WEATHER—Clearing to-night; Sunday fair.

NIGHT EDITION

The World. EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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EXTRA

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1903. PRICE ONE CENT.

PRINCETON WINS

MISSING PRIEST NOT KIDNAPPERS' VICTIM.

Police Have a Theory that Father Joseph Cirringione May Have Committed Suicide--Contractor Says He Was Not Paid and Had Lorned the Priest $300.

HAD $19,000 OF CHURCH MONEY, LAWYER DECLARES.

Much light was this afternoon thrown by the police on what was at believed to have been the kidnapping and possible assassination of the Rev. Father Joseph Cirringione, pastor of the Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, of Williamsbridge, by a gang of Italian blackmailers and highbinders.

Capt. Foody, Detective Scurry and Inspector Titus held a conference with Inspector McClusky and Commissioner Greene late this afternoon and decided to make public the facts so far as they knew them.

The first report hinged on the statement that after receiving several anonymous and threatening letters the priest lef his house last night in company with two men, who said they were detectives, and who had told him that Capt. Foody wished to see him at the station. Capt. Foody denied that he had sent and detectives to he house for he priest, and it was concluded that the two menwerekidn appers.

REAL DETECTIVES IN HOUSE.

The police now state that Capt. Foody and Detective Scurry were in the priest's house from 4 o'clock until 6 o'clock yesterday evening and that they were the two men who were seen to leave by neighbors and who were described as the probable kidnappers.

After they left th ehouse Cirringione paced the floor nervously, smoked and chewed on many cigars, and at 7.30 P. M. he told three other priests in the house that two detectives were outside waiting for him and that he would go to the station with hem.

Faher Carringione then left the house. The priests looked out of the window and saw no one waiting for him, but saw him leave the place alone.

In the two hours which Capt. Foody and Detective Scurry spent with the priest they tried to get from him a sample of his handwriting so as to compare it with the anonymous letters he had received, but he refused to put his pen to paper for them.

All yesterday Tony Pasquale, the contractor who put in the foundation for the new church, waited in front of the priest's house. He wanted to see him. It was when Pasquale became tired and left in the evening that the priest left the house by himself.

Pasquale has told the police that he has not been paid a cent for his work, and that, besides, he had loaned Cirringione $300, which he was trying to collect.

SUICIDE A POLICE THEORY.

"He may have committed suicide. He certainly was not kidnapped," was the only conclusion the police would admit.

Some say that Father Cirringione had about $19,000 of the church funds. Others say that his accounts with the church are perfectly straight, and that every cent has been accounted for in a proper manner.

In a letter mailed last night to his attorney the young priest said:

"Pray for me, as I am in the midst of a terrible trouble."

When it became generally known that the Mafia and Malevito societies were suspected, all of Williamsbridge turned out to search the wild, precipitous and rocky country thereabouts for the priest's body. It was firmly believed that he had been murdered and that his body would be found in some rocky recess or treacherous ravine, of which there are many. A posse spread out over the country, working in the rain and trying to cover both sides of the Harlem River and over the Hudson.

The priest's lawer, Max Keve, of No. 206 Broadway, says that Father Joe, as he was popularly known, had in his custody about $19,000 for the completion of the church. Father Anthony, of the parish, said this afternoon that the missing priest did not have this money with him when he left the house with two young men, posing at detectives, who lured him away last evening on the pretense that Police Captain Foody, of the Wakefield Station, had sent for him. He followed the two men away from the house, it is believed. They were not officers, and his friends believe that they abducted him.

Father Anthony said that the priest could have had very little money

(Continued on Third Page.)

HURSTBOURNE'S CONTINENTAL

Leed's Good Horse Shows His Heels to Sheriff Bell and Masterman in Feature of Get-Away Day.

THE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Foxy Kane (12 to 1) 1, Alpaca (5 to 1) 2, Biserta 3.

SECOND RACE—Arden (13 to 5) 1, Lady Potentate (5 to 2) 2, Homestead 3.

THIRD RACE—Dolly Spanker (13 to 5) 1, Grenade (16 to 5) 2, St. Valentine 3.

FOURTH RACE—Hurstbourne (6 to 5) 1, Sheriff Bell (5 to 1) 2, Masterman 3.

FIFTH RACE—Rob Roy (2 to 1) 1, Redman (12 to 1) 2, Gold Dane 3.

SIXTH RACE—River Pirate (3 to 2) 1, Brigand (8 to 1) 2, Colonsay 3.

RACE TRACK, JAMAICA, Nov. 14.—The Jamaica Association's luck in the matter of weather stood by it to-day, for though the windup looked as if it would take place in a driving rainstorm, the weather cleared and blue skies were smiling on the crowds watching the first race.

There was a big croowd at the windup, it being the last day of the metropolitan season, and the card was attractive. Two handicaaps, the Continental and Riverhead, were the features, each having an attractive class of entries. The track was a bit heavy from the morning rains.

FIRST RACE.

Six furlongs.

Starters, wgts., jockeys.	Str.	Hlf.	Fin.	Betting Str.	Pl.
Foxy Kane, 117, E. Walsh	4	4	1²	12	5
Alpaca, 101, Higgins	1	1½	2³	5	2
Biserta, 106, Callahan	5	7	3³	8	3
Andrattus, 106, Redfern	2	2³	4	2	4-5
Blue & O., 510, Burns	3	5	5	7	2
King Pep'r, 109, O'Br'n	6	3½	6	3	1
Morokanta, 109, Boisen	8	10	7	20	8
Sentry, 109, Michaels	9	9	8	200	80
J. Hughes, 109, Coch'n	10	6	9	100	30
Col. Sam, 96, Klein	7	7	10	50	20
Fegtherw't, 111, Daley	11	11	11	200	80

Start good. Won easily. Time—1.15.

SECOND RACE.

One mile and a sixteenth.

Starters, wgts., jockeys.	Str.	Hlf.	Fin.	Betting Str.	Pl.
Arden, 106, Blake	1	1²	1¹	13-5	7-10
L'y Pot'tate, 111, O'Br'n	4	4	2n	5-2	4-5
Homstead, 106, Higgins	3	2n	3¾	11-5	7-5
Hot, 103, Burns	2	3½	4	5	7-5

Start good. Won ridden out. Time—1.51 2-5.

THIRD RACE.

Six furlongs.

Starters, wgts., jockeys.	Str.	Hlf.	Fin.	Betting Str.	Pl.
Dol'ySpanker, 118, Redf'n	3	4	1½	13-5	1
Grenade, 116, Gannon	5	3n	2¹	16-5	6-5
St. Valentine, 117, Burns	6	5	3²	9	3
Eagle, 98, Higgins	2	2¼	4	15	5
Juv. Masim, 113, O'Neil	1	1	5	15	5
Race King, 121, Odom	4	6	6	9-2	8-5

Start poor. Won ridden out. Time—1.15.

FOURTH RACE.

Mile and a sixteenth.

Starters, wgts., jockeys.	Str.	Hlf.	Fin.	Betting Str.	Pl.
Hurstbourne, 124, Redf'n	1	2n	1n	6-5	2-5
Sheriff Bell, 105, Hig's	4	1¹	3²	5	6-5
Masterman, 5	3	4	3¹	13-5	4-5
D. of Kendal, 116, Burns	2	5	4	10	5-2
Himself, 105, Creamer	3	3½	5	20	6

Start good. Won driving. Time—1.49.

Sheriff Bell made the running, followed by Hurstburne and Masterman, and they ran in close order to the stretch. There Hurstburne closed on Sheriff Bell and they ran tai sway to the last sixteenth, where Higgins suddenly sat up and pulled up. Hurstburne won by a head. It looked like the old gag of throwing a bluff when being beaten and this was the Stewards view of it, for they promptly disallowed Higgins claim and placed Hurstbourne first. Masterman was third, three lengths away.

FIFTH RACE.

Five and a half furlongs.

Starters, wgts., jockeys.	Str.	Hlf.	Fin.	Betting Str.	Pl.
Rob Roy, 109, Burns	2	4	1²	2	4-5
*Redman, 109, Creamer	1	1¹	2½	12	4
Gold Dome, 112, Redfern	4	2n	3⁵	11-5	1
Sneer, 109, Blake	5	6	4	8	3
Gold Breaker, 113, Hicks	7	5	5	7	2
Woodheart, 109, Cal'han	9	8	6	30	12
*Clarence, 112, O'Brien	8	9	7	12	4
My Ester, 109, T. Dean	6	1²	8	10	4
Aqua, 112, Cochran	3	7	9	60	20

*Coupled.

Start good. Won cleverly. Time—1.09 3-5.

SIXTH RACE.

One mile and an eighth.

Starters, wgts., jockeys.	Str.	Hlf.	Fin.	Betting Str.	Pl.
River Pirate, 114, Gannon	1	1½	1²	3-2	2-5
Brigand, 93, Callahan	3	3¹	2¹	8	7-5
Colonsay, 107, Michaels	4	4	3n	12	2
Buttons, 122, Redfern	2	2¹	4	11-10	1-3

Start good. Won easily. Time—1.55 3-5.

SPECIAL EXTRA. FOOTBALL

AT ITHACA—COLUMBIA, 17; CORNELL, 12.
At Cambridge (Freshmen)—Harvard, 17; Yale, 6.
At West Point—West Point, 10; Chicago, 6
At Rochester—Rochester, 17; Union, 6.
At Syracuse—Brown, 12; Syracuse, 5.
At Lewiston, Me.—Bowdoin, 11; Bates, 5.
At Andover—Andover, 23; Lawrenceville, 0.
At Annapolis—Bucknell, 23; Navy, 5.
At Middletown—Wesleyan, 5; Williams, 5.

LATE RESULTS AT LATONIA.

Fourth Race—Reservation 1, Neversuch 2, Judge Himes 3.
Fifth Race—Ben Adkins 1, Commodore 2, Rainland 3.

PRINCETON BEATS YALE IN HARD-FOUGHT GAME.

Sons of Eli the First to Score, but Dewitt by a Magnificent Run of Seventy Yards Evens Up Matters. 30,000 See tne Great Struggle.

FIRST HALF.

YALE	6
PRINCETON	6

SECOND HALF.

PRINCETON	5
YALE	0

FINAL SCORE.

PRINCETON	11
YALE	6

LINE-UP.

YALE.	POSITIONS.	PRINCETON.
Rafferty	Left End	Davis
Kinney	Left Tackle	Cooney
Batchelder	Left Guard	Dillon
Roraback	Centre	Short
Bloomer	Right Guard	De Witt
Hogan	Right Tackle	Reed
Shevlin	Right End	Henry
Rockwell	Quarter-Back	Vetterlein
Mitchell	Left Half-back	Kafer
Metcalf	Right Half-back	Hart
Farmer	Full-back	Miller

Officials—Referee, McClung, of Lehigh; Umpire, John Minds, of Pennsylvania; Linesman, Edward Wirthington, of Harvard. Time of halves, 35 minutes each.

YALE FIELD, NEW HAVEN, Nov. 14.—The Tiger reigns supreme.

Princeton's mighty gridiron warriors, tearing their way to victory through the ranks of Yale's massive line, captured the football championship of 1903 this afternoon in the bloodiest, bitterest fight that has ever marked a meeting between these gridiron giants.

Capt. DeWitt, making a seventy-yard run in the opening half that scored a touchdown and tied the score with the boys in blue, and kicking

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

CAR CUTS OFF BOY'S HEAD.

Barret Sous, Son of Editor of Trade Journal, Struck by Trolley Car on Amsterdam Avenue.

Barret Sous, twelve years old, the son of William T. Sous, the editor of a trade journal, had his head cut off this afternoon by an Amsterdam avenue trolley car. The lad was on his way home to lunch. Having avoided a southbound car he found himself on the other track and without any chance for escape was first hit by the fender and propelled several feet until his head rested on the tracks. The head and body were both tossed to the side.

The frightful accident occurred on Amsterdam avenue between One Hundred and Twenty-third and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth streets. From One Hundred and Nineteenth street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth is a steep grade. All cars on this decline accelerate their speed and when making up time tear down the succession of hills at break-neck pace.

The motorman, John McCauley, of No. 852 Sixth avenue, saw the boy on the track some time before the car struck him. He applied the breaks frantically, realizing at the time that there was little hope of the lad escaping. One chance, he thought, he did have, and that was to throw the fender down hard. This was done. The next instant the boy was caught and thrown in front of the car only to be decapitated.

Sight Sickens Spectators.

On the street at the time there were a few people, who witnessed the accident. So grewsome a sight it was that men sickened and women tottered against the buildings for support. Two men ran out on the street and carried the body and the dissevered head of the boy to the sidewalk. It was taken n this fashion to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Police Station.

By this time a crowd gathered on the street and grew threatening to the motorman. Policeman Thomas Hughes, who was also a witness of the accident interposed and hurried McCauley off to th estation, the crowd following and demanding quick punishment.

Mother Collapses.

The Sous family live in a handsome apartment in the Anthony, No. 439 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street. The mother of the boy was at home when he acciden happened. Friends here her he sad news of her son's death. She collapsed, and is now under a physician's care. The father was at his place of business when notified of the death of Barret.

Barrett Sous was well-known in the neighborhood. He was a fine little chap, bright and well liked by all his playmates.

McCauley was held for action by the Coroner.

TWO ASSIGNMENTS TO-DAY.

Henry Erkins and the Firm of Asher & Abramsen Fail.

Max Asher and Samuel Abramson, who compose the firm of Asher & Abramson, manufacturers and wholesale dealers in cloaks and suits at No. 69 West Houston street, to assigned for the benefit of creditors to Otto A. Samuels.

Henry Erkins, decorator and dealer in wall paper at No. 4 West Fifteenth street, also assigned to William B. Crisp.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Sunday for New York City and vicinity: Rain, followed by clearing this evening or to-night; cooler; Sunday fair and cool; fresh westerly winds.

Father John's Medicine cures colds and all throat and lung troubles.

M'CLUSKY DENIES THE STORY TOLD BY A. H. GREEN'S SLAYER

Chief of Detectives Declares that Bessie Davis Told Him She Had Never Seen "The Father of Greater New York," and Says Williams Didn't Tell the Truth.

WOMAN LIVES IN A FINE HOME FACING THE PARK.

Chief of Detectives McClusky this afternoon denied the story told by the slayer of Andrew H. Green. He said:

"From investigation and from an interview with Bessie Davis, this man Williams's statement is a tissue of lies.

Mrs. Davis told me that she had not seen Williams since the time he boarded in her house in 1895 until she saw his picture in the papers. She says she never saw or heard of Andrew H. Green until she read of the murder in the newspapers."

While the inquest into the death of Andrew H. Green was fastening the crime upon Cornelius Williams this afternoon and detectives were scouring the city in search of the mysterious negress, Bessie Davis, Evening World reporters located the home of a woman who has been identified as the personn referred to by the murderer.

She now goes by the name of Hannah Elias and lives at No. 236 Central Park West. She has a maid, a Chinese cook and a Japanese butler in a sumptuously furnished house, where she has been frequently visited by a Mr. Green.

She is rich, owns several houses besides the one she lives in and has a carriage and coachman. Of course the friends of one of the first citizens of New York will not believe that the Mr. Green who called upon Hannah Elias in Central Park West was Andrew H. Green. The similarity of names strengthens the assumption that Andrew H. Green was a victim of a case of mistaken identity.

About eighteen years ago a handsome negress came to New York from Philadelphia. Her name was Hannah Elias. In course of time she married a man named Davis, but she divorced him and resumed her maiden name.

The Hannah Elias, of Central Park West, and the Bessie Davis, of the negro colony in West Fifty-third street, are one and the same woma, although Hannah Elias has not been seen in her old haunts for four or five years. She endeavored to bury herself from those who knew her in the negro district as Bessie Davis and partially succeeded, but there are persons who knew her under both names.

Williams will probably be indicted next Monday.

Assistant District-Attorney Paul Krotel said this afternoon that there has been sufficient evidence adduced already to warrant taking the case before the Grand Jury. His trial will be set for an early date.

Although Williams had but $10 to his name when arrested, and his people are poor, he will be defended by that eminent practitioner Abraham Hummel. Mr. Kaffenburgh, of Mr. Hummel's staff, was in the Coroner's Court yesterday, and practically took charge of the defense before Williams had a chance to open his head. He was on hand again when the inquest was resumed to-day. Mr. Hummel, Mr. David May, his partner, and Mr. Kaffenburgh all agree that their client is insane.

WANT IMMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

They want an immediate examination, and Mr. Hummel says that if it is found that the negro is sane he will drop the case. It is probable that the District-Attorney will hurry the trial, so as to deprive Williams of the benefits of the Homicides' School for the Simulation of Insanity that is conducted in the Tombs.

Williams apparently glories in his crime. Before the inquest was resumed this afternoon he sat in his cell in the Tombs reading the accounts in the newspapers. He talked little with the other prisoners and seemed to think his crime made him a more important peron than the others confined in the prison.

When seen by a reporter for The Evening World to-day the negro was