

almost forgotten him, for he left here seven years ago. Before his departure, it is said, he was a quiet and inoffensive young man. His parents then lived directly opposite the Fifth Police Station. As a boy he always played with white children.

It was the belief of the officers who knew him that he left here to attend college in some other city, but this proves to have been a mistaken view. He lived in Jersey City and other places, and only a few weeks ago he went to the Tenderloin District in New York, where he resided with his wife.

Harris was in bed when arrested, and tried to make the officers believe that his name was Williams. At first he was inclined to be ugly, but seeing that there were too many policemen for him to handle, he submitted to arrest. Seeing there was no escape he soon afterward admitted his identity and started with his captors toward the police station.

Harris was still unaware of the nature of the crime charged against him. He knew nothing of the riot that occurred last night, nor did he know of the death of his victim.

"I'll get out of this scrape all right," he said to Sergt. Mulhall, whom he knew.

"This is more serious than you think," the Sergeant told him.

Harris then told his version of the trouble that occurred when he used his knife on the policeman. He was on the street at Forty-first Street and Eighth Avenue Sunday night, he said, with his wife, and he left her to go to a restaurant for a cigar. When he returned, he said, the policeman, who was in citizen's clothes, had hold of the woman, and he (Harris) walked up and asked:

"What are you doing with my wife?"

"Don't meddle with me," is what he says the policeman told him.

Harris said he took hold of the policeman, not knowing of his official character, and when he did so the latter struck him with his club.

"Then," he said, "I pulled out my penknife, and I think I cut him twice."

He thought he cut him in the chest and stomach. He said he had no idea that he had killed the policeman, and not wanting to get locked up, he got on a train and came here.

It was not until after he had been put in a cell that he was told of the policeman's death, and then he anxiously inquired:

The arrest of Harris caused rejoicing among the policemen, especially those of the West Thirty-seventh Street Station who had been comrades of Thorpe.

The present arrangements are to have Harris indicted by the Grand Jury on Tuesday next and to give him a speedy trial. He will be brought here at once on requisition papers. While under ordinary conditions he would be taken to the West Thirty-seventh Street Station, the Chief has decided that this would not be desirable on account of the feeling in the neighborhood. As a result, the two detectives who went to Washington after him will take Harris directly to the Tombs as soon as they can bring him here, which will be within a few days.

POLICEMAN THORPE BURIED.

High Officials and a Big Escort Attend His Funeral—Chief Devery Averts Threatened Trouble.

The funeral of Robert J. Thorpe, the policeman of the West Thirty-seventh Street Station who died as the result of wounds received at the hands of Arthur Harris, colored, whose death was primarily the cause of the present troubles, was the largest ever given to a policeman. The services at the home of his brother and sister, 481 Ninth Avenue, near Thirty-seventh Street, were very simple. Few people were admitted to the little flat, but at least 10,000 stood in Ninth Avenue, Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets.

The Rev. Father Hughes of the Paulist Fathers conducted the service at the house. This was held at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Outside of the brother and sister, Samuel and Elizabeth Thorpe, there were few other persons in the apartment. Chief of Police Devery, Inspector Thompson, and a few of the men who had done duty with Thorpe, were in attendance at the services.

Every policeman attached to the West Thirty-seventh Street Station was relieved from active duty yesterday afternoon in order that he might attend the funeral. In charge of Acting Capt. Cooney they were drawn up in West Thirty-seventh Street just beyond Ninth Avenue. These men, numbering over 100, headed the funeral procession. Next came three carriages filled with flowers. The floral pieces came from the precinct policemen, from headquarters, and from many friends in the precinct where Thorpe had been born and reared. Nearly 100 carriages followed the hearse, which was escorted by six patrolmen, who were the pallbearers.

The funeral procession moved down West Thirty-seventh Street to Tenth Avenue, from there to West Thirty-sixth Street, through to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street, and through this street to the ferry. At the ferry the police escort disbanded and the funeral party in the carriages went on across the ferry to Greenwood Cemetery, where the burial took place. Crowds of people lined the streets all along the route of the procession. The police arrangements to prevent disorder were successful. Only one sign of an outbreak occurred. This was just as the rear of the procession was crossing Ninth Avenue at Thirty-sixth Street.

It was due to Chief Devery that no great disorder happened here. He had taken a number of men with him to this point and was standing on the corner as the last carriages were going by. A negro on a bicycle came up Ninth Avenue from Thirty-fifth Street. The colored man was about to go through the crowd when an elderly, well-dressed man cried:

"Kill the coon! Lynch him! Do him up!"

The crowd was about to take up the cry when the Chief, dressed in civilian's clothes, grabbed the nightstick of a patrolman. He rushed over to the place where the man who had made the outcry was standing and said:

"Shut up. If you say another word, I will shove this stick down your throat."

The Chief said this loud enough for the crowd to hear. As a result the crowd, numbering several thousand people at this point, quieted down and a police escort took the frightened bicyclist out of danger.

CAPTURE OF ARTHUR HARRIS.

Tells Washington Authorities the Story of His Attack on Policeman Thorpe—Former Record Good.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—Arthur Harris, who is wanted in New York for the killing of Policeman Thorpe was arrested in this city this morning at the home of his mother. Harris arrived here yesterday morning about 3 o'clock, unaware of the serious charge against him, and sought the house where his mother lived seven years ago, but found she had moved. By reason of his inquiries concerning her present address the police authorities learned of his presence in the city and hastened to his mother's home, where he was taken into custody. The New York authorities were notified.

A descriptive circular asking for the arrest of Arthur Harris was received yesterday morning by Inspector Boardman from Capt. George W. McClusky of the New York Detective Bureau, and its contents were promptly telephoned to the several police stations.

Harris was well known to the older officers of the Fifth Precinct, but they had