GRAND JURY ACTIVE; POLICE MAKING LITTLE PROGRESS

directed that Becker be sent after Rose and had obeyed the order. Becker denied this.

Rose, at any rate, stepped out of a taxicab in front of Police Headquarters to-day, walked unrecognized past a score of detectives and went up the elevator to Commissioner Waldo's office. The policeman on duty there also failed to recognize him.

Told that the Commissioner was not in, he went away, saying he would be back in a quarter of an hour. He did not leave his name, but he kept the appointment. Commissioner Waldo turned him over to Deputy Commissioner Dougherty at once.

Rose, guarded by Deputy Commissioner Dougherty and Inspector Hughes, was hurried to the District-Attorney's office and before District-Attorney Whitman and the Coroner when his police examination was completed.

OFFICIAL VERSION OF ROSE'S STATEMENT.

Deputy Commissioner Dougherty received Rose in his office at 9 o'clock exactly. An hour and a half later the reporters were called into the office of Inspector Hughes, where the Deputy Commissioner and Inspector Hughes gave out jointly the following statement:

"Jack Rose has told us that he did hire the gray car owned by Libby and Shapiro and used by the men who killed Rosenthal. His right name is Jacob Rose. He is known as 'Billiard Ball Jack' because he lost all his hair twenty years ago when ill with typhoid fever. He was a partner of Rosenthal and lately has been his enemy.

"Rose appeared here because of messages we sent him through 'Bridgie' Webber and Sam Paul that it would be better for him to come down to this office because we had him covered, anyway.

"The man denies positively that he was in the car when the murder was committed. This admission of his is important because it supplements and corroborates exactly the statements of Shapiro as to the occupants of the automobile.

"The statements of Rose as to his own actual whereabouts at the moment of the murder are vague. He says that after visiting several places uptown he left the automobile at Jack's and that the others went on around the corner of Forty-third street.

"Now, suppose a man, not necessarily Rose, had hired an automobile which was to be used in a murder. That man would not want to be seen near the scene of the murder. But he would want to know, if not to see from a distance, what was going on; he would want to see that the murderers had a safe getaway.

"The statements made by Rose as to the other occupants of the automobile also corroborate everything Shapiro has told us.

ROSE DID NOT IMPLICATE BECKER.

"Did Rose in his statement in any way implicate Lieut. Becker?" Deputy Commissioner Dougherty was asked.

"No," he replied.

"Did he clear Becker of all suspicion?"

"The time has been too short to go into the thing far enough to make an answer to that question," answered the Deputy Commissioner.

"Was Becker present when you talked with Rose?"

"By a misunderstanding he walked into my office while the Inspector and I were talking with Paul. I never question two persons at once, and asked him to step outside."

Word came from New Haven early to-day that the police there had mistakenly arrested a man as Nathan Swartz, the slayer of Julia Connors, and had found on him a coat filled with papers belonging to Jack Rose. He said he was Manny Spellman and lived at No. 408 East Houston street. He was arrested, the New Haven police said, because he acted like a fugitive from justice. Besides letters and cards bearing the name of Jack Rose, he had a handkerchief marked "Joseph Rose" and a membership card of the Pilgrim A. C. of Boston made out to "Jack Rose."

Commissioner Waldo telephoned to the New Haven police, asking them to hold Spellman.

The prisoner explained his possession of the coat by saying he had bought it in a secondhand clothing store. He will be held until New York detectives interview him.

Spellman was one of an ugly crew which hung about a two and a half cent pool parlor kept in the basement of No. 408 East Houston street up to several months ago, when Louis Katz, the proprietor, was arrested because of a stabbing affray. The patrons then sought another hang-out. The neighbors said to-day that Spellman was known as an intimate follower of Katz and was believed to have many friends in the Sam Paul Association.

In response to a letter from Mayor Gaynor to Commissioner Waldo to-day, Lieut. Becker and Policemen Foy, Steinhart and White were sent to the Mayor to-day. None of the policemen seemed to have enjoyed themselves when they returned to Police Headquarters. Commissioner Waldo was present during most of their interview.

Twenty minutes after the arrival of Mayor Gaynor at City Hall, Lieut. Becker entered the Mayor's office in response to a summons. On the steps Becker was met by several friends, who grasped his hand. One said: "Hello Charley you don't look as if you were troubled greatly."

"Not in the least—not in the least" answered the lieutenant, as he returned the handshakes, and then hurried into the office of the Mayor. He was admitted promptly. It was understood that he was taken at once into the presence of the Mayor.

Ten minutes after the arrival of Becker, Police Commissioner Waldo walked briskly into the Mayor's office. The Commissioner declined to talk with reporters, but bustled through the doors leading to the private office of the Mayor. Becker was seated with the Mayor when the Commissionr entered. He remained throughout the discussion.

Neither Commissioner Waldo nor Lieut. Becker would say what had taken place.

"You know I was in to see the Mayor. That is all. I cannot talk to you," said Becker. He was instantly joined by former Senator John C. Fitzgerald, now Assemblyman and successor to "Little Tim" Sullivan as leader of the Third Assembly District. To Fitzgerald Becker talked extensively in undertones. The two men kept their heads close together.

A photographer was getting ready to snap the pair when a hanger-on exclaimed: "Look out; they are trying to photograph you."

Fitzgerald and Becker parted, Becker slipping a pair of glasses upon his eyes and hurrying to the rear exit, the photographer following. The latter pursued Becker to a point near the City Hall subway entrance. There Becker suddenly turned and shouted: "Don't you dare take my picture. I warn you," shaking his finger under the photographer's nose. "If you try it again I shall have this officer here arrest you," continued Becker, indicating a patrolman who had been summoned with him to the Mayor's office and who stood beside him.

Becker walked away with Policemen Foy and Steinhardt.

"ALL THE COPS FIXED," SHAPIRO WAS TOLD.

Lawyer Aaron J. Levy, counsel for Shapiro and Libby, issued an additional statement to-day as follows:

"Shapiro tells me that after the shooting he was working with his motor and pretended that it wouldn't start. One of the party said, 'Don't stall that engine. You'd better get started, and be quick about it.'

"Shapiro says he still hesitated, at which one of the men said, 'Go on, you —— fool, get started! Don't you know all the cops are fixed? No one will bother us. It's a clean getaway.'

The appearance of Rose in the office of Deputy Commissioner Dougherty was generally credited to the entrance into the Rosenthal murder investigation of the peculiar genius of Mayor Gaynor. Commissioner Waldo called on the Mayor yesterday afternoon and apparently got some good advice. Among other suggestions made by the Mayor was one in the form of a positive direction that Lieut. Becker himself be sent out to find the missing and greatly desired Rose and that he be sent to the Pacific Ocean, if necessary, in order to find Rose.

So quickly did Becker disappear from his home and all his accustomed places of resort when the order was communicated to him that a rumor of his suicide spread over the city. He appeared this morning, stolid, as always, saying that he had been up all night "but had got what he was after." He had realized, it was said for him, that his failure to induce Rose to appear at Police Headquarters would be taken as an almost certain indication that he was seeking to protect the real murderers from information which Rose might give Dougherty.

Becker, after Rose had gone to the Deputy Commissioner's office, made a statement to an Evening World reporter. He said:

"I am the victim of a conspiracy of east side gamblers who are trying to do me. They may succeed, but I know my conscience is clear.

"I never gave Jack Rose $1,500 to go into business with Rosenthal or any other gambling man.

"So far as I can learn, and I have been working on it good and hard, that $1,500 was put up by Harry Pollok or his friend, Pat Powers. The reason why I am sure Jack Rose did not supply the money is that he had a lot of heavy judgments hanging over him at the time. This would also be a reason why he did not want his name to appear in the mortgage.

"I never had any dealings with Rosenthal, except to raid him. Since I have been raiding, all sorts of traps have been set for me. Men have tried to slip me money. I don't care what any one says I defy anybody to prove that I had anything to do with that money Rosenthal says he received from me.

"My only reason for nervousness and my reason for not wanting to have people going to my home and for staying away from home so that I will not be followed there is that my wife is very ill and the doctor says that all this excitement is bad for a woman in her delicate condition of health."

At this point Becker was interrupted by a policeman who gave him an order which he understood was a summons at once to Deputy Dougherty's office; he appeared there, saw Rose being questioned by Dougherty and Inspector Hughes, and was asked to go away.

Two police lieutenants are in a predicament as a result of the alibi which "Bridgie" Webber furnished to the police before he was released on nominal bail yesterday as a necessary witness. Webber had failed to account satisfactorily for his time early Monday evening. Under pressure he admitted that he had met Lieut. Wall and another policeman, who had been on sentry duty at his gambling house. They were off duty. A newspaper man in the taxicab with Webber invited the policemen to go with him to the fight in Madison Square Garden and they had accepted.

The two policemen were summoned to Headquarters and corroborated his story.

Policeman William File, who was in and about the Metropole before and during the murder and failed to accomplish anything toward protecting Rosenthal or catching the fleeing assassins, was to-day suspended pending charges of inefficiency and neglect of duty.

WHY JACK ROSE WAS PUT ON GRILL.

Among the reasons why Jack Rose was so anxiously sought are these facts:

In Rosenthal's affidavit, made a day or two before his assassination, he said that when he opened his gambling house in West Forty-fifth street in March, partly with money he declared Lieut. Becker lent him, Becker put "Jack" Rose there as his (Becker's) collector.

Rose is understood to have been in the apartment of Dora Gilbert, Rosenthal's divorced wife, while she was making an affidavit for a representative of Becker Monday night.

The lawyers who negotiated the mortgage transaction for Rosenthal, by which he got $1,500, say "Jack" Rose was the lender of the money, yet it is known that Rose was at the time representing himself as "broke" and was borrowing money.

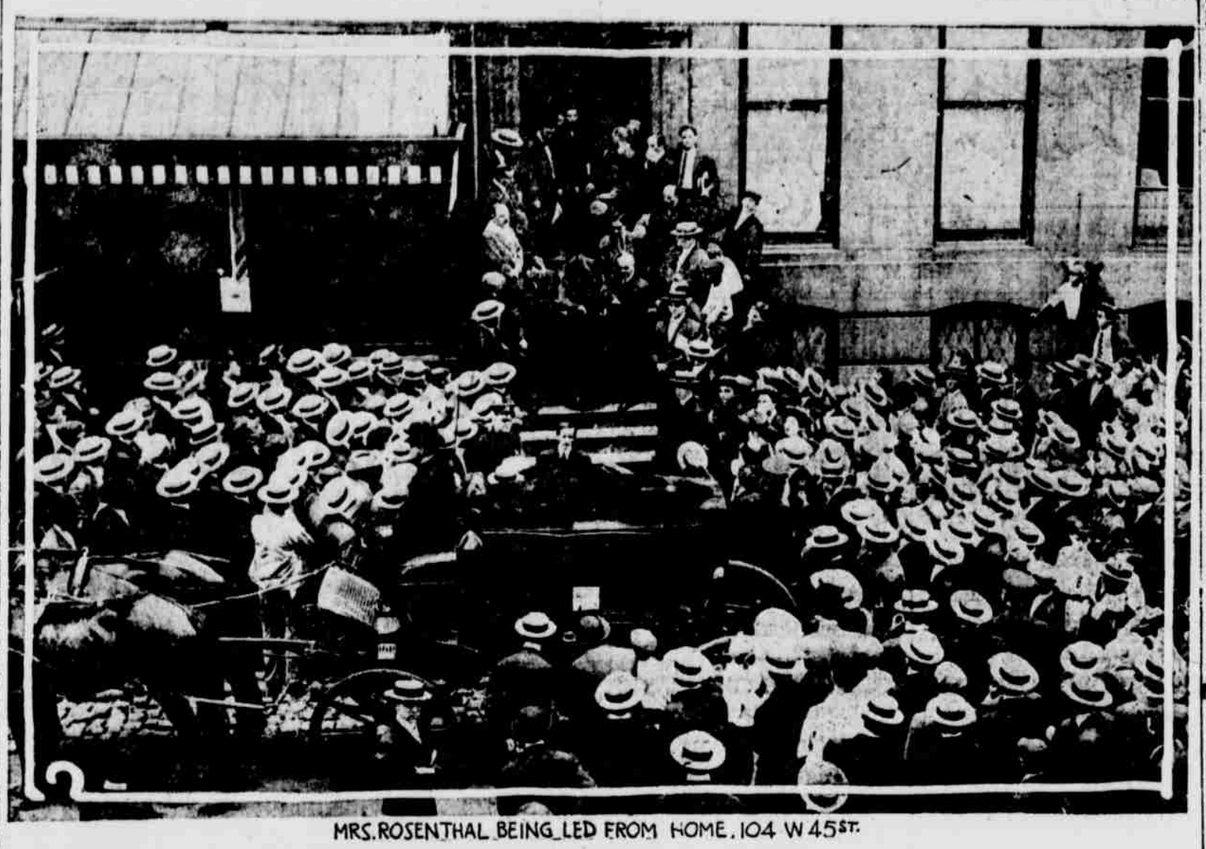
Now comes Assemblyman Aaron Levy, counsel for Louis Libby and William Shapiro, owners of the car used by the assassins, and says his clients declare "Jack" Rose hired the car and was in it when it started from in front of the Cafe Boulevard on its mission of murder. Whether he was still with the crowd at the time of the shooting, Shapiro, who was driving, could not say.

The principal distinction of Rose among gamblers is his surpassing skill at poker. He is noted among professional gamblers as one of the shrewdest, most skilful and least emotional of the followers of the game from Yonkers to the Battery.

There are now four investigations under way into circumstances connected with the Rosenthal murder. The police and the District-Attorney are making separate inquiries, the Grand Jury is looking into the charges Rosenthal made against Lieut. Becker, and Mayor Gaynor is understood to be making a quiet investigation of his own into the whole affair.

When the police announced that they had arrested a man named Clark, with the alias of Koch, as a necessary witness in connection with Rosenthal's murder many persons believed that the man meant was William Koch, a man well known among Broadway followers of sports. William Koch has in no way, directly or indirectly, been connected with the Rosenthal case.

Scene at the Funeral of Slain Gambler Rosenthal; His Widow Leaving the House After the Services



MRS. ROSENTHAL BEING LED FROM HOME, 104 W. 45TH ST.

GAYNOR SCORES LIEUTENANT BECKER.

(Continued from First Page.)

respect for the police raised so high that the accusations of such a character would not be extensively credited. His successive places have been entered by the police under warrants and held possession of one after another for over two years. And I now see that he was at war with the police and Mr. Jerome before I became Mayor. But he grew more defiant and vindictive all the while.

Those who killed him will be found no doubt and their motives disclosed. But he died as he had lived, having been a lawless character and briber of the police from his youth up. I cannot understand why Lieut. Becker should sit down to dinner with such a scoundrel. That he did seems to be admitted.

When Rosenthal made his accusations against your predecessor and his deputy, Mr. Driscoll, I fully investigated the matter, and the statement that I found any wrong on the side of the Commissioner or the deputy, or that the deputy lost his place on the ground of that complaint, is false. On the contrary, I found that Rosenthal and his associates who called on me were the worst gang of men that I had ever seen.

This is why I am so greatly surprised that Lieut. Becker should sit down to dinner with any of them or associate with them in any way.

Yours very truly,

W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

HOW THE POLICE CAPTURED ROSE.

"Find Jack Rose. He is tall, slender and smooth faced. You can't miss him. He hasn't a hair on his head," Deputy Dougherty and Inspector Hughes instructed several hundred detectives.

"Billiard Ball Jack," called so because of his bald pate, and who sticks out of a crowd like a Roman candle, rolled up to Police Headquarters in a taxi to-day. He passed half a dozen uniformed policemen and elbowed a score or more of sleuths, but he was not recognized.

Rose walked to the second floor to Commissioner Waldo's office. He asked for the Commissioner and was told that he was not in, but would arrive in a few minutes. "I'll come back in fifteen minutes," said Rose, and he again elbowed his way out of the building. He left no name.

In fifteen minutes Rose returned to Headquarters, and for the third time passed through the ranks of the "eagle eyed" sleuths. When he reached Waldo's office and told his name there was an explosion. He was quickly led to Deputy Dougherty's room.

SWARTZ ENDS LIFE BY GAS HAUNTED BY FEAR OF CHAIR

(Continued from First Page.)

Hartoff, the janitor, was called in. He broke open the door.

FIVE CHILDREN SLEPT IN ROOM CLOSE BY.

Lying on the bed, with the tube beside him, was Swartz, one hand clutching the bed clothing. The room had been sealed by stuffing clothes in all the cracks. Next door slept Kaplan's five children, ranging in age from five to seventeen years.

A search of the room after the gas had been let out revealed a soiled collar with some words written on it. An Evening World reporter examined it and found the words:

"I am guilty. I am insane."

On a scrap of paper, the margin of a newspaper, was written: "I felt sorry just two minutes after I did it so don't cry for me." On another scrap of paper were the words: "Parole Officer Hogan is a liar." On still another: "Hogan never told me to sign the papers."

Further search revealed a letter in his coat. It was scrawled on the back and front of an envelope torn open to form a sheet of paper. The confession, illegible almost, and showing incoherent breaks is as follows:

New York, July 17, 1912.

This is to my dear mother who I am always homesick for and same to the rest and pa whose word I am taking by doing this which I figure is the easiest death of my own estimation. I want to say that if I happen to be revived in order to be executed why I'll take my medicine just the same. My last job was at pocketbook mfg. co. at 74 Grand street. He owes me for two days' work. Please secure pay and give to mother for she is very very poor and for truth my older brother has lots of money and don't want the old folks on a farm for the simple life.

I'm sorry to cause the trouble to my neighbor, but all he'll have to do is to call a Copp. Tell mother again that I'm really guilty and she'll not cry her eyes and heart out.

"I knoe she thinks I'm innocent. I'm sorry I dong it, but I got crazy, as I often do, and you can't blame me or any one else."

The confession was not signed.

A note addressed to "Morris" read as follows: "I am sorry I disgraced you at your place of work. If I die by gas or electric please bury me where my seven-year-old sister lies down on Staten Island. I couldn't live without her."

Another bit of paper bore these words: "Tell Mother I should have died two years ago, so let her forget as though it's two years already."

PROBABLY THE KNIFE HE USED IN KILLING.

Among Swartz's effects taken to the Coroner's office was a knife with a short black wooden handle and a blade running to a sharp point. The weapon was eight inches long. There was also a pocket mirror, the linen collar on which a message had been written, and a bundle of newspapers with sentences and notes scrawled in the blank spaces.

It was remarked that the knife must have been the one used by Swartz to mutilate and tear Julia Connors's body, for it bore dark stains. Efforts had been made to clean the blade. Swartz evidently was afraid to get rid of the weapon, and carried it with him to his last hiding place. The slayer probably had picked up the knife in the vacant apartment. It looked like a painter's scraper.

At 9.45 o'clock Phillip Swartz, the fifteen-year-old brother of the murderer, came to the room where the body lay. He was accompanied by Lieut. McKenna. The boy reeled when he saw the suicide and cried out: "It is Nathan!" He was led away crying.

To make the identification positive, Lieut. McKenna brought Samuel Swartz, the father, who had urged Nathan to kill himself, to the house.

The body still lay on the bed where it had been found. Samuel Swartz looked at it and turned away.

"That's my son," he said, "yes, that's my boy. What did he take?"

McKenna replied that he had inhaled gas.

"Gas!" mumbled the old man. "Well, that was better than the other. But it is strange that he should come here. Two years ago he lived next door at No. 217."

Samuel Swartz hurried from the room then and went back to his task as a cap cutter.

Many of the tenants in No. 217 Chrystie street recalled Swartz after they had learned of the suicide. None had recognized him as, during the last eight days, he had been going from and coming to No. 219. Most of them had forgotten his name and their memories were not refreshed by descriptions of him and the published reports of the killing.

TOLD EMPLOYER HE WOULD END HIS LIFE.

The firm spoken of in Swartz's confession is the Louis J. Steinman Company, manufacturers of fancy leather goods, at No. 74 Grand street. The foreman remembered Swartz. He went there Tuesday morning and left yesterday afternoon asking for his pay. Although every one of the employees had seen the published pictures of the slayer, not one of them saw the resemblance.

"Swartz said he would commit suicide," said the head of the firm. "He was crazy all right."

When informed that it was the Bronx Ripper he had employed Steinman was incredulous.

"Such a little fellow and he looked so poor and weak," exclaimed Steinman.

But he identified the photograph and remembered the missing front teeth.

"Tuesday morning about 11 o'clock," said Steinman, "the poor fellow came along. He asked me for work at fifty cents a day at anything. I put him on making paper inside for pocketbooks. He was wild eyed. He looked poorer and thinner than any one I ever saw. At noontime he borrowed ten cents to get something to eat. At 6 o'clock he went home. Yesterday he came and worked till 4 o'clock in the afternoon and said he wanted to get off to look for a job as a shipper on Sixteenth street. He wanted his money, but I pay on Mondays.

"My landlady's going to put me out and I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday," he told me. "I gave him a quarter and told him he would get the rest of his money to-day. He looked at me and shook his head. 'Never mind,' he said, 'I won't need it. I'll be dead to-morrow.' I thought he was raving. There is fifty-five cents coming to him."

PROBABLY PASSED POLICEMEN ON WAY TO WORK.

The factory where Swartz worked is within five blocks of Police Headquarters. Coming from Chrystie street he would have passed several policemen on fixed post. Four times he must have been within a few feet of policemen furnished with his description.

In the room where his body was found there were dozens of newspapers spread out, showing the face of the victim beside his own. These pictures were probably the last things he looked on before death.

On the walls he had written many smudgy letters and half-formed sentences. One of these read, "Mother, I owe the woman sixty cents for board." Other jottings on the margins of papers were blotted out and smudged as if with a wet forefinger.

Edward J. Connors, father of the slain child, arranged for a friend who knew Swartz to accompany him to the Morgue and make sure of the identity.

"If the suicide is really Swartz I am sorry the police couldn't get him alive and make him pay the penalty in the just way," said Mr. Connors. "I want to thank The Evening World and the other papers for their help."

The Hebrew Free Burial Society of No. 245 Grand street will take charge of the funeral arrangements owing to the poverty of his parents.

FACE DISFIGURED WITH LARGE BOILS

Began With Small Boils. Gradually Became Larger. Physician Recommends Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After Two Weeks Boils Entirely Gone and Face Clear.

268 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I contracted a severe case of boils early in the spring, and after finding home remedies unsuccessful, I consulted my physician. Before doing so I was disfigured horribly with large boils on the face. The trouble began in the form of small boils, gradually becoming larger and my physician said they were caused by bad blood. I asked him if he could prescribe anything which could remove the trouble on my face. He recommended Cuticura Soap to be used when washing and to apply Cuticura Ointment at night before retiring. After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment two weeks, the boils were entirely gone and my face healthy and clear." (Signed) Benj. H. Jacobs, Nov. 18, 1911.

The regular use of Cuticura Soap for toilet and bath not only tends to preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but assists in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

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for rough, irritated skin—snow-white—non-sticky. 35c and 50c.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that standard remedy which is made from roots and herbs for woman's ills, had its origin in this way. For thirty years it has been redeeming its promises written on the label of every bottle by curing thousands of women of feminine ills. It's a good, honest medicine.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

CLEANER wanted. Hotel Aldine, 481 6th av.

An Example

of WHY The World is the best newspaper to read when in search of opportunities:

Yesterday there were printed:

9,153 World "Help Wanted" and "Situations Wanted" Ads.—
1,486 More than the Herald;
443 World "To Let" Ads.—
301 More than the Herald;
408 World "Summer Resort" Ads.—
267 More than the Herald;
144 World "Real Estate" Ads.—
84 More than the Herald;
116 World "Business Opportunity" Ads.—
101 More than the Herald.
3,258 World Ads. Altogether—2,317 More than the Herald

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DIED.

SCHAAF.—Mrs. ABRAHAM SCHAAF of 180 Prospect place, Brooklyn, suddenly last night, of heart trouble, at her summer home at Somerville, Arverne, L. I. The funeral services will be held on Friday at 1 o'clock from her late residence. She is survived by her husband and five children.

WILLIAMSON.—On Wednesday, July 17, BARBARA, beloved wife of Samuel Williamson.

Funeral services at her late residence, 229 Wyckoff st., Brooklyn, Friday, 8 P. M. Interment Saturday, 10 A. M.