

MANY HEADS BROKEN IN WHITE WINGS RIOT

Chinese Massacred By Manchu Troops In Nanking

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FINAL EDITION.

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MANCHUS BUTCHER CHINESE AFTER FIGHT WITH REBELS; NANKING SCENE OF CARNAGE

Foes, Lacking Ammunition, Are Unable to Renew Attack and Massacre Is Begun.

HUNDREDS ARE SLAIN.

Women and Children Slaughtered in Streets—Thousands in Flight From City.

NANKING, China, Nov. 10.—Historic Nanking this evening is the shambles of the Manchu butchery. The sun set upon a scene of fire, rapine, desolation and butchery unrecurred in modern history.

To-night 12,000 Manchu and Imperial old-style soldiers hold Purple Hill, where they are entrenched, while 70,000 beneath their stronghold they are driving before them hordes of Chinese out of the city.

Innocent Chinese leaving everything behind them are fleeing terror-stricken and destitute to the shelter in the fields at the rear of the reform forces. The litter, numbering between 30,000 and 30,000, were impotent to check the slaughter or revenge the slain because of their lack of ammunition.

ORDER FOR SLAUGHTER IN CITY IS GIVEN.

The revolutionists had delayed a second concerted attack upon the Manchus pending the arrival of ammunition expected from Shanghai. The Manchus took advantage of the situation.

During last night the revolutionists made a demonstration, but did little shooting and there were few fatalities. The main body of the reformers remained in camp three miles distant from the city awaiting the arrival of ammunition which is coming in boats on the river and being brought across country on pack horses. Reinforcements are also coming from every direction. They are raw and ragged recruits, but determined, and the final battle promises to be desperately fought.

The foreigners are being treated with the utmost consideration. When the gates were opened this morning the people thronged toward the country, each carrying his belongings and driven by the Imperialists.

Soon after the carnage was begun. Since the night of Nov. 8, when the first attack was made by the revolutionists, the Tartar general has endeavored to terrorize the inhabitants by wholesale executions. Those whose houses had been cut off were beheaded by the dozen, but to-day when the order for a general slaughter was given the whole native city was invaded by the Manchus soldiers, who ruthlessly massacred men, women and children.

The aged, the young and babes in arms were shown no mercy. Thousands of Chinese poured from the gates until at noon to-day it was estimated that fully 70,000 persons had escaped. Before nightfall 20,000 more, representing every class, the merchants, the gentry and coolies, had gotten away. Meanwhile the Manchus scoured the narrow streets of the city and the houses of wealthy merchants were sacked. Any useless victim was beheaded immediately.

WOMEN CUT DOWN AND CHILDREN STABBED.

The correspondent of the Associated Press saw several women executed and their children stabbed and trampled under foot.

The order appeared to be that any one wearing any blue white, which suggested the white badge worn by the reformers, must be killed forthwith. A white pocket handkerchief marked the possessor for death. White shoes,

(Continued on Second Page.)

Ball & Whitcher Fall.

Charles E. Ball and Louis E. Whitcher, who compose the stock brokerage firm of Ball & Whitcher at No. 111 Broadway and No. 16 West Thirty-third street have assigned for the benefit of their creditors to Owen E. Abraham of No. 88 Manhattan avenue, Parker & Aaron of No. 22 Broadway are attorneys for the assignors.

The Southern Railway system's Exhibit, Long Exposition, Memphis, Tenn., this week. The exhibit and the grounds, illustrated on the Southern Railway, Nov. 10.

RACING RESULTS ON PAGE 12.

POLITE BURGLAR'S VICTIM HATES TO SEND HIM TO JAIL

He Was on Way to Return Mrs. Swift's Silverware When Arrested.

HIS JAUNTY AIR GONE.

A Slender Youth, He Almost Weeps When Arraigned in East New York Court.

There was no trace of the debonair gentleman burglar in the cringing little man arraigned before Magistrate Naumer in New Jersey avenue court, East New York, to-day to answer the charge of burglary in the residence of Mrs. Fred Joel Swift, at No. 111 Arlington avenue, Election Night.

Instead of the dashing, devil-may-care crook of romance, there appeared a slender, shrewd youth, whose voice broke as he tried to tell his story to the Magistrate and who seemed at any moment likely to burst into tears.

The prisoner gave his name as Edwin Jones, but refused to give his address. He said he was twenty-three years old and an architectural draughtsman. Pleading not guilty to the charge, the young prisoner waived examination and was held without bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Mrs. Swift was in court, looking quite handsome in a blue gown and hat and obviously anxious to be merciful to the young man. "I was so polite to her when she appeared in her bedroom by mistake that night and bowed myself out with profuse apologies.

"I don't want to make a complaint against this man," said Mrs. Swift to the Magistrate.

SHE COULDN'T BEAR TO PROSECUTE HIM.

"But you have already made one," replied the Court, waving the bill of complaint that Mrs. Swift had signed for the police.

"That was merely a statement of facts," exclaimed the widow. "I cannot bear to prosecute this young man. From his actions in court and the way he got himself arrested and, in fact, from his appearance, judged he had wandered into my house by mistake, but I got up and followed him as he backed out of the room.

"I got a good look at his face, as he passed the light in the next room, and I am sure this is the man. He went downstairs and disappeared. Then I discovered the loss of my silverware and other articles and notified the police.

"Magistrate Naumer refused to consider the widow's request until she had told him the circumstances.

"I was asleep in my house election night when I awakened suddenly, to see a man standing in the doorway of my bedroom. I spoke to him and he answered, apologizing for the intrusion and begging my pardon most profusely. From his appearance I judged he had wandered into my house by mistake, but I got up and followed him as he backed out of the room.

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Million-Dollar Widow, Defendant In Suit Over a \$2,000 Painting



"POUND OF FLESH" WALL STREET FIRM, DEMAND IN COURT, SHORT IN MARKET, AND HE'S PAID \$3 FAILS FOR \$200,000

Modern Shylock Within His Rights in Insisting Upon His Witness Fee.

Maurice Steinberg of No. 73 Wooster street caused a ripple of laughter in United States Commissioner Alexander's courtroom to-day when he dramatically cried:

"I want my pound of flesh. I will not testify until I receive it."

Steinberg had been called as a witness in bankruptcy proceedings pending against M. G. Samuels & Co. and the St. Baker Manufacturing Company.

Steinberg is a shrewd and shrewdly coming to court to give testimony, claiming it was too much to ask of a business man to spend so much time away from his store. When he had been called on a previous occasion Steinberg had said he would not come again.

"Yes, you will," George W. Whitehead, attorney for the receiver, told him. "You will come whenever we want you."

"When Steinberg was called to the stand to-day he refused to testify. The attorney told him he must. Then Steinberg sprung his surprise.

"I was not paid my witness fees the last time. I have not been paid for coming here to-day. I will not testify until I receive my dollar and a half for the last time and a dollar and a half for to-day."

The attorney looked at him in amazement. The Commissioner was appealed to and said that, while it was the custom to pay witnesses after their testimony was completed, Steinberg was within his rights. He, however, suggested that the witness testify and when he was done he would get his money.

"No, sir. I want my pound of flesh," exclaimed Steinberg.

Attorney Whitehead went down into his pocket, extracted three one-dollar bills and handed them to Steinberg, who received them with an air of disappointment.

Steinberg employs as a shipping clerk Samuel Kaplan, who is wanted as a witness in the case, and it has been found impossible to serve Kaplan, as Steinberg refused admission to his home to the process server. The Commissioner directed Steinberg to admit the man with the subpoena.

LAWYER CALLED A BLACKGUARD BY LAWYER IN COURT

Edward Lauterbach Enraged at Question About Relations With Mrs. Van Valkenburgh.

UPHELD BY THE JUDGE.

Million-Dollar Widow Also on Stand in Suit Over Painting by Artist Woolf.

The suit against Mrs. Nevada Van Valkenburgh in Justice O'Dwyer's part of the City Court to recover \$2,000 in payment for a life size painting by Woolf of the so-called "Million Dollar Widow" gown as "Prima Vera" came to an abrupt end to-day with the startling denunciation of Lawyer Alex Strouse as a "blackguard" by Lawyer Edward Lauterbach.

Mr. Lauterbach had conducted the case Mrs. Van Valkenburgh's counsel and had taken the witness stand in her defense. His testimony practically determined the suit in Mrs. Van Valkenburgh's favor, for his own, judicially rendered replies to Mr. Strouse's questions carried much weight. Prolonged questioning of Mr. Lauterbach brought out testimony that Mrs. Van Valkenburgh had not ordered the "Prima Vera" portrait and that Artist Woolf had not spoken of his bill until nearly a year after the work was done.

STRANGE QUESTIONS PUT BY OPPOSING LAWYER.

Mr. Strouse then sought to imply that Mr. Lauterbach had perjured himself in the outcome of the suit. He asked twice if Mr. Lauterbach did not consider himself a "dear, close, intimate friend of the defendant."

"You have already asked me that and if it will do you any good, I'll reply again, 'yes.'"

"I am going to ask you a very delicate, personal question and you need not answer it unless you like to," said Lawyer Strouse.

"You may ask any question you please," replied Mr. Lauterbach, indifferently.

Lawyer Strouse deliberately lifted a piece of paper from the table.

"Were your relations with Mrs. Van Valkenburgh as real in measured words, such that at the time that your wife said you for a divorce, the action went against you?"

Justice O'Dwyer's face reddened and his eyes glared angrily toward the inquirer. Half rising in his seat, Justice O'Dwyer addressed the lawyer-witness.

LAUTERBACH DENOUNCES STROUSE AS A BLACKGUARD.

"Mr. Lauterbach," he said, "you may answer such a question as that in any way you deem fitting."

"Thank you, sir," returned Mr. Lauterbach, who sat imperiously in his chair, his small eyes fastened steadily on his antagonist who had resumed his seat. "In the first place," began Mr. Lauterbach, "your insinuation is without reason and in the second place, sir, you are a blackguard."

The noted lawyer's words came slowly and impressively. Justice O'Dwyer watched Strouse closely, making an effort to restrain the witness's reply.

Mrs. Van Valkenburgh hid her face behind a lace handkerchief. An oppressive silence was broken by Mr. Lauterbach.

"And, sir," he said, "your question is the most outrageous and insulting I have ever heard put to a witness."

Mrs. Van Valkenburgh, gowned in an expensive variegated gown of half Chinese style, said on the witness stand she did not court notoriety and that the newspaper notices she has received is due to the prominence of her husband—William Hayes Chapman, deceased, and Philip Van Valkenburgh, whom she is suing for a separation.

She had consented to pose for Mr. Woolf only because Mr. Lauterbach said she might do so. She thought it would aid him. She was questioned about her marriage to Chapman, his death, and as to the time of her wedding to Van Valkenburgh and her parting from him. Mrs. Van Valkenburgh was a stubborn witness.

"Is it not a fact, Mrs. Van Valkenburgh," asked Lawyer Strouse, "that your husband parted from you because you insisted that he pay for this very painting and some other things?"

"Absolutely not, sir. I should say rightly here."

"Isn't that one of the grounds of equity you allege in your complaint?"

"Absolutely not," came from Mrs. Van Valkenburgh, and Justice O'Dwyer directed Lawyer Strouse to confine himself to questions at issue.

WOMEN LEAD MOB IN WHITE WING RIOTS; TWO DRIVERS DYING

Bricks and Missiles From Roofs Rout the New Drivers, and Police Are Forced to Draw Revolvers to Disperse Mobs.

MAYOR DECLARES "CITY WON'T KNUCKLE DOWN."

Leader Says Sweepers Will Quit This Afternoon—1,000 Police Guard Inadequate to Protect.

Fierce rioting, in which two strike breakers were mortally injured and scores hurt, prevented Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards from making any considerable headway to-day in the removal of the vast accumulation of rubbish that is piling up in Manhattan and Bronx Boroughs. The savage methods of intimidation employed by the strikers and their sympathizers persuaded more than half the strike breaking recruits to quit, and the street sweepers who had remained loyal to the department went out in groups of fifties and hundreds this afternoon.

Because of the prevalence of violence, Commissioner Edwards, following a conference with Mayor Gaynor, ordered that all efforts to remove garbage and clean the streets should cease at 5 o'clock this afternoon. No attempt to resume work will be made until 7.30 o'clock to-morrow morning.

As the day wore along the riotous demonstrations increased in violence and the presence of extraordinary police guards did not serve in the least to awe the mobs. Hundreds of women assisted in the stoning of strike breakers from roofs and windows of tenements.

Garbage removal in the congested districts of the East and West sides is at a standstill and there is no doubt but that the roads in the heart of the city will be taken to a standstill. Mayor Gaynor refused to listen to the appeals of the strike leaders and declares that every employee of the Street Cleaning Department who strikes is out for good.

Simultaneously this afternoon three hundred and twenty-seven men and women participated. Harlem was reporting the best progress of any district in the city when six cars were mobbed on West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Broadway, and a strike breaker was fatally injured.

Four strike breakers identified Lawrence as the man who struck Moeller. Henry Wilson, nineteen years old, of No. 408 Eighth avenue, is lying in the Lincoln Hospital of a fractured skull and two broken legs as a consequence of a mob assault upon a wagon he was driving at One Hundred and Fortieth street and Courtlandt avenue. A torrent of bricks and cobblestones came down upon him from the roofs and one of the missiles knocked him off the cart and under the front wheels. The stone that struck him broke his skull and the wheels of the heavy iron cart passed over him, breaking both legs.

After the injured man had been taken to the hospital the police made two arrests of striking drivers in the house from the roof of which the missiles rained down. The prisoners are John Cosmi of No. 2227 First avenue and Arturo Smeriglio of No. 622 St. Ann's avenue.

The stoning of strike breaker Wilson followed a riotous demonstration in which the police guards and strike breaking crews of ten wagons were attacked by a mob of a thousand men and women. The police guards were forced to draw their revolvers and summon the reserves from the Morrisania station before they could fight their way out of the howling throng.

There were three strike breakers each of the ten wagons and a guard of six mounted men and ten patrolmen when they left the stable at One Hundred and Fifty-second street and Courtlandt avenue. Crowds of strikers followed on both sides of the street, jeering until the wagons turned into Morris avenue from One Hundred and Fifty-first street. Here the little procession ran into hundreds of men and women and a shower of missiles was hurled down from the roofs. Strike breaking drivers were stoned from their seats and fled from the scene, pursued and beaten as they scattered across lots.

The women on the roofs continued to hurt down bricks and tin cans upon the police until Captain Ivers arrived from the Morrisania station with his reserves. He found the guard of the ten wagons fighting their way through

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