

BECKER GLOATS OVER MURDERED BODY OF ROSENTHAL, JACK ROSE SWEARS; HE STICKS TO HIS AWFUL STORY

WEATHER—Rain to-night; Sunday fair; cooler.

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FINAL EDITION.

The Evening World.

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GIANTS BEATEN AGAIN BY 2 TO 1, WITH MATTY OPPOSING BEDIENT

Triples by Hooper and Yerkes in Succession and Larry Doyle's Error All Boston Needed to Win Fifth Game.

GREAT PITCHERS' BATTLE, WITH FEW SAFE HITS

McGraw's Men Held to Three Singles, One by McCormick Scoring Their Only Run.

SCORE BY INNINGS

GIANTS	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1
BOSTON	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

GIANTS.					RED SOX.					
R	H	PO.	A.	E.	R	H	PO.	A.	E.	
Devore, if	0	0	0	0	Hooper, rf	1	2	4	0	0
Doyle, 2b	0	0	3	1	Yerkes, 2b	1	1	3	3	0
Snodgrass, cf	0	0	2	0	Specker, cf	0	1	3	0	0
Murray, 1b	0	0	0	1	Lewis, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Merkle, 1b	1	1	15	0	Gardner, 3b	0	0	3	2	1
Hertzog, 3b	0	0	2	3	Stahl, 1b	0	0	7	0	0
Meyers, c	0	1	2	0	Wagner, ss	0	1	1	1	0
Fletcher, ss	0	0	2	2	Cady, c	0	0	5	0	0
Shaffer, ss	0	0	1	0	Bedient, p	0	0	0	0	0
Mathewson, p	0	1	0	3						
McCormick	0	0	0	0						
Totals	1	3	21	13	Totals	2	5	27	6	1

BY BOZEMAN BULGER.
(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

FENWAY PARK, BOSTON, Oct. 12.—Bedient pitched the Red Sox to a 2 to 1 victory this afternoon and put the Giants in a position where they will have to win three straight games to capture the World's Championship. This game, which was the turning point in the big series, was one of the most brilliantly played of the series and when it was over the Red Sox were almost prohibitive favorites in the betting. If they can capture Monday's game at the Polo Grounds the race will be over and the Giants will have lost two World's Championships in succession. No other club except Detroit has lost two tries at the big honor. The Tigers were beaten thrice in succession.

Mathewson lived up to tradition and pitched a masterpiece but Bedient lit the fire of youth in his arm, held to heavy hitters of the Giants at bay for nine long innings. And the one run from his delivery was not enough to win. The Sox had made two. In one inning the Sox got to the Old Master and that was enough to land victory. In the third Hooper led off with a triple down the third base line and Yerkes followed with another to the fence in deep center. Larry Doyle, the Giants' catcher, then made an error on Speaker's drive and let a score in. But for this fatal blunder the Sox would have scored but one run and the fight would have gone to ten. McCormick, the punch hitting man of the Giants, drove in New York's one run in hitting a two-bagger into the right field bleachers. Merkle in hitting a two-bagger into the bleachers was called with two out when McCormick was third with the rescue. For the record time in the series he made good with a terrific smash that knocked Gardner down for a single and Merkle scored. The Giants were deeply chagrined at their defeat, as with Mathewson in the box they looked upon this as an easy victory. It was no fault of Matty's however. His work was a master proof pitching art, but his team mates failed to have the gun behind him. Very

KLONDIKE CHARLIE BUYS WINE FOR STOKERS ON LINER

Gold, Diamonds, Champagne and Song Are His Specialties, They Are!

HOT TIME ON ADRIATIC.

Jovial Mine Owner Dissolves the Fog in Breakers of Bubbling Juice.

Out in the wild and woolly West former William A. Clark of Montana is supposed to be about the richest man in the world, but where Senator Clark spent pennies, "Klondike Charlie" spent five dollar gold pieces on the Adriatic of the White Star line, which reached port today. "Klondike Charlie's" right name, he says, is C. G. Lemon, and his sole aim in life is to show that he is such in name only. Ordinarily, the Adriatic would have been a ship of gloom, in the thick fog through which she nosed from Friday morning until she reached Quarantine, but "Klondike Charlie" simply would not allow gloom to stick around his vicinity. All the way over from Liverpool Charlie had been making things lively for the stewards and the people generally, producing a new thrill nearly every day. He presented a formidable figure as he strode up and down the decks, and you certainly could see him coming, even through the dense fog. At least, his Klondike watch chain, made of huge nuggets of gold, and his diamond-covered chain with a miniature of Dawson City, made in gold nuggets also, were ever in evidence and all you had to do to touch a responsive chord was to mention the gorgeousness of their glitter. But Mr. Lemon, who is now very blasé on the gold question, having some two hundred mines stored away in his comports, indeed, he is very prolific, having in the short voyage of one week, turned out three "best sellers" that the waiting world, away from the deep, will no doubt long to hear.

CHARLIE IS SOME COMPOSER—BELIEVE US!

If you don't believe it, ask any passenger of the Adriatic. For the composer himself gave them just a wee little taste of song to compensate them for their long wait in the fog. And could you but have heard "The Man that Stole the Klondike from Alaska," sung in his deep bass voice, to the accompaniment of his secretary, you would not have wondered that even the fog lingered so long, and would not wither away. Then there were the other two, "The Hummer Queen," cast a real glow of warmth on the assemblage on the companionway, but when he gave the very touching ballad, "The Mermaid in the Sea," all control was lost, and even the very delightful, good-natured purser, Mr. Palmer, who has known all kinds of pathetic scenes, brushed away an unbidden tear. But not for long did he allow the heart-throbs—not "Klondike Charlie." He knows how to cheer up. "Wine, more wine!" was his cry, and his fog-chilled fellow traveler was his honored guest. All night long, amid the cry of the fog horns, did the warm-hearted host from the cold, cold North gladden the spirits of his partners in tow. And a new name was coined for him, to add to that of "Klondike Charlie." It is now "Champagne Charlie." For into the remote recesses of the ship was the invitation extended, "won't you come and drink with me?" But when he began ordering the yellow bubbles for the stokers, the wise Captain turned his thumbs down, even if the ship had but a few miles to go. Therefore, "Charlie" did not approve of the Captain. "How is a good fellow to have a good time," he cried, "bound up here for hours and hours?" "He became a bit peevish, so he contented himself with resting on his previous laurels, for he is known when the stokers' hand came forth to play the day before the voyage ended, using spoons and bass drums made from barrels and the pipes were being heaped on their heads for all decks. "Klondike Charlie" was much in evidence, throwing gold coins among them to the

BIG CROWDS CHEER 6,000 MEN OF NAVY IN GREAT PARADE

Headed by Warships' Bands, Bluejackets and Marines March Through City.

FLEET ABLAZE TO-NIGHT.

Secretary Meyer Here and the President on Way for Great Review Monday.

Six thousand of the sailors of the Atlantic Fleet, now in the lower Hudson, came ashore today and paraded through Manhattan with tens of thousands of patriotically excited New Yorkers cheering them from the sidewalks. It was the first chance the visiting sailors have given the people of New York to tell them collectively how much the nation's biggest city thinks of them. Though there had been a delay of half an hour in getting the bluejackets ashore from the gray ships in the North River, there was no delay in starting the parade from the foot of West Ninety-sixth street. With a prancing cordon of police horse marines riding ahead, the line, with Rear-Admiral Fletcher and his glittering staff behind him, started up the Ninety-sixth street hill with a swagger and a swing which was not surpassed by the rhythmic swaying of the Georgia's Filipino Band, dark skinned and grinning, which was out in front of the Georgia's contingent tooting for all it was worth as Admiral Fletcher and his staff passed. The chorus which greeted the band on Broadway and Fifth avenue, from Ninety-sixth street to Twenty-sixth street, was no louder than those which welcomed the black and white bearded goat of the Utah. "Boek!" trotted ahead behind the first platoon of the dreadnought's men. **MAJOR WITH ADMIRAL ON REVIEWING STAND.** First of all, after the Admiral and his staff, was a regiment of speck and soon marines. Behind these were four regiments of bluejackets armed with rifles, fifty-six trim, jaunty figures in blue blouses and trousers and brown gaiters. Mayor Gaynor, with Rear-Admiral Ostrander, who is in command of the fleet, and the division commanders other than Rear-Admiral Fletcher, were at the reviewing stand. The admirals and their staffs had been entertained at the Union League Club at lunch by Samuel Fairchild, president of the club and also a member of the Mayor's committee. The glittering company walked from the club to the reviewing stand at a little after 2 o'clock and was greeted in front of the library by the Mayor, Commissioners Wadsworth and Johnson, all the Borough Presidents, President John Purroy Mitchell of the Board of Aldermen and many other important citizens. The reviewing stand was an enlarged version of the pergola which blossomed in City Hall Park earlier in the week and was not only decorated with brilliant autumn leaves but with geraniums and potted palms and pine trees, thereby combining the flora of all parts of the world visited by the nation's sailors in any one year. **SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT LANDING BARELY AVOIDED.** The landing of the paraders at Ninety-sixth street was in charge of Lieut.-Commander Gherardi. He intended to get the whole force ashore in half an hour. He had boats enough and the men got away from the ships promptly, but at the landing there was a hitch. There were ticklish moments during the landing which came very near developing serious accidents. One happened when the navy tug Ontario, with four hundred sailors from the Connecticut, was swung against the north side of the pier by the tide so hard that many of its men on her deck were thrown off their feet. The tug's anchor fouled the string of the pier and as the heavy vessel backed away she seemed likely to pull the pier, which was covered with sailors, into the river. A seaman on the tug had presence of mind to loosen the anchor cable so that the

"ROSENTHAL MUST BE CROAKED!" ROSE SWEARS BECKER TOLD HIM

"There Is Only One Thing to Do With a Fellow Like That," Gambler Quotes Lieutenant in His Amazing Story on Stand, "and That Is to Stop Him for All Time."

"IT'S SAFE TO KILL HIM BEFORE A POLICEMAN"

"I Congratulate You," Rose Says Becker Replied When He Phoned of the Shooting, and Declares He Said: "The Sight of the Body Was a Pleasing Thing."

Over the most indignant protests, John F. McIntyre, chief counsel for Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, was forced this afternoon to take up the cross-examination of Jack Rose in the extraordinary term of the Supreme Court where Becker is on trial for the murder of Herman Rosenthal. The Justice declared that the cross-examination must be finished by midnight.

Mr. McIntyre sought by every means in his power to break the force of the story that Rose had told. He tried to trap him into contradictions and into making admissions that would tend to discredit him, but the gambler stuck to his story with amazing firmness.

Rose at the morning session had told an astounding story of blackmail, grafting and murder. He declared that Becker had stood over the body of Rosenthal and gloated over his death.

"It was a pleasure to look at the Jew," Rose quoted Becker as saying. "If it had not been for the presence of District-Attorney Whitman I would have cut out his tongue and hung it up somewhere as a warning to other squealers."

For three hours Rose held the packed court room in almost breathless suspense by probably the most dramatic and thrilling narrative of graft, of conspiracy and of crime that has ever issued from the lips of a witness in the history of criminal jurisprudence in this county. **WITNESS BECOMES CALM AS HE TELLS STORY.**

Beginning with evidences of trepidation and nervousness, he gradually settled down to a calm and emotionless recital of his confession of the part he and Becker played in collecting graft from Herman Rosenthal and then planning to get rid of him in order to save exposure and a great public scandal. Never once did he falter or hesitate in detailing his narrative and he delivered his story in perfect sequence.

It was as sure and accurate a delivery as any actor ever gave on the stage. Only when he came to his account of the plotting on the evening before the crime did he attempt any dramatic emphasis. Then he spoke in a clear but not loud voice and with an intense earnestness.

In all the courtroom through there was not a better dressed or more carefully barbered and manicured man than the witness. He wore a suit of blue homespun material that fitted his big frame smoothly as a glove, high turned-down collar and a knitted silk four-in-hand tie. His black shoes had been polished to mirror brilliance and when he pulled up his tightly creased trousers he revealed a pair of azure blue silk socks.

The previous scenes of riot and disorder in the neighborhood of the courtroom were not repeated when the trial was resumed to-day, but along about noon swarms of men and women poured into the building and fought to break through Capt. Tierney's police lines. When Rose, who was sworn in as a witness last night, was called to the stand the tribunal was only comfortably filled. When Rose began giving his sensational testimony it was estimated by the District-Attorney and Becker's counsel that he would occupy the witness chair at least three days.

WIFE OF THE PRISONER IS NERVOUS.

When Becker came into court his wife, who had been in her seat almost half an hour, got up and walked to the rail to speak to him. Neither smiled as they greeted one another and the prisoner's wife showed her nervousness in the high color that crimsoned her cheeks. Justice Goff took his place at 10:05 business—for the last six or seven o'clock and a moment later Rose was years. Q. Did you know Herman Rosenthal? A. Yes; for twenty years. Q. Do you know Charles Becker? A. Yes; since the fall of 1911. Q. Did you have any business relations with Rosenthal? A. Yes; I was his gambling partner at No. 140 West Forty-fifth street. Q. Did you have any business relations with Becker? A. Yes; I collected money for him. Q. Did you ever see Rosenthal and Becker together? A. I did. Q. When and where, for the first time? A. In the Lafayette Baths. The second time was in the Elks Club. Q. Where do you live? A. My last residence was at Arverne, L. I. Q. What has been your business? A. Promoter and gambler. The last time I was in was the gambling



JACK ROSE.

Q. Were they in conversation at the Elks Club? A. On New Year's eve last we were all there. I did not hear their conversation at the start.

Q. Was Mrs. Rosenthal there? A. Yes. TELLS OF BECKER'S PROMISE TO PROTECT ROSENTHAL.

Q. How did Rosenthal and Becker approach each other then? A. They stood behind Mrs. Rosenthal's chair. Becker said: "Now, don't worry; cheer up. Herman and I have had a thorough understanding. He is my friend and I am his and I will go the route for Herman. You have nothing further to worry about." He was talking to Mrs. Rosenthal.

Q. When did you next see Becker? A. At my house, next day.

Mr. McIntyre objected to nearly every question asked by Mr. Moss. Practically all of these objections were overruled at the beginning of the examination.

Rose said he met Becker at the Union Square Hotel on the day after New Year's. Becker told the witness that Rosenthal was going to business on Forty-fifth street, and that Herman had asked the Police Lieutenant to invest \$5,000 in his business. "Becker consulted me," said Rose, "and I advised him against it."

The witness was now speaking guardedly and clearly, but his nervousness was evident. Becker's counsel continued voicing objections, which the Court disregarded. The prisoner began taking notes of Rose's testimony, now and then pausing to chew the end of his pencil.

Q. Where was that talk? A. At the Union Square. I told Becker no one had ever made any money with Rosenthal, and I said, for many reasons, he ought to let the proposition alone, because Rosenthal was unreliable in his business dealings.

Q. Did you have a later conversation? A. Yes; usually in the mornings at my home, afterwards at the Lafayette Baths and evenings at the Elks Club. I met him at one of these places, and he said he was in no position to invest \$5,000 with Rosenthal. Then Rosenthal asked for \$250, and Becker asked me about it. I told him I was opposed to going into business with Rosenthal.

SAYS BECKER REPORTED ROSENTHAL WAS HOUNDING HIM.

Q. The next conversation? A. Becker later told me Rosenthal was hounding him about getting his place open, Becker said: "Rosenthal will now be satisfied with \$1,500 from me and I owe him some favors." I advised Charles Rosenthal not to go in with Rosenthal, but he said: "Well, I am going to let him have the money. I will lend it to him through a dummy and secure myself by a chattel mortgage. Then I will not let Herman know I am lending the money, but you will go in and be Herman's partner, and get 50 per cent of the receipts. Herman will not know

you are my partner, and we will get together on the outside and divide the profits. I said, "Charlie, it is not the amount of money, but that I do not want you to go in business with Rosenthal. He is unreliable, and for my part I do not want to act as his partner, even for you."

"I said: 'If you desire to do that all right, but I am afraid of him.' Becker said then: 'You needn't worry. He won't dare to do you in this transaction, for he will have me to deal with.' 'All right,' I said then: 'I'll go ahead and make the arrangement.'"

Rose said he had then gone down town to see Rosenthal and had made the arrangements about opening up the place and taking out the chattel mortgage. "Becker told me," said the witness, "to go and take charge of Herman's place and I did so. The day after the house opened Becker called me up and asked me how business was." Mr. McIntyre yelled an objection to this statement, but the Court waved him down.

The defendant had begun to smile at the testimony concerning his partnership with Rosenthal, but the smile soon faded and he bowed his head over the table and began taking rapid notes. Q. How frequently did you talk with Becker, so as to recognize his voice on the phone? A. He called me every day and I knew his voice well. On that day he asked the result of the first night's business. I told him I had been light and we had few customers—patrons I mean—but that in a week we expected good business.

TELLS OF A DEMAND OF \$500 FOR BECKER. Q. Did you talk to Becker about his getting money from Rosenthal from that house? A. I reported to him that the house had been doing fine and had won several thousand dollars. Becker then told me to go to Rosenthal and ask for \$500 for counsel fee in the case of Pitt. Pitt was Becker's press agent and stool pigeon who was on trial for murder. I told Rosenthal Becker wanted \$500. Rosenthal said: "What does Becker want with \$500?" I said: "Herman, Charles is under heavy expenses to defend Pitt and he needs the money. Besides, you owe it to him and you ought to give it to me now for Charles?" Rosenthal said: "You tell Becker I won't give him any \$500. The interest isn't due on that note and mortgage for ninety days yet. He's got enough with his mortgage on my property. I can't give him another dollar."

DECLARES BECKER THEN SPONSORED MAKING A RAID. "I reported what Rosenthal had said to Becker and Becker said: 'I thought he'd say something like that. Jack, I believed I was going to have trouble with that place. They are already beginning to knock me about that place at Headquarters, I know I

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