

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

The EVENING WORLD

World. RESULTS EDITION

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1904.

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YOUNG GOULD USES GUN AND ROUTS SOPHS

Financier's Son, Waylaid on Way to Columbia Fraternity House, Fires Weapon and Pursuers Flee in Terror.

GATHER CROWD AND BESIEGE BUILDING.

In the Mean Time Youngster, Who Once Before Scared Them Off with Hammer, Is Said to Have Escaped Downtown.

Young Kingdon Gould is getting more like a policeman every day. He fired a shot from a revolver at the Columbia sophomores who were trying to haze him this afternoon and missed the whole bunch.

Kingdon is one of the athletic sons of George Gould. He is in his first year in the Columbia College of Mines and a tremendous favorite with his classmates, who have elected him President of the Delta Kappa Epsilon. But because of the prominence of his father and his rather independent way, he has been picked out by the sophomores as a sort of an easy mark.

About a week ago a gang of sophomores swooped down upon him on the college grounds with the intention of having fun with him. He waited until he could see the pimple on their chins and then drew from his pocket a shining object, which he caressed tenderly. The sophomores rushed stopped with a unanimous grunt.

"He has a gun," howled the leader. The Gould youth said later that what his tormentors thought was a gun was really a mineralogical hammer. This put the laugh on the sophomores and they determined to get even.

Leaving the School of Mines this afternoon Kingdon started for the fraternity house in One Hundred and Thirtieth street, between Amsterdam avenue and the Bowery. As one hundred and thirty-five street five sophomores started after him howling like Indians.

Gould ran a block and a half when he saw that his pursuers were gaining. He drew a stand and drew a revolver. "Keep away from me," he cried, "or I'll shoot."

POLICEMAN IS INDICTED

Grand Jury Returns a True Bill Against Joseph Lang, of the Charles Street Station, on the Testimony of a Thief.

As the result of District-Attorney Jerome's investigation into the alleged relations between Policeman Joseph Lang and the Charles street station, and James, alias "Lefty" Doyle, a professional thief, Lang was indicted by the Grand Jury this afternoon, and later arrested on a bench warrant issued by Recorder Goff. The warrant was served by one of Mr. Jerome's detectives on Lang, while he was on duty at the corner of Seventeenth street and Ninth avenue.

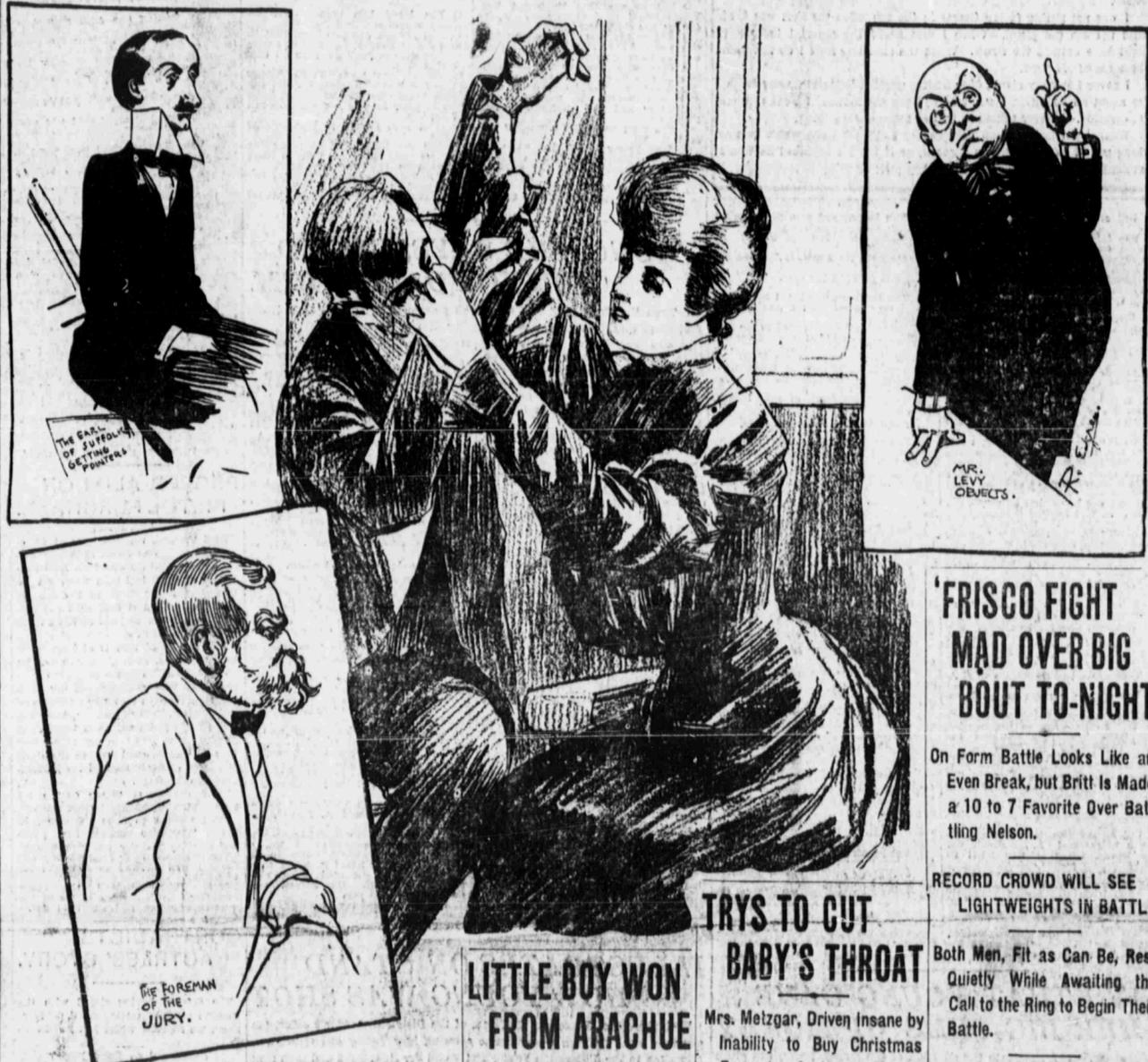
The arrest of Lang is the result of a "sneak" by Doyle after his own arrest on a charge of larceny.

The story as revealed by Mr. Jerome is as follows: A wealthy Westerner named Pritchard came to New York and met one Dora Havens, a street girl and friend of Doyle. On the evening of June 18 last, the girl and Pritchard were in a saloon on Seventh avenue together. Pritchard had \$2,500 with him. It is alleged that Doyle got into the party for the purpose of separating Pritchard from his roll.

Pritchard finally became suspicious of Doyle and there was a row, during which Lang, then attached to the West Thirtieth street station, came in and arrested Pritchard for being drunk and disorderly. At the station-house Pritchard complained that he had been robbed of the \$2,500. He made such a row about the money that it was mysterious why he was not taken to the station-house some days later—that he \$2,500 of it was. The other \$500 he never did get back.

It was not believed that Mr. Jerome would take any cognizance of Doyle's case until the indictment was returned to-day. Lang was said as a sheet when brought downtown. He was taken before Recorder Goff and held in \$5,000 bail for trial. He was unable to get bail and was obliged to go to the Tombs.

STRUGGLE IN THE CAB ACTED IN COURT BY NAN PATTERSON—NOTABLES AT THE TRIAL.



FRISCO FIGHT MAD OVER BIG BOUT TO-NIGHT

On Form Battle Looks Like an Even Break, but Britt Is Made a 10 to 7 Favorite Over Battling Nelson.

(Special to The Evening World.) SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—None of the recent fights in San Francisco attracted the attention that the Britt-Nelson contest, scheduled for to-night, is creating. San Francisco is light crazy. Although all of those directly interested in the outcome admit that on form the battle looks to be an even break, Britt has been made the favorite at odds of 10 to 7.

There is plenty of Nelson money, although Britt is a son of San Francisco and the Dane is to some extent an alien in these parts. But Nelson's showing in his fights on the coast has been of a character to make hosts of friends for him. The decisive way in which he polished off Young Corbett recently established him in the front rank of champions.

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Saloon-Keeper Shot One, Got Another, but Third Escaped.

(Special to The Evening World.) CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 20.—James Carroll, a saloon-keeper, was warned that his saloon was to be robbed. With James Lewis, a friend, he stationed himself in the place and awaited developments. About 1 o'clock this morning a shutter was pulled off and three negroes entered the barroom.

Carroll immediately opened fire and one man fell, shot through the eye, one escaped, while the third was captured. The wounded man is Ernest Baker, thirty-one years old. The bullet entered his brain and he will probably die. Frank Johnson is the other prisoner.

Little Boy Beats Arachue.

Federal was the choice in the fourth race, which Kowledge the second choice. Kowledge raced into the lead and opened up a gap of half a dozen lengths in the first quarter. The jockey then took him where he never let go of him after that, and it was the tawdry race seen on the race track during this meeting. Little boy, who had been close up all the way, went to the front in the stretch, and won in a drive by half a length from Arachue, who was two lengths in front of Kowledge.

Lord Tennyson a Winner.

Brooklyn, Cataline and Hymettus were the early pacemakers. Brooklyn led into the stretch, followed by Hymettus and Lord Tennyson. In the run Lord Tennyson went to the front and won by a length and a half from Brooklyn, who has half a length in front of Cataline.

Telescope Breezed In.

Telescope, was an overwhelming favorite in the second race, and it was little more than a breeze. He won by a length and half from Mayor Johnson in 1:41.3, breaking good time, considering that the race was run on the outside all the way. Frontenac was third, half a length away.

High Wind Is a Drive.

High Wind, Terns Rod and Jungle Imp were all well played in the third race. The first two fought it out, but Jungle Imp could not go in the hard track and was badly beaten. Monteback made the early running followed by High Wind and Jungle Imp, an

EVENING WORLD RACE CHART

23D DAY AT NEW ORLEANS. TRACK FAST.

New Orleans charts are indexed from first race.

Index	Horse	Jockey	Wt.	St.	1/4	1/2	3/4	1 Mile	Open.	Clos.	Pl.	Sh.
133	Antimony	H. Phillips	107	8	44	24	14	11	2-3	2-3	1-5	0-10
134	Telescope	W. Robbins	102	2	21	12	12	12	3	11-2	3-3	1-6
135	High Wind	Gannon	110	2	21	14	15	15	2-3	2-3	1-5	1-3
136	Little Boy	W. Robbins	97	3	18	10	10	10	2-3	2-3	1-5	1-3
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139	Telescope	W. Robbins	102	2	21	12	12	12	3	11-2	3-3	1-6
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LITTLE BOY WON FROM ARACHUE

After Getting Away Badly Phillips Takes the Horse Around His Field and by Clever Handling Lands Him a Winner.

(Special to The Evening World.) NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 20.—Fine racing weather prevailed here this afternoon, and the track was in better shape than it has been at any time since the running of the inaugural handicap on the opening day. Racegoers are heartily glad to get rid of the path, but the riders still stick to it, probably from force of habit.

The card offered was a very good one to-day, all of the fields being well balanced, and as a consequence rattling good contests were expected.

The attendance was fully up to the average, and the twenty-six bookies handling chalk were given all the business they could wish for.

Antimony Won Easily.

Balance All and Antimony were the best-played horses in the first race and they had the race between them. Balance All had the most speed, but he was out into the lead, followed by Mrs. Rob and Antimony. The latter gradually closed ground and, once in the stretch, went to the front and won easily by three lengths from Balance All, who beat Mrs. Bob a length.

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Telescope, was an overwhelming favorite in the second race, and it was little more than a breeze. He won by a length and half from Mayor Johnson in 1:41.3, breaking good time, considering that the race was run on the outside all the way. Frontenac was third, half a length away.

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