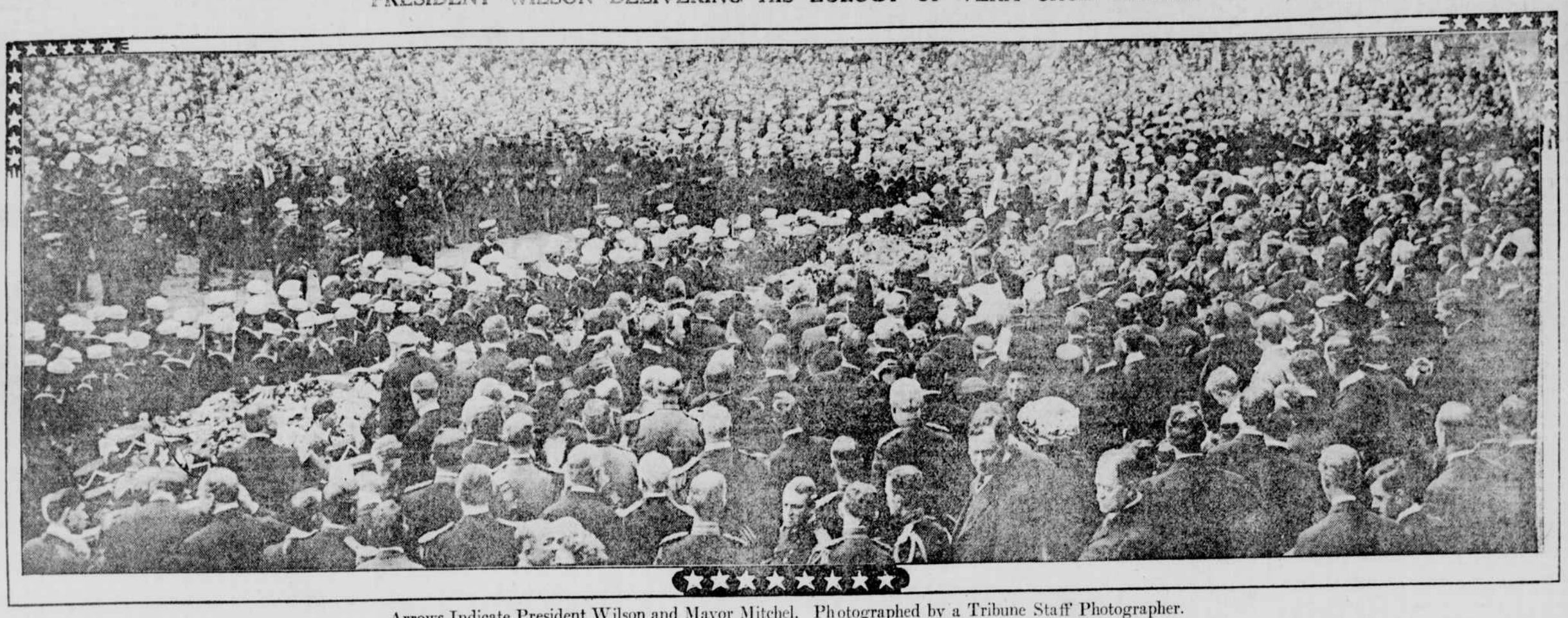
New York Tribune

Vol. LXXIV....No. 24,649. [Copyright, 1914, By The Tribune Association.] NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1914. PRICE ONE CENT In City of New York, Newark, Jersey City and Hoboken. ELSEWHERE TWO CENTS.

WEATHER

To-day, rain and cooler. TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY: High, 78; Low, 69. Full report page 10.

PRESIDENT WILSON DELIVERING HIS EULOGY OF VERA CRUZ HEROES.



Arrows Indicate President Wilson and Mayor Mitchel. Photographed by a Tribune Staff Photographer.

FULL HONORS TO ENLISTED MEN WHO "SERVED MANKIND"

President and Governor, Mayor and Dignitaries Join in Solemn Tribute to Dead Sailors and Marines.

HEROES TREATED AS ADMIRALS

Bells Toll, Flags Flutter at Half-Staff and Throngs Bare Heads in Reverence as Procession Passes Through the Streets.

Glorious in death, because in the eyes of their commander-in-chief, the President of the United States, they died in Mexico for mankind, in a war of service rather than aggression, seventeen youthful Americans who fell at Vera Cruz were given the highest funeral honors in the nation yesterday.

Before the rifles of their comrades volleyed over them and "Taps" rang out the President, gazing sorrowfully down on their flower-strewn caskets, his voice breaking with emotion, envied them their heroic end and prayed he might die as nobly and unafraid.

Because they died for idealism, for the sake of peace and to serve others, they were accorded honors far and beyond their rank. They were enlisted men—clean-cut, young bluejackets and trim marines, no different from their living comrades standing in solid ranks around their caskets—but if they had been seventeen admirals, in gold lace and the panoply of high office, no higher honors could have been given them by their country.

From the time their caskets were taken ashore from the cruiser Montana to the Battery, where swarms of gold-braided officers, whose slightest nod ten days ago was their command, were lined up to receive them, to the last bugle note over them in the navy yard the dead were the greatest of all by reason of their sacrifice.

In solemn processional march, with the President of the United States leading the mourners, they were escorted through the city, while bells tolled, flags fluttered at half-mast and dense lines of humanity gazed silently and bared their heads to do them reverence.

The first indication of the sweeping honors in store for the dead came at the Battery a few minutes before the march was to begin.

Sharp and shrill came a few notes from a bugle. Instantly the battalions of sailors and marines stiffened. Though it was not prearranged, they knew those notes were for the President alone. He had not been expected to join the procession, because the Secret Service men had advised against it.

Officers dashed about gaining their places, and an instant later the Presidential limousine rolled through the saluting lines, escorted by mounted police and a squad of Secret Service men. The President looked grave as he saw the flag-draped caskets for the first time.

The wisdom of the Secret Service men in letting it be circulated that the President would not appear in the procession eliminated danger and made his coming the more dramatic. First it was announced he would ride, then that he would not, and without announcement he did.

His progress along the route was marked by a demonstration in keeping with the classes who saw him. He rode in silence along lower Broadway. He was recognized and hats were lifted to him, but his naturally solemn face was set hard, and he paid no attention.

Hundreds of ironworkers, "floaters" who toy with death, saw him from their perilous perches along the girders of the new Equitable Building. One of them shouted, "Hurrah for the President!" Another joined in, and the handclapping and cheering from above filed below to the packed sidewalks, and the first ovation of the route was on.

Gravely the President half returned it with a nod, hoping to quell it as out of keeping with the solemnity of his mission. It grew along the line, swell-

Continued on page 2, column 4

This Morning's News.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

Nation Honors Vera Cruz Heroes..... 1
Huerta Seeks to Mar Mediation..... 1
R. H. Davis Tells Fate of Parks..... 1
Rebels Still Fighting at Tampico..... 4
American Nurses Stick to Posts..... 4
Rush War Plans Here..... 4
Missionary Fears Peace Is Futile.... 5

LOCAL.

Becker Defence Blames Gamblers.... 1
Family Dead in Fire He Fought..... 1
Dr. Woelfkin to Testify..... 6
"Globe" in Contempt; Fined $1,000.... 6
Mayo Dies at Waldorf..... 9
Missouri Pacific to Extend Notes.....11
Siegel May Be Arrested.....18
Youth Stabbed and Beaten.....18

GENERAL.

Mellen and Folk Confer..... 5
Railroads Protest Trust Bill..... 5
Gompers and Aids Freed..... 5
Organize New Bank System.....11
Warden Clancy to Quit June 1.....18

FOREIGN.

Militants Disturb King's Opera..... 6
French Socialists Win Big Victory...11
Quake Victims Number 200.....11

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wills Filed, Estates Appraised..... 6
Woman's Varied Interests..... 7
Editorial 8
Society 9
Theatrical 9
Obituary 9
Weather 10
Shipping 10
Army and Navy.....11
Sports .....12 and 13
Financial and Markets....14, 15 and 16
Real Estate 16
Court Calendars, Police, Fire Dept...17

INDIANS KILL EXPLORERS

Unconfirmed Rumor About Baron Nordenskjeld's Party.

Vienna, May 11.—A Styrian newspaper to-day prints an unconfirmed rumor that the members of the exploring party of Baron Nordenskjold, a son of the famous Arctic explorer have fallen victims to the Indians in South America.

The last report received concerning Baron Nordenskjold expedition came in a dispatch to Stockholm March 16 last. The dispatch was dated Belem, Brazil, and said that Nordenskjold's companion, Johnberg, had been killed. The way in which Johnberg met death was not stated.

HIS FAMILY DEAD IN FIRE HE FOUGHT

Fireman Called by Alarm to Own Home Thought Wife and Children Safe.

Edward Kreger, with three other members of a volunteer fire company, responded last evening to the alarm of a fire, which he found to be in his own home in Pearl River, Rockland County. He worked calmly at the side of his fellow fire-fighters, not knowing that his wife and two children were being burned to death in the house.

Kreger was working at the Dexter Folder Factory as a machinist when a whistle was blown to announce that there was a fire in the town. He turned out with three other members of the Excelsior Volunteer Engine Company, and helped to stretch a hose to his own home, a two-story frame building, just back of the large home of his employer.

A woman informed him that his wife and children were safe, and it was said that from that moment Kreger was the most level-headed of the small engine company. They fought the flames from the front of the house, and slowly gained control over that part of the building, unaided, except for a band of small children who rushed in and saved a few pieces of furniture.

When the heavy work seemed to be over, it was found that fire was again making headway in the rear. The firemen renewed their efforts and within an hour were congratulating each other that they had saved at least the best part of the house.

Meanwhile neighbors entered and began a survey of the burned home. In a rear bedroom on the second floor the bodies of Mrs. Kreger and Clifford, a four-year-old son, were found. The pair were kneeling side by side at the bed. The mother's arm was firmly clenched about the neck of her son, both burned beyond recognition.

When Kreger was called he braced himself with the one hope that Elizabeth, his eight-year-old daughter, was at least saved. Frantic he ran through the remaining rooms in search for the girl. In the attic he found her, not burned but suffocated, her body lying across a trunk, where she had fallen while in her search for air. The brave fireman collapsed when he found his entire family dead.

The cause of the fire is being investigated by the Coroner of Rockland County. So far he has determined nothing save that the bedroom in which the bodies were found was probably where it started.

TO RELEASE SILLIMAN

[By Cable to The Tribune.]

Mexico City, May 11.—Huerta has decided to release John R. Silliman, American Consul of Saltillo, and bring him to this city.

He will be placed at the disposal of the Brazilian Legation, which agrees to see that he leaves the republic.

BECKER'S DEFENCE: "GAMBLERS DID IT"

Counsel Will Try to Prove Murder Due to Feud That Didn't Include Him.

MANTON GRILLS ALL WITNESSES

Whitman Opens Prosecution with Opponent Fighting Every Step —Newspaper Men Fined.

The people's case was well under way yesterday at the adjournment of court in the second trial of Charles Becker, who is charged with the murder of Herman Rosenthal. The two men needed to fill the jury box were obtained early in the session; District Attorney Whitman had delivered his opening address to the jury and the prosecution had disposed of five witnesses.

Justice Seabury heard the motions of Martin T. Manton, counsel for the defence, for a change of venue and a mistrial on the ground that the premature publication of the District Attorney's opening addrdess on Saturday prejudiced the defendant's case and denied them. The argument was not made in open court, but in the judge's chambers. District Attorney Whitman vigorously opposed the motions.

Henry J. Wright, editor; George T. Hughes, city editor, and Charles T. Brodhead, reporter, of "The Globe," appeared before Justice Seabury in contempt proceedings at the adjournment of court. Justice Seabury adjudged each respondent in contempt, as well as the corporation which publishes the paper, and imposed fines of $250 in each instance, or a total of $1,000. John B. Stanchfield appeared as counsel for "The Globe." His plea that the publication in advance of Mr. Whitman's address had been "an honest mistake" was unavailing.

New Defence Resembles Old.

The cross-examination of some of the people's witnesses by Mr. Manton seemed to show the line the defence will follow. It was evident that Becker's new counsel intends to run pretty close to the old defence at the first trial and try to show that the murder of Rosenthal was the result of a gamblers' feud, without the guiding hand of the defendant. The inference was drawn that the blame for the actual shooting, as before, would be placed on "Bridgie" Webber and Harry Vallon, instead of the four gunmen who have already been executed for wielding the revolvers.

The defence showed at the very opening of the people's case the intention of contesting every step of the way. Mr. Manton frequently interrupted the District Attorney during the opening address, to make objection to his most positive statements of what the people intended to prove. Some of his objections were sustained, but for the most part they were overruled and the exception of the defence noted on the record. Becker's lawyers evidently did not intend to overlook anything for the record which might turn out to afford them a point on appeal in the event of another conviction.

The District Attorney was unruffled by the interruptions. He drove ahead on an unswerving course, hurling one point after another at the jury with his characteristic rugged conviction. He fairly dramatized the story of the murder plot, with its shifting scenes and underworld characters, working up to a grand climax when he pointed his finger at Becker and denounced him as the arch conspirator in the whole murderous enterprise.

"It is to be understood that every

Continued on page 6, column 8

BLAST ON LINER KILLS ONE

Seven Hurt by Explosion on Steamship Jefferson.

Norfolk, Va., May 11.—An explosion in the engine room on the Old Dominion steamship Jefferson late to-night caused the death of one man and serious injury to seven others, according to meagre reports received here.

The dead man was a water tender. Chief Engineer Portlock and six other members of the engine room crew were injured.

The explosion occured about 10:30 o'clock to-night while the Jefferson was en route to New York from this port. She should have been several miles outside the Virginia Capes, but last reports received here say she is anchored five miles inside the Capes. A wrecking tug has gone to the Jefferson's assistance, and will tow her to Norfolk.

MEXICANS KILL AND BURN U. S. SOLDIER

Fate of Samuel Parks, Who Entered Lines While Insane, Disclosed.

By Richard Harding Davis.

Vera Cruz, May 11.—Five days ago Samuel Parks, a private, while of unsound mind, rode on a horse belonging to Colonel Taggert into the Federal lines and did not return. Various explanations were given of his disappearance. I was at that time on the way to Mexico City and did not know the man was missing, but a story told to me in Mexico City makes me believe that I can explain why Parks has not returned.

What follows was told to me by a man who got it from the last man who saw Parks alive. For their own safety I cannot give the names of my informants, but they are known to me and I can vouch for their responsibility.

At Tembladora, three miles outside of our lines, Parks was seen by five Mexican regulars in uniform and mounted. From the rear one of the Mexicans struck him at the base of the spine with the butt of his rifle. Parks fell from his horse and was bound and either rode or was forced to walk to Tejeria, where there was a major and twenty soldiers and several foreigners waiting for a train to Mexico City. One of these is my informant.

The major placed Parks, still bound, on the floor of a hut, set a guard at the door and told my informant he intended to shoot Parks at sunrise. My informant says he tried to dissuade the major, which angered the major, and he threatened my informant, which he gives as a reason why he did not talk with Parks, but in passing the door of the hut he told Parks he was to die.

The second time my informant passed the door Parks said: "I am Samuel Parks." The third time he passed Parks said: "Tell the colonel of the 28th Infantry."

At daybreak the major beckoned Parks out, and with a squad led him to a woods near the station. My informant says Parks smiled and looked meaningly at him as though to remind him to deliver the message. He says the bearing of Parks was so brave that he could not bear to see him die, and remained at the hut. Other foreigners followed, and in a few minutes he heard a volley, and the foreigners returning told him Parks was killed, dying instantly, and the Mexicans to conceal the body were pouring kerosene on it preparing to cremate it.

It is added that the horse ridden by Parks was sent by an orderly to General Maas. This is set down as told me, and from knowledge of my informant I believe it is true.

Harvard or Oxford, the latest gold or shell round eyeglasses, Spencer's, 7 Maiden Lane. —Advt.

R. H. DAVIS TELLS STORY OF ARREST BY HUERTA'S POLICE

Tribune's War Correspondent Seized as He Stepped from Train in Mexico City by Secret Service Men.

OTHER NEWSPAPER MEN THRUST IN JAIL

People of Capital Believe Their Nation Is at War with the United States, Despite Wilson's Declaration to the Contrary.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Vera Cruz, May 11.—In spite of appearances to the contrary, Americans know that with Mexico they are not at war; they know the mediators are at work and peace reigns; they know any Mexican can travel as freely through the United States as any Englishman or Swede; they know if he says "I am a Mexican," they will reply, "Welcome to our city," but the Mexican does not know that; his mind cannot grasp the nice distinctions between occupying his territory and invading it.

His chief seaport has been captured by bullet and shell, his customs duties seized, his postoffice confiscated, his supplies of food stopped so completely that up at Mexico City he goes to bed hungry, and his fellow countrymen have been killed, and he does not know that that is not war. It is like the man who said, "Why run from that dog? Don't you know a barking dog doesn't bite?"

"Yes," says the other man, "I know that, you know that, but the dog does not know that."

The Mexican does not know that peace smiles. I have just travelled to Mexico City, and by order of the police have returned, and during the two days going and two days returning and the day the police allowed me to remain in the city I did not meet with a single Mexican, including General Maas, who did not think his people and mine were at war, and they not only think that way but act that way.

From refugees I had heard this, but was skeptical, for at Vera Cruz the correspondents look on the stories told by refugees with suspicion. Technically they class them with the wounded man story. That means they are apt to be exaggerated and hysterical. Whenever a refugee told me his train had been stoned, that he had been dragged from it and cast into jail, where he was robbed and beaten and his throat cut from ear to ear, I did not believe him.

When I started to make the same trip in reverse order I planned to say that an American could journey from Vera Cruz to Mexico City as safely and pleasantly as from New York to Toronto, but he cannot. For the fact that he can't the Mexican is responsible; but, though responsible, he is not to be blamed. He acts just as we will act when we declare war.

The difficulty now is that while the American in Mexico considers himself a tourist and entitled to protection, the Mexican regards him as the hated invader and friend of the traitors Villa and Carranza—and that different point of view leads to trouble.

If finally war is declared, we can come out squarely as enemies and things will run more smoothly.

When, on May 7, I left Vera Cruz for Mexico City, other Americans on the train were Medill McCormick, of Chicago, who, though a Bull Moose national committeeman, consents to act as war correspondent for "The Times," of London; Frederick Palmer, a veteran correspondent of six wars, and Adam Welmer, a German-American, in the Mexican National Bank.

For three miles we were carried by train to where for the next three miles the track is destroyed. There Captain Richardson, commanding the train guard, advanced to meet the lieutenant in command of the Mexican patrol under a flag of truce. This flag, carried by an orderly, was, I observed, on ordinary occasions a bath towel. Whether this was intended on the part of the orderly as a subtle insult to our Mexican brothers I cannot say, but certainly there is nothing less likely to bring peace to the mind of a Mexican than a bath towel.

For the three-mile trek a speculative Indian was renting ponies, and the Americans each chartered one. We did not know that our more fortunate state would lead those who walked to unload upon us their bundles, bags and babies, but that is what happened, and unburdened by a baby in his arms, a small boy on his back and another on the saddle bags clasping him around the neck, the man who walked got the best of it.

It was a most picturesque procession. For half a mile straggled a few foreigners and many Mexicans returning to Mexico City. The women were in inevitable nunlike black, the men in tailless shirts, with trousers so tight it was impossible to see how they got their feet in our out, and hats so gigantic that three men coming toward you look like a distant view of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and with these were Indian cargadores staggering under trunks, boxes, bundles of bed linen, cooking pans, babies and fighting cocks.

On either side of the roadbed were the ashes of funeral pyres of ties and iron bedplates, twisted in fire, and beyond them land as level as an Afric...

Continued on page 5, column 3