

## WILSON QUICKLY REJECTS LATEST HUERTA DEMAND

### U. S. Flag Must Be Saluted as First Stipulated.

## ULTIMATUM IS SENT TO THE DICTATOR

### Request That Salute Be Simultaneous Is Promptly Refused.

## MARINES REACH TAMPICO

### Transport Hancock Arrives With 800 Men From New Orleans.

### Plans of Fleet Unchanged.

From The Sun's special correspondent with the Atlantic fleet. ANAHEIM, U. S. S. ARKANSAS, via St. Augustine, Fla., April 17.—Admiral Bader has received no official confirmation of the salute agreement reported in press despatches received by wireless.

### Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

VERA CRUZ April 17.—The Atlantic fleet on the way to Tampico has been heard from this side of Key West and is expected to reach Mexican ports on Sunday. The transport Hancock, with 800 marines from New Orleans, is now at Tampico.

A favorable impression has been created here by the publication of a statement in a local newspaper to the effect that President Huerta has conciliated the American Government a great deal by according to President Wilson's demands of honors to the American flag on condition that Mexico is likewise honored by the great American nation once the Mexican guns have spoken.

## ULTIMATUM SENT BY U. S.

### Demand for Salute Made More Imperative by Wilson.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The confidence of the Administration that the acute Mexican situation had cleared was shattered this morning, and to-night the President and his advisers were still in grave doubt as to future developments. The upsetting of the Administration's optimism was caused by the receipt this morning of a new inquiry from Huerta, which amounted to a stipulation by him that the United States should agree to give a salute to the Mexican flag simultaneously with the salute that he would render to the American colors by way of reparation for the Tampico insult.

This inquiry was regarded by the Washington Government as insolent and entirely out of accord with the spirit of the demand which the United States had made on account of the affront to the American flag and the American uniform. As a result Huerta is to-night in receipt of a reply from this Government which is, in effect, an ultimatum. He has been given to understand, in as forceful language as this Government could properly employ, that the reparation must be rendered for the Tampico insult by a salute of twenty-one guns in the exact manner originally demanded by Admiral Mayo and that this Government will tolerate no further dallying.

It is therefore now up to Huerta to say whether or not he will order the salute of twenty-one guns or whether he will take the consequences. If he refuses the Atlantic fleet, now hurrying toward Tampico, will blockade and seize all the ports on the Gulf coast and the United States naval vessels on the Pacific coast will undertake a similar campaign in those waters.

The President's plan now is exactly as it was before the renewal of negotiations by Huerta. The custom houses will be seized and held until such time as the Mexican government will render adequate satisfaction to the demands of the United States.

While the day's developments made the outlook for a peaceful settlement much less favorable the President and his advisers still insisted that they were encouraged in the hope that Huerta will yield. Their faith is based largely on the belief that the Mexican dictator has asked for much more than he has hoped to obtain and that when confronted with the final answer of this Government he will accept the inevitable.

On the other hand many in Washington were greatly disturbed in mind to-day over reports emanating from Mexico city to the effect that Huerta really is playing a deliberate game for the purpose of drawing the United States into a hostile act and thus affording him a patriotic rallying cry for the uniting of the Mexican people behind his standard. It was pointed out that Huerta has nothing but death to look forward to in the event of Villa forcing his way to Mexico city, whereas with the United States inter-

## SCHOOLBOY, SON OF RICH MAN, IS HELD ASSASSIN

### Arrested After a Year's Hunt for the Man Who Murdered Chauffeur.

## MALCOLM GIFFORD, JR., INDICTED IN ALBANY

### Driver's Papers Said to Have Been Found Near Where Youth Visited.

## OFFERS OTHER EVIDENCE

### Shooting Near Albany Long a Baffling Crime—Robbery Thought Motive.

ALBANY, April 17.—District Attorney Alexander of Albany county believes to-night that he has solved a murder mystery that has defied solution for a year by the arrest of Malcolm Gifford, Jr., the eighteen-year-old son of a wealthy Hudson manufacturer and prize scholar of the senior class at Williston Academy, Williston, Mass.

The Grand Jury returned a first degree murder indictment to-night against the prisoner, charging him with shooting to death Frank J. Clute, an Albany chauffeur, on the night of April 1, 1913, for the purpose of robbery.

The boy was arrested on Tuesday night at Chatham on his way back to the academy after spending the Easter holidays with his parents. He was brought to Albany and kept a secret prisoner until this afternoon, when the authorities notified his father, Mr. Gifford, who is vice-president of the Gifford Wood Manufacturing Company, Hudson's principal industry, at once employed lawyers to defend his son and sent word that he would be in Albany to-morrow morning.

**Robbery Is Theory.** The county detectives, who have been working on the case for a year, say that Gifford, who was visiting at the home of Henry Boardman, a Troy lawyer, at the time of the murder, killed the chauffeur with the idea of selling his car and getting money to free him from financial troubles.

While Gifford was a prisoner in the Albany county penitentiary awaiting Grand Jury action his family believed him to be at school. Mr. Gifford was not notified of his son's arrest until this afternoon. He expressed confidence in the boy's innocence and severely criticized the authorities for their course.

**His Schoolmates Testify.** The reason for the delay in the indictment was that the District Attorney had difficulty in getting witnesses he wanted before the Grand Jury. Among these witnesses was Derrick Boardman, son of the lawyer and a schoolmate of Gifford. Other school friends gave testimony which resulted in the finding.

The search for the murderer lagged until recently, although several persons were arrested on suspicion, until a workman repairing the roof of the Boardman home found under the tin roof and in reach of the window of the murder point Clute had occupied Clute's chauffeur's license and letters with his name on them.

This material was at once turned over to the District Attorney and machinery was set in motion which resulted in the arrest. The direct allegations against Gifford, based on the testimony of his school friends before the Grand Jury to-day, and on evidence gathered by the District Attorney's men, are these:

That he was visiting at the home of Henry Boardman the night of the murder, that he left the house about 7:30 o'clock that evening saying he would be back later and that he returned at 11:30. That his clothes were in disorder, which he explained had resulted from a fall. That he subsequently exhibited an automatic revolver to classmates at the academy, saying, "I suppose you don't know that I used that once."

That on the night of the murder a stranger who was clothed as he is said to have been hired Clute to drive him from the Circle in Albany to Troy, six miles away. That the chauffeur's license and papers were hidden by him after the murder. That he shot Clute through the head several times and then, finding he could not run the car, dragged the body into a field.

That he took Clute's scarf pin, other small pieces of jewelry and the chauffeur's pocketbook, containing a small amount of money. That the Clute automobile showed that an attempt to run it had been made by some one who didn't know how.

**Girl in the Case.** It is also charged that robbery was not the only motive. The police think that Gifford wanted revenge on Clute for taking out for a ride a girl with whom the schoolboy was acquainted. The District Attorney's men say that Gifford was not in good standing at school and that his supply of funds had been cut off by his father.

Over the telephone to-night Dr. Farrler, head of Williston Academy, said that Gifford had been there only three months coming from a school at Hookack Falls, that he was an excellent student, standing at the head of the senior class and

# BULLET SENT TO ASSASSINATE THE MAYOR MISSES HIM AND WOUNDS CORPORATION COUNSEL POLK

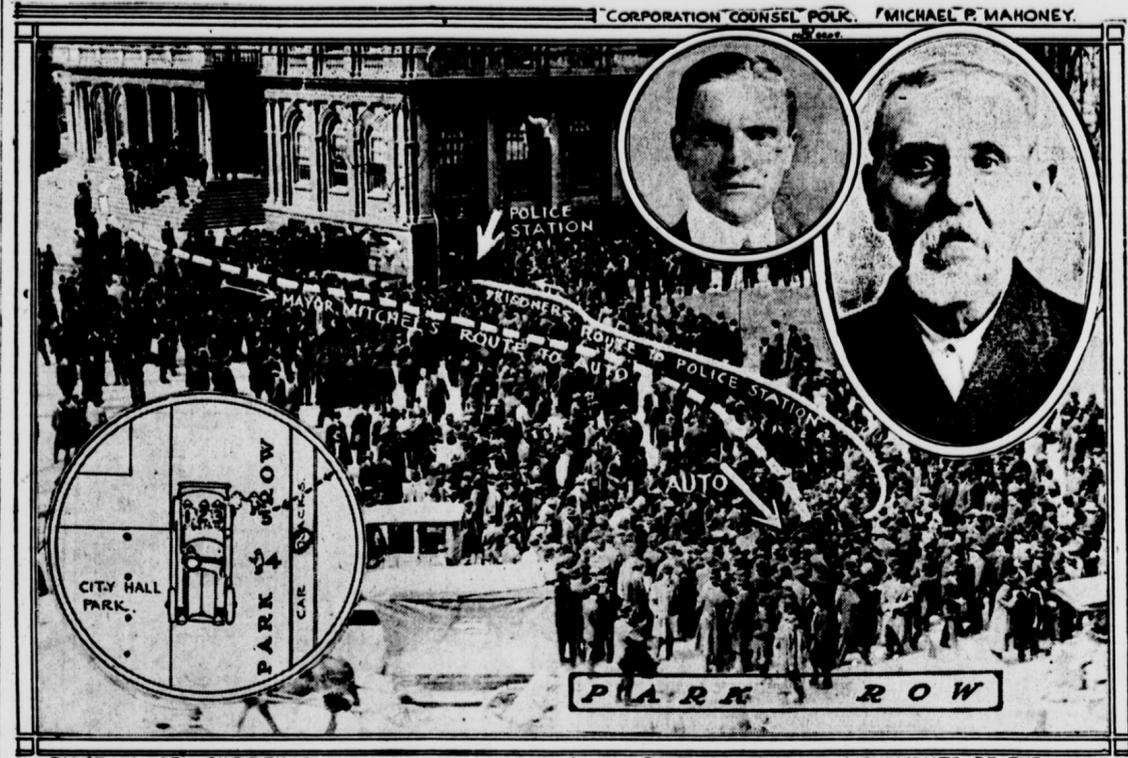


DIAGRAM OF SHOOTING. 1-CORPORATION COUNSEL POLK, 2-MAYOR MITCHEL, 3-COMM. MULLAN, 4-COMM. WOODS, 5-MICHAEL P. MAHONEY. PHOTO DIAGRAM OF MOVEMENTS OF THE MAYOR'S PARTY.

having already passed most of his examinations for entrance to Williams College next fall. The principal added that the boy was quiet, very well behaved and apparently of fine character.

Mr. Gifford over the telephone scoffed at the idea that his son could be mixed up in such an affair. "Why, he was only 17 years old at that time," he said. "He has always borne an excellent character and has never given me trouble. He had no need of money, for I always supplied him plentifully."

"I consider his arrest an outrage. I have hired lawyers and will go to Albany myself to-morrow. The District Attorney has made a ridiculous blunder. The evidence is of the flimsiest circumstance."

**Family of High Repute.** Young Gifford has a brother and sister in Hudson. The family has the highest reputation there and Mrs. Gifford is foremost in the social life of the place, as her husband is in business.

The prisoner is rather slender for his height, which is 5 feet 10 inches. He is of light complexion and unusually good looking. He has never been in trouble of any sort before, so far as is known, and has lived a very studious life, being of a scholarly inclination.

A local lawyer who is looking after the boy's case has advised him not to say anything. When he was arraigned in court he refused to plead and a plea of not guilty was entered for him.

It was learned late to-night that the authorities consider their most damaging evidence to be in the similarity of gloves worn by Gifford when he was arrested and in a pair covered with blood found near Clute's body. Both pairs bore the mark of a New York firm. Gifford's clothing was from the same place. Another bit of damaging evidence was the finding of the license and papers hidden in the roof, they say.

**Say He Dropped Gloves.** Detectives who were bringing him here from Chatham in an automobile say that he rolled up the groves he was wearing and dropped them to the floor of the automobile when they were not looking. When they were found and he was asked to tell why he had done that he said he had no further use for them.

Questioned by the District Attorney while he was a prisoner pending indictment Gifford declared he had not killed Clute and didn't even know him. Clute's body was found by the roadside near Watervliet on the Albany-Troy turnpike on the morning of April 2, 1913. Several shots had been fired into the back of the head at close range, apparently from the rear seat of the automobile which was standing in the roadway with the machinery out of order.

It is said that the testimony of the schoolboys before the Grand Jury brought out the fact that Gifford refused to leave the Boardman home the morning after the murder until one of them had promised to put into a suit case a dark gray overcoat he wore and had lent him a dark hat.

He was said to have been the first downstairs that morning and to have bought a copy of a newspaper with an account of the murder, making the remark, "Isn't it awful to be a murderer?" When the chauffeur's papers reached the District Attorney he at once found out who had visited the Boardmans at the time of the murder. Discovering that Gifford had been there with others he questioned all, he could get hold of. Their stories to him resulted in his decision to arrest Gifford as soon as he could be found.

Richard J. Clute, father of the murdered chauffeur, does not believe that the motive was robbery. He said his son had little money and continually came to him for supplies.

GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH NOW IN NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLES. ANDREW USHER & CO., Edinburgh—Ado.

## MAHONEY, LOCKED IN WITH CAPT. TUNNEY, BREAKS DOWN AND TELLS HIS LIFE STORY

### Missing Details Are Pieced Together From Old Diary Found in Trunk.

The story of grievances, one after another, which piled up in the brain of Michael P. Mahoney, the Mayor's would-be assassin, until he finally bought a new revolver and tried to kill him was patched together last night from statements scribbled out of him throughout the afternoon and evening and from his effects found in an old trunk and suitcase recently removed from a rooming house at 293 East Fifth street, where he lived for nearly five months under his real name.

Capt. Thomas Tunney, who saw the man gradually break down under the strain of official examination on all sides, was responsible for the revelation of his real name and address. As David Rose, the name he gave at first, he was taken to a cell in Police Headquarters shortly before 5 o'clock, when District Attorney Whitman and several assistants, Commissioner Woods and Deputy Commissioner Rubin and Inspector Faurot had given him up.

Capt. Tunney locked the man in with himself and told him frankly it was going to be a mental test between them. Mahoney cringed with fear. "Are you going to beat me?" he asked. "No, I am not," said Tunney, "but I am going to get the truth out of you before I leave this room."

"All right, I'll tell you the truth." Alone with the detective, Mahoney told as much about himself as he could remember. Every bit was later confirmed from a curious diary found in his effects. The whole story gives little ground for the idea that he was in a plot to kill the Mayor.

Later he told the police that he had bought the gun to kill the Mayor. He said he had listened to the Socialist speeches at the Franklin statue, but that he was not affiliated with that movement. He admitted, however, that the speeches had put the final spur to his determination to kill the Mayor.

As soon as the police learned his right name and address several detectives were sent uptown. They found his trunk at Lynch's Storage and Warehouse at 779 Third avenue, where Mahoney had it sent on Wednesday, his last day at 293 East Fifth street. The landlady, a Mrs. Ballard, knew little about the man.

**Letters of a Crank.** The letters found in his pockets addressed to Mayor Mitchell and Mayor Armstrong and his diary left no doubt in the minds of the police that he was a crank, with a grievance against the Mayor because of his police policy. He told Capt. Tunney that he had called at the City Hall last Monday to "remonstrate with the Mayor" and had been "insulted" there.

"I then decided to kill him," he added. "I went down last Wednesday to City Hall with the intention of killing him then, but I cooled off. To-day I went down there again with the intention of finishing the job. I got down there about 10 o'clock, some time before the Mayor would come out. So I went over to Park Row and had a drink of whiskey and a drink of beer at a saloon. When the Mayor came out I was waiting for him. I waited until he got into the machine. He was about five feet away from me when I fired."

"I am sorry now that I shot at Mitchell, and I am particularly sorry that

I hit Mr. Polk, against whom I have no grievance."

The letter addressed to "Mayor Mitchell, City" in the man's pocket, shows plainly the state of his mind. Apparently he had disapproved of Mr. Mitchell's selection of Col. Goethals as a likely Police Commissioner, because he criticized this view all the way through. His writing was incoherent and almost illegible. His English was bad, his spelling poor and punctuation almost negligible.

His diary indicated that he also had a long standing grievance against the Masons and the Odd Fellows dating back as far as 1888 when he lost a suit because, as he said, the Judge and jury were of those fraternities. He also hated lawyers.

His mind seemed to be unbalanced on the subject of police and city administration. In his letter and in his talks in the afternoon, when he would say absolutely nothing about himself and stuck to David Rose as his name, Mahoney followed the same strain. He hated Col. Goethals because he thought the man was responsible for slides and deaths at the Stadium. He hated Andrew Carnegie because, he said, Carnegie had cheated him out of thousands of dollars. He got this notion evidently through his working for many steel companies in the middle West. Mahoney also disliked Commissioner Woods, whom he called a fraud compared to McKay.

**Has Family in Kentucky.** The police learned that he has a wife and daughter Mary at his home in Newport, Ky., and communicated at once with the police in that place. Mahoney said he was a blacksmith, had worked as a carpenter, but could not work for the last few years, because his hand was hurt in an accident.

He hired the room in Fifth street on November 26 of last year, paid \$1.50 a week for it and 25 cents a month to Mrs. Ballard for keeping his trunk. He gave her the impression that he was a carpenter out of work because of an injury, but when he left on Wednesday he said he had a chance for a job in Pittsburg.

Instead he slept in a lodging house at Heater street and the Bowery on Thursday night under the name of James Mahan, and on Wednesday night stayed at Reilly's Hotel, Third avenue and Twenty-third street, under his real name.

The change of name disclosed an interesting circumstance in his life, which presumably turned him mentally. He was born on March 17, 1842, about seventeen miles outside of Cork, Ireland. He could not remember when he came to this country. It was some sixty years ago, he told Tunney, but he lived in Kentucky and gradually got hold of property worth about \$14,500 in seven houses and two lots, with a mortgage of \$1,000. He exchanged this property for a farm worth \$14,000. This was in 1888. He sued the man who sold it to him, however, because there was no fence around it and lost the case. He also had to pay costs, about \$200, but either could not or would not and the property was foreclosed and sold for \$3,500.

Mahoney never quite got over that shock. He immediately assumed the name Rose and began wandering about the middle West and occasionally the East, working at a score or more of jobs.

**Odd Entries in Diary.** All through his diary—a home made affair like a schoolboy's notebook—in which he entered some of the minutest details, he invariably wrote after his record of his many jobs and discharges: "They found me out," or "discharged for no reason." Sometimes he mentions the

### Went to Kill on Wednesday, but Cooled Off and Decided to Wait.

Mason and Odd Fellows as having caused his discharge. In the last few years he has divided his time between New York, home and Pittsburg. He was here until July of last year and then went to Pittsburg, leaving \$140 with Father Bram at St. Agnes's Church, 141 East Forty-third street. He wrote on for some of the money which he left for safe keeping for "M. P. Mahoney" according to his diary, in order to get back to this city.

**Hurt in an Accident.** In 1889 he had a fight with a policeman in Louisville, Ky., and lost his job. At various times he worked for steel companies in the middle West, in Cincinnati, in western Pennsylvania in West Virginia. He also worked in the South, but every job was but a short one. In July, 1896, he was hurt in a railroad accident, after which he brought suit for damages. In this and other suits, one for \$22 against a Howard Holloman of Pittsburg, which he lost, he acquired his hatred of lawyers, whom he refers to as crooks.

Part of his life history as recorded by himself was in the home made book and part in a newer one in which he wrote very carefully. In this one he said he had left Pittsburg on November 25 of last year with \$82. He says in the book that he could not sell two lots he had at Turtle Creek because of the Masons and Odd Fellows, who lived near them and scattered lies about him. His funds rapidly dwindled since he came here, until he had to pawn his watch for \$3 on Monday.

The old man's personal belongings when he was arrested gave absolutely no clue to his identity. He had several medicine bottles in his pockets with the labels scratched off, an old tobacco pouch with some American and Austrian coins, but most important of all two letters, one to Mayor Mitchell and one to Mayor Armstrong of Pittsburg.

Mahoney's trunk and suit case were brought down to Headquarters about 7 o'clock by Detectives Frazer and Hauser. She thought he must have been getting money from some one because he did not work and always paid his rent on time.

Besides some clothing none of it new, there was another revolver in the trunk, an old American bulldog, five chamber, .32 calibre affair, so rusted that it probably would not shoot, although it was fully loaded.

His measurements at Headquarters were: Height 5 feet 6 1/2 inches, weight 140 pounds. He wears glasses sometimes and remarked in one of his grillings that he might have hit the mark he aimed at if he had had them on. Later he told Capt. Tunney that he had been a Roman Catholic up to forty years ago, when he became a Mason. He said he was neither now.

In the afternoon he told the police he was hanging around the City Hall and when he popped out I took a shot at him [Mitchell]. He rambled on about graft being worse under Mitchell than ever under Gayton.

"Look at that \$5,000,000 bond issue," he said. "Under honest men the whole city could be run for \$25,000,000. Mitchell appoints high priced clerks and no workmen. Goethals was a fraud. He was responsible for the slides on the canal. Two friends of mine told me so. They worked for him. McKay is all right. He is doing for the right things, but Woods is a fraud compared to him."

Ball, Fired by Man of 71 With "Grievances," Enters Polk's Mouth.

## MAHONEY CONFESSES HIS PLAN TO MURDER

### Had Chance Last Wednesday, but Didn't Shoot—Softened, He Says.

## HEARS AGITATORS AS HE WAITS TO KILL

### Old Man Tries for Hours to Hide Identity; Tunney Wins Secret.

## WOODS STOPS SECOND SHOT

### Police Commissioner Seizes Mahoney—Mullan Has Narrow Escape.

At 3 o'clock this morning a report came from Corporation Counsel Polk's bedside that he was resting comfortably. The bulletin said: "The patient sleeps in short naps, but says nothing. He has been extremely restless all night, and at times in considerable pain. The physicians are satisfied with his condition so far."

A shabbily dressed old man named Michael P. Mahoney, with fancied grievances against the city administration, fired a shot early yesterday afternoon at Mayor John Furrow Mitchell as the Mayor, Corporation Counsel Frank Polk—whom the bullet struck—Police Commissioner Arthur Woods and Tax Commissioner George V. Mullan were on the point of starting off in an automobile from the City Hall for luncheon.

The bullet entered the left cheek of Mr. Polk, knocked a tooth to the floor of the automobile.

Late last night Dr. A. J. Hartwell in the New York Hospital removed the bullet from Mr. Polk's mouth. He found it lodged under the tongue on the right side. It had entered from the left.

During the early part of the evening Mr. Polk had been in considerable pain. It was 1 o'clock this morning before he dropped into a light sleep. Powder from the revolver slightly burned the Mayor's left ear and Commissioner Mullan's left cheek.

The mouth wound received by Corporation Counsel Polk, although very painful, will not prove dangerous unless infection sets in.

**Woods Prevents Second Shot.** Police Commissioner Arthur Woods, who stood on the Park Row asphalt beside the automobile, which was at the City Hall curb across the street car tracks from The Sun building, was, as Mr. Woods put it later, "just two short jumps" from Mahoney when the old man fired.

Commissioner Woods made the jump in one, slammed Mahoney to the street and held tightly to Mahoney's pistol hand while the old man tried to fire again.

Officer John G. Neun, chauffeur of the Police Department touring car, piled into the tangle and helped Commissioner Woods pin Mahoney's pistol hand to the asphalt. Joe Siloschin, a private detective, who happened to be passing, Fred Bickel, a sales manager of Jersey City, and Arthur Finger, a theatrical man, jumped into the scrimmage also.

The noon hour thousands had scarcely recovered from the first stunned moments and were just beginning to converge toward the spot where Mahoney was making his brief struggle to fire again, when Mayor Mitchell stepped from the car, his own big blue revolver in his right hand and his left arm supporting Mr. Polk, whose mouth was bleeding profusely.

**Think Polk Mayor's Prisoner.** Before the gathering crowds could wholly impede the way, Mayor Mitchell led Mr. Polk into the police station in the basement of the City Hall. As the Mayor still holding the revolver he had jerked from his overcoat pocket came toward the policemen spilling out of the building, the sight of Mr. Mitchell's revolver, together with the fact that his left arm clasped Mr. Polk's right elbow, caused the policemen to think that Mr. Polk was the prisoner.

Inspector Dillon ran from the City Hall police room with almost a dozen detectives and plain clothes policemen at his heels. Commissioner Woods and others by this time had jerked Mahoney, whose 72 years and weak frame had made his struggles brief, to his feet. Inspector Dillon relieved Commissioner Woods of his prisoner and the party entered the police room in the wake of