

CRIPPEN AND MISS LE NEVE RETURNED

American Dentist Leaves Quebec for London to Face Murder Charge.

DEW WAS VERY SECRETIVE

CHARTERED A SPECIAL BOAT TO TAKE HIS PRISONERS ABOARD STEAMER, TRYING TO AVOID THE CROWDS.

(American News Service)

Quebec, Aug. 20.—Dr. H. H. Crippen, accused of murdering his wife, Belle Elmore, in England, and his typist, Ethel Clare LeNeve, sailed today for England in custody of Inspector Dew of Scotland Yards.

The departure was marked by almost sensational attempts at secrecy on the part of Dew, who chartered a special boat to catch a vessel that sailed last night from Montreal.

Dew, since his arrival here and the capture of the fugitives on the Montrose at Father Point, has become angered at the attentions of the public and the newspaper men. It was known two weeks ago that he might attempt to slip the prisoners out of Quebec without the fact reaching the ear of the public.

Crowds Gather Quick.

When the news spread that the start for England had been made, it was first reported that the couple were about to leave the prison to go to court and crowds quickly gathered on the heights of Abraham and along the water front.

A force of police was detailed to disperse the crowds. They had difficulty in driving the curious away from St. Louis street, down which it was believed the prisoners would be brought. Inspector Dew spent little of last night at the St. George house where he has made his headquarters. Sergeant Mitchell, sent from London with papers bearing on the return of the couple, was also not to be found.

Mitchell, with the two wardresses sent from London to accompany Ethel LeNeve, Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Stone, had received special instructions.

DUDLEY ELMER WINS

In the finals for the Austin Cup, offered in the Country club handicap tournament, Dudley Elmer won from George Bond 3 up. S. S. Strattan and Walter Hutton are playing the finals of the consolation tournament this afternoon.

M'GRAW IS CANNED

Indefinitely Suspended by Pres. Lynch for "Baiting the Umpires."

TO BE MADE EXAMPLE OF

(American News Service)

New York, Aug. 20.—The indefinite suspension of Manager McGraw of the Giants is taken here as the opening gun fired in the campaign of President Lynch against umpire baiting in the National League. Lynch's action, however, is likely to alienate the New York club and may prevent his reelection as president.

That he is firm in his determination to stop umpire baiting is shown by his declaration: "I won't stand for any attempts to incite the crowds against umpires. From the first I have been determined that the decisions will go and go without rowdiness. The Giants behaved better than almost any other club (the Pittsburgh New York series last night). Then McGraw got nasty."

The incident that determined President Lynch to act against McGraw was the escorting from the grounds by the police of Umpire Charles Riegle, who with Umpire Robert Emmett had failed to please the New York manager.

Lynch became president on a platform consisting chiefly of umpire reform and protection for the umpires. He says he is determined to carry out that policy.

WHITE COMING HERE

Daring English Aviator Will Compete in the Boston Aero Contest.

EXPECTS TO WIN PRIZES

(American News Service)

London, Aug. 20.—Graham White, the daring English aviator, announced that he will sail next week for America to compete in the Boston aviation meet.

"I'm going to bring back a good part of the \$37,400 prizes," he said. He will sail on the Laurentic, a few days before James Radley, who is expected to compete in the New York-St. Louis \$30,000 race. Both men are scheduled to compete in the Long Island International meet in October. There Great Britain will also be represented by a third F. McArdle, who has just been chosen by the Aero club.

White goes to Boston at the invitation of the Harvard Aero club, who has guaranteed him a big fee, and against loss through difficulties with the Wright Brothers over patents. White will take a Farman and a Bleriot machine. From American he will go to India for the Allahabad meet.

BASEBALL

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	69	35	.663
Pittsburgh	64	40	.615
New York	61	43	.592
Philadelphia	53	52	.505
Cincinnati	52	56	.481
Brooklyn	43	62	.410
St. Louis	42	66	.389
Boston	40	71	.360

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	75	34	.688
Boston	64	47	.577
Detroit	62	49	.559
New York	61	49	.555
Cleveland	49	60	.450
Washington	49	63	.437
Chicago	44	64	.407
St. Louis	34	72	.321

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Minneapolis	55	42	.569
St. Paul	58	57	.544
Toledo	57	57	.540
Kansas City	54	58	.525
Columbus	55	63	.468
Milwaukee	55	69	.444
Indianapolis	52	72	.419
Louisville	45	77	.369

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

National League.
New York 3; Cincinnati 3.
Chicago 5; Brooklyn 2.
Pittsburgh 6; Boston 6.
Philadelphia 3; St. Louis 1.

American League.

Washington 10; Cleveland 0.
Philadelphia 6; Chicago 1.
Boston 4; Detroit 2.
New York 6; St. Louis 0.

American Association.

Kansas City 4-5; Indianapolis 1-4.
Columbus 6-7; Milwaukee 5-14.
Toledo 5-4; St. Paul 4-8.
Minneapolis 3; Louisville 1.

GAMES TODAY.

National League.
New York at Cincinnati.
Brooklyn at Chicago.
Boston at Pittsburgh.
Philadelphia at St. Louis.

American League.

St. Louis at New York.
Cleveland at Washington.
Detroit at Boston.
Chicago at Philadelphia.

American Association.

Milwaukee at Columbus.
St. Paul at Toledo.
Kansas City at Indianapolis.
Minneapolis at Louisville.

A TENNIS TOURNEY

September 4 and 5 have been set as the dates for the city tennis tournament, to be held at the courts of the Richmond Tennis association, for the championship of Richmond. A silver cup has been offered to the winner of the tourney.

SPORTING GOSSIP

BASEBALL NOTES.

The Browns fine showing on the home grounds surprised the St. Louis fans.

Manager Fred Clarke is confident that the Pirates will overtake the Cubs.

Catcher Lew McAllister has played with Buffalo, Toronto, Montreal and Newark this season.

Pitcher Jack Cronin, who was released recently by Providence, has been signed by the Buffalo club.

Cleveland has purchased Catcher Land and Pitcher Yingling of Toledo.

Him all same fine pitcher, Yingling. The recent western trip just about packed the Highlanders away in moth balls for the remainder of the summer.

Outside of taking three games out of four and making three home runs in one afternoon the Athletics didn't do much while in Detroit.

The majority of the Boston fans wouldn't give a Chinese yen for the Red Sox chances to cop the American League pennant since the trading of Lord and McConnell.

Will the New York gentleman who has picked out and labeled the real society gazettes of America, kindly tell us which the best ball player, Honus Wagner or Ty Cobb?

Unless the New York state assembly will pass a law permitting Sunday baseball the New York State league will go out of business at the close of the present season.

The Athletics did great work on their western trip. Connie Mack's boys may be "quitters," but it looks as though they are going to wait until the close of the season before they quit.

New Jersey has been handed about every kind of a hot deal in the past and now the limit has been over-played. "Bugs" Raymond is pitching in Atlantic City and "Rube" Waddell in Newark.

It is said that the American leaguers will refuse to take part in a world's championship series in case the Cubs win the National league pennant. Charlie Murphy stands as well with the American league moguls as a skunk at a lawn party.

WITH THE FIGHTERS.

Jack "Twin" Sullivan and Porky Flynn will meet at Bar Harbor, Me., August 24.

If there is enough money in sight, Ad Wolgast will box Ray Bronson in New Orleans.

George Gardner has signed to meet John Willie in Wintipeg the latter part of August.

Harry Forbes, the Chicago lightweight, figures he has "come back" and will meet Johnny Powers in private.

Jack Johnson says that Sam Langford did well in calling off his bout with Al Kaufman, as Al has it on the Boston Tar Baby.

A PARTITION SUIT.

Emily Caldwell has filed suit in the circuit court to partition real estate to which she is a joint heir with Robert D. Henley and others.

GOOD FISHING HERE

Good Sport to Be Found in Wayne County Streams as Any Place.

BASS ARE BEING CAUGHT

(American News Service)

Wayne county streams furnish as good fishing as any others in the state.

Followers of Isaac Walton in Richmond are having better luck this year than ever before, due they believe to the efforts of the Wayne County Fish and Game society, in stocking the streams with bass. All kinds of fish are being taken, from bass, goggle eyes, channel cats and carp.

Greensfork, Nolans, Martinsdale and a number of small streams are the popular places. Thistlethwaite's pond, a private fishing resort is said to be full of bass. Ed Neff and Oliver Nussbaum caught forty bass in a half day recently, and although none of the fish were of great size they furnished a great deal of sport.

A few days ago Oscar Mashmeyer caught fifty goggle-eyes at Wyatt's creek, a few miles west of the city. The Whitewater river south of Abington is excellent fishing. Another good hole for bass is on Four-Miles creek, near Fairhaven.

Free Turtle Soup this evening, Saturday, at J. H. Sullivan's, 14 S. 9th street.

A LARGE CROWD OUT

Estimated that Between 8,000 and 10,000 at Old Settlers' Picnic.

GOVERNOR DIDN'T ATTEND

(Palladium Special)

Centerville, Ind., Aug. 20.—A crowd estimated at between 8,000 and 10,000 people was present at the annual Old Settlers' picnic at King grove, north of here today. The officials were much disappointed at the inability of Governor Thomas R. Marshall to attend as he was counted upon to give an address. The program was carried out as announced. Judge L. C. Abbott of Richmond delivered the principal address. The rest of the program included the reading of the minutes and the death roll by the secretary, W. S. Ratliff, also recitations and musical numbers by the Jacksonburg band. The dinner which was served on the lawn was attended by the usual number and the quality far surpassed that which is ordinarily served.

A HEROINE HONORED

England Today Paid Its Last Tribute to Florence Nightingale.

HER FUNERAL SIMPLE ONE

(American News Service)

London, Aug. 20.—England today paid the last tribute to Florence Nightingale "the angel of the Crimea."

Following the directions found in her will, the funeral was held quietly at West Willow, Hampshire, but for London the chief ceremony was the memorial service arranged by the war office in St. Pauls cathedral, at which there was present a personal representative of King George.

England's foremost military men gathered at the cathedral to honor the memory of the revered nurse. Disappointed at the impossibility of burying the noted woman in Westminster Abbey, the St. Pauls services were made as fast as possible an honor second only to interment in the Abbey.

The executors of the will followed their first intentions, obeying Miss Nightingale's injunction for a private funeral, in spite of the offer of the Dean of Westminster to allow her ashes to lie by the side of England's great men.

The papers throughout Great Britain today generally regret that Miss Nightingale's provision prevented a more signal honor being paid to her. There is great disappointment among the London public that the bed will not be borne through the streets on a gun carriage, as was at first suggested.

The funeral at West Willow was of the utmost simplicity, though many noted persons gathered there.

The coffin was severely plain, bearing a plate with the inscription, "Florence Nightingale, Born May 12, 1820; died August 13, 1910."

It is believed by Austin that Harris has something to do with the robbery. He had been with the Haydn woman the night before and he also knew that Austin had the money.

The police say the woman bears a very bad reputation. May 25, she was fined for drawing deadly weapons and public intoxication and she has been in other police scrapes. It was alleged at that time she shot at Harris, in the Pennsylvania railroad yards with the intention of killing him.

Austin states that he has had much trouble with her because she steals a great deal of household goods, clothes, jewelry and once she took a jar of pickles and a dozen eggs. He said he could not get rid of her. She is the daughter of Henry Holsinger of North Third street, but is said to be so bad she cannot stay at home.

CHECK THE CHOLERA

(American News Service)

Rome, Aug. 20.—The cholera has been checked, according to official statements made today. The epidemic by the prompt action of the government, has been confined to Apulia. On the announcement of the news in Rome, thanksgiving services were held in the churches.

GAYNOR IS BETTER

(American News Service)

Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 20.—Mayor Gaynor was so far improved today that the doctors attending him at St. Mary's hospital said this morning that he would probably be able to leave his bed this afternoon and sit up for a while.

NEGRO LOSES \$200

AND ACCUSES GIRL

W. Austin Says Girl Told Him Men Were in the House, Then Took Roll.

H. HARRIS IS IMPLICATED

ALLEGED VICTIM TELLS THE POLICE HE THINKS THE WOMAN'S SWEETHEART WAS ALSO IN ON THE GAME.

Over \$200 was stolen from William Austin, colored, 65 Bridge avenue, last night and Ferris Haydn, a twenty year old negro girl, is in the city jail charged with the theft. The police are looking for a negro named Howard (Kentucky) Harris said to be a sweetheart of the Haydn girl and who is alleged to be mixed up in the affair.

Austin had the money in a pair of overalls which he placed on a chair when retiring. The Haydn girl has been rooming at the Austin house about two years and sleeps in a room near where the money was placed. Austin says that several times during the night the girl called him and said there were men in the house. However on investigation no men were found.

When he got up this morning Austin found the overalls thrown out on the back step with the money gone. He immediately accused the girl of stealing it, but she affirmed that she knew nothing of the theft. Austin had her arrested immediately.

It is believed by Austin that Harris has something to do with the robbery. He had been with the Haydn woman the night before and he also knew that Austin had the money.

The police say the woman bears a very bad reputation. May 25, she was fined for drawing deadly weapons and public intoxication and she has been in other police scrapes. It was alleged at that time she shot at Harris, in the Pennsylvania railroad yards with the intention of killing him.

Austin states that he has had much trouble with her because she steals a great deal of household goods, clothes, jewelry and once she took a jar of pickles and a dozen eggs. He said he could not get rid of her. She is the daughter of Henry Holsinger of North Third street, but is said to be so bad she cannot stay at home.

Tags for the vehicle license arrived today and Controller E. G. McMahon will immediately begin to issue them. There are two other forms, one for bicycles and one for other vehicles.

"SEAT E-II-LEFT."—BY JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD.

The Absorbing Mystery Which began With the Murder of a Popular Actress in a Theatre Just Off Broadway.

In the middle of the second act of "The Wilton Wife," at the Lyceum Theatre, the electric lights throughout the house suddenly went out, leaving the place in total darkness, except for the faint glimmer of a match in the hand of the leading lady. Miss Linda Leigh, in a spirit of devilry, was lighting a cigarette. At once, from somewhere in the body of the theatre, there was a flash and report of a pistol. The lighted match fell to the floor.

The deep silence that followed was broken by the murmur of excited voices on the stage, and the rustling of a questioning and uncertain audience who failed to see in the interruption a development of the plot. I knew it was not part of the play and had moved from my seat quickly, getting down to the rail girdling the orchestra. I was in no mood to be in the way of a panic-stricken people fighting for exit in the dark.

There were now voices behind the scenes, voices ordering and cursing, then the people arose with a roar, punctuated by screams of terrified women. The lights came on as suddenly as they had gone out. Except for some women who had fainted, most of the people were standing, looking dazedly at one another. Some with legs astride the chair backs had shamed faces. I sat down in the front row. A woman in the next chair—the one I had taken was on the end—sung her naked arm about my neck and wept. I do not know who she was, but I released myself quickly. Her friends saw to her. The whole matter could not have taken two minutes.

The curtains were still up and people began to believe the incident a part of the show, and as such, to damn it openly as nerve-racking, until men came from back of the flies, evidently not in the cast. They appeared unmindful, as were all of the stage folk, of the audience. Daniel Frohman, the manager of the theatre, was among them. He beckoned Eugene Walter, the author of the play, from a stage box. They talked vehemently for some minutes in a group around the central figure—that of the leading lady. Meanwhile the audience waited. I saw two policemen take places at each exit.

Mr. Frohman came to the footlights and the audience settled itself to hear the explanation of the matter.

"I might," he said, his lips quivering with agitation, "tell you that Miss Leigh has fainted, and ask you to go quietly out. It is more serious than that, she has been murdered, the shot you heard, fired from among you, pierced her heart. She is dead, there." He pointed towards the silent group in the rear. "The Coroner has been sent, or—the police are already in charge here—no one will be allowed to leave the theatre until the Coroner comes, except those in the balcony and upper galleries; they must leave quietly and at once."

He stepped back. A gentleman with white hair came to the front of a box—it was General Stewart L. Woodford—and called Mr. Frohman by name.

"Will you not allow the ladies in the boxes to withdraw from this painful scene, they can be of no use here?"

"I will make no other exceptions, General, to those I have named," he answered curtly.

The assassin was in the body of the house. So Mr. Frohman reasoned. In the darkness he could have slipped into a box after firing the shot from the stalls. There were a number of vacant seats all through the house.

The police and the ushers quickly cleared the upper tiers. Many people did no wish to go, protesting hotly, some even claimed loudly that they could point out the man, but in the darkness that was clearly impossible. They went out with the rest.

I had my overcoat with me and a golf cap. I rolled them up, making of them a pillow for the woman of the naked arms, who lay back with closed eyes and pallid cheeks. It seemed cruel to keep the women there. Then I stood up and looked over what was left of the audience. There were many faces I knew, old first-nighters, and some women, too, who knew me, people of prominence, who would vouch for my respectability, so I was not uneasy.

I saw a pair of gray eyes looking at me through hair-rimmed eyeglasses, from the aisle seat in the thirteenth row. They belonged to a little man with shaggy eyebrows and a mass of iron gray hair. He was Tom Button, a central office detective. I knew him well. A very pretty woman sat beside him. His wife, but she was Polly O'Brien, when I saw her first ten years ago. They are now both detectives with some particularly shrewd arrests to their credit.

He nudged her and she looked my way and smiled.

I moved up the aisle to them. I was curious to know if they were there on business and what they thought of the murder of Miss Leigh.

"Hello, Tom, and you Polly, how are you, haven't seen you for an age. Glad to see you here now, something in your line?"

"Sh!" the detective took hold of the lapel of my coat and pulled my head down to his level.

"Keep mum about us, Fred, I don't think many know us and this is going to be a great case. Are you still doing a little snooping yourself?" He looked keenly at me.

"Yes, but mostly freubugs and the gang, that breeds 'em! Haven't got into a murder case yet!"

"You must be in this one. We'll work together, you and Polly and me. I'm on a vacation now, but—" He pulled my ear still closer to his lips. "I think I got a clue already," he whispered.

I went back to my seat. There had been considerable movement on the stage. The body of the dead girl still lay in sight of the audience. Her face was hidden; a policeman stood near. Small groups moved restlessly, talking in whispers. Two men, evidently doctors, sat on chairs just inside the wings.

Suddenly there was a shout. A man from the fifth row back stood up, wrapping something hastily in a woman's shawl. He rushed hurriedly down the aisle and leaped up on the stage. Mr. Frohman met him. There was a brief talk. Then they came together to the footlights, the manager at the same time beckoning a policeman.

"This," said Mr. Frohman, "has just been found under Seat E II, Left. He took from under the shawl a long-barreled pistol, which he held in full view. 'I suppose the owner will not claim it.' It was an unnecessary thing to say. There was a long silence. I knew that a dozen pairs of official eyes were scanning each face in the front rows closely. The woman beside me gasped and clutched my arm."

"Is that the—the murderer," she whispered. I did not answer. Mr. Frohman was speaking.

"You," he was saying sharply to the man beside him, "say your name is Albert. Don't does anyone here know this gentleman?" There was no reply. He turned again to the man. "I shall detain you as—as a witness."

The man's pale face was turned for an instant towards the audience. He seemed about to say something, but was promptly silenced by the officer who led him, protesting vigorously, behind the scenes.

Was he the murderer covering his tracks by a voluntary surrender of the pistol? The people about me decided he looked the part. The woman with the naked arms hysterically pronounced it a certainty.

The Coroner's examination of the body was brief. He then entered the boxes on the left, passing through each, until he had completed the circle. Then up and down each aisle he went, questioning the men. A police officer and an assistant were behind him taking notes. He paid little attention to the women, except two who sat in the fifth row in the left aisle—the row of E II Left. They were heavy blondes without escort. It was suspected Mr. Albert Hunt came with them, but they said they did not know him, although he had snatched a wrap from them. They said the flash and report of the pistol came from over to the right. This was in direct contradiction to the weight of the evidence. They said "urther that a stout man with black hair came in during the intermission and sat in seat E II. No one else appeared to have noticed him. The impression created by the blonde ladies was not favorable.

"They are trying to shield that man Hunt," whispered the lady beside me. I

from under the shawl a long-barreled pistol, which he held in full view. "I suppose the owner will not claim it." It was an unnecessary thing to say. There was a long silence. I knew that a dozen pairs of official eyes were scanning each face in the front rows closely. The woman beside me gasped and clutched my arm."

"Is that the—the murderer," she whispered. I did not answer. Mr. Frohman was speaking.

"You," he was saying sharply to the man beside him, "say your name is Albert. Don't does anyone here know this gentleman?" There was no reply. He turned again to the man. "I shall detain you as—as a witness."

The man's pale face was turned for an instant towards the audience. He seemed about to say something, but was promptly silenced by the officer who led him, protesting vigorously, behind the scenes.

Was he the murderer covering his tracks by a voluntary surrender of the pistol? The people about me decided he looked the part. The woman with the naked arms hysterically pronounced it a certainty.

The Coroner's examination of the body was brief. He then entered the boxes on the left, passing through each, until he had completed the circle. Then up and down each aisle he went, questioning the men. A police officer and an assistant were behind him taking notes. He paid little attention to the women, except two who sat in the fifth row in the left aisle—the row of E II Left. They were heavy blondes without escort. It was suspected Mr. Albert Hunt came with them, but they said they did not know him, although he had snatched a wrap from them. They said the flash and report of the pistol came from over to the right. This was in direct contradiction to the weight of the evidence. They said "urther that a stout man with black hair came in during the intermission and sat in seat E II. No one else appeared to have noticed him. The impression created by the blonde ladies was not favorable.

"They are trying to shield that man Hunt," whispered the lady beside me. I