A RECEPTION TO MITCHELL.

HE IS MET DOWN THE BAY BY UNITED STATES OFFICIALS,

Who Attempt to Detain Him on the Charge of Being an ex-Convict—The Officials Outwitted by a Clever Legal Trick and the Pugilist Lands—A Meeting Between Brady and Mitchell—Corbett's Forfeit To Be Covered by Mitchell To-day.

To a Britisher or to a graduate of the Godkin school of patriotism, the manner of the arrival of the English bruiser, Charley Mitchell, upon American soil yesterday will be a source of the highest entertainment and amusement. To the plain American citizen, who believes in the firmness and dignity of Uncle Sam, the manner of that arrival will seem to be anything but amusing, in fact something to blush about. "There are a good many things about this country that are queer, you know," observed Mitchell, with an air of patronage that would have done credit to the dullest and valnest human being in the world, "but I like it rather, you know." Mitchell had not got thoroughly acquainted with our Bureau of Immigration when he said this or his patronizing air would have been even more pronounced. This is the story of what the Immigration Bureau did:

A few days ago Superintendent W. D. Owen sent to Major George G. Wanzer, chief of the quarantine division of the Immigration Bureau, a note saying that it was reported that a certain Charles Mitchell, who had been convicted of a misdemeanor, would try to land from the White Star steamer Majestic, and that it would be wise to look into his case and to see if he were not a person to be excluded under the United States law. The law to which the astute Commissioner referred sets forth that no alien immigrant shall be admitted if he has been convicted of felony or other nefarious crime or misdemeanor, involving moral turpitude. This law applies, so Col. Weber has always construed it, only to persons intending to make this country their home, and not to tourists or persons merely visiting America with no idea of remaining.

Acting upon this, Major Wanzer and two immigration inspectors boarded the Majestic at Quarantine yesterday morning and established a sort of informal guard over Mitchell. Of course they could not arrest him so long as he remained upon the steamer, as that is British soil. But they told him that they would have to prevent him from landing. Major Wanzer hardly put it that strongly. He did not know what to do, whether under the law he could detain Mitchell or not. He wanted Mitchell to go over to Ellis Island and have a talk with Col. Weber. But Mitchell declined the invitation, or at least said he would not accept or decline until he had got advice from lawyers in New York.

When the Majestic got to her dock Mitchell sent for Howe & Hummel. The whole office came down—Mr. Hummel, Mr. Howe, Mr. Moss, Mr. Durant. They soon decided upon a course of action. Mr. Hummel at once grasped the vacillating and uncertain state of Wanzer's mind and admitted him to the consultation. Apparently it was not as the custodian of a United States prisoner that Major Wanzer was acting, but as a friend of Mitchell, planning how best to get him out of his difficulty.

CHARLEY MITCHELL.

While Mitchell sat in the cabin, drinking champagne and smiling upon a group of his admirers, the lawyers went before Justice Andrews of the Supreme Court and got a writ of habeas corpus. They had this ready for service before Wanzer had made any attempt to prevent the landing of Mitchell, and before any one could officially know that any such attempt would be made. Mr. Durant hurried down to the pier with the writ, and then the friendly Wanzer, who had been impatiently awaiting his arrival, formally attempted to detain the convict, and was formally served with the writ. It was as amusing as a scene in Gilbert's best style. The English persons, Mitchell and his friends, and the lawyers and Wanzer were themselves amused, which is bad form in actors in a comedy, who ought to be serious and let the spectators laugh.

Mitchell and his friendly custodian and his friends from England were borne in carriages to the Court House, and at 2 o'clock appeared before Justice Andrews, who was a not very good-humored contributor to the fun of the last scene of this farce. Mr. Howe arose and said: "May it please your Honor, Major Wanzer has brought here upon your writ the person of this English gentleman, who is detained because he was imprisoned for a slight offence in England. He is a gentleman of great wealth, travelling for amusement. There is no charge that he is unable to support himself or is liable to become a public charge. He was convicted of an offence which the Duke of Devonshire or a Whitechapel peddler might have committed, and, for so doing, according to the theory of this detention, might be prevented from landing here."

Mr. Howe then read the letter from Superintendent Owen. "As your Honor sees, there is no just ground for detaining this man, and we ask that he be let go."

Justice Andrews made some comment upon the informality of the proceedings, and upon the insufficient ground of detaining Mitchell, "if," said he, "this letter is the only authority. But is there no counsel for the other side? Is the United States not represented?"

"There is none," said Mr. Howe. "Then he apologized for saying that. "I think there is none," he added, "and silence gives assent."

"You seem to be counsel for both sides in this case," said the Justice.

"Yes, sir," blushed Mr. Howe.

Major Wanzer sat combing his long whiskers with his fingers and looking much dazed.

"Is there nobody to speak for the other side?"

"No one," said Mr. Howe, "unless Major Wanzer, my friend here, has something to say."

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the Justice of Wanzer.

"Nothing-nothing," stammered Wanzer, getting on his feet, but not losing his grip upon his beard, "except that—that——" and he rambled about the letter and the law and Mr. Owen and Col. Weber.

"What is your opinion of the detention?" asked the Justice in a sort of desperation at being able to get hold of nothing in the case.

"I don't know" said Wanzer, "but I think—that is—my opinion is—that is—I think that there is no ground for detaining Mitchell."

"Then Mitchell is dismissed," said the Justice.

An amused smile ran around among Mitchell's friends, and one of them said: "What sort of a country is this, any way? Why did they make all this fuss that came to nothing?"

And that was all there was to it. Mitchell and his friends drove away in triumph and Wanzer and his inspectors went back to Ellis Island. As to his reasons for making the feeble fiasco, Col. Weber said:

"The words 'alien immigrant' have been decided by the courts to mean one who has come here to make a permanent residence. The law against the landing of criminals and insane paupers and the like applies only to immigrants and not to tourists. In one case I had to let a murderer in because he said he was a tourist."

With this understanding of the law in Col. Weber's mind, it is not easy to see why he even attempted to detain Mitchell, who, as every one knows, has no idea of becoming a resident of this country or, indeed, of lingering here any longer than is absolutely necessary for his purpose. Once the mistake of the attempted detention was made, there seems to be no explanation of why the United States Government was made such a pitiful spectacle as Major Wanzer made of it by appearing without lawyer and no line of defence for his action in arresting Mitchell.

Aside from the attentions he got from the Government, Mitchell's arrival was not much for him to boast of. Although he was in the dining saloon of the Majestic for several hours, and could have been seen by any one with the curiosity to look at the foremost and most notorious of English prize fighters, no one worthy of note came to see him. A few disreputable looking persons, of no credit even in the most obscure sporting circles, came and sat down and stared with open mouths. Jim Robinson, the ex-trainer at the Manhattan Athletic Club, was there, but he took good care to explain, "I didn't come down to see Mitchell. I had other business, and, as I knew him, stopped to speak to him."

Mitchell was in an excellent humor, however, because he was getting notoriety, thanks to the stupidity of the Immigration Bureau. He was dressed in a blue suit with a colored waistcoat. This was cut low enough to show a large pearl and diamond stud in his shirt front. His collar was loose and had a wide flare in front. He wore a cheap made-up tie. In fact, he was very conspicuously clad, the only ostentation of vulgarity being the big stud and two flashing rings upon his strong, broad hands. One would have said that he weighed about 180 pounds, but he said that he weighed over 200. It is hard to tell much about shoulders and arm muscles when a man is in street clothing. But about the shoulders and sleeves of Mitchell's coat there was a bulging and fullness that suggested the great strength that is really his.

Mitchell speaks the English language with the usual English accent, but with a disregard of its grammar that is seldom found even among the cabmen and servants and policemen of London. He was reminiscent of his prison experiences, but was especially delighted with the way he looked when he got out. "I had not had a look at myself all the time I was in," said he. "I knew I had grown hair, but I did not know what kind. I had a moustache, and the worst twist on my chin you ever saw. Tony says to me, says he: 'Charley, you looks like——'" but it is not necessary to repeat the blasphemous comparison, which tickled Mitchell so that he could hardly stop laughing at memory of it. "I let 'em all see me," he went on, "and then I wrung my face," which probably meant that he took a clean shave. Of his friend Baird, who will come into this story later on, he said: "'Squire Abington' has the finest stable of any man that ever drew breath, the finest of any man that ever breathed. He is a good rider. He—a gentleman rider, you know. Perhaps you don't understand what a gentleman rider is. A gentleman rider is an amateur rider, not a professional; do you understand me?"

While he was explaining on what ground his friend, Squire Abington, deserved to be called a gentleman, a small, sneaky-looking boy with brown eyes, who had been gradually edging up to the table, leaned over and said:

"Is this Mr. Charles Mitchell?"

"Yes," said Mitchell. "What is it?"

"I hereby serve this summons upon you," mumbled the boy, throwing a paper into the bend of Mitchell's arm and skurrying away like a thief.

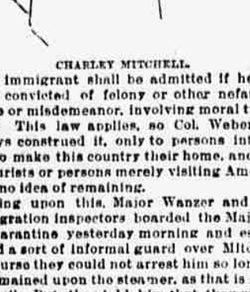
"Good Gawd!" says Mitchell. "What's this now?"

He opened the paper, and found that it was a service in a suit brought against him by a Western private detective, a foxy old person named John T. Norris. Norris wants $200, with interest from December, 1891, for services as a private detective in guarding Mitchell on his Southern tour in the fall of '91.

"Good Gawd," repeated Mitchell, with a few gasps and an attempt to laugh. "I saved his life. I gave you my word. I knocked the pistol down, or he would have been shot. I don't know the fellow, except that he showed us a lot of pictures of criminals on the train one day. I never hired a detective, and I don't owe him anything."

Mr. Moss, who was sitting next him, took the paper away from him and said: "We'll attend to that." But Mitchell kept on talking about it, saying the same thing over and over again. When it was time for him to go ashore and he had gained, he reappeared from his stateroom with a new top hat shining above his good-natured face, and with a gray cape overcoat about his form. In his wake there now appeared the other persons of his party—Bernard Abrahams, his lawyer, a sleek, well-fed young man; Mike Cook, his valet; Bailey, secretary to Baird, and Baird himself.

The cable has already blazoned the fame of George Abington Baird, "Squire Abington," the man with $5,000,000, the owner of the great racing stable, the patron of prize fighters, the friend of Mrs. Langtry. He is tall and slight and stooped. He has reddish hair, that is thin on top of his little round head. He talks of fighting and racing, and such other subjects as come within the natural range of an out-and-out sport. He dresses plainly, and without any of the rings or studs which make brilliant the movements of his principal.



SQUIRE ABINGTON.

MITCHELL AND BRADY MEET.

When the case against Mitchell came to naught the crowd in the court room arose and flocked about the pugilist. Many of those forgot all about court etiquette and put their hats on, but a sharp command of "Hats off!" from a court officer brought all except one to a realization of their surroundings. That person was "Squire Abington," who kept his brown soft hat on his head till the officer cried out, "Take off that hat!" whereupon the Squire quickly pulled off his head covering. The crowd surged out into the street, and Mitchell and his backer were driven to the New York office of the *Boston Globe*. Having escaped the clutches of the law, Mitchell was prepared to engage in the pleasant task of arranging a finish fight with James J. Corbett, America's polished representative of the prize ring. The principals were followed to the place referred to by a large crowd. Mitchell, wearing a heavy gray top coat, took a seat near a window and tried to smile and look pleasant, but he was flushed and apparently annoyed. The Squire occupied a seat near the centre of the room. He had a cramped, uneasy position, and bit his fingernails. There was an embarrassing wait of a few minutes, and then Corbett's bantam-weight manager, William A. Brady, flitted into the room, and took a chair exactly opposite Mitchell. This striking tableau temporarily rallied those present. Finally someone said:

"Mr. Mitchell, do you know Mr. Brady?"

Mitchell smiled superciliously and bowed stiffly. Brady's thin lips parted in a sneer. Brady looked at "Squire Abington" and there were two more stiff nods. At this point the little man who booms Corbett broke the ice by saying:

"Well, Mr. Mitchell, we have $10,000 on deposit, and as soon as you cover it we will begin to talk business."

This was a right-hander full on the nose, and the Englishman, while smarting from the blow, smiled sweetly and inquired with a sarcastic ring in his voice:

"The money must be covered immediately, must it?"

"Certainly, before any business is done," was the rejoinder.

Mitchell hardly anticipated that he would be brought up so roundly. He was clearly annoyed, but said with an air of assumed carelessness:

"The fact is, we are unable to make the deposit at this time, for the reason that our funds are not in shape for immediate handling. However, we will be ready by to-morrow to cover the forfeit."

Brady's little feet nervously tapped the floor.

"What time to-morrow?" he asked.

"Oh, any hour that is convenient," replied Mitchell.

It was suggested that 3 o'clock would do.

"Make it 4 o'clock sharp," said the Squire, those being the first words he had spoken.

"That suits me," said Brady.

Then, turning to Mitchell, he inquired:

"And you will be here at 4 o'clock?"

"Positively," was the reply.

"And bring the $10,000 with you?" queried Brady.

"Why, of course," said Mitchell.

Brady then flitted out, the patter of his feet being heard in the hallway before Mitchell or any of his party had arisen. As Mitchell passed out of the room there was a vengeful gleam in his eye, and he muttered something about "Little Willie," with an unpleasant intonation.

The "celebrities" then drove to the *Police Gazette* office, where Mitchell and the Squire had a social reunion with R. K. Fox. The office was crowded by pugilists and other sporting characters and the juice of the grape flowed like Croton.

An excellent opportunity was there offered to study Mitchell's physical condition, and there can be no question as to its excellence. True, he is in flesh, but his skin is clear, his eye bright, and his movements show that he has lost none of the elasticity and activity for which he is noted.

He says he now weighs 200 pounds and that he would probably enter the ring at 175. Regarding his hands he said that, while they had caused him much trouble, he was confident that by a system of pickling he would get them into good shape before he entered the ring to meet Corbett. When asked if he was sincere in his determination to fight Corbett, he replied:

"Most decidedly. I am ready to make the match. 'Squire Abington' will back me for any amount, and I see no reason why the fight should not take place. Of course I should prefer September, but if Corbett insists on December I suppose I shall have to submit. Corbett is champion, and can afford to dictate."

"What chance do you think you would have against Corbett?"

"I would have a chance to a certainty. I admit that Corbett has the advantage of height, reach, and youth. He is also clever, and I should have to rely for success on his dropping a stitch at some stage of the game. I think it would be a close battle. As for its taking place, it will not be my fault if it does not. I know Corbett aches to get a chance to pummel me, and I will give him a full opportunity."

"Will you second Hall in his battle with Fitzsimmons?"

"To a certainty. I am very fond of Hall, and would not miss being in his corner. I shall go to Lakewood as soon as possible and look the lad over. He is a great fighter, and should win.

"By the way, is it possible that Warren Lewis made the remarks about me with which he is credited? If he did, he is an ungrateful fellow, for I entertained him very finely when he was in London. I can't believe he made the statements."

Mitchell's programme is to go to the Hall-Fitzsimmons fight, then go to Florida. He will remain in America eight weeks, and then return to England to train for his own fight. He said he would much prefer to post a forfeit with some institution other than a daily newspaper. He also said he wanted a final stakeholder appointed at the time the forfeit was put up. Regarding the referee Mitchell said he would accept any man who possessed money and had a reputation to lose.

The Englishman kept up a constant flow of conversation. A favorite and oft-repeated remark was that for the past two months he had been overburdened with polite attentions in England, and he would not complain if some neglect was shown him in America. He also insisted that he never made a bluff in his life, and he hoped to escape from America without being electrocuted because of an assault and battery case in Indiana.

Mitchell and his party had considerable trouble before they could be accommodated.

They wanted to stay at the Hotel Brunswick, but the story of Mitchell being considered an ex-convict had preceded the Englishman, and the management declined to accept him as a guest.

Mitchell found other hotels in the city were careful of the reputation of their houses, and the Britisher became annoyed. Finally, however, quarters were found at the Gedney House, where the party secured the best rooms in the house.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Solicitor Hepburn of the Treasury Department said, in discussing the detention of Charley Mitchell at Quarantine in New York, that the law prevented immigrants from landing who were suffering from a loathsome or contagious disease or who had been convicted of a felony or of a misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, paupers, or those likely to become a public charge. Cases coming under the first exception could only be determined by a medical examination. His recollection was that Mitchell was convicted of simple assault, so that the exception of felony would not apply. While he perhaps is not a pauper in the sense that he could not earn money, he was liable to become a public charge.

NO LIMITED AFFAIR FOR CORBETT.

Mitchell Must Fight to a Finish or Not at All.

Manager Brady's countenance was a picture of absolute happiness yesterday when a SUN reporter conveyed to him what Mitchell had said while on board the Majestic.

"I am elated over the information that Mitchell really wants to fight," said Brady, "for it will give us a chance to show the American sporting public that Corbett is all he claims to be—a fighter and a champion. There is nothing very difficult to bring the men together if Mitchell will only cover the $10,000 that we have up. But, mind you, I won't tolerate any fooling or child's play on Mitchell's part, for I know his characteristics too well to be ensnared again. It would be the height of Corbett's ambition to induce Charley to go into the ring with him, and there will be no objections raised to either a twelve or the regulation twenty-four foot ring. The thing is to get him there.

"I have an idea that Mitchell will try to arrange a limited round affair, but we won't agree to anything of the kind. It must be to a finish. He might stay eight or ten rounds by dancing or keeping away, in a limited contest, but in a finish fight the best man will win. Mitchell must also agree to the final stakeholder when the articles of agreement are signed." Brady then showed the reporter the following telegrams which he received yesterday afternoon:

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16.

William A. Brady:

Will do as well or better than any other club for the proposed match between Mitchell and Corbett.

CHAS. DICKSON, Olympic Athletic Club.

The other communication was from Judge Newton of the Coney Island A. C., who is at present sojourning in Columbus. It read as follows:

Will meet you at 1 o'clock at the Coleman House next Saturday afternoon to make a bid for the Corbett-Mitchell fight.

"So you see," continued Brady, "our sincerity with Mitchell is bearing fruit, and if there is any chance to bring him to time we will certainly avail ourselves of it."

Brady subsequently met Harry Miner, the theatrical manager. The latter said: "If the men ever come together, I will bet $10,000 on Corbett. He'll lick the Englishman in quick time if Mitchell stands up and fights and doesn't bring his sprinting qualities into play."

When Warren Lewis heard what Mitchell had to say about him regarding his statement, published exclusively in last Tuesday's SUN, to the effect that he would retire from the Fitzsimmons-Hall match if Mitchell was permitted to be in Hall's corner, Lewis said:

"So he calls me an old fellow, does he? Well, that is the best joke of the year. If I am really an old man I am young enough to thwart him in any of his queer schemes. But I won't mind him. He also says that I am not Hall's backer. Well, I know it for a fact that he gave people to understand in England when I was over there that I was such. He introduced me to all his friends as Hall's backer. Since Hall has been in this country I have looked after his interests to the better, and, although it was not necessary to back him in his present fight, owing to their being no side bet, I would cheerfully have planked my money on him if occasion demanded."

Boxing at the Pastime A. C.

An appreciative gathering of fully 1,500 witnessed the preliminary bouts of the Pastime A. C. amateur boxing tournament last night. The show took place in the new Industrial building, on Lexington avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets. Summaries:

One-hundred-and-ten-pound Class—First bout, W. McDonald, Clinton A. C., beat J. Jacobs, Nonpareil A. C. Jacobs was disqualified for wrestling in the second round. Second bout, Tommy Duckwitz, National A. C., beat Frank Davis, P. A. C. Third bout, T. Kelly, Hanover A. C., beat Robert Brannigan, Pastime A. C. Fourth bout, W. Sweeny, Essex A. C., beat J. McConnell, Olympic A. C.

One-hundred-and-twenty-pound Class—First bout, Frank Coyle, Star A. C., beat W. Reed, Sagamore A. C., after an extra round. Second Bout—T. O'Donnell, Clipper A. C., beat H. Barr, National A. C. Third bout—T. Neuirr, P. A. C., beat J. Larkins, Standard A. C. Fourth bout—R. J. Coughlin, P. A. C., beat N. Raemer, Lexington A. C.

One-hundred-and-thirty-pound Class—First bout, W. Kelly, Institute A. C., Newark, beat H. Brecher, P. A. C. second bout, T. Charney, Lex. A. C., beat A. White, National A. C. Third bout, J. McCormick, Standard A. C., beat M. Roche, P. A. C.

Danny McBride and Dolly Lyons Matched.

The next match in the near future between bantam pugilists will be one between Dolly Lyons, who vanquished "Kid" Horan before the Coney Island Club recently, and Danny McBride, the clever boxer of the Xavier A. C. The backers of the lads met at the *Herald News* office yesterday and signed the agreement:

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1893.

"We, the undersigned, Dolly Lyons of New York and Danny McBride of New York, do hereby agree to engage in a glove contest to a finish, before the club offering the largest purse within ten days from date, the stakes to be $1,00 a side, to be paid one week before the contest; the contest to be with gloves, and according to Marquis of Queensberry rules.

"We each hereby agree to weigh in at 114 pounds at 3 o'clock on the day of the contest, but if not able to weigh over and above 114 pounds, McBride hereby deposits the sum of two hundred dollars ($200), Lyons to post his money at 6 P. M. on Feb. 17.

"Should either fail to appear at the proper time and place, or weigh over and above 114 pounds, the one so doing shall forfeit his said deposit to the man to weight."

Billy McCarty Wants to Fight La Blanche the Marine.

Steve Brodie, who has assumed the management of Billy McCarty of Australia, is not going to let any opportunity escape to match his protégé against some of the aspiring pugilists in his class. He is going to push his man to the fore, and in a letter received at THE SUN office yesterday he says:

I understand that Warren Lewis wants to match George Dempsey of the Marine against Jack Dempsey again. Dempsey, however, will not fight, for in a recent letter to me he says that he is out of the fighting business for good. I being a friend of Dempsey's, will not let Lewis go begging for a match. I will match Billy McCarty against the Marine for $1,000 a side and the biggest purse Judge Newton of the Coney Island Club offers. I will meet Mr. Lewis at THE SUN office or any place he names at any time to post a forfeit or the full amount, and arrange a match. In case he sees anything in this letter I hope he will let me know immediately, for I expect to go to New Orleans within a week's time."

Both Fighters Well Used Up.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—The finish fight between George Burns and Jack O'Hara before the Continental A. C. at Hyde Park last evening proved to be one of the bloodiest battles ever fought in Chicago. Burns broke O'Hara's nose in the fifth round, closed his left eye in the seventh, and in the eighth split open his lip and broke one of his ribs, the thorns in torture, and severe punishment about the face and breast. The knockout blow was a heavy right-hand swing in the ninth round, which landed on O'Hara's caved-in rib. O'Hara was out for fifteen minutes.

George Slosson's Liver Cure.

George Slosson's liver has troubled him for years, and has hampered his practice for his match games. His doctor told him that it would be a good thing, if he wanted to turn out a good game in his match with Jacob Shaefer, to give his liver a shaking up every day. Slosson has taken the advice and spends two hours a day horseback riding in the Park. It has stimulated his torpid liver, increased his appetite, brightened his eye, and made his nerve steadier. The record of his daily practice games at the Columbia rooms indicates the increased steadiness of nerve.

DARK DAYS FOR RACING.

THE MONMOUTH PARK RACING ASSOCIATION INDICTED.

The Finding Was Unavoidable After Justice Beasley's Charge—Great Consternation in Monmouth County Over the Verdict—The Racing Situation in New Jersey.

FREEHOLD, Feb. 16.—There is great excitement throughout Monmouth county over the fact that the Grand Jury of the county came into court this evening and turned over to Judge J. Clarence Conover an indictment that had been found against the Monmouth Park Racing Association. The Grand Jurors announced that they had concluded their labors for the term, and they were discharged with the thanks of the Court for their faithfulness and zeal.

As soon as it became known that the association had been indicted the hotel barrooms and the street corners near the Court House were crowded with men, who excitedly discussed the action of the Grand Jury. The indictments were found against the bookmakers who did business at the Park last summer. The indictment against the managers of the Park was found under the New Jersey Disorderly House act, and charges them with having maintained a disorderly house, in that they wilfully and knowingly permitted gambling to be carried on at the park in open violation of the State laws.

The friends of the track are wild with indignation over the finding of the bill, and they are loudly denouncing the members of the Grand Jury. The impression that prevailed generally throughout the county was that the park and its managers would not be indicted. The Grand Jury took a recess of two weeks, which expired yesterday, in order to find out if the State Legislature would legalize betting at the track. The Legislature did not rush through the expected law, and the end was the finding of the indictment just before the Grand Jury broke up for the term.

This indictment is the result of the long war that has been waged against the race track by the Law and Order people of the county under the leadership of some of the leading clergymen of this section of the State. The Law and Order spotters caused over five hundred arrests of the bookmakers last summer, and also had the managers arrested and placed under bonds. Chief Justice Beasley, who presides over the Monmouth county courts, investigated the case himself, and in his charge to the Grand Jury last month he made a strong appeal to its members to do their duty in the premises.

As the Law and Order League officers and spotters proved that betting on the races was carried on at the park, the grand jurors who felt bitterly incensed over the peremptory charge of the Chief Justice, were compelled to find the indictment in order to prevent their being perjurers. There is as great rejoicing in the ranks of the Law and Order League men as there is weeping and wailing among the sporting people.

The indictment of the Monmouth Park Racing Association by the Grand Jury of Monmouth county, while such tracks as Guttenburg and Gloucester remain open, is a striking commentary on the way the laws of New Jersey are enforced in some portions of the State, while they are treated with the utmost contempt in others.

The Monmouth Park Racing Association has a property near Little Silver that cost over $2,500,000, including a race track that is the finest in the world, a hotel that is a credit to such a racing property, and a training ground where hundreds of horses are quartered almost the year round. It offers stakes and purses during its thirty-day meeting each year, commencing on July 4, that aggregate more than a quarter of a million dollars, and the finest specimens of the thoroughbred race horse meet there from all parts of America, and strive for supremacy each year. Employment is furnished to hundreds of local men, and the farmers find a ready market for their produce, the race meeting bringing thousands of tourists to Long Branch and the contiguous towns on the Jersey coast.

There is a musty old regulation about disorderly houses, and the Law and Order Society has dug this up and used it as a club to close the finest racing property in the world, while, as a matter of fact, there is no particle of disorder at Monmouth Park, and the course is frequented by some of the best-known people in the country.

For years during the life of David Dunham Withers, before that eccentric turfman built the splendid course, and while he lived to see racing but one season, there was some particle of disorder at Monmouth Park, and the course is frequented by some of the best-known people in the country.

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This indictment is the result of the long war that has been waged against the race track by the Law and Order people of the county under the leadership of some of the leading clergymen of this section of the State. The Law and Order spotters caused over five hundred arrests of the bookmakers last summer, and also had the managers arrested and placed under bonds. Chief Justice Beasley, who presides over the Monmouth county courts, investigated the case himself, and in his charge to the Grand Jury last month he made a strong appeal to its members to do their duty in the premises.

As the Law and Order League officers and spotters proved that betting on the races was carried on at the park, the grand jurors who felt bitterly incensed over the peremptory charge of the Chief Justice, were compelled to find the indictment in order to prevent their being perjurers. There is as great rejoicing in the ranks of the Law and Order League men as there is weeping and wailing among the sporting people.

The indictment of the Monmouth Park Racing Association by the Grand Jury of Monmouth county, while such tracks as Guttenburg and Gloucester remain open, is a striking commentary on the way the laws of New Jersey are enforced in some portions of the State, while they are treated with the utmost contempt in others.

The Monmouth Park Racing Association has a property near Little Silver that cost over $2,500,000, including a race track that is the finest in the world, a hotel that is a credit to such a racing property, and a training ground where hundreds of horses are quartered almost the year round. It offers stakes and purses during its thirty-day meeting each year, commencing on July 4, that aggregate more than a quarter of a million dollars, and the finest specimens of the thoroughbred race horse meet there from all parts of America, and strive for supremacy each year. Employment is furnished to hundreds of local men, and the farmers find a ready market for their produce, the race meeting bringing thousands of tourists to Long Branch and the contiguous towns on the Jersey coast.

There is a musty old regulation about disorderly houses, and the Law and Order Society has dug this up and used it as a club to close the finest racing property in the world, while, as a matter of fact, there is no