

RACE RIOT ON WEST SIDE

Whites Attempt to Avenge Policeman Robert J. Thorpe.

SET UPON AND BEAT NEGROES

Trouble Begins in Front of the Dead Patrolman's Home—Started by a Drunken Negro.

For four hours last night Eighth Avenue, from Thirtieth to Forty-second Street, was a scene of the wildest disorder that this city has witnessed in years. The hard feeling between the white people and the negroes in that district, which has been smoldering for many years and which received fresh fuel by the death of Policeman Thorpe, who was shot last Sunday by a negro, burst forth last night into a race riot which was not subdued until the reserve force of four police precincts, numbering in all over 100 men, headed by Chief Devery himself, were called to the scene and succeeded in clearing the streets by a liberal use of their night sticks.

As a result of the riot a considerable number of wounded negroes were attended to by surgeons at the Roosevelt Hospital. The greater number of those who were injured, however, preferred to remain in their houses, being afraid to trust themselves to the mercy of the crowds on the streets while on the way to a police station or hospital.

Every car passing up or down Eighth Avenue between the hours of 8 and 11 was stopped by the crowd and every negro on board was dragged out, hustled about, and beaten until he was able to break away from his assailants and escape into a house or down a side street. The police contented themselves with trying to protect the negroes, and it was remarked by many witnesses of the riot that they made little or no attempt to arrest any of their assailants. The police of the West Thirty-seventh Street Station first tried to stop the disturbance by urging the crowd to move on, but were finally forced to charge upon the crowd with drawn clubs.

The death of Policeman Robert J. Thorpe, who was stabbed by a negro at Forty-first Street and Eighth Avenue, was the immediate cause of last night's riot.

HOW IT STARTED.

Last evening his body lay at his sister's house—481 Ninth Avenue. Two women passing the house said something about "the body of that poor policeman in there" when Spencer Walters, a drunken negro of 163 East Sixty-fifth Street, came up behind the women, and with an oath drew a revolver. It was knocked out of his hands by Thomas J. Healey of 401 West Thirty-eighth Street, a white man. Officer Kelly then took the negro a prisoner to the West Thirty-seventh Street Station. In the meanwhile a negro, Richard Williams of 418 West Thirty-sixth Street, came into the group about the house, firing a revolver.

A crowd of whites set upon him, beating him. He, too, was taken to the station house.

That started it. In an instant all through the negro district white men began to pursue negroes. On Eighth Avenue crowds of whites surrounded the cars, dragging from them any negroes there. The negroes were beaten, jumped upon, and then sent flying before the police interfered. Down the side streets they were chased into the hugh tenements devoted to their living rooms.

Within fifteen minutes the trouble had spread along Eighth Avenue from Forty-first Street to Thirtieth Street, and to most of the side streets.

At Thirty-fourth Street great crowds ran after the crosstown cars, which were easily overtaken, and from them dragged negro passengers.

PATROL WAGONS ARRIVE.

By that time the sharp clang that told of the patrol wagon's approach sounded in four directions. The wagons, once on the scene, became harbors of refuge for the blacks.

Within twenty minutes after the arrival of the police the rioting ceased.

Then policemen went through the negro tenement districts admonishing the blacks to keep to their rooms.

Next to the Ninth Avenue house where the trouble started, the busiest corner was Forty-first Street and Eighth Avenue, near where Thorpe was stabbed.

Fully 1,000 people gathered there and started to clean the side streets of negroes until stopped by the police.

THE INJURED.

Nat Robinson of 310 West Thirty-ninth Street and Albert Sanders of 440 West Fortieth Street received scalp wounds and cuts at the hands of the mob at Twenty-seventh Street and Ninth Avenue.

James Cook of 158 West Eighty-first Street, who was riding on an Eighth Avenue car, was dragged off at Forty-first Street, receiving a scalp wound.

Jesse Pane of 255 West Ninety-third Street, dressed in a suit of white duck, rode down Eighth Avenue on a bicycle. The crowd set upon him, breaking his wheel to bits.

George White, 145 West Thirty-second Street, had just left church and was going home on a Thirty-fourth Street car. At Ninth Avenue the crowd pulled him from the car and beat him.

At Thirty-ninth Street a mob took Charles Sanders of 263 West Forty-seventh Street from an Eighth Avenue car and gave him a scalp wound and bruises.

During the excitement at Thirty-ninth Street Heman Waltering of 818 Lexington Avenue, a negro, began to break show-cases. He was promptly locked up.

THE RIOTING RESUMED.

At about 10:30 the streets were almost cleared and wearing their normal appearance, when some one fired a revolver in a house somewhere in Forty-first Street near Eighth Avenue. This seemed a signal for the riot to begin again, for crowds began to appear as if by magic.

The reserves from the West Twentieth, the West Thirtieth, and the West Forty-seventh Street Station, which were called to the scene and commanded by Chief Devery, who arrived on the scene about this time, started to work again to clear the streets, but according to many of the bystanders their efforts to protect the negroes were only half-hearted. Several young men on wheels who hovered about Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street warned many of the negroes in the cars in time to save them. Many other negroes, however, disregarded their warning, and all of these received rough treatment.

One neatly dressed negro woman left a car at Thirty-eighth Street and Eighth Avenue. She was immediately surrounded by a crowd, which began to threaten her. Seeing a policeman on the corner, she went up to him and asked him to protect her.

"God bless you, Mr. Cop," she said. "Let me walk along with you as far as my house. It's only a little way down Thirty-eighth Street."

"Go to h—l, d—n you," said the policeman, turning away from her. About this time, however, the attention of the crowd was drawn to another negro who was being dragged from a car, and the woman succeeded in slipping away. The new victim appealed to the policeman for help and received a smash over the head with a nightstick in reply. He was taken to the station house in a half-conscious condition.

Harry Reed of 34 West Forty-first Street, who was dragged off a car at Thirty-eighth Street, received like treatment from a policeman to whom he appealed for help, and Albert Dan Dure, a West Indian of 440 West Forty-fifth Street, who was on the same car, was kicked before he was taken to a patrol wagon.

J. Lloyd Lee, a negro, of Thirty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, was dragged out of a crowd around a trolley car. He has a scalp wound and a broken arm. He

said that a policeman had clubbed him. He was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

In Thirty-seventh Street the negroes threw missiles at policemen from upstairs windows.

POLICEMAN FIRES INTO HOUSES.

A policeman at once fired into the upper windows and drove the black heads into hiding. Whether anybody was hit by the bullets or not is unknown.

Spender Walters, twenty-four years old, a negro of 63 East Fifty-sixth Street, was alleged to have tried to shoot Thomas J. Healy of 401 East Eighty-first Street in Thirty-seventh Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. Walters was badly injured when placed under arrest.

Richard Williams, twenty-four years old, a negro of 418 West Thirty-sixth Street, was charged by John Gill of 338 West Fifty-sixth Street with having pulled a revolver on Gill. The crowd believed Gill, for they tried to kill Williams. They almost succeeded.

Policeman Kennedy of the West Thirty-seventh Street Station was stabbed in the breast and arm at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. Lloyd Lee was arrested for the stabbing. Lee and another negro, David H. Tarr of 250 West Thirty-eighth Street, were near the corner where Kennedy was stabbed.

The crowd set upon Lee, who drew a revolver and knife. When the policemen saw this and somebody had shouted that Lee stabbed Kennedy the policemen themselves attacked Lee with their clubs.

Acting Captain Cooney was passing Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street at 1:45 A. M. on his way to the West Thirty-seventh Street Station when some one on the roof threw a paving stone at him and his escort of three or four policemen. The missile hit Cooney in the leg and it is feared fractured the kneecap.

A Roosevelt Hospital ambulance was passing and Dr. Todd at once cared for the injured police officer. While Driver William Lawson was kneeling beside Cooney on the walk assisting the surgeon to dress the wound, some one fired a shot. The bullet whizzed by Lawson's ear.

At midnight only three white men were under arrest in the West Thirty-seventh Street Station. They were John Smedie of 310 West Forty-fourth Street, Patrick Dugan of 349 West Forty-third Street, and John Gill of 230 West Thirty-eighth Street. They were charged with disorderly conduct.

At 2 o'clock this morning James Rice, a white man, who was standing at the corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Ninth Avenue, was shot by some one in hiding and almost immediately afterward Policeman Kehoe arrested Albert Smith, a negro. Smith and Rice were taken to the station, where Rice identified Smith as the man who shot him. Rice's wound, which is in the leg, is not very dangerous, although he almost fainted from loss of blood. He is a conductor on the Third Avenue line.

While Rice, Smith, and the arresting officer were standing in front of the Sergeant's desk Patrolman Ohm came into the station dragging John Haines, a negro, whose only covering was an undershirt. He said that Haines had fired three shots from 341 West Thirty-sixth Street. A revolver with all the chambers empty was found in his room. The police believe that he and not Smith did the shooting.

At half-past 2 o'clock this morning the rioting had ceased and the streets were comparatively clear.

James E. Harris, whom the police think to be the man who stabbed Policeman Thorpe last Sunday, was arrested in the midst of the rioting and locked up in the West Thirtieth Street Police Station.

The funeral of Policeman Thorpe, whose death was the cause of the disturbance last night, will be held this afternoon at his residence at 481 Ninth Avenue.

Inspector Thompson has arranged to have an escort of 120 uniformed policemen, as well as a large number of detectives in citizens' clothes at it.

McBRIDE IS WROTH.

John E. McBride is the proprietor of the Raines law hotel at the corner of Forty-first Street and Eighth Avenue, in front of which Policeman Thorpe was stabbed to death by the negro, Harris, last Sunday morning. Tuesday afternoon a boy went to McBride, saying that he knew where Harris was.

"He's in Philadelphia. My brother's a conductor on a train running into there and he saw him on Lombardy Street yesterday," he told McBride.

The hotel man went to the West Thirty-seventh Street Police Station, where he had the boy tell his story.

"We've no fund to send officers to Philadelphia with," he was told.

"I'll stand the expense myself," McBride volunteered. Two detectives were sent, McBride going along to identify the man. At the Twenty-third Street ferry Capt. Cooney was met. He sent an additional detective, bringing the party up to five.

In Philadelphia McBride was told to stay in the background by the detectives. Finally he returned to New York yesterday. He found that during his absence Capt. Cooney had arrested his barkeeper for a violation of the excise law. McBride is wroth over this act. Said he last night:

"After I had paid his detectives' fare to Philadelphia he comes over and pinches my place. Yes, my man might have been keeping open after hours, but so were lots of others, and why this discrimination?"

McBride is President of the newsdealers and booksellers' association.