

IN A PERFECT RACE THE RELIANCE WINS A CLEAN-CUT VICTORY



THE RELIANCE FINISHING

PHOTO BY JAMES BURTON.

COMMITTEE BOAT

THE SHAMROCK III

THE RELIANCE

THE SHAMROCK III CROSSING THE LINE AT THE START CLOSE FOLLOWED BY THE RELIANCE TO WINDWARD PHOTO BY WILLIAM HENRY

LOW WILL ACCEPT, FUSIONISTS ASSERT

Mr. Cutting Denies Citizens' Union Told the Mayor to Step Aside.

HAS NO OPPOSITION IN THEIR RANKS

Not Seeking Renomination, but Knows He Would Not Retreat.

PORTER'S PLACE OPEN

In Event of Defeat, It Is Declared, Mayor Low Will Be Sent to Paris.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] NEW YORK, R. I., Saturday.—There is positively no foundation for the statement that the Citizens' Union has informed Mayor Low that he should step aside, said Mr. Robert Fulton Cutting this afternoon.

Mr. Cutting discussed freely the reports of opposition within the Citizens' Union to the renomination of Mayor Low, saying that he knew of none save that of Mr. F. S. Lamb, which had appeared in the form of a letter, in which Mr. Lamb urged the nomination of a democrat.

"That was Mr. Lamb's individual view only," said Mr. Cutting. "Mr. Lamb is an ardent democrat. He would, by the way, make a very good Mayor himself."

Mr. Cutting was asked if Mayor Low had intimated that he would not be a candidate for re-election, to which he answered that Mr. Low had said or done absolutely nothing whatever in regard to the matter.

"I can say that Mayor Low is not seeking a renomination," added Mr. Cutting. "He has not turned his hand over in regard to the matter one way or the other, which is a very proper position for one in his place—an independent candidate of an independent organization—to assume."

"Mr. Low would probably not say whether or not he would accept the nomination until it was tendered him. But in this connection I can say that I know him to be a man who would not retreat if he were desired as a candidate. I am very sure of that."

According to Mr. Cutting, the Citizens' Union is in no way committed to Mr. Low. Neither need Mr. Low be necessarily its candidate. "The Citizens' Union," said Mr. Cutting, "might not seek a candidate within its own ranks, but it surely would not nominate a man who is not emphatically and distinctly in sympathy with its attitude and purposes."

Mr. Cutting would not discuss, except in a very general way, the chances of a Citizens' Union candidate in competition with those of a Tammany man. He said the Citizens' Union was much better organized and was much stronger than it was two years ago. He considers it well equipped to wage a great and perhaps a winning political battle this fall.

PLACE HELD OPEN FOR MAYOR LOW

If Mayor Low has made up his mind not to accept a renomination, the fact is not known to any of his friends who were in this city yesterday. It is the belief of the republican leaders and those of the Citizens' Union alike that he will accept if the nomination should be tendered to him by the fusion conference.

According to these men, who are convinced that their information is correct, a promise has been made to the Mayor that he shall be sent to Paris, to succeed United States Ambassador Porter, in case of defeat. The rumor that Mr. Low might succeed General Porter was first heard nearly a year ago. At that time it was said that the appointment would be announced before election day, so that the Mayor might have an opportunity to retire gracefully from the field.

It is now asserted in the Citizens' Union that this was a mistake, and that nothing should be done in the matter until the end of the Mayor's present term, and then only if he should be defeated.

LEAVES \$50,000 DEBTS BEHIND

William Fleischmann Disappears from Saratoga Without Notice, Owning a Heavy Sum.

PLUNGES TO LIMIT ON LEONORA LORING

When Horse Loses Her Race He Fails to Make Good His Wagers.

DECLARES HE WILL PAY

His Cousin, Mayor of Cincinnati, Expected to Settle for Him and Drop Racing.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] SARATOGA, N. Y., Saturday.—William Fleischmann, who has been a well known figure at race tracks for many years, and who has wagered large sums of money for himself and others, has not been seen in Saratoga since a few minutes after Leonora Loring was defeated in the opening race last Thursday.

Mr. Fleischmann's absence attracted little notice until it became known that nearly every bookmaker in the city was his creditor. He owes about \$50,000, his amounts varying from \$50 to \$5,500. It is generally accepted that the young man's debts will be paid, if not by himself, by his relatives.

In a conversation by telephone this afternoon Mr. Fleischmann assured his closest personal friend that he would have things so arranged as to be able to pay what he owes next Monday or Tuesday.

Many harsh criticisms have been passed upon the conduct of Mr. Fleischmann, and it is generally admitted that he will pay all he owes, admit that his course in leaving Saratoga without explaining that he had overplayed was wrong. Those who have the best interests of racing at heart are deeply distressed because of this incident, as it is the first time any one connected with the so-called "club house contingent" has failed to meet his betting obligations. The incident also proves what has been officially denied, that plunging has been indulged in at the Saratoga track this year.

LITTLE MONEY, BUT GOOD CREDIT. It has been well known among followers of the turf that William Fleischmann has had little money of his own to bet with, but his credit has always been good, as he has been the betting commissioner for his cousin, Julius Fleischmann, Mayor of Cincinnati, Ohio, and for other men of wealth. Few believe he had any deliberate intention of defrauding the bookmakers, all arguing that had he so desired he could have pushed his debts to a far greater total than \$50,000, which he admits owing, though an official of the betting ring announced to-day that the bookmakers hold his markers for only about \$30,000.

In the division of the Fleischmann fortune this young man received a very small share, and what he inherited a few years ago was soon gone. Since then he has made his living by acting as agent for the more wealthy relatives. His cousin, the Mayor of Cincinnati, has been most kind to him, and is extremely fond of the impulsive young man, Julius Fleischmann maintains an extensive stable of thoroughbreds, and he has admitted on many occasions that his only reason for so doing is that his cousin might have something to employ his time. William Fleischmann has managed the stable, drawing a salary for doing so, and also having a working interest in the establishment.

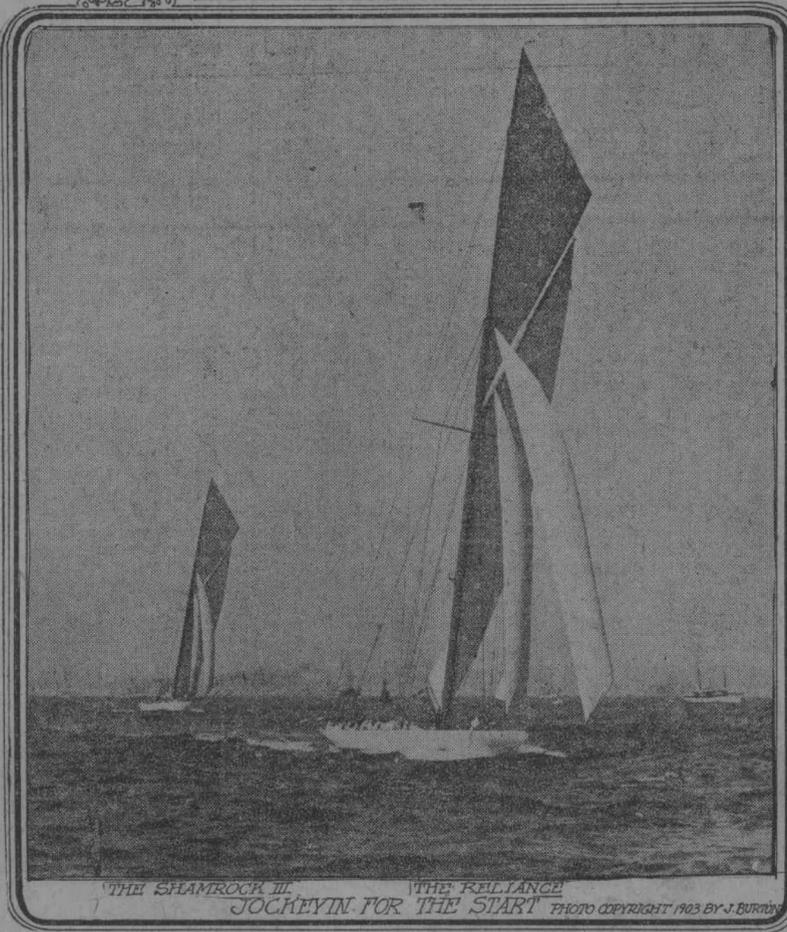
William Fleischmann has been very unfortunate since the opening of the Saratoga meeting. He made few winning wagers, and his friends knew that he was hard hit, but none of them knew how near he was to the bottom of his resources. He was in the betting ring before nearly every race, and when he lost he never broke the rule to pay his markers within the first twenty-four hours.

PLENGED ON LEONORA LORING.

It is understood now that when Mr. Fleischmann paid his losses last Monday he was at the end of his bank account. He was at the end of his bank account. He was at the end of his bank account. He was at the end of his bank account. He was at the end of his bank account.

Leonora Loring is a fast filly, but she has never demonstrated her ability to run in the mud. Nevertheless she was installed a favorite in the first race, even money.

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THE SHAMROCK III THE RELIANCE JOCKEY IN FOR THE START PHOTO COPYRIGHT 1903 BY J. BURTON

WHEN THE GREAT CONTEST WAS UNDER WAY.

JOHNSON'S CLAIMS NOTED PHYSICIAN EQUAL HIS RIVAL'S

Mayor of Cleveland and John L. Zimmerman Expect the Nomination.

FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP

Contesting Delegations Will Go to the State Convention Tuesday from Many Counties.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] CLEVELAND, Ohio, Saturday.—While Charles P. Salen, the manager of Tom L. Johnson's campaign for the democratic gubernatorial nomination, claims to-night that Johnson will be an easy winner, the result is still in doubt.

The returns from the county conventions held to-day indicate that the contest will be very close. Salen claims that 200 delegates of those already elected, and he concedes but 200 to John L. Zimmerman. There appears, however, to be no substantial basis for his claim. On the other hand, Chairman Frey, of the State Democratic Committee, says that Zimmerman will win.

The Johnson managers are counting upon the control of the Committee on Credentials, apparently, to give them the number of delegates required to nominate. For this purpose they have put up contesting delegates in several counties that are controlled by Zimmerman, and contests will be made before the Committee on Credentials, in the hope of getting the Johnson delegates seated in place of those pledged to vote for Zimmerman.

In this county, the anti Johnson people turned the tables on the Johnson managers, and put up a contesting delegation after the Johnson convention had elected a full list of delegates and had adjourned.

The "anti's" embrace several democrats of former prominence in the party. They charge fraud in the selection of delegates to the Johnson convention, in that the names of the candidates for delegates were withheld from the voters. The Cleveland contestants will go to the State convention on Tuesday in a special train, and they will be backed by a big crowd of democrats who are opposed to Johnson.

The attempt of Johnson to dictate the control of the party is breeding a revolt among leading democrats.

SHREWDLY OUTWITTING SISTER, DR. ALLEN R. THOMPSON KILLS HIMSELF AT ASBURY PARK.

Workmen Almost Crushed by Vessel Which Starts Too Quickly at Launching.

HE USED HIS SKILL TO DIE

Prominent Practitioner, of Troy, N. Y., Had Long Been the Victim of a Nervous Disorder.

With all the deliberation and accuracy of a skilled surgeon performing an operation, Dr. Allen R. Thompson, one of the most prominent physicians of Troy, N. Y., yesterday at Asbury Park, N. J., severed his jugular vein, dying soon after.

Suffering from melancholia because of his long invalidism, Dr. Thompson often expressed his wish to die, and when he decided to carry out his determination he shrewdly blinded his sister to his intention by pretending to believe he was recovering. She had long noted as his watchful nurse, fearful of his attempt at self destruction, but yesterday while she slept, lulled into security by his pretended optimism, the physician stole to the bathroom and with a common pocketknife made the clean, certain wound that ended his life.

Mr. Thompson was the victim of a nervous disease which affected him so that he was hardly able to walk. The trouble was growing worse and his knowledge told him that hope was vain. He came here eight weeks ago with his two sisters, one of whom, Miss Minnie, left Asbury Park several days ago, while the other, Miss Hattie, remained as her brother's companion.

During the last two weeks he failed quite rapidly and he was constantly bewailing his condition, often remarking that he would be better dead than alive. This caused his sister to watch him carefully, lest he should do some violence to himself. Observing that a close vigil was being kept over his actions, he changed his tactics during the last two days and began to express the opinion that his health was improving.

Last Thursday evening he appeared to take much interest in the dancing of the patrons of the Edgemoor Inn, where he was registered, and on Friday after dinner took an automobile ride, exhibiting great energy in the management of the machine. Later he engaged in a game of cards with some patrons of the inn, and expressed such confidence in his ability that he was thrown completely off his guard.

He arose yesterday at five o'clock when she was in a sound slumber and executed the deed that must have been uppermost in his mind for some time.

It was not until an hour later that his body was discovered. Life was then extinguished.

AS SHIP SLIDES

Workmen Almost Crushed by Vessel Which Starts Too Quickly at Launching.

PANIC IN THE CHESTER YARDS

Girl Sponsor, Surprised, Barely Has Time to Crack Bottle Over the Vessel's Bow.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] CHESTER, Pa., Saturday.—Because the "shoe" which held the steamship San Jacinto on the ways would not sustain her weight the huge vessel prematurely slid from the ways into the water at the works of the Delaware River Iron Shipbuilding Company, to-day.

The sponsor, little Miss Sarah Schuyler Long, barely had time to strike the bottle across her brow. So quickly did the boat leave the ways that the many men beneath her scarcely had time to escape with their lives. Spectators fled in a panic and the mill hands rushed out, so great was the noise of the twisting hawsers, which were drawn so swiftly about the pilings that they made noise like shrieks of human beings.

The boat stopped for just half a minute when midway down, which allowed the men to make an almost miraculous escape. Those upon the reviewing stand quivered with fright as the stands swayed and rocked from the shock of the twisting hawsers.

The boat, which is 337 feet long, is the largest in her class afloat. She was constructed for Mallory & Co. agents for the New York and Texas Steamship Company, and is destined for the coast trade. Her cost, when completed, will be \$300,000. On the stand, besides the sponsor were John B. Roach, the builder; Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Long, Senator and Mrs. W. C. Spruell and W. Mallory, president of the company owning the boat. The first boat for the Mallory line was built by John Roach, in 1871, when the famous yard was first opened.

YOUNG LIFE SAVER DROWNED.

After Having Aided in a Rescue His Catboat Is Capsized by a Sudden Squall.

NANTUCKET, Mass., Saturday.—Albert, son of T. W. Slyver, one of the wealthiest citizens of Nantucket, lost his life to-day because of the capsizing of a small catboat in which he and two friends, Allan Robinson, of New York, and Edmund Fitzgerald, of Troy, were sailing. The boys had rescued William Howe, an eighteen-year-old boy from the bottom of a moored row boat a short time before, but instead of returning to shore they started for the open sea, when a sudden squall capsized their craft.

Defender Crosses the Line 7 Minutes 3 Seconds Ahead

Splendid Work of Captain Barr on His Yacht So Far Excels That on the Challenger That the Result Never Is Doubtful.

EXPERTS CONCEDE YANKEE THREE STRAIGHT

Technical Story of the Race Shows It To Have Been Won on Its Merits—Sir Thomas, with His Friends, Still Believes Unexpected May Happen.

THERE was a world of dancin' waters and as true and fresh a wind as ever made glad the heart of yachtsmen—a superb yacht all flowing curves aloft, and all white from below—stern another yacht with plentiful sail and plentiful lack of speed. In the foreground some hundreds of aligned and waiting vessels bearing some tens of thousands of eager and watchful onlookers of this contest between the yacht which would lift the cup and the racer which had been commissioned to fend off such effort.

The gallant leader draws near the line and with a bounding, rushing leap is across. Some hundreds of hands reach for whistle cords and by one impulse are withdrawn—the same generous instinct which prompted chivalrous "Jack" Philip at Santiago—"Don't cheer, boys, the poor fellows are dying!"

It was a beautiful and clean cut triumph, this all but silent victory of the Reliance over the Shamrock III, and one vouchsafed by a higher power than mere chance. The challenger strove as hard as if it were her last opportunity to show her splendid incapacity, whereas she has two more in which to exhibit the incompetence which is hers. The outcome left no division of opinion as to what the result of these other trials will be—the Shamrock bearing with her onus of defeat a unanimity of belief that she was created to illustrate a spectacular failure.

A Splendid Scene.—It was a splendid spectacle—for those who had no interest, no wagers on the Shamrock. Never was there a more spirited yachting scene than this afforded, and tongues of the exuberant run much at large as they looked upon the picture and called it fine. Particularly the beginning, before probability had become certainty.

Two of the handsomest cutters afloat, and one of them the fastest, both tempestuously sheering through the seas—the water white over their lee scuppers as over a sunken reef, and both hugging the wind so close that their big booms were nearly amidships!

The stern thresher to windward, the ever widening gap between, the skyward mounting of the faith of those of the Reliance clan and the corresponding dejection on the part of the Shamrock's followers. And then as the Shamrock's stroke swung shrinking like a rotten valve by the rounding of the Reliance of the outer mark three minutes and seventeen seconds ahead of her rival, which means that in the Shamrock's choicest weather and in the Shamrock's own particular best point of sailing, the defender had overcome the big handicap of nearly two minutes which she had allowed the challenger and had placed herself one minute and twenty-seven seconds ahead at the outer mark, and all of which was to the good!

The Flight Home.—Then that magnificent sight as the American caampon rounded the windward mark to fling out her balloon jib for the moment she had straightened out for the homeward run. Out went spinnaker boom, up went spinnaker in steps to be broken a moment later. Caught by the snapping wind, the flowing sail was like unto the shimmering folds of the skirt dancer, the swaying pole being the wand. Then the vast sail belled free, and in a moment more the wind was blowing the sunlight straight into its silk white hollows, and "with sloping masts and dipping prow" the winged racer came skimming down the line as if within her gleaming hull there lived the soul of flying things.

The result of it all—four seconds in the lead in going across the line in this fifteen mile heat to windward and return, the Shamrock was distanced by 3m. and 17s. at the outer mark and was nine minutes in the rear at the finish. This in a wind that averaged from twelve to fifteen miles an hour and over a sea that yachtsmen call "lively" and excursionists describe as "rough."

These same excursionists! Their name is legion and a good quarter of them found no triumph of any sort in the green backed seas which sickled over many faces with the pale cast of mal de mer. The big excursion boats were well thronged with sightseers and the big seas caught them under the paddle boxes and sent them rolling as they never rolled before. And as a result a large part of those who had gone out to look at the yacht race sought the lower decks and there listened to the chaste language of the stewards as they

perused the implements of their calling from side to side. But for those who had found their sea legs it was one of the greatest days on the water that cup races events have afforded in many years.

Course Chanced.—The race had been scheduled to start from the lightship at 11 o'clock, but laggards missed nothing by not being there on time. The winds made the first leg a straight fifteen mile beat to the south-west, and a few measurements on the chart showed that if it were attempted to stretch for this leg in that particular direction it would overlap some miles over the Jersey coast.

As the wind would not change its direction, the Regatta Committee must, perforce, change its plans, and upon signal from the committee boat the cortège moved to a fairer offing, anchored the two rigs between which was to stretch the imaginary line, started the guide boat seaward, hung out the course signals and fired the preparatory gun.

The start, which was made just before the noon hour, was almost a replica of the start in the first event, the difference being that the Reliance went over only four seconds behind the Shamrock instead of thirty-three seconds, as she had done in the previous contest.

Sir Thomas looked upon the race, and with that immortal optimism of his pronounced it good, and cheerily maintained that his boat was not beaten yet. Meanwhile the chairman of the Racing Committee of the New York Yacht Club had notified him that his boat must be remeasured, as in her Thursday's race she did not carry the stipulated weights of chain and anchor. And Sir Thomas has told the chairman that his racer would be ready for remeasurement to-morrow.

And now abides Faith, Hope and Charity.

THE RELIANCE WINS RELENTLESS FIGHT

The Shamrock Battles Splendidly, but Without Avail, in Her Own Weather.

Sir Thomas Lipton and his friends from abroad yesterday saw the marine miracle which they have been afraid the Reliance would turn out to be. They saw her in a thrush to windward in just the weather prayed for by the Shamrock's admirers, and they saw the Shamrock beaten decisively. They saw her in a run to windward, in which Sir Thomas' skipper and other advisers have told him they could hold the defender, and the challenger was whipped in humiliating fashion.

There was considerable wildness to the breeze and tumult to the sea, but miles beyond Sandy Hook Lightship the star was made, because of the direction of the vicious wind, and the giants went leaping over the windward leg at a pace that threatened to kill somebody or break something. It killed the Shamrock, but he fight was bitter and relentless, worthy of the occasion and of the men who own and direct her.

After the battle in the eye of the wind it was a run home, very picturesque and less thrilling, but the spriting propensities of the defender must have been a thousand stabs every mile to the challenger's admirers, as she drew steadily away from the latter, until it was a procession quite commonplace, but suggestive of much joy on the one side and deep disappointment on the other.

Beaten by 7m. 43s. Just 2m. 28s. in the latter to the weatherward was the Reliance's gain, and just 5m. 32s. her gain in the down wind work; that is nine minutes, from which deduct 1m. 57s. the allowance claimed by the challenger, and there is 7m. 68s. left. For the present that averaged from twelve to fifteen miles an hour and over a sea that yachtsmen call "lively" and excursionists describe as "rough."

These same excursionists! Their name is legion and a good quarter of them found no triumph of any sort in the green backed seas which sickled over many faces with the pale cast of mal de mer. The big excursion boats were well thronged with sightseers and the big seas caught them under the paddle boxes and sent them rolling as they never rolled before. And as a result a large part of those who had gone out to look at the yacht race sought the lower decks and there listened to the chaste language of the stewards as they

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