



OPEN AND SHUT GAME.

HARDY CLOSES A POOLROOM WHICH SOON RESUMES.

PARAPHERNALIA SET UP AGAIN HALF A MILE DISTANT, AND GAMBLING GOES ON AS BEFORE—POLICE CAPTAIN WON'T BELIEVE IT.

Step up and make your bets, gent! Closing at Saratoga. Get your money on. They're at the post at Delmar. Step up and make your bets. They both win.

Captain Hardy told a Tribune reporter yesterday that he had closed the poolrooms at Maspeth, Long Island, yet that is what the reporter heard at Columbia Hall, in Metropolitan-ave., two squares from Flushing-ave., Maspeth, Borough of Queens, at about 3:30 p. m. the same afternoon. The poolroom in Columbia Hall was "Mike Minden's place." It had moved there from Feldman's Queens County Park about an hour or two before.

About 1 p. m. Captain Hardy, with six policemen, left the Seventy-seventh Precinct station in Newtown, with the expressed intention of closing the poolrooms in Maspeth—if there were any there. The location of the poolrooms was accurately described in this morning's Tribune, and, though Captain Hardy had been able to walk around them without discovering them on Tuesday, he was compelled to find them yesterday. He went directly to "Mike Minden's place" in Feldman's Queens County Park.

It was nearly 2 o'clock when Captain Hardy reached the place, and about five hundred men were there before him, waiting for the betting to be posted for the first race. Racing charts were hanging on the walls, and the cashiers, sheet writers and telegraph operators were in their cage ready for the day's work. Some of the patrons of the place were comparing the past performances of the horses named to start, some were figuring out combinations and some were posting bets on future races. Captain Hardy walked in and saw only a large number of men sweltering in a low celled room, gathered as though by accident and staying there because they could not find any of the three doors leading to the open air. He did not see the racing charts. His eyes were blind to the employees.

COMMUNES WITH HIMSELF. Captain Hardy retired to a dark corner and communed with himself. "Why are these men here?" he thought. "Can it be that they are gathered for an evil purpose? Is it possible that they have come to gamble on the horse races?"

"Trillion looks about right for the first Saratoga," said a man near Captain Hardy to a friend.

"Mr. Stoffel for me," answered the friend. Captain Hardy called his six satellites to him. "Why do you suppose these men are here?" he asked.

His satellites shook their heads in ignorance. They could not imagine. "I don't think they mean anything wrong, but I suppose we had better send them home," said Captain Hardy, "or some reckless spirit might offer to gamble."

Thereupon the poolroom was cleared. No arrests were made. Captain Hardy said it was not a raid. The employees of the place gathered up their racing charts and other paraphernalia and started in the direction of Long Island City. They did not go far, however. They soon turned and went to Columbia Hall, about half a mile from Feldman's Park. There a hastily rigged up poolroom was started in full blast.

Captain Hardy says that he also cleared out the Germania Club, in Germania Park, yesterday. If he did the work was not done so that a discerning man riding by Germania Park on the Flushing-ave. cars would notice it. The Germania Club was running. The only difference between yesterday and Tuesday was that there was discretion used in the admission of bettors. A large man, with a determined looking mouth and a square chin, stood at the door in his shirt-sleeves prevented the entrance of all who could not pass his critical inspection.

Most of those who were turned away went to "Mike Minden's place," for the news of its closing had not spread. There they found in Mr. Feldman's liquor store a red headed barkeeper sitting at a round table and reading a newspaper. He did not read very rapidly, as he was kept busy saying, "Nothing doing, boys." Usually following the barkeeper's statement. "Don't know. They all left this afternoon." "Where did they go?" "Don't know. They went toward Metropolitan-ave. Maybe they went to any poolroom there, just a lot of men standing around. I told you yesterday there weren't any poolrooms in Maspeth."

DISAPPOINTED CROWD. A crowd collected in Flushing-ave. at the little street that leads to Feldman's park. The crowd collected constantly. Men go off to the cars and joined it, and after a few questions and disappointed remarks drifted away to have their places taken by others. Then a man with a sandy mustache and without a coat came along Flushing-ave. from Metropolitan-ave. There were expressions of relief from the crowd. "He works there," they said. The man directed the crowd to Columbia Hall, where Mike Minden's place was located. The man went there and found all the betting they wanted.

The Tribune reporter went to see Captain Hardy. "I hear you have made a raid," he said to the captain. "No," replied the captain. "There wasn't any raid. We went to Feldman's and sent the people home. But there wasn't any poolroom there, just a lot of men standing around. I told you yesterday there weren't any poolrooms in Maspeth."

"The Germania Club is running to-day," said the reporter. "No, it isn't," said Captain Hardy. "You just think it is. I was there, too. Nothing doing. The place was closed. There were Mike Minden's place moved to."

"There isn't anything there." "Do you know where Columbia Hall is?" "No, never heard of it before."

"Well, if you go there you'll find Mike Minden's place there running full time and crowded to the doors."

"I won't go. There's nothing there. I've been over this precinct to-day, and there isn't a poolroom in it."

MOSS UNEARTH A PLOT. POLICE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIS DETECTIVES ACCUSED OF ANY CRIME.

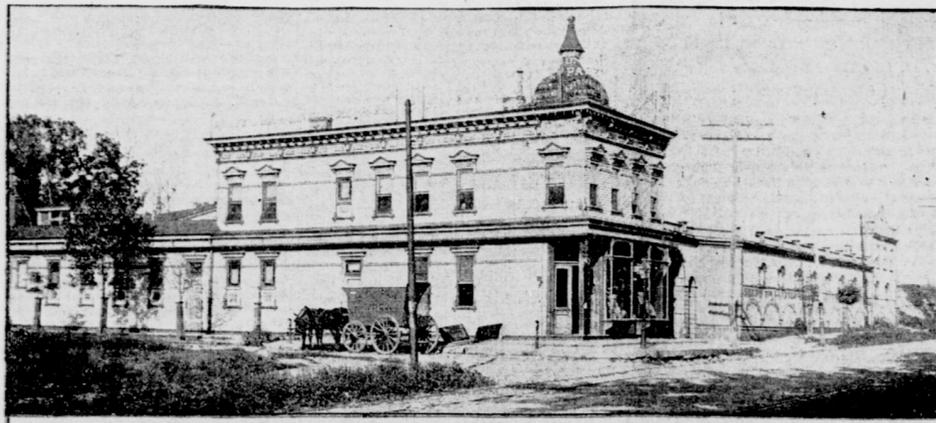
Frank Moss said yesterday he had positive information that the Police Department had employed a detective agency in this city to shadow two of its detectives working for the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The instructions given to the detective agency, said Mr. Moss, were to work up a case, so that the society's detectives would be arrested and charged with any crime that would discredit them before the public. Blackmail or extortion was the charge the Police Department preferred to be made.

Mr. Moss said he had been kept informed of the progress of the department's work, and that it was his intention to have the arrests of the society's men made this week, but he hoped he had frustrated the plan. He declared that he was fully prepared to protect his men in any emergency.

SHERIFF ENJOINED; POOLROOM OPEN. Cincinnati, Aug. 28 (Special).—Judge Brown, of the Campbell County (Ky.) Circuit Court, issued two injunctions against Sheriff Miller of that county this afternoon, restraining him from further work up a case, so that the society's detectives would be arrested and charged with any crime that would discredit them before the public. Blackmail or extortion was the charge the Police Department preferred to be made.

THE UNION PARK HOTEL.

Violence was used to prevent the photographing of the building.



FELDMAN'S QUEENS COUNTY PARK.

The men entering the door soon came out saying the place was closed.

WAR OFFICE CRITICISED.

BRITISH PAPERS COMMENT FREELY ON CONDUCT OF WAR.

TROUBLE WITH CANADA—JOHN REDMOND'S VISIT—MISS MORTON'S ENGAGEMENT.

(Copyright, 1901, by The New-York Tribune.)

London, Aug. 29, 1 a. m.—Extremes meet in criticism of the War Office's methods. The pro-Ber journal magnify the importance of petty reverses in Cape Colony, and reproach the government for distorting and suppressing essential facts in the military situation, and misleading the country through silly optimism. Military critics consider that the blunders committed in sending out reinforcements to the Imperial yeomanry without adequate medical examination is utterly inexcusable during the closing period of the campaign, and a stanch Imperialist journal like "The St. James's Gazette" is unable to understand why the government refused the offer of the Canadian Government to raise a regiment of mounted men for hunting down the guerrillas, nor why preliminaries were not arranged between the War Office and Ottawa, and an unpleasant impasse avoided.

The War Office has become a most unpopular institution in England, and is forced to bear the brunt of the increasing sense of public irritation and discontent. It has not been suspected here that there was any friction between the War Office and Canada respecting the command of the fresh contingent of mounted men. Why the matter was not settled when the half-dozen members of the Canadian Government were here during the summer is not understood. The press censorship is not a new grievance, and it does not explain the prevailing ignorance respecting the military operations in Cape Colony districts, where small bands of Boers have been hiding and looting. These sections are so far removed from the railway that it is impossible for press agents to collect accurate information.

Despite the pessimistic feeling expressed by many journals, it is fairly certain that the British are slowly gaining ground. The war will not end under the limitations of Lord Kitchener's proclamation in the middle of September, but the pacification of the most important districts will be undertaken in earnest around Johannesburg, Pretoria and Bloemfontein through a revival of mining and agricultural industries.

Just as Viakfontein was on the point of being forgotten, the news comes that at Graspan, near Rietz, on June 6, three British soldiers were murdered by the Boers. There cannot be any attempt to justify such barbarous methods of conducting warfare, but Lord Kitchener's announcement is discredited by some of the extreme Radicals, pending an examination of the evidence on which it has been issued.

While there is general approval this morning of the instructions sent by cable by William St. John Brodrick to Lord Kitchener, the pro-Ber "Daily News" maintains that the proposal to hold an entire commando responsible for an act which may be due to a mistake or to the insubordination of one or two men is altogether indefensible. "The Chronicle," which is a supporter of Lord Rosebery, counsels caution, and recommends to Lord Kitchener to consider carefully the terms suggested by the War Secretary before embodying them in a proclamation. Apparently the representatives of the Boer cause in Europe are still persisting in their efforts to persuade the great powers to move in their behalf.

It is reported from Brussels that a journey of Dr. Leyds to Paris is closely connected with Mr. Krüger's desire to obtain an audience of the Czar during his stay in France, and "The Mail" is convinced that at the meeting which will take place on September 10 between the Czar and the Kaiser the circumstances of the Boer war will be gravely discussed.

John Redmond and Michael Davitt are making a journey to America for the purpose of reviving interest there in the Nationalist cause. They will assert that substantial progress has been made by the United Irish party during the last session of Parliament. Certainly no ground has been lost.

Ex-Governor Morton, of New-York, who is spending the summer at Virginia Water, on the edge of Windsor Forest, will leave one of his daughters behind him when he sails for America. The engagement is announced to-day of Miss Helen Morton to Count Bosen de Périgord, the second son of the Duc de Talleyrand and Sagan. The marriage will take place in the autumn, and probably in London, rather than Paris or New-York, since Governor Morton and his family are here. Count Bosen de Périgord has served his time in the French army. He lives at Paris, and has estates in Germany and Algeria, and is about thirty-four years old. His brother, who is heir to the title of Duc de Talleyrand-Périgord and Sagan is forty-two years old and unmarried. The family is one of the oldest in France, dating back nearly to the time of Charlemagne. I. N. F.

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MURDER OVER A DOG FIGHT. RICHMOND MAN'S DEFENCE OF TERRIER COSTS HIM HIS LIFE. (BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.) Richmond, Va., Aug. 28.—William G. Berry's love for his handsome white terrier cost him his life here to-day. He was shot and killed by W. D. Hicks, a railroad watchman, in a difficulty growing out of a dog fight, in which his terrier was worsted.

Berry and a friend were driving through the railroad yard, when a car started out from where Hicks was standing and pounced upon the terrier. Berry, devoted to his dog and believing the watchman had caused the fight, sprang out of his buggy, knocked Hicks down with a brick and was beating him, when the latter, lying under Berry, drew his pistol and fired four shots into him. Berry lived only a few hours. The coroner's jury exonerated Hicks and he was hailed.

SHORTAGE IN NEW-ORLEANS POSTOFFICE.

SUIT TO RECOVER \$4,000 BROUGHT AGAINST BONDSMEN.

THE DOG PULLS THE TRIGGER.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.) New-Orleans, Aug. 28.—Suit was filed in the United States Court here to-day against Edgar Hincks, superintendent of the money order department of the New-Orleans Postoffice, and against the bondsmen of the late Colonel J. P. G. Pitkin. The action is for a shortage of about \$4,000 in the money order department of the Postoffice, discovered some months ago. The shortage was never explained other than that a pocket containing the cash vanished from the superintendent's desk. Pitkin committed suicide on July 4. His bond, aggregating \$50,000, was headed by J. D. Malley, Editor of the New-Orleans Item. In the sum of \$50,000, Hincks's bond is signed by the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 28.—Paul Denucci, a bottler, owes his death this afternoon to a Scotch collie dog. Mr. Denucci, in company with his son, Carlino, Angelo Ferand and Joseph Critosi, a marble importer, of No. 248 Tenth-ave., Manhattan, went out to hunt doves. They started a flock near the Elkwood Park Road, at Branchport. Denucci got out, but the birds had changed their positions. With cocked gun, he boarded the wagon. He carelessly placed the gun across his knee.

His Scotch collie dog got his paw on the trigger and the gun was discharged, the load entering Denucci's breast. He died almost instantly.

MANHANSSET HOUSE, SHELTER ISLAND. Open until September 15th, and later if business warrants. Golfing, shooting, fishing. Advt.

BOOM PHILBIN FOR MAYOR.

FRIENDS SAY HE WOULD NOT TAKE DISTRICT ATTORNEYSHIP AGAIN.

HIS NAME TO BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED IN ANTI-TAMMANY CONFERENCE—TALK OF JEROME FOR THE COUNTY TICKET.

GERMANIA PARK.

Group just of trolley car entering.

Who are the warrants for? the sergeant in charge asked.

"Never mind. Give me two detectives in plain clothes, and I'll show you," Sanford replied.

He was told the plain clothes men were all out on precinct duty. He insisted that two uniformed men be put in citizen's clothes and sent with him. This was done, and Policemen Conboy and Garvin were detailed. They all entered a carriage and drove to the Webster Hotel. Three women, dressed in loose wrappers, were sitting on the front porch. They accosted Sanford and the detectives familiarly when they alighted. Two of the women were named in the warrants, and they were arrested. In the mean time one of the detectives had gone into the house and back into a rear room. Here he saw a short, stout man, with gray mustache, sitting talking to a young woman, who answered to the name of Minnie.

"Are you one of the plain clothes men?" asked this was the detective.

"No, I am not," was the response, "but who are you?"

"I'm Captain Gannon," came the ready answer. "I'm here to see what's going on. They must be after me now."

Mr. Sanford then introduced himself.

"This is a respectable house," began Captain Gannon. "This is a quiet and orderly place, and it's a shame that it should be thus raided. It is always run quietly and respectfully, and the proprietress of this house is a very sick woman. This is a quiet place."

"What's the evidence against you, Captain Gannon?" replied Mr. Sanford.

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A STEAMBOAT BLOWN UP

TEN PEOPLE KILLED AND OVER A SCORE INJURED.

THE BOILER OF THE CITY OF TRENTON EXPLODES IN THE DELAWARE RIVER NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 28.—While the steamboat City of Trenton, of the Wilmington Steamboat Company, was on her way from this city to Trenton, N. J., this afternoon, her port boiler exploded, killing ten persons and injuring over a score of others. Four passengers are missing, but as many sustained slight injuries it is thought the missing may be among those who did not find it necessary to go to the hospitals.

THE DEAD.

THE MISSING.

INJURED, SCALDED AND BURNED.

After the explosion the boat took fire and ran aground. To-night she lies, a wrecked and blackened hulk, on the marshes of Torresdale, sixteen miles above this city. Her hold is filled with water, and it is feared that more of her passengers and crew may be found in the bottom of the boat when the water is pumped out.

A boat belonging to the Police Department is anchored a short distance from the wreck, pumping out the water, and members of the police force are on shore ready to send any bodies that may be recovered to the morgue in this city.

The City of Trenton makes daily trips between Philadelphia and Trenton, stopping at Burlington, N. J., Bristol, Penn., and other points on the way. She left the company's wharf at 1:45 o'clock this afternoon, fifteen minutes behind her schedule time. Her passenger list was lighter than usual, and she carried little freight. The vessel was in charge of Captain W. A. Worrell. The other officers were Edward Curry, pilot; J. W. Vandervere, mate; Edward Murphy, chief engineer; J. D. Chew, assistant engineer, and Clayton Reynolds, purser. There were about twelve firemen and deckhands aboard.

TWO EXPLOSIONS OCCURRED.

Nothing of moment occurred until the boat reached Torresdale. At a point opposite what is known as the Harrison Mansion, fronting the Delaware River at this suburban resort, the steamship connecting with the port boiler burst with a loud report. The forward portion of the upper deck was well filled with passengers, while many others were in the cabin. Before any of the passengers or employees had an opportunity of seeking places of safety, another explosion occurred, and this time the port boiler was rent in twain. Scalding steam and water poured into the cabin, and sections of the woodwork of the boat were torn away by the force of the explosion. Those of the passengers who were not seamed and scarred by the scalding steam and boiling water were struck by the flying portions of the splintered cabin. Legs and arms were broken and faces and bodies parboiled. The screams of the injured could be heard on shore, and the cries of those who leaped and were blown into the river were heartrending.

So great was the force of the explosion that a piano in the upper drawing room of the boat was hurled many feet across the river. This proved a fortunate circumstance for many of the injured passengers. Thrown into the water, injured and otherwise, they were rescued, fallen into shallow water, until rescued.

When the explosions occurred the mate and the pilot were in the pilot house. Both were hurled with terrific force from the little enclosure, and the wheel, for some unaccountable reason, began revolving with lightning rapidity. As a result of this, the rudder turned the bow of the boat toward shore, and she quickly ran aground, fastening herself in the mud.

THE WRECK TAKES FIRE.

By this time the vessel had caught fire, and the passengers who were still aboard were compelled to leap for their lives. Fortunately, the water was not more than four feet deep, and many were able to wade ashore. Some, however, who were too seriously injured to help themselves, were rescued by members of the boat clubs whose houses line the river front at this point.

The captain and crew of the boat conducted themselves like heroes. They gave all the assistance possible to the injured, and Captain Worrell was the last man to leave the boat. All the seriously injured were hastily conveyed to the hospital at the House of Correction at Holmesburg, about three miles below Torresdale.

As soon as possible word was sent to this city for the police boats Samuel H. Ashbridge and Edwin S. Stuart and the emergency corps of doctors. The two police boats rendered effective service in extinguishing the flames, which were fast consuming the boat, and in caring for the injured. The physicians and surgeons of the emergency corps assisted in relieving the sufferings of the injured.

The scenes in the House of Correction Hospital were pitiable. Men and women with their flesh hanging from their limbs and bodies bore their sufferings like stoics, and some even smiled while the doctors bathed the raw and bleeding flesh with cooling lotions.

A few minutes after the explosion occurred two steamers, the Fannie and the Columbia, on their way up the river, stopped and offered assistance, but the injured had all been cared for, and the boats proceeded to their destination.

None of the injured were able to give an intelligible account of the disaster. Chief Engineer Murphy, who was on watch when the accident happened, reported to the officials

GOT A CAPTAIN IN A RAID.

GANNON, OF EAST TWENTY-SECOND-ST., FOUND IN WEBSTER HOTEL.

ATTACK LED BY AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY—GANNON DEFENDS THE PLACE.

On warrants issued yesterday by Justice Jerome, raids were made on two alleged disorderly houses last night, the raiding parties being headed by Assistant District Attorneys Sanford and Garvan. The first and more important place visited was the Webster Hotel, a Raines Law place, at No. 140 East Fifteenth-st. To this Assistant District Attorney Sanford led the way. The other place was an alleged disorderly house at No. 96 Cherry-st.

The raid on the Webster Hotel, which stands directly back of Tony Pastor's Theatre, was the result of a letter written last May to Captain Gannon and signed by thirty-two business men. It protested against the condition of affairs in the house. Later a copy of this letter was sent to Justice Jerome, and the complaint was made that no attention had been paid to it by Captain Gannon. While the warrants were being served the house was found in the back room of the hotel. He said he had observed the detectives going to the place, and wanted to see what was going on. He declared the house to be a respectable one, and said it was an outrage to make a raid on it.

About 10 o'clock Assistant District Attorney Sanford, with two detectives from the District Attorney's office, asked for two plain clothes men at the East Twenty-second-st. police station.

"Who are the warrants for?" the sergeant in charge asked.

"Never mind. Give me two detectives in plain clothes, and I'll show you," Sanford replied.

He was told the plain clothes men were all out on precinct duty. He insisted that two uniformed men be put in citizen's clothes and sent with him. This was done, and Policemen Conboy and Garvin were detailed. They all entered a carriage and drove to the Webster Hotel. Three women, dressed in loose wrappers, were sitting on the front porch. They accosted Sanford and the detectives familiarly when they alighted. Two of the women were named in the warrants, and they were arrested. In the mean time one of the detectives had gone into the house and back into a rear room. Here he saw a short, stout man, with gray mustache, sitting talking to a young woman, who answered to the name of Minnie.

"Are you one of the plain clothes men?" asked this was the detective.

"No, I am not," was the response, "but who are you?"

"I'm Captain Gannon," came the ready answer. "I'm here to see what's going on. They must be after me now."

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"This is a respectable house," began Captain Gannon. "This is a quiet and orderly place, and it's a shame that it should be thus raided. It is always run quietly and respectfully, and the proprietress of this house is a very sick woman. This is a quiet place."

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"I saw the plain clothes men coming here, so I came too," went on the captain. "I was in the rear in Tony Pastor's Theatre. From it came strains of music."

"Now, listen to that," commented Captain Gannon. "There's the nuisance for you. That's the place that ought to be raided."

The further attention was paid to the commander of the East Twenty-second-st. station.

Justice Jerome had the nuisance daily in custody the alleged proprietor said she did not like to have the neighbors see her.

"Look out the windows, Minnie," Captain Gannon is alleged to have commented, "and see if there is anybody about."

"I'm running this matter," said Mr. Sanford testily.

At the station the two women gave their names as Lizzie Mack, the alleged proprietor, and Catherine Brown, the housekeeper. Both were bailed out in a few minutes by Jacob Wolf of No. 11 Delancey-st., in the sum of \$500 each.

About the time this was going on Assistant District Attorney Garvan went to No. 96 Cherry-st. with Detectives Hill and Oak-st. station, the precinct in charge of Captain Vandervere. There Anton Lafurio was arrested, charged with running a disorderly house. He was locked up, and had not been bailed out at a late hour. Mr. Garvan called at the station before making the raid and asked for the captain. He showed him the warrant and the detective was furnished without any comment with the complaint of which Captain Gannon took no notice was sent to Justice Jerome on August 14, with the following:

It is impossible with the united efforts of the people on the two blocks between Third and Fourth streets, with Detectives Hill and Oak-st. station, and nightly of low women openly soliciting on the streets. We appeal to you. We believe you have the will and power to mitigate perpetually this outrage and nuisance. We place the matter in your hands, and fervently pray you for the relief which we have been unable to obtain from Captain Gannon and the police under his control.

This communication was signed by the thirty-two persons who attached their names to the complaint.