

PHILBIN SEEKS BIG GAME IN RAIDING JOINTS.

The District-Attorney Plans to Reach Protectors of Gambling.

It would have been issue for John Doe and Richard Roe, if not under their proper appellations.

About Those Police-men.

Mr. Philbin said today that he had not given any thought to what course he would pursue regarding the five policemen of the "Church" street station and the three men of Inspector Cross's staff who were caught in the raid on the Parole Club.

They have been subpoenaed as witnesses, but whether they will have to make further explanations regarding their presence in the place has not been determined.

PHILBIN HAPPY AT RAID RESULT.

District-Attorney Philbin, well pleased with the result of yesterday's spectacular descent on the Parole Club, at No. 29 Dev street, says that only a start has been made and that proprietors of other gambling houses need not feel alarmed, as they will be raided in due time.

When Reginald Leven, better known as "Ridge" Leven, and Leon Stecker are arraigned Thursday morning before Justice Jerome, charged with being the proprietors of the pool-room which did business as the Parole Club, at No. 29 Dev street, they will be confronted with a mass of testimony such as has never been presented in a similar case.

PHILBIN GIVES OUT STATEMENT.

Percy Leven, son of the reputed proprietor, will be arraigned at the same time as an employee of the place, though he claims to have gone to the club rooms only to visit his father.

The Parole Club has been doing business over Yath's saloon and restaurant, at No. 29 Dev street, for several years. It has been raided two or three times, but sufficient evidence has not been secured to convict the men who run it.

PHILBIN GIVES OUT STATEMENT.

Is Aiming at Higher Game and Expects to Bag Big Official.

District-Attorney Philbin told an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day that he was aware that his action in conducting the Dev street poolroom raid was unprecedented, but he said that it established a PRECEDENT WHICH WOULD BE FOLLOWED IN ALL FUTURE RAIDS, as it was the only method by which satisfactory results could be obtained.

He said that by the ordinary practice of swearing out warrants for John Doe the raiders invariably found the gambling-house prepared to receive them. By taking a Justice of Special Sessions along they were enabled to secure all the witnesses necessary on the spot to make out a case for the Grand Jury, and HE WAS SURE OF INDICTMENT AND CONVICTION IN THE DEY STREET CASE, WITH A FAIR PROSPECT OF REACHING THE PEOPLE HIGHER UP—THE corrupt officials who have been partners in this phase of crime.

It was to give full credit for the success of yesterday's raid to Lewis Nixon and his committee, said Mr. Philbin. "The credit belongs to them and to nobody else."

Concerning Capt. Westervelt's story Mr. Philbin declared that it was true; that there were eight policemen from the Church street squad in the Dev street house, trying to get entrance, but that while the gambling was done on the third floor they were on the floor below in the reading-room, where newspapers, books and magazines are found.

The District-Attorney said, however, that it was a strange thing that these

eight men went to collect evidence of violation of the law sat idly in this reading-room, through which all patrons of the place must pass, and waiting 30 or 40 men pace on upstairs made no effort to get evidence from them or to go upstairs themselves.

Mr. Philbin also thought it peculiar that when the raiders clamored for admission none of these eight Church street sleuths opened the door to them, and their own fellow officers from Captain Westervelt's station had to batter down the doors.

The Captain's story forms a complete defense so far as he is concerned, but Mr. Philbin intimated that the eight sleuths in the reading-room might have to answer for their performance.

Mr. Philbin said he believed Commissioner Holahan's story, and was sorry for him, but that if he could square himself with Judge Jerome and the Grand Jury by satisfactory proof of his story and a little evidence on what he saw in the place, he had no doubt he would have no further trouble, as the District-Attorney had no disposition for personal prosecution.

Mr. Philbin hinted that the Dev street raid was PLANNED TO SO COMPLETELY ENMESH LEVEN AND STECKER THAT THE GAMBLING COMBINE FOR POLICE PROTECTION WOULD BE ULTIMATELY BAGGED.

He said this was not the last raid, but declined to speak more specifically.

ONLY BEGUN, SAYS PLATZEK.

The one topic in every circle, political, social or criminal, is the sensational raid by the Tammany Committee of Five.

Chairman Nixon, to whom, with the aid of M. Warley Platzek, is given the credit for the affair, left the city early this morning on his weekly visit to the Cramp shipyard, Philadelphia, where, through the exercise of his recognized genius as a designer of ships, he earns a handsome salary of \$200,000 a year.

M. Warley Platzek, on whom devolves the duty of putting into legal form the evidence secured by the Committee of Five and determining what is and what is not valuable, wore one broad, happy, contented smile when an Evening World reporter called his office at 320 Broadway to-day.

"I have nothing to say," he said, "except that we have made a beginning which shows that, in spite of all the criticisms that have been showered upon me in the course of the repeated stories that we were not appointed with the intention that we should accomplish anything. We were a Tammany bluff, that we would not be allowed to do anything that we had been called off, that we were flattered and flattered to throw up the job, we have been accomplishing something right along."

Chairman Baldwin, of the Citizens' Committee of Fifteen, rubbed his hands in pleasure as he said: "The life of the local is what I had implicit confidence in the honesty, sincerity and capacity of Mr. Nixon's committee, and their success would save work for us."

Yesterday's raid was a splendid beginning. It shows how intelligent the Nixon committee has worked, and how indefatigable and indomitable they have been.

YORK HAS GOOD WORD FOR PHILBIN

When President York was asked what action the Police Board would take in the matter of District-Attorney Philbin's gambling-house raid over Capt. Westervelt's head he said:

"But it is only a beginning, and it is too short to attempt an investigation now. It attempted, it would look like a bluff on our part."

The matter is in the hands of District-Attorney Philbin, who has demonstrated his ability to deal with the case. He has broken the case of the result of the raid and the explanation, too, if necessary."

FACED DEATH ON SHIP FOR TEN DAYS.

Remarkable Rescue of Capt. Aronsen and His Crew of Nine from Wrecked Bark.

After facing death for ten days on a water-logged ship in icy seas expecting every moment to go to the bottom, Capt. Aronsen and the crew of nine of the bark Passat are today safe in New York. They arrived here on the Pretoria from Hamilton, Bermuda, where they had been landed from the Danish steamer L. H. Carl, which rescued them.

Capt. Aronsen is in a surgeon's care. His leg is broken. For a week he lay with his leg in that condition without medical attendance, and for four days of that time was washed to the top of the deck-house of his vessel with the waves washing over him. Only his splendid constitution enabled him to live through the experience.

The Passat, which registered 651 tons and hailed from Arendal, Norway, left Ferdinand on Feb. 1 for Antwerp with a load of pitch pine. A storm struck the ship on Feb. 4. The pine logs shifted and began to pound the vessel and she was soon leaking badly. Only three pumps were left. Capt. Aronsen said to-day, "and watch and watch, four hand pumps clanked, but the water gained. It is a desperate thing to feel the ship under you swimming low and heavy with a storm getting worse. I hired a wind pump, but we sounded the bell and the leak had gained on us."

After two days of this I decided to throw overboard the deck load of lumber we carried. As the men have a big beam over the rail a sea caught it and buried it back. It struck me on the leg

and the bones snapped like pipestems. The took me in my sea expecting every moment to go to the bottom, Capt. Aronsen and the crew of nine of the bark Passat are today safe in New York. They arrived here on the Pretoria from Hamilton, Bermuda, where they had been landed from the Danish steamer L. H. Carl, which rescued them.

PHILBIN, THE CARRIE NATION OF NEW YORK.



HOLAHAN'S TELLS STORY OF A WAYWARD SON.

President of the Board of Public Improvements Gives an Account of How He Happened to Be There.

Maurice F. Holohan, President of the Board of Public Improvements, who was in the raid at 29 Dev street yesterday afternoon, was asked to-day concerning his reasons for being in the place. Mr. Holohan hesitated a moment and then said:

"Well, I'll tell you the whole story. I wouldn't do so, but I have been pained so unobviously before the public. As you know young men will go astray some times, and I am sorry to say that a son of mine has left his home and gone to the bad like many others."

"He has become a gambler, and for months I have tried every way to get him and try to induce him to be good for his wife's sake and for mine. He used to have an office in this building, but I have not seen him for months."

"All my spare time I have secured what information I could of him and have located him in various pool-rooms and gambling-houses. I have gone to them, waited outside for him and even gone in and looked for him, but never found him."

"I am sure that two or three times I have come in places where he was, but he must have gone out of another door and escaped me. I have also described him as well as possible to the doorkeepers and asked them to exclude him."

"Yesterday afternoon Col. Murphy called at my office to get some maps of the White Plains road. We left the office together about 4 o'clock. On the way down in the elevator Col. Murphy remembered that he wanted to see Commissioner Dalton about a water matter and he left me."

"I took the opportunity to go to this place on Dev street, as I had heard that my son might be there. I had not been in the place ten minutes when the raid took place. I did not play and did not witness the play, but merely went around the crowd looking for my son."

"When the raid took place there was not a soul who knew me, and I did not know a person either. Justice Jerome was pointed out to me and I drew him one side and told him who I was and my reason for being there. He abruptly in-



MAURICE F. HOLOHAN.

terrupted me by saying: 'We do not play favorites. I told him I did not wish to have him do so, but only asked that under the circumstances he would keep my name from the papers and not make public about my son.'

"A few moments afterward he called me forward and demanded my right name and address, which I gave under protest, and then the Justice ordered Capt. Vredenberg to conduct me out. I was the first one out of the building."

"When I reached the street I was told that District-Attorney Philbin was inside and I thought it proper to see him and try to have him intercede with the Justice about the publication of my name."

"I was conducted back into the building and to the top floor, where I was pointed out to Mr. Philbin. I explained my position to him and asked him to intercede for me. He replied: 'Oh, I don't think your name will be published. I will speak to the Justice about it.'"

"I left then, and did not think my name would be made public until reporters last night told me it had. I suppose that the persons in charge of the raid thought it would be a good chance to make public the misfortune of a Tammany official."

"At the conclusion of the reading of Mrs. Clayton's testimony, a prominent member of the States' Grand Jury called 'Mrs. Margaret Kennedy.' The white-haired mother of the prisoner rose and testified that she appeared to be very infirm. At first she was unable to answer the questions asked, but after a few minutes of water, she seemed as if she was about to break down. Kennedy looked at her with strained face, while his life burst into tears and he turned away. It was a painful spectacle. The spectators sat silent as death while the old woman gave her testimony to the committee."

Her voice was low, quivering and weak. The Justice and the cross-examiner, who had been sitting at her side, tried to make her voice heard above the rumble of the busy streets outside, but failed.

At Home Asleep. Q. Where were you on the morning of Aug. 16, 1898? A. At home. Q. Where was your son? A. At home. Q. What time was that? A. About 2 a.m. Q. How do you know he was in bed and asleep? A. I went into his room. I saw him lying there sound asleep. I threw a quilt over him. He fits all my description. Kennedy watched his mother with moist eyes. Perhaps as he sat there the begonia on the mantel before him shined like eyes. There was the kind mother who had nursed him as a babe, had taught him his first steps, had listened to his first words, had hoped and watched for his welfare during many years. He did not know his condition, however, but gazed into the eyes of his brave mother.

Mingled Their Tears. At the conclusion of the testimony she went straight to the side of her son. He raised up his hand and laid it on her shoulders, drawing her slight form to him. Then they kissed each other, and their tears mingled. Kennedy tried to hide the younger Mrs. Kennedy's face as the doctor was affected deeply.

The brave mother went to her seat smiling through the tears that were quivering on the edges of her eyelids. It was the exact time to be affected scene in open court for many days.

Mother Cross-Examined. Mr. McIntyre, when he cross-examined Mrs. Kennedy, dropped the belligerent attitude he had maintained to other witnesses. He was kind and did not attempt a lengthy examination. Q. Was your son undressed when you saw him? A. Yes, sir. Q. Did you see his own bicycle? A. Yes, sir. He kept it in the barn. Q. Was there a red light on the handle? A. A couple of shelves and a vase. Q. Did not your husband and son work together at the States' Grand Jury? A. Yes, sir. Q. How do you recall that the waste pipe in the sink burst and the plumbers had to repair it? A. Yes, sir. Q. They left some solder behind? A. Yes, sir. Q. Do you remember your son buying lead pipe? A. Yes, sir. Q. Did you see a red light on the handle of the bicycle? A. Yes, sir. Q. Did you see a red light on the handle of the bicycle? A. Yes, sir. Q. Did you see a red light on the handle of the bicycle? A. Yes, sir.

Searched for His Son for Months in Gambling Houses and His Quest Ended in His Own Arrest.

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Bowling Match Made. CHICAGO, Feb. 19.—The articles of agreement covering the series of seven games between the bowling teams of Chicago and Greater New York have been drawn up. The teams are to play five games each, the contest to be for \$500 a side. The series is to be played on some date between May 6 and May 12. It was determined on a meeting in Toledo, O., which city will also be the scene of the games. Three games are to be played on the afternoon and four in the evening, the rules of the American Bowling Congress to govern the contest.

Bid for Trotting Match. CLEVELAND, Feb. 19.—The Cleveland Driving Park Company will be a bidder for the proposed match-race between the Abbot and Crescus Secretaries clubs, of the association, says that he has received word from the owner of the Abbot that if such a race is arranged a third horse would not be allowed.

Troy Gas Bill Smothered. Rapid Juggling with Measure for \$1 Rate. (Special to The Evening World.) ALBANY, Feb. 19.—Another gas bill was buried to-day by legislative process. The Albany bill fixing the price of gas in Troy at 11 per thousand has been in the hands of the Assembly Utilities Committee for nearly six weeks, and today Assemblyman Rogers, chairman of the committee on Gas, Electricity and Water, moved that the bill be transferred to his committee.

Roosevelt Hunts Coyotes. Another Chase for Game Before He Leaves for Home To-Night. (Special to The Evening World.) COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., Feb. 19.—Vice-President Roosevelt and a party started out to-day on a forty-five mile coyote-hunt. He will leave for home to-night.

Thieves Stole Postboxes. PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., Feb. 19.—The postboxes were stolen, except foundations, during the night.

KENNEDY'S LIFE STAKED ON ALIBI NOW BUILDING.

(Continued from First Page.)

for this murder, didn't you? Why didn't you appear in his favor? A. Well, we had a great deal of trouble of our own at that time. I was on the boat just about the time Dr. Kennedy's trial began.

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DANIEL S. MELVILLE. (Sketched from life in court.)

Q. Is it not a fact that passengers on the 12:30 boat frequently miss the train and trolley cars at St. George? A. It is.

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