

MIXUP OVER PACIFIC FLEET

METCALF RESERVED THE NEWS FOR A JULY 4 SURPRISE.

Feeling in Washington that the Mystery Made About It Has Done Harm—Ships Won't Go For Some Months Yet—It Will Be a Costly Trip—Evans to Command.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—There evidently was a slipper in the apparent arrangement made between President Roosevelt and Secretary of the Navy Metcalf for the synchronous announcement of the intention of the Government to send the entire Atlantic battleship fleet to the Pacific coast of the United States.

Secretary of the President, was a little less definite than Mr. Metcalf, for he said, speaking for Mr. Roosevelt, that the fleet was merely going on a cruise and might go elsewhere than to the Pacific.

Mr. Metcalf is a cautious man, and nobody who knows him believes that he would declare that San Francisco was the fleet's destination unless an absolute determination to that effect had been reached and he was authorized to make it known.

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MONTEREY MAKES PORT AFIRE

BEACHED OFF STAPLETON—PASSENGERS TAKE IT COOLLY.

Most of Them Taken Off, but 18 Take Chances on the Ship Slipping Off Her Muddybank This Morning—A Hemp Fire Which Showed Itself First at Quarantine.

The Ward Line steamer Monterey, in from Progresso, Mexico, and Havana, dropped anchor off Quarantine at 6:30 o'clock last night and a few minutes later Capt. Arthur Smith and his crew of 120 men were fighting a fierce hemp fire in the forward hold.

The health officers had just gone aboard when the fire, which had been smoldering for days in all probability, showed itself and columns of black smoke lifted above the Monterey's bow.

There were 120 passengers aboard, most of them in the first cabin, and although the fire scare came on them all at once they behaved sensibly and there was never a danger of a panic at any time.

The captain decided immediately to beach the ship at once as the best way out of trouble. The hatches were battened down, four hose lines were run down through the forward ventilators into Hold 1, where the hemp was blazing, and the Monterey's modern fire apparatus was used to flood the hold with steam.

When they tried to get the Monterey's big anchor up there was trouble. The winch was almost directly over the hottest part of the fire and the men couldn't handle it.

Capt. Smith moved the ship slowly toward Stapleton, making about five knots, his men fighting the fire every fathom of the way.

Between Clifton and Stapleton Capt. Smith beached the Monterey broadside on, laying his bow on to a muddybank about 300 yards from shore.

Word was got to the Ward Line office by telephone, and the line to Clifton ran out as quickly as possible.

The customs officials sent down the revenue cutter Hudson and the baggage of the passengers was gone through on shipboard so as not to put them to any more inconvenience than was necessary.

At flood tide, which comes about 4 o'clock this morning, Capt. Smith thought he could get the Monterey off the muddybank and nicely anchored in deep water.

How fire started in the hemp in Hold 1 the officers of the Monterey couldn't figure out. They were sure, though, that it must have been smoldering and smoldering deep down in the compartment for days and that a sudden draught when the Monterey came up to Quarantine fanned it to a first burst of flame.

The discipline aboard the Monterey was so good and Capt. Smith and his officers handled the crisis so quickly and quietly that most of the steerage passengers didn't even know there was a fire in the ship until they were transferred to a tug and got a look at the smoke rolling over the Monterey.

The first cabin passengers knew about it from the first, but made no trouble. The passengers transferred to Hoffman Island, second cabin and steerage, were sent there for observation.

After all, STEAMERS' the Scotch that made the highball famous.—Ad.

FALSE ALARMS ANGER CROKER.

Two in Succession From Lower Broadway—A Third Alarm From an Awning Blaze.

Some mischievous person cost the city \$192 last night, the Fire Department no end of trouble and several policemen of the lower Broadway squad the best part of this week's salary by pulling alarm boxes at three different points near Cortlandt street.

Just about that time the reserves from the same fire district came tearing down Broadway to answer an alarm at box 21, which is at Maiden lane and Broadway.

The policeman was so ignorant at this point as the one further uptown. Chief Croker came shrieking down the line from Fire Headquarters to see what was going on.

When he found that both the alarms were false alarms he pitched into the policemen who were on post as did a worried police sergeant who had made charges against the bluecoats.

N. Y. CENTRAL FINED \$15,000. Consisted of Not Filing Schedule of Rates With the Interstate Commission.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 5.—The New York Central Railroad, which was recently convicted in the Federal Court of not filing a schedule of its rates with the Interstate Commerce Commission, was fined \$15,000 to-day by Judge Hazel.

Attorney Hoy gave notice of an appeal and will file a writ of certiorari. He was allowed six days in which to perfect the appeal, which will be argued in the Federal Court in October.

ACCUSE AMERICAN WOMAN. English Women Say Mrs. Leslie Got Large Sums From Them.

LONDON, July 5.—An American woman who gave her name as Josephine Leslie and was charged with the Interstate Commerce Commission, was charged in the West London police court to-day with obtaining by false pretences from Miss Annie Blount, a member of a well-known Dublin family, \$8,500.

It is said that the accused represented herself as an acquaintance of a wealthy New Yorker and pretended that he was giving her financial tips. She induced Miss Blount, it is said, to give her money for investment in an alleged syndicate which was fictitious, but of which the accused said that the New Yorker was the head.

Miss Blount also handed the accused a post-dated check for \$200,000, made payable on April 1, 1908. But her suspicions were aroused and she had the woman arrested.

Probably a charge of obtaining \$25,000 in a similar manner from another woman will be made against the prisoner, who was remanded. The police say that her friends have been among the wealthiest people.

She is a striking looking woman, with gray hair, a pale face and dark, expressive eyes. She seems to be well educated. She is fashionably dressed and has been residing at the Hotel Kensington. She was arrested yesterday at Newmarket, where she was staying at one of the principal hotels and motored to and from the races daily in a smart car.

The New York police do not know Mrs. Josephine Leslie, at least they have no record of a woman going by that name, and they could identify no one with the description as cable. The London police have asked for no information as yet.

NO "SHERMAN MARCH" PROTEST. Southerners Willing That Infantry and Cavalry Graduates Should Go Over the Route.

ROGERS HOME AND GLAD OF IT

WANTED TO KNOW FIRST IF JOHN D. HAD BEEN ARRESTED.

He's Optimistic, Although He Was Down to Small Change—Nothing He Played Fanned Out—But His Wife Is in Good Health, Which Was Why He Went Abroad.

H. H. Rogers returned yesterday aboard the White Star liner Baltic from a two months trip in Europe feeling optimistic about the affairs of the world generally and those of America particularly.

The chief object of his voyage was to restore his wife to health, and he said he thought he had succeeded somewhat. They spent most of their time at Vichy, France, where Mrs. Rogers took the waters.

A reporter answered "No, but he is on his way to Chicago to give himself up." "What do you think they will do with him?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"I think," one of the reporters ventured, "that he will get ten days on the island." "Gracious heart alvay!" said Mr. Rogers, throwing up his hands; "then that lets me out altogether."

In response to an inquiry about the financial situation Mr. Rogers said he was six feet tall and still up to mischief. He also said that he hadn't any money, and to prove it pulled a handful of British and French small coin from his pocket. He added:

"I have come back poor. I lost everything else I had. Nothing that I played ashore or aboard the ship panned out. A philanthropic reporter, moved by the distress of the oil man, said at this point: "Mr. Rogers, I am willing to lend you \$5."

Mr. Rogers smiled broadly and said nothing. About the alleged strained relations between America and Japan Mr. Rogers said there had been a good deal of talk in Europe on the subject, but that the general impression was that there was nothing in the situation that would involve America and Japan in anything that could not be settled by diplomacy.

Mr. Rogers said there was another H. H. Rogers, his grandnephew, who had been in London for some time, and he had been to Europe all right as a place to visit, but as a place of residence he preferred the United States, particularly in the neighborhood of New York.

Mark Twain, Mr. Rogers remarked, had created a greater impression in London than any other American who ever had been there. Mr. Rogers had attended the Pilgrims' lunch in London and never had seen so splendid a demonstration as that given to the great humorist.

H. H. Rogers, Jr., went down to Quarantine aboard the yacht Kanawha to meet his father, but the father said that he expected to land like the average passenger and had told his son to have the yacht at the dock.

It was merely a misunderstanding of a message that caused the young man to go down the bay. The Kanawha accompanied the Baltic to her dock. Mr. Rogers, talking to his son, said that he was another H. H. Rogers, his grandnephew, aged 2, who probably, although grandnephew had no objection.

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As soon as Marshal Henkel was informed of H. H. Rogers' arrival he communicated as usual with Stander, Murphy, John D. Rockefeller, a personal counsel. Mr. Murphy said that he could not confirm the news of Mr. Rogers' arrival as he had not seen him. The Marshal then called up M. F. Elliott, who volunteered to inform Mr. Rogers that he was wanted in Chicago. It will be impossible for Mr. Rogers to reach Chicago in time for the opening of court to-day. He is expected to go, however, if he is still wanted.

MR. ROCKEFELLER IN CHICAGO. Will Testify That He Has No Knowledge of Matters in Question.

POLICE SEEK SPENCER TRASK.

His Automobile Ran Over a Man Near Glens Falls and Left Him Lying in the Road.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., July 5.—Spencer Trask, the banker, who resides in New York and Saratoga, is sought by the police of Glens Falls to answer for the actions of his chauffeur in running down and badly injuring Dennis McCarthy, a shirt manufacturer of that village, with his automobile on the Glens Falls-Lake George State road Friday afternoon.

McCarthy was knocked down and run over by the machine just after he had left a car of the Hudson Valley Railroad and stepped out upon the highway about six miles north of Glens Falls. After running over the man the Trask party slowed up a moment and then sped on their way, leaving the man in the road.

McCarthy's condition is considered serious. A Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

PARIS, July 5.—The stories of President Roosevelt's gun carrying, which have largely circulated here, have produced curious results in the way of reviving former ideas of American habits.

One newspaper closed its account of the Fourth of July banquet with the information that this beautiful fête was finished without the least incident.

THIRD DEGREE BY CABLE. McCafferty Sends a Tip on Cross-Questioning Sarkisian.

A cablegram was sent to United States Consul Skinner at Marseilles, France, yesterday by Inspector McCafferty of the Detective Bureau asking that Paul Sarkisian, who is under arrest there in connection with the murder of Father Caspar Artarian, the Armenian priest, be arrested.

Inspector McCafferty is positive, he said yesterday, that Sarkisian fled from New York with Mooradian and Ermojan, and he feels that the suspect under arrest in France is lying to save himself.

STRIKING CADETS GO HOME. Forty Boys From Massachusetts Training Ship Go to Boston by Rail.

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 5.—Forty of the fifty-seven cadets who refused to go back to the Massachusetts nautical training ship Enterprise last night unless Capt. Low would guarantee them better food boarded the Colonial Express for Boston at 8 o'clock this evening.

FATAL RAILWAY WAR IN ALASKA. Guggenheim and Brunner Forces Use Firearms Over Disputed Crossing.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 5.—The expected outbreak at Catalla, Alaska, occurred yesterday, when the Brunner people and the Guggenheim forces clashed over the right of way of a crossing. A fight ensued and many shots were exchanged.

MUST BE ARRESTED REALLY. Plan of Auto Men to Avoid Being Taken to Station Houses on Arrest is Rejected.

Members of the Automobile Club of America have been trying to work out some plan which would permit them to be summoned to court instead of being hauled off to the nearest precinct station and held there until they provided bail.

Balkan Bells for New York Museum. Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

TELLER RUNYAN CAUGHT HERE

LIVING WITH A WOMAN AND HAD \$34,410 OF PLUNDER LEFT.

Threatened "Mrs. Carter," With Whom He Was Hiding in a Harlem Flat, and She Betrayed Him—Accuses Her of Taking \$10,000—Woman and Maid Locked Up.

Chester B. Runyan, the fugitive paying teller of the Windsor Trust Company, was arrested by detectives yesterday afternoon in a flat at 810 West 144th street. The tip that he was there came from Mrs. Laura Carter, whom Runyan first met on the street on the night of June 18, and with whom he had been living since he left the trust company's office on last Saturday.

The suit case in which Runyan carried off his loot was recovered, with \$5,410 in tissue covered original bundles. Of the rest of the missing \$39,817 Runyan says he lost \$16,000 in stock speculation before he disappeared, and had given Mrs. Carter \$15,000 odd. The other \$10,000 he thinks the woman must have stolen.

Mrs. Carter says that she cannot read, but she knows a picture when she sees one. Runyan hadn't been out of the 144th street flat since he arrived there, but he had sent out for the newspapers every morning, and on Thursday in one of them Mrs. Carter found his photograph.

"Isn't that you, George?" she demanded of Runyan. She knew him only as "George," she says.

"That's George, all right enough," she says Runyan replied, "but if you or the maid there (Mary Dunlop, a colored woman who came for the housework in the afternoon) say anything about my being here I'll blow your heads off."

"He's a dangerous man," Mrs. Carter said she thought. Yesterday afternoon she left for the grocer's but the "grocer" was the West 132d street police station, Lieut. McGrath at the desk. She had "something quite private" to tell, she said.

The lieutenant moved up close and nearly toppled over when she proceeded to relate how a dark, thin little man with eyeglasses was up at her flat in pajamas with a suit case full of bank notes in a chiffonier drawer near by.

"Is his name Runyan?" inquired McGrath. No, it was just George, so far as she knew. Five detectives were hustled to the house. Detectives Gallagher and Largeron, with Mrs. Carter in tow, guarded the rear, while Detectives Hoehner and Marron, and later Kane, walked upstairs from the front. Nobody answered the bell and the officers had to use the key which Mrs. Carter had given them.

"There's nobody here," said Mary Dunlop. "No?" returned Marron. "We'll just look." In the dining room, backing toward the parlor door, the detectives found Runyan. He pointed a revolver at the detectives, but his hands were wobbly and Hoehner and Marron kept on advancing with their revolvers pointed too.

"We've got you, Runyan. Better chuck the gun," said Marron.

Runyan replied, "It's all up, then." Then he laid his pistol on the table. He was placed in a chair, where he smoked a cigarette and sarcastically suggested that the detectives might like to take away the suit case and the money with him.

The party—Runyan, woman, maid and detectives—then went to the West 125th street police station, where Inspector Thompson presides over the Sixth Inspection district. Runyan threw himself back on a couch in the inspector's office and lit a cigar. He wore the dapper light suit he wore last Saturday, a white frilled shirt, a low turndown collar, black bow tie, silk stockings, which were very apparent as he reclined, and patent leather low shoes. His black hair, slicked down close, and an incipient goatee, also very black, with his black gleaming eyes behind glasses, helped to make his face appear very thin and pale. Mrs. Carter, who says she's 35, wore a white gown, somewhat soiled, and black wide mushroom hat trailing an ostrich tipp.

"George and I first met on Broadway in front of Healy's on the night of June 18," she told the inspectors. "We went over to my home at 33 West 151st-street and by and by he asked me how I would like to live with him. He would put up \$50 a week, he said. That was agreeable, all right, so things went on until June 24, when the man said he was tired of that place and he guessed we'd better move."

"So I found this flat up at 810 West 144th street and moved, but George didn't join me until half past 12 o'clock last Sunday morning. When he came in he had a suit case. I hadn't any idea what was in it then."

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