MRS. CARTER IS ON THE OUTS WITH DAVID BELASCO

Manager Is Likely to Drop Her as His Favorite Star.

HER SON STILL DENIES.

Insists That He Is Not Engaged to Norma Munroe, His Mother's Friend.

Indications point to a break between David Belasco and his most noted star Mrs. Leslie Carter, as a result of her sudden marriage to William L. Payne.

Mr. Belasco was reported to-day to have cancelled a large order for "show paper" intended to advertise the new play in which the playwright-manager purposed featuring the actress during the coming season. Coincident with this came the report that Mr. Belasco was negotiating with Miss Virginia Harned to take Mrs. Carter's place in the new production.

Business as well as personal considerations may be back of the break between the manager and the star whose successes have been so closely interwoven. Following Mrs. Payne's marriage, it is likely her first husband, Leslie Carter, of Chicago, will take steps to prevent her using his name any longer. He made one effort in this direction, but was defeated, the courts holding that the name was one she was legally entitled to bear.

Now that her name is legally Mrs. William L. Payne she cannot put up the same defense. And Mrs. William L. Payne will not be the name to conjure overflow audiences as was the name of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Friends Admit Break.

That there has been a serious break between Mrs. Carter and Mr. Belasco is admitted by friends of both. It is said that when Mrs. Carter drove to the Belasco Theatre yesterday afternoon Mr. Belasco hurried out of one door as she entered another.

Mrs. Payne and her husband were in the city all day yesterday, but after nightfall they started for an automobile trip to Long Island.

Dudley Carter, son of Mrs. Payne, has withdrawn the announcement of his engagement to his mother's closest friend, Miss Norma Munro.

"This is a very delicate matter," said Mr. Carter to-day, "and I am speaking now, not for myself. Miss Munro and I have been very good friends for three years and we shall continue to be such, but we are not engaged and there never will be any thing."

No reason for Mr. Carter's change of front is not explained. It is known that Mr. Carter and Miss Munro called on Mrs. Payne and her husband Sunday afternoon and told them of their engagement and invited them to attend the dinner Sunday night at the Hotel Astor, which Mr. and Mrs. Payne declined to go because of their annoyance over the conduct of several of the members of the now famous automobiling trip to New England.

Miss Munro Leaves Town.

The announcement of the engagement was a fact, for when it appeared in the newspapers next day Miss Munro left hurriedly for her mother's home in Middletown, N. Y., and notified the business manager of the Munro Processing Company in this city to give out a card from her.

Dudley Carter, who is an employee of the Windsor Trust Company, in Nassau street, is twenty-three years old, six feet in height and heavily built, he features resemble his mother's, and the idea he was an abundance of money seems to be reported by members of the automobile party to have [illegible] upon his learned of his mother's marriage to Payne that he ordered Lloyd to drive the breakfast table and the hotel Payne got up and left.

When Mrs. Carter appeared and learned what had transpired, she dramatically ordered her son to go out back after her husband and fetch him back. Young Mr. Carter obeyed.

Later, when the automobile party reached the Hotel Touraine in Boston, and Mr. Belasco got wind of the marriage, he called one of the party to the 'phone and ordered him and all the others to leave the party and return to New York.

Although Mr. Belasco had no managerial control of the young actors in the party, they concluded to follow his advice, and left Boston on a special train without advising Mr. and Mrs. Payne of their departure.

Mrs. Leslie Carter

Manager and Star Whose Marriage Has Excited the Theatrical World

TOOK ARTILLERY FROM INVADER OF POLITICAL CLUB

Retired Fireman Jitsued Wild Relative from the Woolly West.

BECK CAME GUNNING.

Didn't Like Brother-in-Law's Possible Handling of His $18,000 Legacy.

When Edward G. Beck came to town yesterday from Sonona, Mexico, he carried a grievance and three revolvers, all of which combined to cause his arraignment in the West Side Court to-day. Had Edward carried out a design that took him to the Tallahassee Club in West Forty-eighth street last night an undertaker in the neighborhood would have been selecting a nice casket from his stock to-day and crape would be hanging on the door of the residence of Michael A. Burnes, No. 342 West Forty-seventh street.

Burnes is a retired fireman, until recently captain of the company at Forty-seventh street and Eighth avenue, and he isn't afraid of anything. He wasn't afraid of Beck's equipment of artillery, otherwise he would be defunct to-day and the bad man from Mexico would be occupying a room in the vicinity of that which shelters Harry Thaw.

Disputed Will with Guns.

Beck and Burnes are brothers-in-law. Beck was born in this city, but the town was too slow. He hiked West, where a man doesn't have to get a permit to carry a revolver. Upon his arrival in the alkali and dialect country he acquired the high-heel and sombrero habit, and it stuck.

Some time ago Beck's mother died, and his sister, Mrs. Burnes, was appointed executrix of the estate, which was quite valuable. Beck was left $18,000 in trust and $2,000 in cash, but the provisions of the will didn't suit him at all.

He began to write burning letters to Mrs. Burnes. When he heard that Burnes had retired from the Fire Department he made up his mind that his $18,000 legacy was about to be appropriated to the uses of the Burnes family. The hot sun of the desert inflamed his imagination and made him hanker for gore. He wrote to his brother-in-law that he would soon take the trail for New York for the purpose of massacring four or five persons, including Burnes's lawyer, a man named Harding.

Dropped In on the Club.

It was late yesterday evening when Beck reached town. He went at once to the residence of his sister. She was out. So was Burnes, but he learned that the ex-fireman could be found at the Tallahassee Club, which is the headquarters of "The McManus."

Burnes was there, playing dominoes with some friends, when Beck, big, brown, sombrero-topped and noisy, entered. The mining man wasted no time. "I want to talk to you in private," he proclaimed to Burnes.

"All right," replied the New Yorker, leading him to a small room on the second floor.

Once inside the room Beck got into action. He pulled a .44-calibre revolver from the bosom of his shirt.

Jitsued the Gun Away.

That revolver looked to Burnes as big as any hose nozzle he ever saw, but he didn't hesitate a minute. With one motion he grabbed the pistol wrist of Beck, twisted the gun from his hand and slammed him against the wall. The miner was no match for the powerful and active fireman, although he put up a terrific fight.

Some of the boys from Tenth avenue ran up the stairs and Beck was put out of business in a hurry. When searched in the West Forty-seventh Street Station, two .44-calibre revolvers were found in his trousers pockets and around his waist was a belt loaded with cartridges.

His actions were so violent as to warrant the belief that brooding over his imaginary wrongs had affected his mind.

Magistrate Wahle, in the West Side Police Court, held Beck in $500 bail on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Burnems wanted the Westerner committed to the Bellevue psychopathic ward, but the Magistrate refused to entertain an insanity complaint.

His Narrow Escape.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"I can cure you, I believe," said the young doctor, "but you must drink no coffee."

"I never do drink coffee," interrupted the patient.

"E-r, don't interrupt me. As I was saying, you must drink no coffee but purest Mocha. You must drink a little at that every morning."

SHOP IN DISCORD BECAUSE OF PIANO

Girls Who Make Pillow Slips Organize and Go on a Regular Strike.

BRINGS A LOWER SCALE.

Operators Think Bosses Want to Make Them Pay for the Music and They Won't.

A piano isn't supposed to cause discord, but the 150 girl strikers of the Defender Manufacturing Company say it is the cause of their trouble. They are pillow-slip makers and embroidery constructors, and just at present they are making things hum in the neighborhood of Thirteenth street and Avenue C, where the factory is located. The fair strikers aren't using blackjacks, hatchets or dynamite in the style of the housesmiths and bridgemen, but they declare that if any strike breakers show up there will be something occurring.

It all began about a month ago when the company put a piano in the girls' recreation room. They thought it was just too nice and that their employers had shown a just appreciation of their labors. But two weeks ago, when the factory closed down for two weeks, a notice was posted that when the girls came back it must be at a lower scale. They do piece-work.

The girls returned from the two weeks' "lay-off" yesterday and although they went to work there was much talk. To-day the storm broke. They went to the factory in a body and refused to work. Howard Keppel, the manager, ordered them to go out if they wouldn't start their machines. They gathered on the sidewalk and organized a grievance committee made up of Mabel Gerrity, Ellie Williams, Nettie Bais, Delia Clarke and Grace Brown.

The girls stayed about the place and met with much sympathy from the neighbors. To any one who asked them, the usual answer was:

"It's all because of that piano. The company is going to make us pay for it by cutting down our wages. We thought they gave it to us at first just because we'd been so steady and hard-working. But we won't let them treat us this way."

Manager Keppel is a worried man. When he went to the factory to-day he was obliged to run the gauntlet of scornful glances from one hundred and fifty pairs of pretty eyes. He looked hot and uncomfortable as he said to an Evening World reporter:

"They'll cool down in a little while. It's just girlish hysteria. They don't know what a strike means.

"We have got in a great deal of new machinery," continued Mr. Keppel, "and it will enable the girls to do much more work. We thought they should help defray the cost of the new machinery. The only way we could arrange that was to make a cut in their wages."

HELD FOR SAVING CHILD FROM DOG

Michael Masso Hurled Snapping Mongrel Out of a Window.

ACCUSED OF CRUELTY.

Court Says He Was Justified, but Law Compelled Him to Fix Bail.

Because he acted promptly in saving his daughter from a mad dog Michael Masso, of No. 94 White Plains road, was to-day held in $300 bail for trial charged with cruelty to animals. The cruelty, according to Masso, consisted in hurling a snapping mongrel out the window after it had torn the hand of Mary Masso, the prisoner's fourteen-year-old daughter.

The complaint was made by Charles Matthews, a real estate man of Bronxwood Park, Williamsbridge. Matthews testified to-day that he was sitting on his front porch last evening with some men and women friends, when suddenly they saw a dog come flying from a third-story window of the tenement at No. 94 White Plains road. The dog struck the ground and lay crying with pain.

Shocked by this act of apparent cruelty Matthews hurried across the fields and found the dog—a nondescript mongrel—lying near the house, covered with blood and with two legs broken. Matthews called Policeman McMahon, of the Bronx Park station, who examined the dog, and, finding it hopelessly hurt, ended its misery with a shot from his revolver. With Matthews the policeman went to the room indicated by the real-estate man and found Masso, who admitted that he had thrown the dog from the third floor window.

Masso said the dog had suddenly gone mad and started snapping at his daughter, biting her hand. The father decided that this was no time for gentle tactics, and without looking for a good spot for the dog to land had hurled him from the window.

Masso told this same story to Magistrate Baker in Westchester Court today when McMahon arraigned him on a charge of cruelty to animals. The Magistrate said he did not see how Masso could act otherwise, but that he was compelled to hold him for trial in $300 bail.

NOTABLES ON OCEAN LINER.

LIVERPOOL, July 17.—The Cunard liner Carmania, which sailed from here to-day for New York, took among her passengers Sir Charles and Lady Rivers Wilson. The White Star Line steamer Baltic, leaving here to-morrow for New York, will take Franklin Mac Veagh.

FAST MOTOR BOAT FOR PAYNE WHITNEY.

New Yacht of Cabin Type Shows Great Speed in Her Trial.

Having owned the fastest race horse of a season, Payne Whitney is about to show the motor-boat yachtsmen of the Sound and at Newport what it means to travel through the water at the rate of nearly twenty-five miles per hour on the fastest cabin motor boat in the world. Like the horse with which Mr. Whitney came into prominence in the racing world, the boat bears the same name of Artful.

In a trial trip on the Hudson River yesterday afternoon the Artful made a run of two hours with and against the tide and averaged 24.52 miles per hour. The builders had guaranteed a speed of twenty-three miles per hour and say the boat is the fastest of her type afloat.

The Artful is seventy feet in length and of superb finish throughout. She is fitted with two six cylinder gasolene marine engines. The boat will be delivered to Mr. Whitney to-morrow and will be taken to Newport.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Wonders.

GRAND DUKE'S TRAIN WRECKED BY TERRORISTS

Vladimir, Warned of Death, Escapes Plotters' Attempt in Prussia.

TIES HEAPED ON TRACKS

Travelled Ordinary to Dodge Would-Be Assassins, but His Plans Known.

TREVES, Prussia, July 17.—Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, after a month at Homburg, returned to Paris two or three nights ago by way of Treves and Coblentz. He received letters informing him that he would be attacked while on his way to Paris, and turned them over to the police.

The Grand Duke took an ordinary train from here instead of the express, which left later. His train passed through Coblentz safely, but collided with a pile of ties and fishplates near Schweich.

Little damage was done, however, as a track walker found the obstruction just in time to signal the express, which was unable to stop before it struck the obstructing pile.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 17.—The daily budget of revolutionary outrages and agrarian disorders is larger than usual to-day. In many places the peasants are wantonly applying the torch to estates belonging to the Crown and to private forests.

At Natshatkino, in Simbirsk Province, the town hall was set on fire yesterday and the entire village, consisting of 80 houses, was consumed.

Throughout Poland systematic pillaging of the government spirit shops is in progress. The central police office at Warsaw was robbed yesterday and a gendarme was killed.

Grand Duke Vladimir

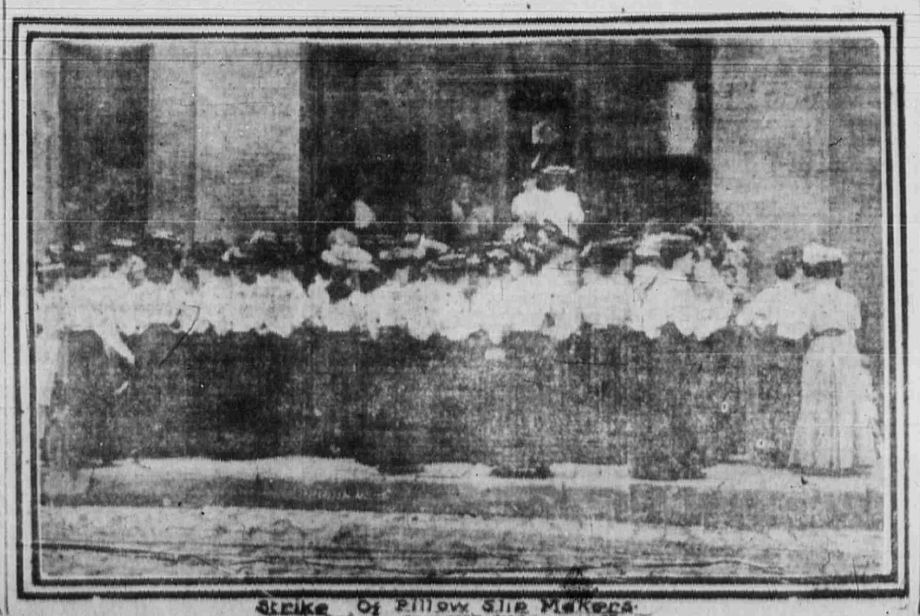
At Lublin, Russian Poland, revolutionists yesterday executed a workman who was suspected of being a spy, and at Nishni Novgorod and Vasnikky the cashiers of the spirit monopoly were robbed and killed.

A bank at Sosnitsa, province of Sosnitsa, was robbed, and at Trifila an Armenian locomotive engineer was shot in his cab by an assassin concealed in the neighboring woods.

Workmen at Rostoff, province of Yaroslav, killed an elected Government provocator; at Pitligorsk a Tartar woman who was baptised in the Orthodox church was murdered, and at Yaroslav bombs were exploded at the residences of the chief of police and an officer of the gendarmerie.

MOSCOW, July 17.—The Monastery of the Natlytity has been plundered of all its jewels and sacred relicts and $18,000 in cash.

Pillow-Slip Makers on Strike Think Piano Is the Cause of It.



Strike Of Pillow Slip Makers.

Texas Authoress Who Broke Her Leg Skating.

Elizabeth Dodge

AUTHORESS BROKE HER LEG ON SKATES

Miss Dodge, of Texas, Accomplished in Many Ways, but Not on Rollers.

MISHAP IN THE GARDEN.

Is a Cousin of Mary Anderson Navarro and Is Writing a Play About New York.

Miss Elizabeth Unorna Dodge, playwright and authoress of San Antonio, Tex., will be confined to her apartments at the Barstow Hotel on East Twenty-third street for several weeks as a result of a peculiar accident at the Madison Square skating rink yesterday.

Miss Dodge, who has been in New York for several months studying its social and political life with a view to writing a play, was enjoying the floor of the rink alone after the crowd had left, as she is learning to skate. The skate on her right foot became loose, and as she stooped to adjust it the weight of her body broke the large bone in her left leg above the ankle.

Mel Forrest, a physical culturist, who lives near by, was called by the manager and dressed the fracture. An ambulance arrived later from New York Hospital and the surgeon attended the young lady.

Miss Dodge expected to go to Chicago the latter part of the week to have charge of the production of her play, "Alamo," which is to be put on there. She has written several other plays, and is now contemplating one dealing with New York politics.

In many ways Miss Dodge is a remarkable young woman. She is master of several languages, having just completed the translation of the words of the Italian opera, "Love's Triumph," by Giuseppi Pinsati. She has mastered jiu jitsu and is an enthusiastic horsewoman.

Down in Texas she invented a contrivance for breaking horses which is in general use on the ranches.

"I like New York in many ways," she said to-day, "but still, New York is not Texas. No, I have never been on the stage and do not intend to be. I confine my ambitions to playwriting. I am a little proud of the fact, however, that my cousin, Mary Anderson Navarro, of Kentucky, achieved such fame and success before the footlights."

Miss Dodge says she is also a great-great niece of George Washington.

UP-STATE NOTABLE DEAD.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 7.—William A. Beach, sixty-four years old, died at his home here to-day. He was ten years ago one of the leading lawyers of this part of the State, and though crippled from infancy, he made his way to importance. He was Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-first District under President Cleveland both terms, and was actively identified with Democratic politics. He had held many important local offices.

WIFE VICTIM OF DOUBLE BUNCO

Hungry and Exhausted, She Walked Miles with Baby After Swindle.

HUSBAND THE MARK.

Tailor Fell Into Wiretappers' Hands and Told Woman of a "Cloth" Game.

Hungry and exhausted, a pretty young Austrian woman, staggering under the weight of a young baby, called at Police Headquarters to-day with a tale of robbery and poverty, only to be further crushed on learning of the alleged duplicity of her husband. She had walked from her home in West One Hundredth street.

"My husband keeps a little tailor shop at No. 21 West One Hundredth street," Mrs. Pauline Glass told the police. "It was hard to get along, but we saved all we could. Last Wednesday a man wearing a gray coat and vest and blue trousers came to the store and says to my husband, 'I have ruined my serge coat and vest. Can you make me new ones to match the trousers?' Sure my husband could. He would get the cloth.

"The next day the man came back with a new serge coat and vest. He said it cost only $22. My husband was surprised. It looked like a $35 coat and vest. 'You do not know where to buy your cloth,' said the man. 'I am a cloth broker. Come down to see me at West Forty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, and I will get you a bargain.'

New Bunco Game.

"My husband went down. He saw many men at desks and some rolls of cloth. But he would not buy. 'Very well, here is $20 to show I am in good faith,' said the man. My husband came home and told me.

"I said go and buy quick. It is a bargain. I have $300 in the bank and your brother Morris has $500 more in my name in the bank. I will take it all out. I did not tell Morris, for he was going to marry Tillie Zimmerman on Saturday.

"My husband went back to Forty-fourth street and on every desk he saw money. He never saw so much money before, he said. He gave the man $20 and was to get the cloth at 1 o'clock. When he went back to get the cloth the men were all gone."

"Now that is all very nice," said Detective-Sergeant Clay, when Mrs. Glass finished. "I guess your husband told you this story, didn't he? Where is he?"

Lost to Wire-Tappers.

"Yes, he told me. He is home in bed. He has been very sick ever since," said Mrs. Glass.

"I should think so," said Clay. "Do you know that your husband didn't lose the money in a cloth deal, but in a wire tapping game? He played the races."

Detective Clay visited the West Forty-fourth street house. It was a furnished room place. The landlady said she had rented the lower floor to some 'literary gentlemen,' who left town hurriedly.

The police sent Mrs. Glass to the Baron de Hirsch Society, at No. 45 Broadway. She said she was absolutely penniless. She also informed the police that her brother-in-law, Morris Glass, was not very well. His marriage has been postponed indefinitely.

KILLED IN TUNNEL OF PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Workman Watson Struck by Spar of Huge Derrick in West Side Excavation.

While working in the Pennsylvania tunnel at Thirty-first street and Ninth avenue to-day Hugh Watson, thirty-three years old, of No. 46 Prospect street, Brooklyn, was killed.

Watson was near a derrick and as the big structure swung around he was hit on the head by one of the spars. He was dead long before an ambulance surgeon arrived.

SWIMMING LESSON FATAL.

Boy Drowns While Mother Is Instructing Him.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., July 17.—Because of the many drownings which have occurred of late, Mrs. Attilio Iafrato determined yesterday to teach her six-year-old son to swim.

She took him to the canal and started to give him his first lesson. The little fellow thought it fine sport, and when his mother left him for a moment he plunged into the water. He sank beneath the surface and his mother did [illegible] too late to save him.

BROKER SUICIDE ON VESSEL OF NAVAL RESERVE

Rufus Sherwood Case Shoots Himself in His Bunk.

WAS ILL WITH GASTRITIS

Lived on Ship and Was Rated as Boatswain's Mate in State's Sea Service.

The agony of acute gastritis is believed to have been the cause for the suicide of Rufus Sherwood Case in his bunk on the Naval Reserve's ship Granite State at Twenty-fourth street and East River to-day. Case was thirty-eight years old and an insurance broker at No. 76 William street, but for the past five years he had lived on the ship, where he ranked as "bo'sun's mate."

Case was found in his berth early to-day, dead, with a bullet hole in his right temple and a revolver clutched in his hand.

Mr. Case was ill last night and was attended by Dr. Henry Forbes, the ship's surgeon. Dr. Forbes knew of his affliction, and said to-day that this latest attack of gastritis was extremely painful. When he left Mr. Case last night the latter seemed to be resting more easily and spoke of going to his business to-day.

Nobody heard the shot and the body was discovered by Engineer Emil Hamgong when he went to awaken all hands for the morning mess.

Mr. Case has a brother, Frank, who is also an insurance broker and lives in Brooklyn. The police are trying to find him. The dead man was a bachelor, and for fifteen years had been in the National Guard. Five years ago he left the military branch and entered the Naval Reserve.

LONGWORTHS LEAVE ON AN AUTO TOUR

PARIS, July 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth left here to-day by auto mobile for Bayreuth, where they will attend the Wagnerian festival. Before leaving they attended a dinner given by Minister Burgess, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Ambassador and Mrs. McCormick, and Mr. John Leishmann, Ambassador to Turkey, a number of cabinet ministers and foreign diplomats, and all the members of the Rochambeau delegation which went to Washington last were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Longworth will shortly join Mr. Leishmann in Constantinople.

Forsythe

Special Lot

Linen Suits

For Immediate Clearance.

About 150 of our finest models that have been selling regularly at $45 will be offered in this sale at the remarkably low price of

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Cost Not Considered.

These are without a doubt the greatest Linen Suit Bargains offered this season and so opportune, for they are just what you need right now.

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THE WAIST HOUSE
Broadway, 17th and 18th Sts.

Radway's Pills

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CURE

of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the internal viscera. PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA

Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, as the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

25 cents a box. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., N. Y.

Be sure to get "RADWAY'S." Refuse substitute.

DIAMONDS

No Security, No Interest, No Indorsement, No Employers' references

Cash or Credit.

Call or write for Catalogue 44.

L. W. SWEET & CO.

39 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

THREE-ROUND CLUBS WIN OVER POLICE

Long Acre Officials Discharged and Officer in the Case Reprimanded.

The three-round-fight clubs of this city have won what they think is a big victory over the police, and within a week or two all regularly organized bodies with a legitimate membership roll expect to be entertaining their members as of old.

The decision in the case of the Long Acre A. C. to-day has given the three-round entertainers new hope. The case came up in General Sessions Court, with Justices Olmstead, Deuel and McKean on the bench. It was disposed of in a minute. The judges heard the story of Policeman McGee, who made the arrest, and rendered their decision without even a question.

Assistant District-Attorney Corrigan asked McGee how he got into the club on the night in question when some three-round bouts were held.

"Did you have a warrant?"

"No," replied McGee.

"Then, what right had you there?" asked the District-Attorney.

The Judges apparently agreed with the District-Attorney, for they promptly discharged Mike Neuman, President of the club, his associates and the boxers.

Neuman says the club will hold a regular meeting and entertainment next Thursday evening.