

PRICE ONE CENT.

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REMEMBER - SATURDAY - SUNDAY - HOUSE AND HOME DAYS

EXTRA EIGHT PAGES.

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DIABLO THE WINNER.

Brooklyn Handicap of 1893 Decided at Gravesend Track To-Day.

LAMPLIGHTER RUNS SECOND.

Weather Superb and the Crowd at the Jockey Club Grounds Immense.

EARLY MORNING SCENES.

Gayly Bedecked Amateur Talent That Saw Straight Tips in Everything.

GRAVESEND RACE TRACK, May 15.—The great Brooklyn Handicap race of 1893 has been won. The result: The Winner: DIABLO, Place Winner: LAMPLIGHTER.

GREAT CROWDS AT THE TRACK.

Seen After Noon It Looked Like a Record-Breaking Attendance. GRAVESEND RACE TRACK, May 15.—On this day, as on all days in which a great event is to happen, the crowds began to arrive.

The early arrivals brought their lunch with them, for they knew that to leave their seats after noon would be to lose them for good, and a bird in the hand is certainly worth ten in the bush in this instance.

At noon there were at least 3,000 people in the grounds. This was more than have ever been present at this early hour on any previous Handicap day.

A half hour later and they began to arrive in earnest. Every train that came from Brooklyn was jammed to suffocation, while hundreds rode on the street cars, who had probably there was space to cling with hand and foot.

For hours the flowing tide of humanity streamed in through the several entrances and spread themselves out on the expansive lawn and grand stand. It then began to look as though a new record would be made in the matter of attendance.

The veterans, or habitual race-goers, took themselves to some quiet corner of the paddock or grand stand, and there eyed with light scorn the crowds of grey-bedecked and happy, laughing sightseers, who only attend the races on such big days as this.

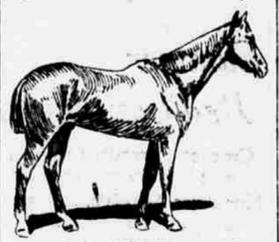
These rare visitors were becomingly superstitious and saw tips in the clouds, on the track and on all the fences. "Lamp-lighter will win sure," asserted one sport, while another, who had probably never seen a race before, "because," and here he voice sank to a whisper, "when I was walking with George last night we passed no less than three lamplighters on as many streets."

Another was going to play Pick-pocket because she happened to see a sign on the way to the course, which warned people to keep a sharp lookout for the light-fingered gentry.

ful carpet of emerald green. Cherry trees abounded on the outskirts of the track, and the delightful fragrance from their blossoms was wafted through the grounds by the gentle southwest breeze.



The track itself was in grand shape. The rain of Saturday soaked through the top soil and gave the sharp teeth of the harrows a chance to sort it up into the best possible snapp.



The grounds presented a busy scene in the grand stand. A large force of men was busy sweeping from the chairs dust that had been blown there from the flying hoofs of the horses yesterday.



None of the great thoroughbreds entered for the rich Brooklyn Handicap, which is the feature of to-day, was out on the track. They were all crowded up to concert pitch and trainers are careful of their charges as their housewives would be with a valuable piece of bric-a-brac.

Were they brought out, as unlucky sport might send them lame and then undo in a single moment the weeks of care that have been bestowed upon them. They were ready for the fray and in a few hours would be prancing before the starter, eager and willing to run the race of their lives.

The fine weather caused the Association's caterer to make great preparations. Handicap or no handicap, the inner man must be refreshed, and the early visitor saw barrel upon barrel of beer stowed away behind long counters, while sandwiches enough to feed an army were being prepared.

Wine in an unlimited quantity awaited the onslaught of the lucky betters in the "Gold Room," and choice roasts were being prepared in the restaurants.

The messengers who make bets for the fair sex were on hand early at their posts. The watchful Pinkerton men guarded the gates, and the cry of "Show your badges, gentles," was often heard above the sinner under the restaurant.

By noon everything was ready for the rush of the thousands who were expected. The place was as bright and as clear as a new pin.

The general opinion among trainers and owners at the track here this morning was that the great handicap would be won by the best class in horse.

Lamp-lighter. Some argued that Judge Morrow would win.

Others fancied some one of the Dwyer trio, and others thought perhaps Father Bill Daly might do the trick with either Fido or Terrifier.

Handicap was second and Eric third. The time was 1:10. The race was run in a brisk rainstorm in 1893, and the homely little away-back Tenny was in 2:10. The stakes had more than doubled in two years, and Tenny's owner, J. T. Poling, pocketed \$14,000. Eric's owner, J. T. Poling, pocketed \$14,000. Tenny's owner, J. T. Poling, pocketed \$14,000.

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BROOKLYN MAN'S SUICIDE.

Henry L. Webber Jumps Off the Troy Steamer Scragoga.

Henry L. Webber, a traveling companion, had jumped aboard as the boat was passing Newburg last night and was drowned.

Two Small Boys Craw Through a Flanlight and Can't Get Back.

Meyer and Samuel Freedman, aged six and seven, of 27 Orchard street, and Aaron Utky, fifteen years old, of 15 Ludlow street, were held by Essex Market Court to-day for attempted burglary.

The Freedman boys were found in Jacob Utky's office, 40 Canal street, by Policeman Ringler.

BUCHANAN NOT SENTENCED. The Wise Policeman Gets a Further Stay Until Wednesday.

Dr. Robert W. Buchanan, who was convicted of murder in poisoning his wife, was not brought to the General Sessions Court this morning for sentence.

ED STOKES WINS. W. E. D. Stokes and Martin Must Stand Trial for Criminal Libel.

Judge Cowing, in the Court of General Sessions, to-day handed down a decision denying the application made by ex-Mayor A. Oakley Hall to dismiss the indictment against William E. D. Stokes and Martin Must.

Judge Cowing also dismissed the demurrer to the indictment against W. E. D. Stokes and Martin Must.

Judge Cowing in his opinion says: "Without passing upon the regularity of the defendant Martin's motion, I am of the opinion that his objections to the indictment are not tenable."

TIRED OF PIGS AND GOATS. Proposed Ordinance to Establish Pounds in Long Island City.

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CHARGED WITH MAYHEM. Bornstein Said to Have Bitten a Man's Fingers Nearly Off.

NEWARK, N. J., May 15.—Judge Pressel this morning held Jacob Bornstein, of Boyd street, for the Grand Jury. Bail in the sum of \$5,000 was required.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Double Tragedy on Broadway in View of Thousands.

Foreman Gebhardt Shot Dead by a Man He Had Discharged.

August Wanner Then Fired a Bullet Into His Own Head.

A double tragedy was enacted this morning in front of the Broadway Central Hotel.

August Wanner, a fur dealer for S. F. Heinstein & Co., furriers, of 589 Broadway, shot and killed Henry Gebhardt, the foreman of the shop, by whom he was discharged on Saturday, and then turning the revolver against himself, sent a bullet crashing through his own head.

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SUICIDE WITH A PENKNIFE.

Saloon-keeper Koch Opened an Artery in His Wrist.

Evidently First Tried to Drown Himself in the Bathtub.

William Koch, proprietor of a saloon at 1543 Broadway, two floors below the Bijou Theatre, committed suicide between 11 and 12 o'clock to-day by opening an artery in his left wrist with a penknife.

He entered his saloon about 11 o'clock, and after having the bartender mix a cocktail for him, he said he was going into the rear room to take a bath.

He was in good spirits apparently at the time and had laughed and joked with the bartender.

At 12 o'clock one of the attendants went into the bathroom and found Mr. Koch lying in his underclothes. The tub had been filled with water, but he had not been in it.

The most condition of his underclothes established this fact.

He had evidently tried to drown himself, and falling in that had evidently got out of the tub, walked over to a chair on which he had left his trousers, took out his penknife and cut himself across the wrist.

So far as had been learned at 2 o'clock, he had left no message, written or oral, which would explain his act.

Mr. Koch was single, and was supposed to be wealthy.

He had no business troubles, so far as known.

Sunday afternoon he was in the saloon at 1245 Broadway entertaining a party of friends, and was apparently the jolliest one in the party.

It is said he made a few small wagers with these friends upon the result of the Brooklyn Handicap race to-day.

Mr. Koch owned another saloon at 84 Broadway.

It is said he may discover no motive for the suicide.

MR. BOOTH DOES NOT IMPROVE. There Has Been No Change in His Condition for Three Days.

Dr. H. Clair Smith, Mr. Booth's attending physician, on this morning, after his visit to the patient's bedside, that while Mr. Booth had not had a sinking spell, as reported, this morning, yet there had been no improvement in the patient's condition for the past three days.

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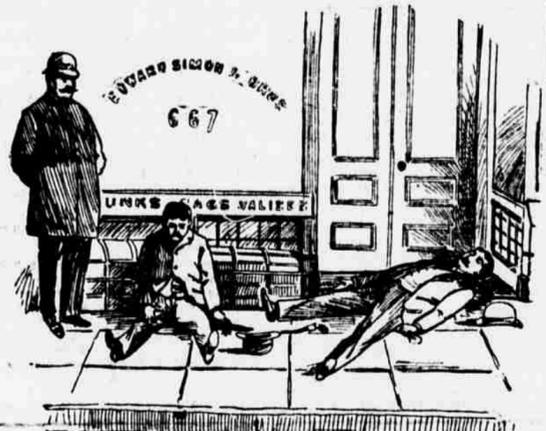
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THE TWO BODIES IN FRONT OF SIMON BROS. STORE.

A stretcher from the Mercer street station was brought around and Gebhardt's body removed to the station-house.

Wanner was unconscious but still alive when the ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital arrived.

In his left hand, when he was lifted in the ambulance, he still clenched the paper which he had asked his victim to read before he fired the fatal shot.

On the paper, which was a piece of cheap commercial note, was written in a scraggling hand:

As I have been in the business thirty years, and you will find it with you, you shall pay me for it with you.

On the back of the letter was written: I hereby certify that I was my friend, August Wanner, who was shot dead yesterday.

After the word "friends" the names had been cut out of the paper, as with a penknife.

Mr. S. F. Heinstein was greatly shocked when he learned what had happened. He said that he considered that he himself had had a narrow escape, as he had no doubt that Wanner would have shot him had he not first seen Gebhardt.

Mr. Heinstein said that all he knew about Wanner was that he lived somewhere in Hoboken, and was a married man with a family. He was a good workman, but had a bad temper.

Matters were patched up until Saturday last, when Wanner went to Mr. Gebhardt and asked for more wages and a better job. He was asked that there was nothing better for him to do and that his wages were high enough.

HAS NOT ASSIGNED YET.

But Erastus Wiman Will To-Day or To-Morrow Probably.

Erastus Wiman is soon to make a general assignment for the benefit of his creditors, according to all reports, and it was stated that he would do so to-day.

Lawyer David Bennett King, the trustee of the assignment, has been in the city since Mr. Wiman's counsel, and this morning that he had not yet seen his client with regard to the assignment.

Mr. Wiman is quoted as saying that when he receives the order to file his petition, he will assign to the benefit of his creditors.

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WILL HE ACT NOW?

Here Is the Evidence Which Mayor Boody Said He Required.

AFFIDAVITS OF THE STARVED.

They Tell the Tale of Suffering at 155 Prospect Street, Brooklyn.

BRUTALITY AND NEGLIGENCE.

No Excuse for Whitewashing When These Facts Are Considered.

Mayor Boody, of Brooklyn, is called upon to make good his word that he would institute a thorough investigation when any proof was presented to him in the case of the Health Department's refusal to permit the food to be unloaded, where the starving people could get it, and it was not used for some other purpose.

The story of the remarkable actions of the Health and Police Departments, was told in the "Evening World" Friday, and when Mayor Boody's refusal to permit the food to be unloaded, where the starving people could get it, and it was not used for some other purpose.

"I have read the account of the sufferings of these people, but can you bring me proof that it is true?"

"If you can lay before me any proof to sustain these charges made against the Health authorities I will certainly give a thorough investigation in the matter."

"Until the proper proof is given me I will refuse to express an opinion upon this subject."

Here is some of the evidence which Mayor Boody required:

"City and County of New York, ss: I, John A. Boody, Mayor of the City and County of New York, do hereby certify that I have read the account of the sufferings of these people, but can you bring me proof that it is true?"

"If you can lay before me any proof to sustain these charges made against the Health authorities I will certainly give a thorough investigation in the matter."

"Until the proper proof is given me I will refuse to express an opinion upon this subject."

HOUSE AND HOME DAYS ARE SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

HOUSE AND HOME ADS IN THE MORNING WORLD ON SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ARE REPEATED IN THE EVENING WORLD FREE.