

clear through. I knew the sort of men I had to deal with. Tough lads if there ever were any. And although I was doing the best I could one of them stood up in the tonneau and hammered me over the right side of the head with the butt of his pistol. He yelled curses at me. He told me if I let up in the speed I would be beaten to death. And I knew he meant it. I drove the car as fast as I could and the blood was running into my eyes all the time.

**Never Saw the Taxicab.**  
"I didn't see any policeman. If there were any in our path they kept themselves well out of sight. I didn't know there was a taxicab full of policemen after us. Maybe the man who was threatening me knew it, but I never saw the taxi. We were going so fast that it would take a faster taxi than this town can show to catch up."

"A yell from the man standing up in the car ordered me to turn from Forty-third street northward into Fifth avenue and I whirled the car so fast that I thought for a second that the party might end right there. We went like lightning up Fifth avenue, turned at Forty-sixth street into Madison avenue, kept up Madison to Forty-ninth and then shot over to Third avenue. There I was ordered to stop. My passengers, four men, climbed out and I was told to get out of the car."

"I drove home to 35 Stuyvesant street as fast as possible and woke up Libby. I told him what had been going on, that there had been shooting and that trouble was in sight for somebody. I was tired out, my head was splitting from the beating it had got and I didn't feel like taking the car to the garage at 72 Washington Square South, where we kept it. Libby said he would put the car to bed for me, so he got up and dressed and drove away."

Libby's story matched Shapiro's in this particular. He admitted to the lawyer that he delivered the car at the garage at about 2 A. M. He didn't like the look of things and he suggested to some of the helpers in the garage that it might be as well to say that the car was in the barn by midnight. The story didn't hold water, however, because the garage roustabouts weakened when the detectives got after them and admitted that they had been coached to falsify the time.

**Car in Other Episodes.**  
This part of the revelations of partners Libby and Shapiro agrees with the story told to the STN reporter by Ambrose Clerio, who, with L. A. Cuneo, owns the garage where the raiding car was stored. The machine, by the way, has figured in several sensational episodes. Gang fighters are partial to it.

Its gray length lay beside the Criminal Courts Building when Charles Torti of the Jack Sirocco gang pumped lead into the head of Big Jack Zelig. It was from this garage that Gene Montani took out the fast car he used in the \$25,000 taxicab robbery in the financial district.

"The Libby-Shapiro car," said Mr. Clerio, "although a 1907 model, is good for fifty miles an hour. It was out of commission all day Monday. Shapiro had brought it in early Monday saying it was out of fix. Libby came to the garage at 10 A. M. that day to work on it. He brought nine gallons of gasoline from us, for which he paid cash, and he went over the bearings with lubricating oil and had the machine in fine repair by evening."

"At 11 o'clock that night Libby drove the car out of the garage. The employees didn't see him again until 2:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning. He was alone when he brought the car in and nobody thought anything about it because that was about the usual time he quit work."

The admission of Libby and Shapiro that Jack Rose hired the car for Monday night and was one of the passengers and an acknowledged accomplice, Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty said he was searching the town for Rose and wanted him in connection with Rosenthal's murder led to an investigation of Rose's movements on the night Rosenthal met the fate he expected.

**Rose an Admirer of Becker.**  
By all accounts the big, bald, free spoken Rose, whose gift of language set him on a higher plane than most of the illiterate, slang-bounding gamblers of his set—the old Hesper Club crowd and the boys of the Sam Paul association—has been an admirer and friend of Lieut. Charles Becker, the noted officer whose accusation by Rosenthal exploded the present sensation in the gambling situation.

Charles A. Platt, who cheerfully admits that he took up the job of press agenting Becker and of seeing that the world did not rest ignorant of Becker's sensational achievements against street car rowdies and corner loafers and of Becker's brisk raids against roulette carolers, says that he was interested in Becker's attempt to show up Herman Rosenthal as a man with a criminal record and a racetrack welscher.

In order to help if necessary he went on Monday night to 7 and 8 o'clock to the house of Rosenthal's divorced wife, Dora Gilbert, from whom Becker was obtaining an unpleasant affidavit concerning Rosenthal.

And there, says Platt, he found Jack Rose putting questions to Dora Gilbert and very much interested in what she said of the points Becker wanted brought out were incorporated in the affidavit. It was Rose, said Platt, who put questions to the Gilbert woman and extracted from her information that went into the affidavit Becker wanted.

**Rose and Ike Disappear.**  
These stories are about all the information going concerning Rose's movements on the night Rosenthal was shot. It is true that the Sam Soci Club, run by Sam Paul, Rose's friend, was raided that very night on information said to have been supplied by Rosenthal. But Rose dropped out of sight after the raid on the Metropole. Ike disappeared also and a great deal of police energy was expended yesterday in trying to catch the pair.

Their names are not the only ones that the police have, according to the highest authority in the department. The statement made by Rosenthal is that the murder has been cleared up, all but the arrest of the murderers.

The police themselves have not entirely eliminated the suggestion that the responsibility for Rosenthal's killing may lie elsewhere than on gamblers who hated him for a meddlesome, troublemaking squelcher. Deputy Commissioner Dougherty reviewed the progress of the case last night and revealed as much as he felt accorded with the ends of justice.

I am tackling this case with an open mind, he said. "The indications are that a band of gamblers murdered Rosenthal but if a crooked policeman or several crooked policemen were in the plot or spurred the gangsters, it will come out. A wide net is being cast over the State was moved up in this thing. The credit of the Police Department depends on a square and honest investigation and this is being done. No one is to be spared. We don't know the motive yet. We don't know whether Rosenthal was slain because of the enmity of one man or of several men, but we know who shot him and they will be captured."

Paul Association, a friend of Rose's and of several men who had no cause to like the West Forty-fifth street gambler. The Deputy Commissioner pressed Paul as to whether he knew anything about the killing of Rosenthal or had any idea of the identity of the murderers. While in the Commissioner's office Policeman Billy File, who was in the Metropole when Rosenthal was called out and shot, was sent for to look Paul over.

"My interview with Paul was very satisfactory," was all that Dougherty would say. "The lawyer for Shapiro and Libby contributed yesterday information as to the fleeing of a badly scared client of his, Dollar John Langer, who ran a gambling house at Avenue C and Third street until Lieut. Becker came along one night last May, smashed up the place, captured Dollar John's bankroll, \$5,500, and left the business at a very low ebb."

The killing of Rosenthal has frightened Dollar John out of town, and he told some friends of his before he took a train for Canada that if they got him they would have to turn the trick on British soil.

Dollar John was a bosom friend of Herman Rosenthal. In former days, Billy File, who was in the Metropole when the game had been going against Hymie, lent money to his friend, and he was often the recipient of Rosenthal's generosity. Dollar John was a gambler in New York that Rosenthal felt sure would help him out in the big expense against the police. It was Dollar John Langer, Rosenthal knew, Langer was more over the loss of his \$5,500. When Lieut. Becker raided his house the bankroll was taken along for evidence.

**Dollar John Yelled for Cash.**  
Dollar John has tried ever since to recover the cash from the till of the law, but every effort has been fruitless. He yelled loud and loud, but the money wasn't returned. He told his lawyer that he had been around to get the money back. At this ticklish state of affairs along came the Rosenthal explosion against Becker. Rosenthal gave Dollar John's name to the District Attorney, his one gambler who could tell the grand jury about police grafting. A subpoena was issued for Dollar and he expected, in course of time, to run down to the Criminal Courts Building to put in for help along the case of his friend Herman. He was mad enough over the loss of the \$5,700 to do almost anything in his power. He had a change of heart when he heard very early on Tuesday morning that Rosenthal had been shot.

"Dollar John sent a messenger to me," said Mr. Platt yesterday. "When the word that he was going to take a walk, as he had been advised, and that he would send along his address when he got to Canada."

There are one or two others mentioned by Rosenthal to District Attorney Whitman that have been missing since the killing in the Metropole. One, Hahn, hasn't been around his usual haunts. Jack Rose, as has been said, is being sought for and nobody has seen Abe the Rabbler, who has a prospective Grand Jury witness.

**Many Gamblers Seared.**  
The fact is that the slaying of Rosenthal has seared many of the gamblers, and this, as the District Attorney admits, is the result of an investigation which the Grand Jury began yesterday. The gamblers, it is known, have balanced sudden death against the protection of the District Attorney and have decided that this is no time to take chances. The investigation of the Rosenthal murder and of what has back of it has become a triple headed affair. The Commissioner Waldo and his aids are hunting for the murderers and are at the same time offering their aid to the District Attorney in any investigation he desires to make as to the crookedness of the police. District Attorney Whitman, holding to the belief that somewhere back of the murderous gangsters is a police shadow, is conducting a separate investigation to see if he can reach the men who may have instigated the killing, and to find out how much grafting there has been by policemen. And finally the Grand Jury is going ahead on Rosenthal's case, and Lieut. Charles Becker, who Becker lent him \$1,500 on condition that he would give Becker 20 per cent. of the receipts of the West Forty-fifth street gambling house and put Jack Rose in as Becker's collector.

**Waldo Dislikes Whitman's Attitude.**  
Commissioner Waldo did not like District Attorney Whitman's accusation that policemen were mixed up in the Rosenthal case. He has already offered Mr. Whitman all the help in his power. Commissioner Waldo thought that the District Attorney was talking too briskly for his own good. So he sent this letter yesterday to Whitman:

I have the honor to return you a complete investigation which the members of the press that members of the police force have been in partnership with gamblers and of the statement that you are alleged to have made publicly that members of the department are guilty of instigating the murder of a gambler. Immediate action is necessary in the interest of good order and that the good reputation of the men who are honestly doing their duty should not be besmirched by individuals who may be reckless.

Under the present organization of the department less than 100 men have any connection whatsoever with the enforcement of gambling laws, leaving over 10,000 men free from any connection with gamblers. It would appear to me that the reputation of the entire force should be attacked on account of the allegations of a self-confessed gambler that a subordinate police officer, who has never been entrusted with any special power, has been his partner. It is unfortunate that the desire for publicity should lead any one to unjustly attack a body of men on account of alleged wrongdoing of a few.

In investigating the action of the police in connection with the gambling situation investigations should also be made of the courts and district attorneys, who could stop gambling if they desired by upholding the police and sending convicted gamblers to jail instead of letting them free on suspended sentence or with insignificant fines, and issuing court orders requiring the police to return to the gamblers gambling apparatus seized in raids.

Again assuring you of every support in bringing all facts before the public and convicting the guilty, very respectfully,  
HINSHLADER WALDO.

**Waldo Will Shield No One.**  
The Commissioner takes this position. If there are grafters and crooks in the department he is anxious to aid in their suppression and punishment, but he doesn't believe it is fair for the District

attorney or anybody else to impugn the action of the whole force on hearsay or on the word of a gambler. He does not intend, it was learned yesterday, to shield or permit anybody in the department to shield any man who may be found guilty of such things as Rosenthal mentioned. He has taken no action concerning the matter, Becker believes that it is for the District Attorney to prove or disprove the Rosenthal charges. Meanwhile Becker has been ordered to stay at Headquarters and to give up outside work.

The Commissioner feels satisfied with the progress that Dougherty and Inspector Hughes have made in the hunt for Rosenthal's murderers. He believes that their identity and he believes they will be captured within a short time. The difficulty here is that the men wanted probably fled from the city after killing Rosenthal and the search for them now lead to distant cities. It was said last night that Dougherty has already despatched half a dozen men out of town on clues outside the city.

**File Cases His Bad Luck.**  
"My bad luck in failing to get to the street in time to arrest the murderers has broken me all up. Anybody who says I delayed purposely is a liar. Think what it would have meant to me if I had been the first grade on the detective force, with a raise of \$50 in pay, the department medal and a lot of other good things. I am interested in File's story, but that it didn't change his opinion that there had been poor police work. There were seven policemen on duty, including twelve-year-old of the Metropole, and seven men were stationed at Forty-first street and Sixth avenue, Forty-fifth street and Sixth avenue, Forty-third street and Broadway, and Forty-fourth street and Seventh avenue. Lieut. Frey was standing a few feet from the Metropole, in front of the Hotel Cadillac at Broadway and Forty-third street and File was in the Metropole restaurant. And the whole district, said Mr. Whitman, was brightly lit."

The Grand Jury investigation was started yesterday with the examination of Robert H. Hibbard and Albert R. Lesinsky, lawyers in the St. Paul Building, who were called to the stand by Lieut. J. Van Vechten Olcott and with an inspection of the County Clerk's record of the mortgage given by Herman Rosenthal to his brother-in-law, Nathan Swartz. Rosenthal's statement to Nathan Swartz against Becker was that he gave the mortgage to Becker, after being sent to Lesinsky and Hibbard, Becker's lawyers, by Becker.

**Whitman Modifies Accusations.**  
District Attorney Whitman, while modifying his accusations against the police, held fast to the idea that they were charged that the police are responsible for Herman Rosenthal's death. I have no such proof and my own personal opinions are unimportant to the public. But I desire to say this. Four men shot Rosenthal to death, firing five or six shots each. This was done in a conspicuous public place which was as light as it is at noonday. Five or six policemen were within less than a stone's throw of the scene of the crime. The murderers used a motor car and escaped with little more than a pretense of pursuit. The officers admit that they lost sight of the automobile before they started in the taxi cab.

**Say Rose Lent Money to Rosenthal.**  
Both Hibbard and Lesinsky told the Grand Jury that Jack Rose, not Becker, was the man to whom Rosenthal gave the mortgage, and that was Rose, not Becker, who lent Rosenthal the \$1,500 Rosenthal mentioned in the affidavit. Rose had gone into partnership with Rosenthal and Becker, and the latter's household goods was security for \$1,500 advanced toward the house bank roll. Hibbard said that he had been Becker's close friend and that he had seen him self such, but he denied that Becker was the principal in the mortgage transaction. He said that Rosenthal made a deal with Becker during the negotiation, but he didn't remember what had been said. Rosenthal might have thought he was getting the cash from Becker, the witness said.

Both Hibbard and Lesinsky said that they had never done any business for Jack Rose. When he was pressed to answer why Rose's name had not appeared in the mortgage papers he held that it was because Becker had done the falsified judgments, and did not care to have his name come out.

Hibbard explained to the Grand Jury that he had merely acted as a witness in a transaction and that he had been requested by the lawyers to sign his name as the mortgagee. He also signed the mortgage papers and got \$20 for his trouble.

The County Clerk's books showed merely that Herman Rosenthal had given a mortgage to one John J. Donohue on Monday night, and that the mortgage had been satisfied on May 27.

**Mrs. Rosenthal Does Not Appear.**  
Mrs. Herman Rosenthal was too much upset over her husband's death to go before the Grand Jury yesterday. District Attorney Whitman, however, said that after a few days she would be ready to supply information that Rosenthal had promised as to gamblers who could tell the truth about the case. The investigation money paid to policemen.

**Woman Tells Story of Car.**  
She attracted a good deal of attention around the District Attorney's office because of her efforts to keep her face hidden. She told the District Attorney that on Monday night she was sitting in a 9 o'clock car touring car like the one described in the report of the Rosenthal murder stood in front of Lieut. Becker's house. She had gone first, she said, to the house of her sister, Mrs. Rosenthal had sent her to Mr. Whitman. The District Attorney was at once interested. He escorted his caller downstairs to the office and she waited there the Libby-Shapiro car was standing.

"That's the car. I would know it anywhere," the woman said promptly. She said that she tried to knock the bottom out of the car and get a better identification. She said the number on the car she saw in front of Becker's house was as nearly as she could remember, 4212 N. Y. She said she saw the car at once. Lieut. Becker at Headquarters, and asked him what he had to say.

"I haven't any car of my own," he explained. "I got Lieut. Stenberg's car of the Twenty-ninth street garage. It has been a friend of mine for years, lends me his auto whenever I want a ride. It is a Simplex and carries five passengers. It is painted a light blue color. The car number is 42 N. Y. It was that car that my neighbor saw Monday night."

The District Attorney didn't take much stock in the woman's story after hearing Becker's explanation.

**Whitman Hears File's Story.**  
Anxious to hear more about the incidents of the Rosenthal shooting, Mr. Whitman sent for Policeman William File, who was off duty that night and was in the Metropole restaurant when Rosenthal was shot. File used the name of Jim Corbett's sparring partner and looks something like that celebrated Thespian. He was reduced from the rank of sergeant to that of patrolman about the time that George S. Dougherty became Second Deputy Commissioner and File's friends blame Dougherty for the demotion. They were saying also yesterday that the police had been demoted by Dougherty File had not been given proper credit. Mr. Whitman was willing to be informed and listened to File's story with interest.

**BODY MAY BE SWARTZ'S; NOT SURELY IDENTIFIED**  
Father of Alleged Murderer Fails to Visit Morgue in Hoboken.  
POLICE CHIEF IS CERTAIN Brother-in-Law of Missing Youth Unable to Make Full Examination.

Early on Monday morning the body of an unidentified man was picked up in the Hudson River at the foot of Seventh street, Hoboken, and sent to A. J. Volk's morgue, 633 Washington street. Had it not been for the activities of yesterday and the declaration that the body found was that of Nathan Swartz, the slayer of twelve-year-old child, the body would have been taken to the potter's field.

Police Chief Patrick Hayes suspected yesterday that the body was that of Swartz. He had two of his detective sergeants, Dan Kiley and Tom Garrick, investigate. When Morgue Attendant Trankler saw the picture of Swartz he declared the body was that of the murderer.

Lieut. McKenna of the New York department later went to Hoboken with Frank Alexander, a brother-in-law of Swartz. Efforts to have Alexander look at the body failed for some time. He agreed to look and seemed to nerve himself, but when the body was shown him he recoiled and closed his eyes.

After a time he said that the size, form, color of hair and color of eyes were the same as those of his brother-in-law. He was asked to find marks on the body, but his strength had been stretched to the limit and he had to leave the room and could not be induced to return.

The dead man wore an athlete's shirt and a pair of running trousers. There were no shoes. The face was unrecognizable. There were bruises indicating that the face had been struck by boats.

Police Chief Hayes said last night that he was satisfied that the body was that of Swartz. He said that there was such a close resemblance that no one could disprove the identification.

It was suggested that Swartz had cast off most of his clothing on the Manhattan shore in hopes that the clothes would be found and that it would be supposed that he had ended his life. Then Swartz started out to swim to the Jersey shore in the hope of escape, but was struck by a passing tug.

Swartz's father was due at the Morgue at 9 o'clock last night, but up to midnight he had not appeared, and no other member of the Swartz family except the brother-in-law of Nathan Swartz visited the Morgue.

A girl employed in the morgue said that some one called on the telephone about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and said to tell her one that the body had been identified or partially identified as that of Swartz.

There is a tooth missing in the upper jaw and two teeth are in bad condition. The description of Swartz sent out by the New York police says "some upper teeth missing."

Men who say they knew Swartz when he was in the mills at Whippany, N. J., declared yesterday that they saw him in Whippany on Friday looking for a job. Capt. Price of the Bronx detective bureau said last night that this clue had been run down and that Nathan Swartz was not the man seen in Whippany.

**WIFE OF BANKER ACCUSED.**  
Mrs. Helen Guerin Held for Alleged \$450 Theft in Store.  
Mrs. Helen Guerin, wife of the president of the Trust Bank of Summitville, N. C., who is stopping at the Hotel Imperial, was arraigned before Magistrate Murphy in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday charged with petty larceny. She was arrested by Flora Porter, a special department store detective, who charged her with attempting to take \$450 worth of imitation jewelry.

Mrs. Guerin appeared in court with her wife. He told Magistrate Murphy that it was the custom of shoppers down in his part of the country to select whatever article they wanted and take it to a clerk in the counter and waited until she could have them wrapped up with whatever subsequent purchases she might wish to make. Before she had moved many feet, however, Miss Porter arrested her.

Magistrate Murphy recognized the fact that Mrs. Guerin, who is 40 years old, was a respectable woman, but he said she would have to hold her on \$500 bail for Special Sessions. Bail was furnished by friends of Mr. Guerin.

**HEALTH OFFICER GONE; OWING PASSAIC \$1,300**  
John N. Elliot Drove Away in His Auto on Monday Last.  
WARRANT ISSUED FOR HIM  
Lawyer Says He Is a Relative of Mrs. Potter Palmer—Left Wife and Children.

PASSAIC, N. J., July 17.—A few hours after he had been notified on Monday that his books were to be audited, Health Officer John Nelson Elliot of this city got into his automobile and rode to the Pennsylvania station in Newark. There he took a train for New York, and he has not been heard from since. An examination of his accounts showed that he was short to the extent of \$1,300.

Frank H. Kievit, the city inspector of plumbing, went to Newark with Elliot. He told Elliot that it looked strange for him to go away without telling any one, but the health officer replied that he was just going away on a vacation.

Elliot said as he stepped on the train: "You won't like it when you get a new health officer."

Kievit decided to tell Charles F. R. Johnson, chairman of the finance committee of the Board of Health, about Elliot's departure. Johnson went over the department's books with Mayor George N. Seger, and they discovered the default. A warrant was sworn out for Elliot and Detective Benjamin F. Turner was detailed to find him.

Mr. Johnson, who is president of the Passaic Board of Trade, said to-day that he attributed Elliot's trouble to drink. "You a good officer," he said, and he had been successful in securing a new health officer. Elliot studied at New York University and afterward took a course in sanitary engineering at Syracuse. He was an expert for the Croton Aqueduct Commission. He came to Passaic three years ago at a salary of \$2,200. He has been receiving a number of circulars about the Panama Canal recently, and he believed that he may have gone to Panama.

John S. Davison, Elliot's attorney, said that his client was a relative of Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago and other wealthy residents of that city. Davison has appealed to them to make good Elliot's shortage.

H. Banks & Co. of New York are the accountants who were retained to examine the city's books. They found that Elliot's thefts were mostly of fees which he has collected on the Panama Canal and other wealthy residents of that city. Davison has appealed to them to make good Elliot's shortage.

**PAYS DUTY ON SEAL PHOTOS.**  
Customs Men Taxes Harry Whitney for "Improving" Films in Arctic.  
Harry Whitney, the arctic explorer has been made to pay duty on pictures of seals which he took several months ago on a trip to the far north. When the customs officials looked over a considerable quantity of film one of them said: "You'll have to pay duty."

"But it is American film," pleaded Mr. Whitney. "You took pictures on it, didn't you?" said the customs man. "Certainly," said Mr. Whitney. "Then the film was improved abroad," said the customs man. The pictures show how seals are actually caught in the far north. Mr. Whitney returned to Halifax on May 11, having returned on the sealing expedition in March.

**THORNTON HAINS CAPSIZED.**  
Rescued by Life Savers When Surf Upsets His Small Boat.  
Word reached New York yesterday that Capt. Peter Hains, brother of former Capt. Riggs, bound for Cape May in a launch, had been capsized in the surf south of the Island Beach life saving station. They tried to reach the shore in a small boat but capsized in the surf and were rescued by life savers.

The launch, which had 42 Ninety-ninth street, Fort Hamilton, it was said at his home last night that he and Amos Gulburg had set out on Tuesday in a launch for a fishing trip to Cape May. No message of a mishap had reached Hains residence. Mr. Hains is an expert swimmer.

**Fire Menace Neighborhood.**  
Fire in the five story building at 401 West 124th street not only threatened to destroy the building itself, but also the adjacent tenements yesterday. More than a hundred tenants were forced to leave their quarters. The damage is estimated at \$50,000.

**Yellowstone Park Canadian Rockies**  
A 22-day personally-conducted tour through America's wonderland. Six and one-half days among the geyser, lakes, and canyons of Yellowstone Park; a day in Portland; visits to Victoria and Vancouver; daylight ride through the Canadian Rockies with side trips to the Great Glacier of the Selkirk, Lake Louise, and drive through the Canadian National Park to Banff.

Leave Saturday, August 10. Round-trip rate from New York, covering necessary expenses, \$275. Ask Ticket Agents for booklet, or address C. Studts, D. P. A., Wm. Pedrick, Jr., A. D. P. A., 263 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**E. R. JACKSON SURRENDERS.**  
Says His Real Estate Deals Were O. K.—In the Tombs.

Edgar R. Jackson, head of the Jackson Bros. Realty Company of 507 Fifth avenue, surrendered himself yesterday at the office of the District Attorney to answer two indictments which charge him with the larceny of about \$23,000 entrusted by clients to him for real estate transactions. He was taken before Judge Mulqueen and remanded to the Tombs in \$20,000 bail.

Jackson went to the District Attorney's office with Alexander Rosenthal of the law firm of Rosenthal & Stecker. Lawyer Rosenthal said that his client had been West and had hurried to New York as soon as he heard that the Grand Jury was investigating his real estate methods. Jackson does not consider the indictments serious, his attorney said.

One of the indictments is on a complaint of Winfield Scott Libby of Libby & Dingley of Lewiston, Me., and relates to a realty transaction between Jackson and Libby on June 16, 1909, involving land at Floral Park, Hempstead, L. I. The larceny of \$18,000 is charged. It is alleged that Edgar R. Jackson told Libby that he had an option to purchase property at the rate of \$3,500 an acre and it is charged that Jackson did not have any option for that amount but was able to purchase the property for \$2,800 an acre.

The second indictment is on the complaint of Miss Mary Griffith of Akron, Ohio, and the amount of the alleged larceny is \$5,000. The indictment says that on March 4, 1910, Jackson, who was interested in real estate in West Hempstead, informed her that the land was purchased at \$4,000 an acre and sent her a prospectus which promised a net profit in one year of 60 per cent. The indictment charges that Jackson at that time was not the owner of the land, which could have been bought for \$2,240 an acre.

**SAEGER SURRENDERS TO SHOW FAMILY SKELETON**  
Rich Allentown, Pa., Man Accused of Robbing His Brother's Safe.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., July 17.—Declaring that he came back to face the accusations against him and to be arrested so that he could rat the family skeleton, R. William Saeger, a member of one of the oldest and richest families in Allentown, returned to this city late this afternoon and delivered himself up to the local authorities, who held a warrant for his arrest on a charge of robbing the safe of the Saeger Milling Company in East Allentown, of which his brother, John F. Saeger, is the head.

Saeger was arrested in New York early in May, a few days after the robbery, but last week Justice Erlanger of that city dismissed the case, refusing to approve the extradition papers issued by Gov. Tener of Pennsylvania to bring him back to that city.

At the time of his arrest Saeger was conducting a chicken farm on Staten Island and was reputed to be making money very fast. It was alleged that he had come to Allentown on the night of April 28, and removed valuable books belonging to his brother, with whom he had been at odds for several years over the settlement of the estate of his father.

Saeger claimed that he did not remember his full share and had become estranged from the members of his family. Alderman Shiffert was at a loss as to what course to pursue and told Saeger that he should go and that he would be sent for when wanted. As he got into the street, however, Saeger met Detective Herbert M. Bachman with the warrant and Saeger further formally Bachman took his prisoner to jail. The date of the hearing has not been fixed.

Saeger declares that he was anxious to be sent to jail, saying that he would now have an opportunity to show the skeleton from the family closet and exhibit it in court. It is stated that the prosecution will push the case against him.

William R. Saeger was arrested in this city on the afternoon of May 3 by Detective Mudge of the Greenwich street station and the following day, rammed to the Tombs without bail. Justice Bischoff afterward released him in \$1,500 bail. He was charged with being a fugitive from justice, with grand larceny and with dynamiting the office of the Saeger Milling Company at Allentown, Pa.

The dynamiting of the safe occurred on the night of April 27 or 28. It was not discovered until the morning of April 29, that being Monday morning. Securities valued at \$60,000 were taken and a large number of books and papers relating to the affairs of the Saeger estate. Near the shattered safe was found a bag containing dynamite.

The Allentown authorities alleged that the bag bore the label of a Staten Island miller and as Saeger was known to be living on Staten Island it was immediately concluded that he was responsible.

**NEW JERSEY NOTES.**  
Albert Dismann of Newton caught a brook trout at Silver Thread Falls that was seven inches long and weighs twenty-five pounds. He was leaving the footlights she took a trip to Europe, returning last May.

Shortly afterward she met Robert S. Deemer, son of a wealthy resident of Tarantum. After a brief courtship the young man proposed marriage and was accepted. His parents were averse to the marriage, but the couple were married in Canton, Ohio. They returned to Tarantum, where the former showgirl and her husband's relatives "kidnaped" him and are preventing him from living with her.

Mrs. Deemer says she has engaged a Pittsburgh law firm to file suit for alienation of affections against the parents of her husband.

Mr. Deemer, father of Robert, figured in the first trial of Harry Thaw as an alienist.

**ROSENTHAL ACTIVE IN ALBANY.**  
Dead Gambler Worked for Race Track Bill at Session.

ALBANY, July 17.—Herman Rosenthal was a familiar figure in Albany during the last session of the Legislature and was popular with Senators, Assemblymen and Capitol employees. He was known to hotel clerks, police officers and others as a free spender and a man of genial disposition.

Miss Ada Kilburg, the proprietor of the cigar stand in the Stanwix Hall Hotel, where he stopped while in Albany, said he bought \$100 worth of cigars and that he was always supplied with plenty of money. Rosenthal was working to secure the passage of the race track bill.

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**Sam Paul is Questioned.**  
Dougherty had before him for two hours last evening Sam Paul of the Sam Paul Association, a friend of Rose's and of several men who had no cause to like the West Forty-fifth street gambler. The Deputy Commissioner pressed Paul as to whether he knew anything about the killing of Rosenthal or had any idea of the identity of the murderers. While in the Commissioner's office Policeman Billy File, who was in the Metropole when Rosenthal was called out and shot, was sent for to look Paul over.