



## LOVE THE UNDOING OF ALLEN OUTLAWS

Detectives Follow Young Girl,  
the Fiancee of Wesley Ed-  
wards, and Capture Him  
and Sidna Allen.

### FIND BOTH IN DES MOINES

The Two Fugitives Had Been  
Sought Since March for the  
Killing of Five Persons  
in Virginia Court-  
house Tragedy.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 14.—Sidna Allen, leader of the Allen clan, which shot up the Carroll County courthouse at Hillsville, Va., on March 14, killing Judge Massie and others, and his nephew, Wesley Edwards, are on their way to Virginia to-night in the custody of detectives.

Edwards, for love of whom Miss Maude Iroter, of Mount Airy, N. C., had innocently led detectives to Des Moines, was captured to-night as he was returning to his boarding house, after having worked all day with a jaying gang. Just as he boarded a streetcar detectives and officers surrounded it. Edwards was trying to escape by crawling through the front end of the car when the officers caught him. The arrest of Sidna Allen was effected earlier in the day.

A visit by Edwards to Miss Iroter in her North Carolina home about a month ago and the accidental loss of a letter put the detectives on the trail. The fugitives had been in Des Moines since April 28. Allen, under the name of "Tom" Syre, worked as a carpenter, and Edwards, under the name of "Joe" Jackson, was employed with a city paving gang.

Allen was arrested at the home of John Cameron, at 11th and Locust streets, where he and his nephew had been rooming, by Detectives Baldwin, Lucas and Mundy, of Roanoke. The arrest occurred a few minutes after Miss Iroter stepped into the Cameron home to meet Edwards, whom she was to wed to-night, according to an arrangement made when he visited her in Virginia. Detective Lucas was at her heels.

Covered with Revolver.  
Allen was in an upper room. When informed that visitors wanted to see him, he came downstairs. As he did so Detective Lucas covered him with a revolver and asked him to surrender. Allen hesitated, then threw up his hands, remarking, as he did so: "I guess I'm your man."

The prisoner was handcuffed and placed under a guard of city detectives while Colonel Baldwin and Chief Jenney, of the local department, went in search of Edwards, who was said to be at work in the western part of the city. Apparently Edwards heard that his uncle had been caught, for he was not to be found until to-night.

Miss Iroter arrived in Des Moines this morning, unaware that on the same train were detectives who wanted her sweetheart. She went straight to the Cameron home, having previously been provided with the address, and the officers followed.

Although surprised, she took the arrest of Allen and the capture of Edwards with little show of concern. "Wesley was down home a month ago," said Miss Iroter. "We were to be married. He gave me the money to come to this city and this address. I had no idea that any one was following me."

Allen Talks Freely.  
Sidna Allen, in his cell to-night, talked freely of the events of the last few months, but declined to say much concerning his movements immediately after the courthouse tragedy. He and Edwards remained in the mountain country of Virginia and North Caro-

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## THE TWO GUNMEN ARRESTED FOR ROSENTHAL'S MURDER AND THEIR CAPTORS.

Photograph taken at Police Headquarters last night by a Tribune photographer.



Standing (left to right)—Police Lieutenant Riley, Detective Cassasa, Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty and Detective Meyers. Seated—To left, "Gyp" the Blood; to right, "Lefty" Louie.

### GIVES UP HIS WIFE TO A BETTER MAN

Deserted Husband Pleads in  
Court to Save Her from  
Bigamy Sentence.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—The story of a strong man's love for his wife and his willingness to sacrifice himself that she might have the man she loved was told in the courtroom of Municipal Judge Fry to-day.

James Carabine, his wife, Stella Ruth, and Oscar Galley were the principals in the drama.

Mrs. Carabine had married Galley without first obtaining a divorce. She was charged with bigamy and he with living with her.

"Judge," said the lawful husband, "I don't want to prosecute them. I love the woman and I don't want to see her go to jail. I am forty-two years old, she but twenty-four. Galley is twenty-six and they love each other madly. I never made her happy. I want her to have her chance for happiness, your honor, so I ask that you let them go. I am willing that she should get a divorce and marry this man."

At this the woman slowly arose to her feet and clung weeping to the man she had chosen. Galley, too, was crying, and spectators in the courtroom viewed the scene in sympathetic astonishment.

Judge Fry said he would take the plea of Carabine under advisement, and continued the case until Monday.

While the two prisoners were being taken back to their cells Carabine pleaded with the judge to reduce their bonds from \$1,000 to \$500, and was successful. Then he engaged the services of a professional bondsman and had the couple released.

### DESTROYER SINKS; 6 LOST

German War Vessel Rammmed  
by 11,500-Ton Battleship.

Cuxhaven, Sept. 14.—The German torpedo boat destroyer G. 171 was rammed to-day by the 11,500-ton German battleship Zähringen sixteen miles southwest of Heligoland. The torpedo boat sank within fifteen minutes. Six men were lost.

The G. 171 was one of five destroyers built at the German yards, at Kiel, and completed in 1909. She had a displacement of 615 tons and a speed of thirty knots. Seventy-five men formed her complement.

### SEEKS FORTUNE AT 99

Woman Wants to Spend Declining  
Years in Ease.

### CHAPLAIN BREAKS WITH GAYNOR ON "JOY RIDE"

Mysterious Woman Figures in  
Rupture of Friendship  
Twenty Years Old.

According to the Rev. William Morrison, police chaplain, secretary of the Board of Inebriety and a friend for twenty years of Mayor Gaynor, a mysterious woman figures in a quarrel which threatens to permanently sever the close relations that have existed between him and the Mayor.

### VISIT TO "INEBRIETY FARM"

The Rev. Wm. Morrison Talks  
of Being "Sold Out," and Says  
He Is Accused of Forgery,  
and Hints at Conspiracy.

Mr. Morrison charges that the Mayor has as much as accused him of forging his name to a letter to Eugene H. Outerbridge, executive member of the Citizens' Committee. The story of the rupture came out yesterday, after Mr. Morrison had talked with Chairman Curran of the aldermanic investigating committee.

The trouble seems to have been brewing for some time, and was brought to a culmination when the secretary inadvertently gave Controller Prendergast an opportunity to charge the Mayor with "joy riding" at the city's expense.

Secretary Morrison went to Warwick, Orange County, in August, to look over the site selected for the inebriety farm. He wrote the Mayor such glowing accounts of the region that he went to Orange County and spent the last two weeks of August there with the clergyman. They fished and rode about the country in an automobile, and had a fine vacation. After their return to the city the automobile bill, amounting in all to about \$80, was sent on to the Board of Inebriety, and the stenographer forwarded it to the Controller.

Mr. Prendergast objected to paying for the Mayor's automobile rides, and told him so. The consequence was that the Mayor wrote Mr. Morrison a severe letter on September 11, in which he declared that the chaplain had no right to send the automobile bill to the Controller. The next day Mr. Morrison received another letter, more bitter than the first, in which the Mayor told him he had no business to sign his name to a letter to Mr. Outerbridge.

Mr. Morrison was highly incensed. He had his suspicions that a conspiracy had been formed to make things uncomfortable for the Mayor, and he strongly suspected a woman, whose name he refused to give yesterday, of having a hand in the matter. The woman had insisted upon seeing Mr. Morrison, and he determined to have Mrs. Isabella Goodwin, the detective, and Inspector Lahey, of the Police Department, go with him to the meeting place and see what they thought of her. The meeting was set for Friday night.

In seeking Commissioner Waldo to get permission for Mrs. Goodwin and

to the newspaper men, and later the prisoners were examined at length about their movements from the afternoon of July 15, the day preceding the murder, up to the present time.

But the prisoners were defiant, and replied only when they found that Dougherty knew. They held their breath at some of

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### SNEAD KILLS "AL" BOYCE

Third Tragedy This Year in  
Snead-Boyce Affair.

Amarillo, Tex., Sept. 14.—"Al" G. Boyce, Jr., was shot and killed this afternoon by John Beal Snead, with whose wife Boyce eloped to Canada last fall.

Snead is soon to stand trial for the murder of Boyce's father at Fort Worth, January 13, as a result of ill feeling over the elopement of the son whom Snead shot to-day.

The shooting occurred within a block of the business quarter on the principal street. Soon after the shooting Snead surrendered to the police, giving up an automatic shotgun and two automatic revolvers.

Bystanders, hearing the first shot, turned to see a man, apparently a tramp, with a heavy growth of beard and wearing overalls, advancing to the center of the street, firing on his victim with a shotgun. Approximately a score of buckshot took effect in Boyce's side.

Snead would not make a statement to-night. He waived hearing and awaits the action of the grand jury, which convenes on Monday.

This is the third tragedy within a year that has accompanied the tangled matrimonial troubles of John Beal Snead, banker and cattle raiser of Amarillo, Tex. In November of last year Mrs. Snead eloped with Albert G. Boyce, a wealthy bachelor, son of the manager of the Capital ranch, in the Texas panhandle, said to be the largest in the world. The eloping couple were traced to Winnipeg, Man., and arrested.

On January 13 of this year the charge of abduction brought against Boyce was quashed. That same day Snead shot and instantly killed A. G. Boyce, sr., father of the eloper. Snead was tried for murder, but the jury disagreed.

The second tragedy occurred on March 6, when Snead's father, John T. Snead, was killed by R. O. Hilliard, one of his tenants. The assassin then killed himself. It was at first thought that this second murder was connected with the Snead-Boyce feud and that Hilliard was a Boyce partisan. This was not proved, however. A note left by Hilliard said his act was prompted by a desire for personal revenge.

EASY ROCKEFELLER MONEY  
Laborers Raised Snakes to Get  
Bounty Paid on Skins.

John D. Rockefeller has been uncoined. When Mr. Rockefeller got his five thousand acres of land at Pocantico Hills, especially the Buttermill Hill section, he found that it was infested by thousands of snakes of every kind, and he is as afraid of a snake as he is of a process server. Accordingly, he had his superintendent post a notice that he would pay 25 cents for every snake skin brought in by the workmen.

Great was the death rate of snakes on the Rockefeller estate, and some Italians made money so fast that they were threatened by Black Hand agents. Last spring the snakes were about extinct, so one bright Italian suggested that they capture some snakes, even if they had to go to other places for them, and start a hatchery. This is what they did, but the guilty laborers were discovered and discharged.

DAY LINE STEAMERS TO ALSBAY  
with way landings, thru Oct. 19. See advts.  
—Adv.

### AVIATOR KILLED IN MIDAIR COLLISION

Howard W. Gill, of Baltimore,  
Meets Death During a  
Race at Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—Howard W. Gill, the Baltimore aviator, was fatally injured on the Cicero aviation field to-night, when his biplane was in collision with a French monoplane during a race.

### FRENCHMAN IS INJURED

Both Biplane and Monoplane Come  
Together in Semi-Darkness—  
Both Machines Wrecked—  
Other Accidents to Victim.

Both machines fell to the earth a distance of seventy-five feet and were wrecked. Gill soon died without regaining consciousness. George Mastach, of France, who was in the monoplane, was also injured in the fall, but not seriously. Gill's death is the 1824 fatality since 1908 due to falls from heavier-than-air machines.

Gill was in a Wright biplane and was circling a one-mile course, while Mastach, in a Borel monoplane, was participating in a monoplane race. Almost at the same time, from a height of seventy-five feet, both men dived to the ground. Mastach was taken from the wreckage and rushed to a hospital. Gill was stretched out on the ground, and though he showed signs of life died before he could be taken to a hospital.

Had Premonition of Fall.  
Gill had a premonition of an accident. Just before he entered his machine and started, he called to a friend to throw him a heavy oil coat which the man was wearing.

"I'm likely to bring back some blood on this," said Gill with a laugh as he slipped it on.

Ten minutes later Gill's mangled body lay beneath the wreckage of his machine.

The accident occurred just at darkness, at the end of a day of spectacular flights. Opinions differ as to whether the two aeroplanes collided, causing them both to collapse, or whether one of them fell in trying to get out of the way of the one that started to fall first. Five thousand persons were viewing the race at the time, but owing to the darkness and the fact that the accident happened on the outside of the field, half a mile distant, few of the spectators could tell just how the accident occurred.

Darkness was said to be primarily the cause of the accident. Paul Peck on the same field the other day met his death at sunset. To-day's accident occurred even later. While there was light higher up, it was almost dark near the ground. Mastach said that just before the monoplane race was to start he protested to the officials of the Aero Club of Illinois against racing in darkness, but the start was called and he went up.

Gill had just participated in a biplane race with three others. He had come down, but had reascended, and

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## "GYP" AND "LEFTY" CAUGHT IN CITY

Arrested by Dougherty's Men While at Dinner  
with Wives and an ex-Convict in  
Ridgewood Section of Brooklyn.

### ALL WEEP ON LEAVING HOME

Two Gunmen Surprised in Undershirts at Table, Enjoy-  
ing Domestic Bliss to Utmost—Lived in Flat Since  
August 15—Betrayed by Landlord, Who  
Objected to Women's Visits.

"Gyp" the Blood and "Lefty" Louie, accused of the actual shooting of Herman Rosenthal, were arrested last night while at dinner with their wives in a little three story frame house in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn, by Deputy Commissioner George S. Dougherty and several of his men. Their apprehension cleans up the case so far as the men openly charged by the police with being the actual plotters and slayers of Rosenthal are concerned.

In the toils at present are "Whitey" Lewis, "Dago Frank," "Gyp" and "Lefty," Zelig gunmen and the putative actual assassins; Lieutenant Charles Becker, alleged to be the arch plotter of the murder; Harry Vallon, or Valinsky, an East Side gambler; "Bridgie" Weber, a Tenderloin gamester; "Bald Jack" Rose, the confessed collector for Becker; Louis Shapiro, the chauffeur and owner of the gray "murder car"; "Jack" Reich, or Sullivan, the friend of Becker, and "Sam" Schepps, alleged to be the paymaster of the assassins.

Of all these prisoners, including last night's capture, the police arrested only three. All the others either surrendered themselves or were arrested by the District Attorney's office.

The last two arrests were made a little before 7 o'clock last night by detectives, led by Casassa, McKenna and Myers, just as the two gunmen were about to sit down to their evening meal with their wives and Michael Polechuk, an ex-convict, in their apartment on the second floor of No. 756 Woodward avenue, in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn.

WIVES STYLISHLY ATTIRED.  
Polechuk was arrested on the technical charge of being a suspicious person, while the wives of the gunmen, good looking and fashionably dressed, were taken along to see if they were wanted as witnesses.

When the detectives drove in Dougherty's automobile to the house where the fugitive gunmen were living with their young wives, happy as turtle doves, they did not wait for the deputy who had directed their movements since the chase for the fugitives began, but dashed up the wooden stairs and, drawing their revolvers, burst in upon the party of five.

"Hands up!" cried the sleuths.  
"Drop your guns!" retorted "Gyp" the Blood.  
But "Gyp" did not delay an instant in throwing up his hands, as ordered, any more than did "Lefty" Louie and "Mike" Polechuk. The wives of the Zelig gunmen began to cry.

Just then Dougherty reached the top of the stairs, breathless. One of the half dozen detectives who had the house surrounded for upward of an hour said:

"Commissioner, they're in there."  
Dougherty walked through the door indicated and saw the two gunmen, sitting in chairs, cowering, their hands up, their women in tears, and Polechuk, whose acquaintance he had previously made, also with upraised arms.

DEPUTY'S SUPREME MOMENT.  
Dougherty, when in action, is a man of few words. He took in the situation in a moment, and, satisfied that he had the fugitive gunmen, said:

"Casassa, you and Myers take those two downstairs and put them in the automobile. And you, Dominick," addressing Lieutenant Reilly, "take care of that gink Polechuk. And, say, a couple of the rest of you might take those women along with you to Headquarters. Take a train back. And see that a couple of you remain here and search this house."

"But let us put on our shirts," pleaded "Gyp."  
Both men were in their undershirts. The request was granted. After putting on fashionable linen of a rather flashy sort, the gunmen began to look for their hats. "Lefty" found his at once.

"I can't find mine," said "Gyp."  
"That's all right," said Dougherty. "Here's my cap."  
Suiting the action to the word, he took off his cap and gave it to "Gyp," who smiled his thanks and put it on his head.

NO WEAPONS ON THEM.  
Then Dougherty's orders to his squad were carried out. Incidentally, the gunmen and Polechuk were "frisked"—that is, searched for weapons. But they did not have as much as a knife in their pockets.

The two women had been sobbing softly. Now they broke into violent lamentations and each threw her arms around her husband's neck. "Gyp" and "Lefty" also began to weep, but their tears soon ceased. Then wives and husbands kissed and parted.

While "Lefty" and "Gyp" were passing him on their way out of the apartment Dougherty said to them:  
"You know you're wanted for the Rosenthal murder?"  
The two men grinned.

When they reached the street and were trundled into the automobile a big crowd, consisting mostly of children, gathered around, but none of them knew that the prisoners were the notorious gunmen.

## VISITS OF WIVES THE UNDOING OF FUGITIVES

The trip to Police Headquarters was uneventful. Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss, who had been apprised of the arrests, reached Police Headquarters shortly after the arrival of the prisoners. He and the other officials of the office Deputy Dougherty gave out the story of the arrest