

BOX SCORE OF THE Fourth Game World's Series IN THIS EDITION

RED SOX WIN AGAIN



WEATHER—Showers to-night and Saturday. FINAL EDITION.

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HEARD BECKER TELL ROSE THAT GAMBLER MUST BE "CROAKED"

Morris Luban, Brought Here From Newark Jail, Swears Conversation Took Place at Lafayette Baths Two Weeks Before Shooting.

IDENTIFIES GUNMEN AS ACTUAL SLAYERS

His Is the First Testimony Given at the Trial Tending to Connect Becker Directly With Killing.

District Attorney Whitman launched a crushing and surprising blow at Police Lieutenant Becker this afternoon when he brought Morris Luban, ex-gambler and gambler, from the Newark jail to take the stand before Justice Goff in extraordinary term of the Supreme Court.

Luban swore that two weeks before Herman Rosenthal was murdered he (the witness) was in the Lafayette Baths with Jack Rose, and that he overheard Becker say to Rose:

"If that ——— Rosenthal isn't croaked soon I'll croak him myself."

Becker started when Luban testified to this, his face became dead white and for the first time since he went on trial for his life the big ex-lieutenant showed emotion.

In bringing the jury into the court-room one of the attendants kicked over a metal cuspidor with a crash and clangor remarkably like a discharge of artillery. The court-room throng jumped up from their chairs in alarm.

Luban went into the witness chair with a pronounced bearing of nervousness and apprehension. His deep-set dark eyes seemed to start back in his head at every question and it was several moments before Justice Goff could get him under way and his voice up. Luban's English was close-clipped and thick and the stenographer had frequently to repeat his answers so that the jurors could get them.

Luban said he lived at No. 1812 Forty-fourth street, Brooklyn. He was at the Metropole at 2 o'clock a. m. on July 16 met Herman Rosenthal there. In his almost inaudible voice, Justice Goff said that "as long as we build southhouses in the noisiest parts of the city, we cannot expect to hear."

"Rosenthal went back to the dining room," Luban continued, "but soon came out. I was at the doorway when I heard the shots."

Q. Did you see the men who fired the shots? A. I did.

Q. How many fired? A. Two.

Q. Did the others have pistols? A. Yes; all the men had pistols, but I saw only two of them fire.

Q. At whom were they firing? A. Herman Rosenthal.

Q. What did the men do? A. Ran to a machine and fled.

Q. Did you know the chauffeur? A. Yes; it was William Shapiro (now under arrest).

Q. Did you know the men who were there with guns? A. Yes, by sight. I knew them in a gambling house in Second avenue.

Q. Who were they? A. The names I knew them by were "Gyp the Blood," "Whitney" Lewis, "Lefty" Louis and a fourth man. I would know him if I saw him.

"Bring in the men," said Mr. Moss, and for the fourth time the gunmen walked to the bar for identification. Mr. McIntyre still objecting.

JOVIAL THIEF GIVES HOTEL A BIG SCARE WHEN FIFI BARKS

Burglar Climbs Three Stories on Grill and Goes in Window.

TOOTHBRUSH AS PISTOL

With It He Keeps Back Hotel Guests and Sends Bellboy into Convulsions.

James Wilson, who also answers to the name of Roscoe Pond, and prefers to be referred to as a "soldier of fortune," entered the Prince George Hotel at 3 o'clock this morning and made unostentatious visits to two apartments on the third floor.

At 2:10, owing to the presence of Mr. Wilson and the protests of a long-haired lapdog against that presence, the fire alarms were ringing, women guests were screaming, bellboys were racing through the halls and Headquarters was being implored in tremendous tones to send a platoon of police and a company of militia at once.

There is an entrance to the hotel at No. 14 East Twenty-eighth street and another at No. 13 East Twenty-seventh. Both are large and inviting, but Mr. Wilson chose to use neither. He went into the alley between the Prince George and the Hotel Ascot, at the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Madison avenue, and removed his shoes; then he swarmed up a tall and shaky grillwork barrier which separates the two buildings.

When he could climb no farther Wilson found himself opposite a ledge which runs beneath the third-story windows of the Prince George. He crawled along the ledge until he came to an open window. He accepted its invitation. At the far end of this room Mr. and Mrs. Charles Connick, visitors from Yonkers, were sleeping.

PETULANT PET POMERANIAN GIVES THE ALARM

They continued to sleep while the visitor helped himself to Mr. Connick's watch, chain, two diamond pins belonging to Mrs. Connick, a fob, pen knife and a beautifully enameled Bull Moose button. There was a pocketbook there too, but Mr. Connick stirred uneasily when Wilson reached for it. So Wilson decided to call again on his way out for the pocketbook and went noiselessly into the hall.

He went next into apartment No. 671 to call on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lawrence, also from Yonkers. They were sleeping and he did his best not to disturb them. But he reckoned without Fifi, one of the darlings of the Pomoranians ever.

Fifi crawled from her slumber at the foot of the bed and growled, Wilson said in soothing tones that Fifi was a nice doggie, but it didn't go. Fifi let loose as only a petulant pet Pomoranian can.

Up sprang Mr. Lawrence, and the humor of the situation struck Mr. Wilson. He began to laugh heartily and was quite unable to answer Mr. Lawrence's indignant query as to the nature of his errand. There was a toothbrush lying on a dresser and Wilson picked it up. He pointed it at Lawrence, and Mrs. Lawrence awoke to find that a great city. Frightened a bellboy into a convulsion with the toothbrush, Wilson got out on the ledge again and started to crawl toward the grillwork and the caged shoes.

HIS "PISTOL" SCARES BELLBOY INTO CONVULSIONS

There was lots of excitement on the third floor by that time, and the rest of the hotel was just beginning to awake to the peep of a great city. Frightened a bellboy into a convulsion with the toothbrush, Wilson got out on the ledge again and started to crawl toward the grillwork and the caged shoes.

Policeman Sullivan of the West Thirtieth street station was on the sidewalk. He drew his service revolver and pointed it at Wilson. The man on the ledge took careful aim with the toothbrush and laughed derisively. Sullivan paled, but he stood his ground.

"Come down or I'll shoot. Put up your weapon, ye devil!" imp. "You couldn't even hit the hotel!" After which disdaining to ridage in

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

ERLANGER WINS SUIT; OPPOSING LAWYER IS FINED

Juror Withdrawn, Making a Mistrial of Case by Miss Edith St. Clair.

LAWYER IN CONTEMPT

Admonished By Court He Still Persists in Asking Forbidden Questions.

There was a sensational ending to the suit of Edith St. Clair against Abraham L. Erlanger before Justice Page in the Supreme Court to-day. The Justice withdrew a juror, making the case a mistrial and fined lawyer John V. Bouvier of counsel with Max D. Steiner for Miss St. Clair \$50 for contempt of court.

In other words the suit was thrown out of court. The suit by Miss St. Clair was for the recovery of \$1,000, due as an instalment on a \$25,000 contract.

The climax came after a long encounter between Mr. Bouvier and William T. Jerome, Mr. Erlanger's lawyer, as to whether or not Mr. Erlanger should answer if he and Miss St. Clair had been on terms of undisturbed intimacy. Mr. Erlanger maintained that he should not be forced to answer. Mr. Jerome bridled the difficulty by conceding such relationship and Mr. Bouvier pressed the witness as to relations with another woman. He was blocked at this point by the court. Then the lawyer asked abruptly:

"Who is Leonard?" "Leonard is a man and an actor, I guess."

WHERE BOUVIER TREADED ON DANGEROUS GROUND

"And a husband?" continued Mr. Bouvier, extracting from a portfolio affidavits sworn to by Erlanger in a suit brought in June, 1911, by Mrs. Erlanger. "I don't know that," replied Erlanger. "You do not know that Leonard was the husband of the lady you married?" "I do not know any such thing," responded Erlanger.

Mr. Jerome and Mr. Bouvier again clashed, the former maintaining that the question of Mr. Erlanger's affairs with his former wife did not enter into the merits of the case.

"It enters into the case this much," asserted Bouvier, excitedly. "This is the dear little wife that this man feared to lose, and rather than injure her feelings, he claims, he signed this contract."

When Mr. Jerome attempted to halt his rival's statement Mr. Bouvier tried and put a question to the witness as follows: "Do you not know that this man Leonard was the husband of the lady you married? Did you not so swear?"

"Halt!" exclaimed Jerome, jumping

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WOOD'S WONDERFUL PITCHING AGAIN BEAT GIANTS BY 3 TO 1

Joe Wood as He Looked To-day Pitching Against the Giants. (Photographed This Afternoon at the Polo Grounds.)



Red Sox "Smoke Ball" Pitcher Held McGraw's Men Safely All the Way in Fourth Game of Series.

AMES RELIEVING TESREAU, SCORED ON IN NINTH.

"Big Jeff" Wild and Steady in Turns; Had No Runs to Back Him Up Until Seventh.

SCORE BY INNINGS. BOSTON: 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1-3. GIANTS: 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-1.

GIANTS: Devore, R. 0 1 0 0 0 0; Doyle, 2b. 0 1 5 1 0 0; Snodgrass, cf. 0 0 2 0 0 0; Murray, rf. 0 1 3 0 0 0; Merkle, lb. 0 1 7 0 0 0; Herzog, 3b. 1 2 2 1 0 0; Meyers, c. 0 0 5 1 1 0; Fletcher, ss. 0 1 3 0 0 0; Tesreau, p. 0 1 0 2 0 0; Ames, p. 0 0 0 1 0 0; McCormick, 0 1 0 0 0 0.

Base Hits—Off Tesreau, 5; off Ames, 3; off Wood, 6. First Base on Balls—Off Tesreau, 2; off Ames, 1. First Base on Errors—New York, 1. Left on Bases—New York, 6; Boston, 7. Struck Out—By Tesreau, 5; by Wood, 6. Three-Base Hit—Gardner. Two-Base Hits—Fletcher, Speaker. Stolen Bases—Merkle, Stahl. Double Play—Fletcher and Merkle. Wild Pitch—Tesreau.

BY BOZEMAN BULGER.

POLO GROUNDS, N. Y., Oct. 11.—It was all Wood this afternoon, and the Giants lost to the Red Sox by a score of 3 to 1. The famous Smoke Ball star of the American League Champions was at his best, and though the McGraw men fought him desperately every inch of the way, he was still their master at the finish and Boston had a lead of one game in the race for the World's Championship. Tesreau, the spit ball king of the Giants, was unsteady at the start and allowed the Sox to nick him for a lead of two runs. He steadied down toward the finish, but with so runs to back him up his good work went for naught.

In the seventh inning the Big Bear Hunter was relieved so that McCormick could hit for him, and that move came near winning the game. McCormick came through with the needed hit, but Fletcher made a desperate effort to get home with the tying run, but was thrown out at the plate.

The Giants had a great opportunity to rally in the sixth when Tesreau and Devore led off with a grand slam, but Larry in his overcasty swing low at the first ball pitched to him and popped a fly that dispelled the expected storm.

AMES RELIEVING TESREAU, SCORED ON IN NINTH. Cause of Defeat.

Ames pitched the last two innings and got away all right in the eighth, but was tapped for a run in the ninth. Tesreau's defeat was due entirely to his wildness. A base on balls in the fourth inning cost him one run, and his unsteadiness in the second forced him to put one in the groove. Gardner, which was hit for three bases. He then turned loose a wild pitch and Gardner trotted home.

Ames also gave a base on balls in the ninth which was costly. The one run made by the Giants resulted from a single by Herzog and Fletcher's two base drive against the right field wall.

Notwithstanding the early uncertainty about a game being played, the largest crowd of the series saw this contest. Every seat was taken and the runways were packed with people standing up.

When the game was over the teams and camp followers resumed their daily pilgrimage to Boston, where Mathewson and Collins are to battle to-morrow. The players have no further financial interest in the series. They are entitled to a share of the receipts for the first four games only.

FIRST INNING. Tesreau's first offering was a clean strike on Hooper, but he lost control and swung three wide ones off the plate. He then got over a second strike, but Hooper smashed the next one for a clean single over second. Yerkes bunted in front of the plate. Chief Meyers had ample time and made a play to get Hooper at second, but the throw went far over Doyle's head and both runners

were safe. Speaker smashed a hit boundary that Fletcher got near second. He then touched the bag, forced out Yerkes and shot the ball to Merkle in time for a beautiful double play. But play lifted the Giants out of a dangerous hole, as Lewis also hit to Fletcher and was nailed at first for the third out. The defensive work of the Giants was beginning to show and the fans went wild with joy. Fletcher's work had turned gloom into joy. NO RUNS, ONE HIT.

SECOND INNING. Gardner hit the first ball pitched to the fence in deep right center for three bases. Tesreau then uncocked the first real wild pitch of the series, and as the ball shot to the stand Gardner scored. Stahl also tried to get hold of a straight ball, but swung too low and popped an easy fly to Doyle. The first ball to Wagner was a curve, and he drove a long fly to Snodgrass in right center. With the count standing two and two on Cady, he swung at a high one and struck out. ONE HIT, ONE RUN.

6,000 BLUEJACKETS FROM GREAT FLEET PARADE TO-MORROW

Arrival of Last of Warships Is to Be Marked by Big Day Ashore.

Six thousand armed men take possession of New York City to-morrow at the points of carbines and the muzzles of machine guns. But it will be a peaceful invasion and a capitulation of welcome, for the armed men are to be the bluejackets and marines from the great fleet, finally completely assembled in the Hudson.

The day's parade of these solid blocks of white and of blue down Broadway and Fifth avenue signifies the completion of the fleet mobilization and the real beginning of the greatest marine spectacle ever staged in the waters of this hemisphere. The last ship of all the great fleet will have its mudhook in the river bed; the final detail in the arrangements of reception will be completed. For four days New York will be in the grip of the greatest arm of the nation's defense.

To-morrow will open with the arrival of the yacht Dolphin, flying the flag of the Secretary of the Navy. Secretary George von L. Meyer and his party will receive salutes from the guns at the Hook and the Narrows and then, as

SATURDAY'S PROGRAM IN HONOR OF BIG FLEET AND ITS BLUEJACKETS.

Early morning—Arrival of Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer on the yacht Dolphin.

8:30 o'clock—Special services in the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue at Central Park West and Seventieth street.

Noon—Luncheon in honor of Rear-Admiral Osterhaus and fleet officers in the Union League Club.

1:30 o'clock—Monster land parade of 6,000 marines and bluejackets starts at foot of West Ninety-sixth street, passing thence to Broadway, down Broadway to Fifty-ninth street, across to Fifth avenue, down Fifth avenue to disbanding point at Twenty-sixth street.

2:30 o'clock—Smoker at the Hotel Astor for 600 officers of the fleet. Smoker at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, Twenty-sixth street and Lexington avenue, for 15,000 sailors.

None of the fuss and feathers of review will be on display to-morrow, however; that is reserved for the big review Monday when the President, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, will be present to pass up and down the lines of the steel vikings.

Columbus Day—the anniversary of the day when the great navigator set foot on San Salvador Island—which is the occasion of the assembling of the mightiest fleet of iron-clads in the hemisphere and the parade of the fleet's armed

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POLITICAL PARTIES AND OTHERS can rent an Assembly Hall in the Pulitzer Building, seating 350, and one seating 75, 250 Fulton (World) Building. For