

# TWELVE JURORS SELECTED TO TRY CASES OF FOUR POLICE INSPECTORS

WEATHER—Clearing to-night; Wednesday fair.

## FINAL EDITION.

# The



# World.

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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20 PAGES

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## "POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL," RAMONA BORDEN, TELLS WHY SHE FLED FROM SCHOOL

"People say I am rich, but that does not mean I am happy. Daughters of rich people are not always happy."

"I haven't had a home for many years. I've been to one school after another. What I wanted was just a home—a home."

"When I ran away from school my father put me in a sanitarium where I had a strong-arm nurse for a companion. I begged Mrs. White to take me away."

"I didn't have anything but money. I couldn't buy happiness with it. It didn't do me any good except to buy fine clothes."

Ramona Borden—a "Poor Little Rich Girl" in real life—sat partially buried by the cushions of a big plush chair in her mother's apartments at the Hotel Belmont to-day and gravely discussed for The Evening World her hard lot as the only child of a millionaire and why she ran away.

It was a child-woman with very large eyes, a wide mouth and slender, almost undersized, body that greeted the newspaper men alone. She spoke confidently, almost with the airs of precocious womanhood, and yet about her whole aspect was the attitude of the child who feels restraint before strangers. She was dressed richly and in a style evidently reflecting her untrammelled taste.

"You must excuse my mother," she began. "She is very tired and nervous and I have told her that I had better talk to you instead of her because I have caused all the trouble. I can best answer all questions and, anyway, I want to see the men who have been writing so much about me the past week. You have been very good and I—well, I have been just myself—Ramona Borden."

IS GOING BACK TO COAST WITH HER MOTHER.

"In the first place, I will say I am going back to California with my mother in two or three days, as soon as she is rested. It has been definitely decided that I am to be with her in the future. She and my father have agreed on that point without seeing each other."

"I am very glad. I love both my father and my mother—but I have been very unhappy recently and I believe I will be happiest with my mother. A mother can understand her daughter better than a father can; don't you think so?"

"Why did I want to run away, I know you'll ask me that question and I'll tell you before you ask. I wonder if you can understand if I tell you truly."

The rich little girl, who is unhappy, shifted nervously in her great arm-

## Baseball Games To-Day

NATIONAL LEAGUE.	
AT BROOKLYN.	
GIANTS	000000000000
BROOKLYN	000000000000
AT CHICAGO.	
CINCINNATI	100000
CHICAGO	300012
AMERICAN LEAGUE.	
AT DETROIT.	
CHICAGO	2001
DETROIT	0020

FOR BASEBALL SEE PAGE 14. FOR RACING SEE PAGE 15.

## PRIMARY FIGHT BRINGS THREAT FROM GOV. SULZER

Executive Says He Will Take All Patronage from Foes of Bill.

FINAL CLASH IS NEAR.

Tammany Leaders, Backed by Barnes Machine, Declare Law Cannot Pass.

By Martin Green. (Star Correspondent of the Evening World.)

ALBANY, N. Y., April 29.—The person who first pulled the inquiry as to what would happen should an irresistible force collide with an immovable object should be here in Albany occupying the look-out's chair. The answer is due before the end of the week.

Gov. Sulzer, to hear him tell it, is the irresistible force.

The Tammany controlled Legislature—according to the members thereof—is the immovable object.

Unless something unforeseen occurs the collision is inevitable.

The Governor thinks the Legislature will back down and he is putting on the screws. He sent for a big up-State leader yesterday and announced to him:

"If you don't compel your legislators to support my direct primary bill I'll take away every penny of patronage you enjoy."

"Governor, you wouldn't do that," gasped the leader.

"I'll do it unless you come to the front with your support by noon to-morrow."

The leader hasn't appeared. It is known that he tried to get Senators and Assemblymen who are under obligations to him to promise they would support the Sulzer direct primary bill and they all refused.

MUST KILL THE BILL OR DESTROY THE ORGANIZATION.

The Tammany leaders in the Legislature say they will have to kill the Sulzer bill or consent to the utter destruction of the organization. They charge that Gov. Sulzer hasn't even read his own bill and doesn't understand what it means.

They have gone to the Governor and offered him any sort of a compromise bill, but he says his bill goes or nothing.

A provision of the bill which the Tammany men say they cannot possibly stand for allows one per cent. of the enrolled voters of an assembly district to sign the nomination papers of a candidate for office. In a district having 2,500 enrolled Democratic voters any politician with twenty-five friends could go out and get himself nominated to any office he might fancy.

"Every corner saloon in my district would have a candidate for every office," said a Tammany leader who is here looking over the ground to-day.

"Gov. Sulzer has no political shame. He frankly confesses that he is playing practical politics, and is using patronage and every club within reach of his hands. Thus far he hasn't given out his whole programme."

The Tammany leaders profess to believe that Gov. Sulzer is putting out the bluff of his career. But they are worried, nevertheless. It is the first time the present generation of Tammany leaders has ever been up against a Governor who is looking for battle.

LEADERS MAKE INFORMAL PLAN OF BATTLE.

After the formal caucus which wound up long after midnight to-day the Democratic leaders got together and laid out an informal plan of battle.

When the Sulzer bill comes up to-morrow as a special order it is likely that a final effort will be made to get the Governor to consent to amendments in the measure. After that—well, the Governor says the bill will pass and the legislative leaders say it will not. Certainly if all the Senators who say they will vote against the bill live up to their promises the bill will be buried.

For the first time in a generation, and even beyond, the Legislature is lined up against a practical politician. Odell and Black were practical politicians, but they had the Legislature with them. Higgins was a practical politician, too. Rosenthal was shot to death.

Now, Mr. Dougherty has learned that

## Ramona Borden, Who Declares Riches Robbed Her of Home



## GUNMEN SLAY "SQUEALER" AS A WARNING TO OTHERS

Underworld "Stool Pigeon" Is Shot to Death; Police Hold Five Suspects.

Jerry Maids, a flashy young man, who was known in the underworld as a "squealer," or an unofficial police spy, was shot to death just before dawn to-day in front of the garage of Paul Kelly, notorious gangster, whose place many gunfighters make their loading quarters. It is in Forty-first street, east of Eighth avenue, on the south side of the street, and only a few minutes walk from the hotel where Herman Rosenthal, who was also condemned as a "squealer," was killed last summer.

If Boob Walker can make it convenient to drop in on Deputy Commissioner Dougherty at Police Headquarters as soon as possible, the Deputy Commissioner will be greatly pleased. It is remembered in police circles that Walker, who has come in conflict with the authorities when promoting gambling enterprises financed by Bridge Weber, was at the table of Herman Rosenthal just a few minutes before Rosenthal was shot to death.

Walker was near at hand when Jerry Maids was shot. James Nolan, a middle-aged chauffeur, who was found on the seat of his cab, near the scene of the shooting, and was arrested with three other men, told this story at Police Headquarters:

"All I know is that Boob Walker, who has hired my cab before, came along with another man and told me to take them to the Star garage, which is kept by Paul Kelly. I did not notice where they went, when they got out of the cab. I supposed they had gone into Kelly's. I was half asleep when I heard shots fired and saw several men running. I didn't see Walker or the other man. Then I was arrested."

Deputy Commissioner Dougherty is careful to say he has no reason to believe Walker actually witnessed the shooting, but he explains that because of Walker's wide acquaintance, not to say intimacy, with gunmen, he might be of great aid to the police in helping them find the assassins of young Maids.

Maids walked into Forty-first street from Eighth avenue, looking nervously about as though expecting to see someone. The street was still quite dark. He stopped in front of Kelly's place as though looking for the number. From doorways east and west four men ran swiftly upon him. Five shots were fired into his body. As he fell the murderer started away.

Policeman O'Donnell was in Seventh

## MAN UNDER HER BED MAKES OUR MARY'S DREAM COME TRUE

Was Found in Miss Garden's Stateroom Just Before She Sailed.

MISS FARRAR "PEEVED."

Caruso in Bed Before Admirers Arrive—He Had Dined Out Last Night.

Many high-priced singers called on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. of the North German Lloyd line. It was the biggest sailing of operatic stars ever recorded. Crowds of passengers there were on deck besides and locomotion was difficult. On the pier there were throngs to bid Godspeed to departing friends, among them many Italian admirers of Signor Enrico Caruso.

"Caruso!" they cried. "Oh, de Caruso!" But Caruso did not appear. He was a guest at a farewell banquet given to him by many admirers last night and the banquet lasted until daylight. It was 6 o'clock in the morning when he reached the ship, the centre of an admiring constituency, who, in the excess of their admiration, carried him aboard and left him in his stateroom in bed.

And there was Mary Garden of the Chicago Opera Company. Delightful, charming, red-headed, beautiful Mary Garden, looking younger than when she returned, certainly stunner. She wore a gown of blue, with a white stole about her neck, white spots and white kid gloves. She told the ship news reporters all about her plans for the summer, and wouldn't they come to her stateroom and she would tell them some more. They all accepted the invitation, and then—oh horror! the stateroom was filled with smoke.

A MAN SMOKING UNDER MISS GARDEN'S BED.

Miss Garden stamped her dainty foot, and with some fervor called a steward and demanded to know what such a thing meant. An investigation revealed the fact that the smoke was coming from under her bed. Further investigation disclosed the fact that it was coming from a cigar, and that a man was smoking the cigar.

"A man under my bed!" exclaimed the radiant Mary. "Oh! what an ardent admirer. Absolutely stowed himself away to be near me. Isn't it beautiful. All my life I have dreamed of such a moment, ever since I have been a girl—and that isn't so long ago, is it boys!—that I would some time find a man under my bed. And now it has come true. Oh, this is delightful!"

All this while they were dragging the man out. He was a portly man. He was fat, and he had a red face, and his hair was tousled, and his clothing was all muddled. He had gone aboard with the Caruso party. Caruso's stateroom is two doors below that of Miss Garden, and her door being open, the burglar rolled in. The ship had a list to port and he rolled under the bed. He was perfectly happy.

Miss Garden took one look at him. "Take him away!" she cried. "Feed him to the sharks!"

They took him ashore and handed him over to the admirers of Caruso, who wanted to know where the tenor was. Miss Garden said that she was going to Paris, where she was to appear in a new opera. Then she was going to her estate in Scotland, where she would have a summer party, and she said that there would be much hunting of Scotch highballs on their native heath.

MISS FARRAR "PEEVED."

Dainty Geraldine Farrar was another passenger. There is great rivalry between the two stars Geraldine and Mary. Friendly, of course—of course! Miss Farrar had her story of what she was going to do, but she went all to pieces when one, unlike Miss Mary reporter, told her of the adventure of Miss Garden. She was visibly "peevish." She went right to her stateroom, followed by a bunch of admiring ship news reporters. But, lo! there was no man under her bed.

"Oh! she exclaimed, much disappointed. 'What shall I do? I'm going to Paris. I'm going to jump off the Eiffel Tower. I'm going to Egypt. Oh! make up a story for me! Say anything I'll stand for murder. But remember, I'm a single woman.'"

## WHITMAN IS ATTACKED FOR JURY METHODS BY INSPECTORS' COUNSEL

Stanchfield Demands That Justice Seabury Permit Investigation of Secret Inquiries Regarding Prospective Jurors at Conspiracy Trial.

## JURY BOX FINALLY FILLED AFTER STUBBORN BATTLE

Each Side Uses Peremptory Challenges on Talesmen From Panel of Two Hundred.

The jury to try the charge of conspiracy against the four former Police Inspectors, Sweeney, Murtha, Sweeney and Thompson, was completed at 4:30 this afternoon.

John B. Stanchfield, speaking for every lawyer concerned with him in the defense of former inspectors Dennis Sweeney, James E. Humeay, James F. Thompson and John J. Murtha for conspiracy to obstruct justice, charged this afternoon that William B. Sheridan had been employed by District-Attorney Whitman to obtain information concerning the 200 talesmen of the special panel from which jurors were to be selected. This, he told Justice Seabury, was prejudicial to the interests of all four of the defendants. He declared it was beyond the District-Attorney's rights.

"In my twenty-five years' experience at the bar," said Mr. Stanchfield, "I never knew that the District-Attorney had the right to elicit information concerning a prospective juror's religion and his social attachments, and, perhaps, his political affiliations."

"I wish to assure Your Honor that neither I nor any of my counsel have made any attempt to gather any such information about any man on this panel, and I ask now for permission to call Mr. Sheridan to show that the District-Attorney has done just this."

JUSTICE SEABURY UPHOLDS WHITMAN'S COURSE.

Justice Seabury said he could see no impropriety in the District-Attorney acquiring such information, even from the talesmen themselves, and Mr. Stanchfield took an exception to the denial of the motion to question Sheridan.

"Not after, but before," said Mr. Stanchfield. "Did this visitor tell you who he represented?"

"Yes, the District-Attorney."

"What did he ask you?"

"He asked me if I lived at the address where he found me and what religious faith I professed, and if I was a Mason."

"Did those inquiries bias you against these defendants?"

"Not at all."

"When were you summoned?"

"Last Friday evening."

"When did the man interview you?"

"The Tuesday before last."

When Mr. Stanchfield's request to call Sheridan was denied he examined every one by accepting Mr. Stanchfield's Juror No. 11.

The jurors sworn are:

No. 1—Philip A. Moeman, real-estate engineer, No. 264 West One Hundred and Forty-first street.

No. 2—Richard A. Pendleton, salesman, No. 3 East Twenty-eighth street.

No. 3—Albert Gallatin, art student, No. 7 East Sixty-seventh street.

No. 4—George L. Fowler, mechanical engineer, No. 264 West One Hundred and Forty-first street.

No. 5—Edward A. Pendleton, salesman, No. 3 East Twenty-eighth street.

No. 6—Albert Gallatin, art student, No. 7 East Sixty-seventh street.

No. 7—Harry Collins, No. 264 West

Banker Found Dead in Bed. NORWICH, Conn., April 29.—William A. Briscoe, President of the Thames National Bank of this city and a lawyer of some prominence, was found dead in bed at his home here to-day. Death was due to a natural cause. He was fifty-seven years old.