street. Mrs. Purcell keeps a boarding house, and knew Massey. She identified the clothing.

A pair of suspenders tied into the form of a noose depended from an iron cross bar six feet above the floor and the skeleton was directly under it in a sitting position, with the back braced against the dynamo casing.

It is supposed that the man hanged himself months ago and that the skeleton dropped to the floor when the head parted from the body. The head was three feet from the main skeleton. This little house on the roof was closed last April, the door was locked, and

until to-day it had not been visited save by the man whose body was found there. The dynamo was used for running a ventilating fan, which has not been used for seven months.

Prevent Their Way In. The superintendent of the building department started the fan to-day, and terminated to start the fan to-day, and sent James Irwin and Henry C. Smith, electricians, to the dynamo house to make necessary repairs. They went to the roof and tried the door of the sheet iron structure. The handle did not turn, and, having no key, they forced a way in.

Bright sunlight shining in the open door revealed the skeleton, ghastly and covered with dust. Irwin and Smith lost no time in getting from the roof and notifying the superintendent of the find. He called in policemen and a crowd of men ascended to the roof and investigated.

In a corner of the room was a coat folded up as though the owner had intended to use it as a pillow. Hanging on a nail in the wall was a black dress, covered with half an inch of dust. By the side of the skeleton on the floor was seen a small glass in which were traces of a white powder.

Flesh All Gone. The skeleton was clad in black striped trousers, a white shirt and a black vest of the same material as the coat. The suspenders, depending from the iron bar, were of black material with white stripes. A small belt was around the waistband of the trousers. There was no flesh on the bones, and the police feared that an attempt to remove the skeleton would result in pulling it to pieces. A policeman was put on guard and the coroner was notified.

AGAINST STRIKE DECISION. Court Holds that Anthracite Board's Ruling is Not Binding. SUNBURY, Pa., Nov. 12.—Judge Auren has rendered an opinion in which he decides that in the eyes of the law the decision of the Anthracite Strike Commission is not binding on either the miners or the operators. This is the first legal decision on the subject.

The matter was brought before the court by the Llewellyn Mining Company. The company refused to pay back wages allotted by the Strike Commission and the miners of the Royal Oak colliery brought suit before Justice of the Peace Lloyd for the wages. The Justice gave judgment in favor of the miners or the operators. This is the first legal decision on the subject.

MANY INJURED BY A RUNAWAY

Horse Driven to a Runabout by Mrs. Harvey Hall Becomes Unmanageable and Dashes Wildly Up Seventh Avenue.

SHE IS THROWN OUT, BUT POLICEMAN BREAKS FALL.

Several Women and Children Were Knocked Down and Bruised Before the Frightened Animal Was Finally Captured.

A half dozen persons were injured this afternoon by a runaway horse attached to a runabout, which was driven by Mrs. Harvey Hall, who lives at One Hundred and Third street and West End avenue. Mrs. Hall was driving up Seventh avenue. Just as she crossed One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street one of the wheels of the runabout hit a delivery wagon. The horse took fright and got beyond Mrs. Hall's control.

Mrs. Hall stood up in the runabout and pulled as hard as she was able on the reins, but the horse had the bit in his teeth. At One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street the animal knocked down Mrs. B. Ottaman, of No. 128 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, and her two children, Charles, two years old, and Edward, three years old. Mrs. Ottaman was the most seriously injured of the trio, the children escaping with slight bruises.

The maddened animal swerved from his course to the west side of the wide avenue as some children and several women were crossing. They all got out of the way, excepting Mrs. B. Lavett, of No. 21 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street. She was knocked down and severely bruised.

The horse then ran diagonally up the avenue to One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, where he took another turn back to the west side, throwing Mrs. H. Hall from the runabout. Policeman Rooney tried to catch Mrs. Hall as she fell. He saved her from serious injuries. Her face, hands and arms, however, were scratched and bruised.

The policeman left Mrs. Hall lying in the middle of the street while he darted after the runaway. He managed to get hold of the bridle, but the horse threw him off his feet and he was dragged for two blocks. His uniform was badly torn and he sustained a number of bruises.

Mrs. Lavett was cared for in the drug store at One Hundred and Thirtieth street and Seventh avenue. The bruises of the others were dressed by George S. Sullivan, of No. 100 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street.

No one was taken to the hospital.

CAPTAIN MURDERED BY VENGEFUL COOK

Fires Five Shots at George B. Townsend, Master of the Schooner C. K. Buckley, on Board Vessel, and Escapes.

Capt. George B. Townsend, of the schooner C. K. Buckley, lying at the Prospect avenue dock, in Gowanus Canal, Brooklyn, was murdered this afternoon by a cook whom he had discharged. The murderer escaped and his name is not known.

The cook had been employed only a short time when he appeared on board the boat drunk. Capt. Townsend threw him out on the dock and the man left vowing vengeance. He appeared in the neighborhood this afternoon and hid himself on shore until he saw Capt. Townsend on deck alone. Then he went aboard and engaged in conversation with the captain.

The crew was at work below. After a minute or so the cook drew a revolver and fired five shots into the body of Capt. Townsend as fast as he could pull the trigger.

Leaping over the side of the schooner the murderer ran to the dock and disappeared. By the time the police organized all trace of him had been lost. The police have a good description of the man and that is all they have to work on.

Kelsey Succeeds Miller. ALBANY, Nov. 12.—Gov. Odell this afternoon appointed Deputy Comptroller Otto Kelsey to be Comptroller, in place of Nathan L. Miller, recently appointed Justice of the Supreme Court. The appointment is for the balance of the term ending Dec. 31, 1904. The salary of the office is \$8,000.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Friday for New York city and vicinity: Fair and colder to-night, Friday partly cloudy, with rising temperature; fresh westerly winds, becoming southerly on Friday.

Sunny World Wants

Work Monday Morning Wonders. Ft. John's Medicine Cures Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

SHOT HERSELF AS MERRY PARTY SAT AT DINNER TABLE

Mrs. E. DeWitt Walsh, Considered to Be the Handsomest Woman in New Jersey, Withdraws from the Banquet Table and Fires a Fatal Bullet Into Her Breast.

THOSE IN THE PARTY GUARD THE DETAILS THAT LED TO TRAGEDY.

Mrs. Lawrence Earle, Wife of the Artist, Was Aiding Mrs. Walsh to Overcome a Slight Indisposition When the Shot Was Fired—Mr. Walsh Cannot Account for the Deed.

Every effort is being made by the police of Montclair to-day to clear up the mystery that led to the suicide of beautiful Mrs. Edward De Witt Walsh, wife of the Wall street broker, who shot herself through the breast while she was giving a dinner party in her home last night.

That there are facts left untold that might solve the puzzling feature of the tragedy is acknowledged by the police. They are powerless, for, while the beautiful young woman lay in death agony, her silk gown-spotted with her life's blood, her guests made a compact not to tell of things that occurred at the dinner, which if known would throw a light on her reason for ending her life.

This compact will be kept by these guests until they are called upon by the coroner for statements. Unless they speak the public may never know why Mrs. Walsh, pale and trembling, arose from her chair in the midst of her guests, where she had been the life of the party, and went to her room to kill herself.

POLICE DID NOT KNOW IT UNTIL TO-DAY. While the shooting occurred last night, it was not made known to the police until to-day. Then they gathered at the Walsh home and attempted to solve the mystery of the shooting. They could learn practically nothing except the names of some of the guests who were dining at the Walsh home.

The Walshes decided several days ago to give the dinner. It was to be attended by Mr. and Mrs. Walsh's most intimate friends only. Among those who received invitations were Lawrence Earle, the artist, and his wife and Mr. Thomas S. Doremus, a broker at No. 60 Broadway.

Mrs. Walsh was in the best of health and spirits yesterday. With her two little children, a girl of seven and a boy of eighteen months, she was seen on the streets of Montclair yesterday. She was shopping and making purchases for the dinner that was to follow.

The guests began to gather at 7.30 o'clock last night. They talked for a time before they were seated at the table. The dinner lasted for two hours, and coffee was being served when Mrs. Walsh said: "I don't feel very well. I think I will go upstairs for a few minutes."

She left the table. Her splendid condition and handsome appearance had been remarked by the guests and her sudden illness could not be explained. It is said that some of her friends joked with her about her strange indisposition. She laughed back at them and said: "SHE MADE A STRANGE PROPHECY."

"I will be all right in a few minutes." Mrs. Earle followed the hostess from the room. The two went to the front room on the second floor and there sat talking for a few minutes. The conversation between them, if learned by the police, has not been made public. According to the statement made to some of the guests by Mrs. Earle she said to Mrs. Walsh: "Possibly if I bathe your head you will feel better."

Mrs. Earle then left the room and was in the bathroom wetting a cloth to bathe Mrs. Walsh's head when she was startled by the report of a revolver. The guests downstairs heard the shot and rushed from the table. The women began to scream.

In the mean time Mrs. Earle found Mrs. Walsh lying on the floor in her room. There was a great hole in the waist of her dress and blood was fast staining the handsome silk garment. Mrs. Earle screamed and fell in a faint.

Every effort was made to resuscitate both women, while a physician was summoned hurriedly. Mrs. Earle was revived, but Mrs. Walsh's pulse was getting weaker and weaker. When her body was raised a pistol was found under the folds of her dress. The physician worked hard to save her, but she died five hours later.

Mrs. Walsh had been the life of the party until the coffee was served and then she suddenly became sad and downcast. No reason can be assigned for this change. It is said by the police that when Mrs. Earle followed her Mrs. Walsh asked her to go to the bathroom so that she could get her husband's pistol and end her life. The pistol was kept in one of the drawers in a bureau in the front room. No sooner had Mrs. Earle left her alone than the young wife took the pistol and shot herself.

HER CHILDREN IN THE NEXT ROOM. In the room next to where the shooting occurred were sleeping three children. They were awakened by the report of the revolver and ran into their mother's room. They were taken out by some of the guests and hurried from the house.

Mrs. Walsh was thirty-six years old and was regarded as one of the handsomest women in New Jersey. Her married life was said to be most