

GEN. KUROKI GIVEN OVATION AT TRACK

Japanese Hero Sees Events at Belmont Race Course.

NATIONAL AIRS PLAYED

John W. Gates Describes the Wonders of Texas.

Swave Visitor from Orient Falls to Betray Slightest Trace of Excitement Over the Finishes—Passes Through Betting Ring, but Does Not Lay Any Wager—Goes to Governor's Island, Calls on Gen. Grant.

New York, May 18.—Gen. Kuroki shared with ponies of euphonious names the admiration of the crowd of dope artists at the Belmont course this afternoon. It became the established thing that as soon as a man had been in the paddock to look over the horses he would go out on the green in front of the clubhouse reservation of the grand stand to look over Kuroki.

The Japanese fighter was less restive under the critical inspection than Peter Pan. Maybe Gen. Kuroki had seen races before. Out on the hummocky Nogi-yama course at Yokohama they race five-bitzen China ponies twice a year.

All Yokohama and the elite of Tokyo turn out on those occasions to see a flat-bellied pony from Kowloon run a mile in three flat. Whether the Nogi-yama experience has been his or not Gen. Kuroki sat in his box and smoked one cigar after another to-day with no visible manifestation of excitement.

The general, accompanied by Capt. Tanaka, his faithful interpreter; several members of his staff, and Major Lynch, of the American army, left the Hotel Astor in two large touring cars shortly before noon. Their cars not caught in the usual jam of autos at the Thirty-fourth street ferry and in the interim of inactivity representatives of our best families living in and about the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania tunnel terminals took the occasion to pay their respects in unobtrusive staid. At the grounds the autos turned off to the Turf and Field Clubhouse. There August Belmont met the distinguished party and acted as host at a cold luncheon.

After the luncheon Perry Belmont took the general's arm in his and started to lead him through the betting ring under the grand stand. There it was that the most strenuous demonstration yet accorded the grizzled fighter took place. The cement floor was black with fouts and the other kind of race track familiar. Everybody was hurrying about to get a rubber at the odds and plank down their coin on the first race. When the silk-hatted party of Japanese appeared in the middle of the jam, there was a wild scramble to get a look at the general. Men worked subway tactics and went through the mass in flying wedges. Others stood on stools and were toppled to the floor in the sweep of bodies. Two book-makers were hurled to the floor and their green stock went sailing to the four winds.

The commotion was assuming the shape of a young riot when several Pinkertons men closed about the party of Japanese and escorted them unarmament through the gates into the club enclosure. There they were given seats in the front row of boxes.

No Desire to Plunge. It was the burning question of the afternoon whether or not the Japanese general was a sport. Loudly-dressed young men wagged their cigarettes with their tongues and said that they believed Kuroki was there to plunge. But the general disappointed them by sitting firmly in his box and never once evincing a desire to either put up his coin in person or by deputy.

James E. Keene was led into the box and introduced to Gen. Kuroki and the members of his staff by Perry Belmont. Mr. Keene told the general that he owned three horses with potent names—they were Nogi, Kuroki, and Oyama. Kuroki was the only one that had ever won a race, added the admiral Mr. Keene. Gen. Kuroki expressed his pleasure at the tone triumph of his namesake fittingly.

Then John W. Gates was led in. Mr. Gates thought of something nice to say, and it was to the effect that he had named his new oil town in Texas Port Arthur. He did not say that there were any floating mines about his Port Arthur, and the general was glad to hear of the progress of Texas.

The infection of the race fever did not touch the calm passivity of the Japanese fighter and his staff. They watched the races without glasses, and when there was a close finish in the second they forgot to get on their chairs and yell. Just after the fourth race had been run off the band came down the line up in front of the general's box. The tip passed around that they were going to pull off something spectacular, and about 1,000 persons crowded around in front of the green.

Crowds Cheer Anthems. The band opened upon the "Kimigayo," Japan's national song, and immediately Kuroki and his men stood up and removed their ties. Twice through the band played the queer-sounding piece. When they finished Kuroki sat down and the crowd gave a long cheer. But immediately the band started up on "The Star-Spangled Banner." Capt. Tanaka hastily bent over and whispered into Kuroki's ear. Instantly the little general was on his feet again, hat off. That caught the crowd, and they cheered until the canvas screens at the end of the track belled against the wind.

A few minutes after that Gen. Kuroki's party left the grounds and went back to their hotels in automobiles.

Visits Gen. Grant. Gen. Kuroki and his staff of Japanese army officers saw and felt a New York "rush hour" this morning, which, as all the natives know, is not merely an intangible space of time marked off by a clock, like an ordinary hour in Japan. There were two reasons for this—the general

Continued on Page 3, Column 4.

Asterville, N. C.—Land of the Sky. Extremely low round-trip rates via Southern Railway, May 20 inclusive; final return limit June 12, 1907. Connecting American Line 1907.

Bargains in boards, \$2.00 per 100 ft.

SEE PRISON HORROR

Many People Feast on Brutal Whipping Scene.

PITIFUL PLEA FOR MERCY

Nine Prisoners Led Up to Delaware's Whipping Post—Former English Soldier Takes His Lashing Without Wincing—Punishment the Most Sensational Ever Witnessed.

Wilmington, Del., May 18.—One of the most pitiful scenes ever witnessed in recent years at a public flogging of criminals was that in the county workhouse stockade this morning, when Adam Ward, a youth of nineteen years, was whipped with forty lashes.

Ward, in company with Benjamin Miller, was convicted at the present term of the Court of General Sessions of highway robbery, and each was sentenced to forty lashes and one year's imprisonment.

When the youth was led into the stockade from the tunnel he cast an appealing look at the 200 or more spectators to feast on the sight of the sufferings of a fellow-being.

At the third blow of the cat-o-nine-tails, tears flowed from the prisoner's eyes, and as lash after lash was administered, he pleaded with Warden Messerve for mercy.

At the thirty-second stroke of the cat, Ward disengaged one of his hands from its fastening at the post, and waved it frantically at Mr. Messerve.

Retired to Whipping Post. "For God's sake, stop!" cried the unfortunate youth, making vain effort to break his other hand free. As deeply touched by the prisoner's appeals as he was the warden had nothing left but to do his duty.

"Stand up, Ward," said Mr. Messerve. "You know I am not doing this of my own will. The law must be carried out, and I must do it."

The prisoner was again fastened to the post and the remaining lashes administered.

Ward's back presented a pitiful appearance when the ordeal was finished, blood coming from scores of the welts and bruises caused by his tender flesh.

"You brute, if I had a gun I would shoot you," shouted one man in the crowd. The others denounced the warden, who had declared that he was only carrying out the sentence of the court.

Morris, the man who was convicted with Ward, took his medicine comparatively well until the fifteenth fall of the lash, but from that time on until the fortieth he groaned and pleaded for mercy.

Takes Lashes Without Wincing. As an indication of what military discipline can train a man to bear, John Cameron, said to have been a private in the British army, walked to the post with folded arms and head erect. He stood a few lashes given him, he having been convicted of larceny, without so much as the quiver of an eyelash. When the ordeal was over he again folded his arms across his chest, and, with an about-face movement, walked deliberately back to prison.

In all there were nine prisoners whipped. The whipping to-day was the severest and most sensational ever witnessed in this State.

AGREES TO DIE BEFORE 8 A. M. Another of Iowa's Suicide Club. Takes Acid, but Is Saved.

Des Moines, May 18.—Although another woman in Iowa attempted by the means adopted by all the others of last week's chain of suicides to end her life yesterday, there is considerable skepticism as to the existence of a suicide club.

President Searley, of the State Normal school at Cedar Rapids, where it has been said the nucleus of the supposed club was formed, denies that any of the victims were enrolled there. At the same time, he admits it might be possible that they had attended the summer session, as students are not then required to register. It was at the summer school where the girls who led in the suicide movement were said to have met.

The note written by Mrs. William Harmon, of Winthrop, indicates the existence of a compact, and, like all who have gone before, she drank carbolic acid at 8 o'clock in the morning. Physicians saved her life, but she refused to discuss her reasons for wishing to die or with whom she had made the agreement mentioned in the following note:

To Dear Ones: Good-by. I am going to take acid. I am tired of living. I would rather be in heaven than live with my husband. Must die before 8 o'clock this morning, because I agreed to. DAISY HARMON.

WEATHER FORECAST.

For the District of Columbia and Maryland—Showers this morning, followed by fair. Tomorrow fair; light winds, mostly west to north.

HERALD NEWS SUMMARY.

- Pages. TELEGRAPHIC. 1—Gen. Kuroki Sees the Races. 1—Nine Whipped at Wilmington. 1—Chief Geronimo Goes Insane. 2—Minister Conger Is Dead. 2—Frisco Police Chief to be Ousted. 2—Presbyterians Denounce Divorce. 2—News of Maryland and Virginia. 7—Roosevelt Explores Pine Knot on Foot.

LOCAL.

- 1—Phillip's Victim Dies of Wound. 1—Mayor Garrett Rides the Races. 2—President Will Visit Memphis. 2—Trust Busting Progress Costly. 2—Board of Trade Holds Annual Feast. 2—Co-operative Store Plan Grows. 2—Converse's Active Career Ends. 2—Carabosse Hold Annual Frolic. 2—Boy Stops Wireless Message. 8—Baptists Elect More Officers.

TAGGART FOR SOUTHERN MAN

Declares Sectional Lines Are Nil on Political Map.

Discusses Availability of Senator Daniel—Disposes of Ryan—Says Bryan Not Avoiced Candidate.

New York, May 18.—"Geographical lines have been eliminated from the political map. All the Democratic party wants is a good, strong candidate—and it will get him—and no questions will be asked by the next Democratic convention as to whether he hails from north or south of Mason and Dixon's line, or from east or west of the Mississippi."

This was the statement made to-day by Thomas Taggart, of Indianapolis, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who dropped into New York on what is believed to be a little political gumshoeing expedition. Although he denied having any such intention, there is reason to believe that Taggart wanted a near view of Hearst's Presidential hobby and other novelties in the Democratic grab-bag.

His declaration against sectional lines in 1888 is calculated to lend strength to the movement now on the South to put forth a candidate from that section—the first time since the war.

"I think I've voiced the feelings of every Northern Democrat when I say that any candidate who is available for other reasons, whether he comes from the North, South, East, or West, will be acceptable to me."

Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, has been advanced by Southerners. Chairman Taggart, however, declined to be drawn into a discussion of individuals in connection with the nomination.

"Oh, everybody loves Daniel," was the only comment he would pass on the Virginian.

But the chairman did depose, so far as he is personally concerned, on the report that Thomas F. Ryan, the New York financier, who hails from Virginia and retains his legal residence there, might be put forward as a candidate.

"Nothing in it," was the way in which he met a question on the subject.

Although admitting that Bryan must always be considered by Southerners, the nomination, Chairman Taggart also evaded a direct expression of opinion as to the Nebraska's eligibility.

KEEPS VOW AND DIES.

Aged Spinster Refuses to Let Doctor Enter House. Philadelphia, May 18.—Refusing to break a vow she had made with her eighty-four-year-old sister fifty years ago, to allow no man to enter her home, Miss Anna Bohner, seventy years old, of Hel Letterly street, died in agony yesterday. The pact, it is said, was entered into by the sisters because they had been disappointed in love in early life.

A few hours after the younger woman was stricken, her sister, with whom she lived, suggested that a physician be summoned. The dead woman refused and declared she would sacrifice her life rather than break her vow. The coroner will investigate her death.

DEATH PACT TO BE KEPT.

Widow's Statue to Rest at Head of James E. Pepper's Grave. Lexington, Ky., May 18.—A death pact, exacted shortly before his death, that his wife permit her statue to rest on a monument at the head of his grave, will be faithfully carried out by the widow of Col. James E. Pepper, Kentucky's most noted distiller and turfman. A contract for the monument was closed to-day and a cast of Mrs. Pepper's features will be taken next week.

FOIL LAW'S MINIONS

Dog and Darkness Too Much for Collins' Band.

ROCK SPRINGS RAID FAILS

Mayor and Marshal and Trusty Deputies Descend on Club—Find Scared Woman, Sleepy Diabasher, and Faithful Fido—Gaming Devices, but No Gamblers There.

At the witching hour of midnight a band of ten officers of the Glen Echo law, three regular and seven volunteer, stole softly along the Conduit road last night, bent upon raiding Washington's noted suburban resort, the Rock Springs Club. At 12:30 the disappointed posse scattered to their homes, having gained entrance to the clubhouse, scared Mrs. Walter Lovelace, wife of the proprietor of the establishment, into seven assorted forms of confusion fits, incurred the enmity of a sleepy-looking individual washing dishes in the kitchen, and roused the ire of faithful Fido, the watchdog.

To be sure, certain integral parts of gaming devices were found casually resting against walls or stowed away in closets, but alas for the ambitions of Mayor Garrett and Marshal Collins, to say nothing of the yawning void of the Glen Echo exchequer, so hopefully awaiting replenishment through sundry and severe fines, as far as "the game" itself was concerned, there was nothing doing.

Alexander Kilgus, one-time State attorney of Maryland, and present candidate for the office, who toward the end of the raiding festivities materialized through the doorway, clad as though hastily arisen from his virtuous couch, and politely desirous of ascertaining the why and wherefore of this imposing array of constabulary.

Organized by Mayor. The raid was organized by Glen Echo's strenuous young mayor, who had been informed, through some mysterious source, that a "large game" was scheduled to take place last night. Mounting the valiant Marshal Collins' bike, the mayor rode past the clubhouse early last evening and saw a stream of prosperous appearing persons entering the establishment. He broke his own speed law back to Glen Echo and sent Collins scurrying the village side for true and trusty deputies. They came prepared for the occasion, according to Hoyle and Nick Carter.

The plan of campaign was laid and each man assigned his position to be taken upon arrival at the clubhouse. Then the mayor disappeared to prepare himself for the so-called "big game."

A rain coat was fastened to his chin and a felt hat shaded his eyes, which were further blue-goggled from view by a large pair of blue goggles. From the pocket of his rain coat protruded the butt of an enormous revolver.

Consult Once More. Led by Marshal Collins, who was wearing his trusty bicorne costume, the posse made for the Conduit road. Once more the invaders halted and consulted. The clubhouse was something over half a mile away, but all spoke in whispers, giving the real brigand band effect.

Two men had been chosen to make a detour and guard the rear of the clubhouse. It was finally decided that the posse should join the flanking party, and the posse proceeded toward the battleground.

It grew blacker and blacker, and the rain began to wet. Another half was made and a new consultation held. This time it was to decide definitely who was to ring the door bell. George O'Brien, who once went bond for Mr. Lovelace, who gentleman is said to have jumped his bond and cost Mr. O'Brien \$400, volunteered to do the noble and storm the portoullis. Then the march onward began again.

A few moments of suspense followed, while the rear guard stumbled around the side of the house and the flankers took their position on either side of the veranda. Then O'Brien stepped bravely upon the porch and rang the bell. The house was apparently deserted—not a glimmer of light showed.

Door Finally Opened. After some moments the door opened and a shirt-sleeved man asked with a yawn in his voice to what was he indebted for the visit. O'Brien showed the door open with his knee and Mayor Garrett, in full disguise, with Marshal Collins at his side, also stepped on the porch and entered.

The upholders of law and order met with no resistance. They glanced about the empty lower rooms and mounted the stairs. Mrs. Lovelace was found in a state bordering on emotional hysteria. A faro layout leaned against the hall wall, and a roulette wheel rested beside it. From a closet protruded an edge of a large gaming table, turned on next week.

Absolute Protection and Interest. On monthly balances subject to check at will are advantages offered by banking dept. of Union Trust Co., 144 F. st. Accounts of every description are invited.

Masonic Fair, Galtsburgh, Md., May 21, 22, 23. Take Baltimore and Ohio 8:30 P. M. Train, returning 10:30. Round-trip rate, 5c cents.

Men's Knit Straws. B. H. Stinemetz & Son Co., 1201 F. st. Boards, wide, all heart, \$2.00 per 100 ft.

Good lumber cheap at Libbey & Co.

Alabama flooring, mostly edge grain.

TAFT MEN PLEASED

Take Brown, Harris, and Foraker Statements Quietly.

"UP TO SENATORS," THEY SAY

Secretary's Brother Puts Matter Before Readers in Newspaper Editorial—Intimates Claim of Friendship to Fairbanks Hurts Senator Upper House Member Issues Def.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 18.—The friends of Secretary of War Taft to-day seemed not greatly wrought up over the statements coming from Gov. Harris and other Republican State officials, and of Chairman Brown, of the State central committee, and the rejoinder from Senator Foraker.

"The Senators are in an awkward fix," was the comment of one prominent in the Taft following. "The intimation of secret friendships to the cause of Vice President Fairbanks is probably having a tendency to smoke out of us. Of course, the situation is very satisfactory to us."

George B. Cox, when asked to-night for an opinion on any of the latest phases of the situation, would only reply, "I have nothing to say."

Editor Charles P. Taft, brother of Secretary Taft, has this to say to-day, editorially: "Up to the Senators. For some little time in Ohio a most remarkable political movement has been developing. In answering the question, 'Shall Secretary Taft be the Presidential candidate from Ohio?' politicians were at sea. At first, it was supposed the political committee and managers would prevail, but soon individual Republicans throughout the State made themselves heard. The Taft sentiment grew until it became overwhelming."

The people, numerous Republican committees, and party leaders, Republican Congressmen, the governor of the State, and his principal advisers have declared for Secretary Taft for the Presidency. The Republican State executive committee would have done the same thing if the Senators had not withdrawn that privilege.

"The question now is: Where do the Senators stand?"

Senator Foraker yesterday announced in unequivocal terms his refusal to be bound by the declaration of the Ohio State officers for Secretary Taft for President. He paid his compliments also to State Chairman Brown, who suggested in an interview that Senators Foraker and Dick ought to explain that they were not working for Fairbanks. He characterized the Secretary's attitude as a defiance him. Senator Foraker's attitude means that he will oppose the selection of Taft delegates in every Congressional district, even if the State convention should declare for Taft and elect and instruct four delegates at large for Taft.

NEW "PLOT" IN THE WEST.

Open Hostility to the President Is Shown.

Word has come from the far West that an organized movement is at work to undermine President Roosevelt's administration and that the first open manifestation of hostility by a section of the country that has heretofore been overwhelmingly partial to the President will be shown at the trans-Mississippi Congress at Denver.

The news has had a disquieting effect in the administration circles. Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, who is credited with having been host at the "conspiracy dinner," at the Shoreham Hotel last winter, has just returned from a trip through the West, made for the purpose of sounding Taft sentiment. He spent alternatingly at the White House this week, going over the situation with the President.

Senator Bourne is still outspoken for the President's re-nomination. The opposition to the President, it is said, grows out of his policies relating to public lands and forestry.

WOUNDED WHILE AT FETE.

Miss Mollie Davis Hit by Stray Bullet from Shooting Gallery.

While walking in the rear of the shooting gallery of the Friendship Fete yesterday, Miss Mollie Davis, twenty-four years old, of 5418 Prospect avenue, was struck by a bullet from a twenty-two caliber rifle, which penetrated the planks of the gallery, inflicting a painful, but not a serious wound, in the leg.

Dr. E. T. Harris, who was attending the fete, was called and pronounced the injuries very slight. Miss Davis was sent to her home in an army ambulance.

Plenty of Copper.

New York, May 16.—The Bonanza Belt Copper Company received to-day returns from its shipment No. 27, to Phelps, Dodge & Co.'s smelter, at Douglas. The car contained 29.53 tons, practically 30 tons, and netted the company \$1,707.12, or \$19 per ton. The ore ran 11 1/2 per cent copper and 5 2/10 ounces of silver per ton.

Very Low Rates to Atlanta, Ga. And return via Southern Railway, May 24, final limit leaving Atlanta May 27, 1907, account Unveiling Gordon Monument.

An Eclectic Lunch Served Daily. At Eckstein's from 12 to 3, 1412 N. Y. ave.

CHIEF GERONIMO IS INSANE

Great Apache Warrior Demented Because of His Confinement.

Refusal to Grant Him Permission to Visit Arizona Causes Him to Become Morose.

Lawton, Okla., May 18.—Chief Geronimo, the great Apache warrior, who is said to have scalped more white people than any other living Indian, and who for twenty years has been a prisoner of war at the Fort Sill military reservation, near here, is reported to-day by an Apache Indian to have completely lost his mind, and has to be guarded almost night and day by Apache scouts in the government service.

Yesterday afternoon he wandered away from home and was not seen until nearly midnight, being discovered about dark wandering carelessly near Fort Sill, watching the highways and murmuring to himself.

A carriage approached and he galloped toward it with a ferocious grin that frightened the occupants. He was taken in charge by two scouts, who came up and prevented him following the party.

Geronimo is believed to have grown demented because of the refusal of the War Department and the President to grant him liberty or permission to return to Arizona, the scene of his many devastating raids of villages and slaughtering of whites.

Since his last appeal to the President, he has been morose and cross, and a few weeks ago his wife, the eighth of his bosom, left him, to return no more.

GOV. LITTLE TO RESIGN.

Arkansas Executive Said to Be Incarcerated Insane. Little Rock, Ark., May 18.—Gov. John Little's son has given out a statement announcing that his father was worse, and that his family physician had been hurried to Corpus Christi, Tex., to attend him, and, if possible, remove him to a sanitarium. It is now said that Gov. Little is insane, with small chances of recovery.

In anticipation of Gov. Little being unable to assume the reins of government, a number of prominent politicians are making a quiet campaign for succession, as it is thought Lieut. Gov. Pindall will call an election in August, when Gov. Little, if alive, will resign.

Former United States Senator James H. Berry will make the race for the office, and United States Senator Jeff Davis and his faction will put up a candidate.

MILLIONS DIE OF PLAGUE.

Death Rate in India Increases from 20 in 1901 to 36 in 1905. London, May 18.—The Lancet's India correspondent reports during the week ended April 13 that there were 87,161 cases of plague and 75,473 deaths, an increase of 1,900 in the number of cases and 12,000 in the number of deaths from the previous week. From October, 1896, to December, 1906, the total deaths from the plague were 4,111,242, and during the first three months of 1907, no less than 495,000 deaths are known to have occurred. There has also been increased mortality from all other causes. The death rate for the whole of India has increased steadily for the past five years, from 23 per thousand in 1901, to 36 in 1905.

War Ship Calved Delaware.

Secretary of the Navy Metcalf has decided to name one of the big 20,000-ton battle ships, recently authorized by Congress to be built after the Dreadnought type, Delaware, after the State of that name. As to the name of the other he is in a quandary.

Exclusive Styles.

Byrons, Co., 123 G. st. n. w. Reduced to \$2.50 per 100 ft.

PHILLIP'S VICTIM DIES FROM WOUND

Carriage Driver Slain After Night of Revelry.

CLUBMAN IS IN PRISON

Ante-mortem Statement Kept Secret by Police.

Affray Takes Place After Night Drive in Millionaire's Big Automobile. Invites Mackabee to Room in Arlington Hotel to Take Farewell Drink, Which Is Refused—Assault on Selon of Washington Family.

Lingering more than twelve hours with a bullet wound in his side, Frank Mackabee, a cabman, who was shot at the Arlington Hotel early yesterday morning by Gaston P. Phillip, scion of an old and aristocratic family, died at the Emergency Hospital at 8 o'clock last night. The inquest will be held this morning.

Phillip, who is a descendant of John Van Ness, a man of wealth and well known socially here and in New York, is confined in the District jail, where he was taken during the day. An ante-mortem statement was made by Mackabee, but the police have not made it public.

Explanations concerning the direct cause of the shooting differ. It is said, however, that the quarrel arose over the settlement of a bill for cab hire, and ended by Mackabee refusing to take a farewell "smile" with Phillip.

The shooting is the termination of a good time which Phillip began here several months ago. He has been registered at the Arlington for more than a week, and spending money about town with a lavish hand.

Gaston Phillip is a brother of J. Van Ness Phillip, well known clubman and lawyer of New York and Washington.

Mackabee Ran Night Cab. Mackabee ran a "night light" and his stand was near the hotel. He drove a smart rig and his acquaintance with the man who took his life began when Phillip engaged him for service. The two became fast friends, and spent much time together about town and especially at night. Phillip was the owner of an automobile and was frequently seen in it together with Mackabee and other of his friends and acquaintances.

The two men spent Friday night together about town in the machine. Early yesterday morning Phillip decided that he and the cabman would go for an early morning spin in the country. After getting in the automobile, Phillip gave directions to the chauffeur to go at full speed.

Shortly afterward the two men were heard engaged in a dispute regarding a claim which Mackabee made against Phillip for \$25 for cab hire at different times. Phillip, it seems, said he would make a full settlement later.

At that time the controversy did not appear to be of a serious nature. Between 5 and 6 o'clock the two went to the Arlington. Both had been drinking heavily. Phillip went to his room on the fifth floor, at the same time inviting Mackabee to join him. Later the cabman went to his friend's room.

No Witnesses to Shooting.

There were no witnesses to the shooting. One version of the affair is that Phillip shot Mackabee because he refused to take the farewell drink. Another is to the effect that it was the result of the dispute over the cab fare. It is understood that Mackabee stated in his ante-mortem statement that the tragedy was because he had refused to drink with his wealthy acquaintance.

The two were in the room together just prior to the shooting. According to one statement made yesterday morning by Mackabee, he started to leave the apartment after declining to take the last drink. This is said to have aroused the anger of the clubman and he followed his companion to the door.

A second later there was a shot and Mackabee fell to the floor. The cabman started to assist him, but the assistant agent that he had seen Phillip draw the gun after he had refused the drink. There had been no threat, however, and the bullet came without any warning.

The bullet entered the cabman's chest and passed through his liver and intestines. A guest heard the shooting and notified the hotel clerk, who, in turn, telephoned the police. Night Clerk J. O. Brest was the first to reach the scene of the shooting, and found the body of Mackabee on the floor in the hallway. Bending over the wounded man stood Phillip, with a stupid, uncomprehending gaze, and the smoking revolver still in his hand.

Sends Phillip to His Room.

Brest advised Phillip to go to his room. Going downstairs after assistance, Brest soon returned to the inquest room and found the assailant again in the hall near Mackabee. He was leaning against the wall and staring at the face of the man whom he had just shot. He made no effort to fire the second time.

When Brest returned, Mackabee made an effort to speak to him as his strength was rapidly ebbing away. For the second time Brest ordered Phillip to his room. There was found shortly afterward, asleep, by the police.

When Sergt. Evans and Policeman Rieley arrived, they aroused Phillip from his stupor and placed him under arrest. His brain seemed in a whirl, and even after being told what he had done, he did not seem to realize the seriousness of the