M'KANE DEFIES THE LAW

Judge Barnard's Injunction Servers Arrested.

SEVERAL BADLY BEATEN.

Sheriff Courtney Refusing to Act, Gaynor Men Appeal to Gov. Flower.

Col. Bacon, Counsel for the Kings County Republican General Committee, Twice Knocked Down While Being Forced Beyond the Dead Line Drawn by the Gravesend Chieftain Around the Town Hall—Locked Up With Four of His Followers in Coney Island Police Headquarters After One Had Been Beaten and His Clothing Torn Off—Another Who Escaped Arrest Even Worse Maltreated—Few Escaped Injury—Habeas Corpus Required to Release the Beaten Prisoner—A Previous Party of Gaynor Men Had Been Driven Out of Town at the Signal of a Steam Whistle—Brooklynites Who Went to See the Fun Forced to Take the Next Train Back—Negroes Heard Telling of Their Voting Early and Often—McKane Says It Was the Quietest Election Gravesend Ever Had.

Col. Alexander S. Bacon, armed with an injunction issued by Judge Barnard of the Supreme Court, and accompanied by a number of Republicans of more or less prominence, all selected by William J. Gaynor, the Republican candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court, left a Brooklyn livery stable at an early hour yesterday morning in cabs to go to Gravesend, where Col. Bacon was to serve Chief of Police John Y. McKane with the injunction, while the men with him were to act as watchers at the polls. The injunction was an order restraining Chief McKane from interfering with Col. Bacon's companions when they undertook to enter the polling places.

The injunction was never served, although Col. Bacon alleges that he touched the Chief of the Gravesend police with the papers, which constitutes a legal service. Only three of the six cabs in which the Republicans started from Brooklyn reached Gravesend. The occupants of the other three cabs backed out when they were half way down the Brooklyn boulevard. Rumors of impending trouble and a warm reception reached them from various sources, and, making up their minds that discretion was the better part of valor, they ordered their drivers to turn their horses in the direction of Brooklyn and get there just as soon as they could. Col. Bacon protested, but his arguments were in vain. The drivers, glad of the opportunity to get away, whipped up, and Col. Bacon and those in his carriage and the occupants of the other two carriages were left alone to enter the domain of Chief McKane and beard the lion in his den. The three carriages went on, and finally reached the Town Hall at Gravesend.

RUSHING IN THE VOTERS.

Col. Bacon insisted on serving his injunction, and, as a result, he and four of his companions were hustled out beyond the railroad track. When they protested they were knocked down and beaten by a gang of uniformed and ununiformed policemen, and finally placed under arrest and taken to Police Headquarters at Coney Island. There Col. Bacon and one of his companions named Rosenbeck were locked up for a time, while the other three prisoners were detained in a private room until Justice Newton came and opened up an impromptu court, when they were released on their own recognizances. Rosenbeck was committed for trial on a charge of violating the election laws until a writ of habeas corpus was secured from Justice Cullen, when Rosenbeck was released and taken to Brooklyn, where he was let go indefinitely on bail furnished by a friend of Mr. Gaynor.

The above is briefly what happened at Gravesend yesterday as the result of William J. Gaynor's attempting to interfere with Chief John Y. McKane's arrangements in that autocrat's own territory. As has been published in THE SUN for the past two or three days, Mr. Gaynor has been sending men down to Gravesend and Coney Island for the purpose of copying the registration lists. The first attachment was not only foiled in its mission, but was arrested and locked up as vagrants. Although Mr. Gaynor was said to have threatened to send armed men down early election morning, provided with papers entitling them to act as inspectors and watchers for the Republican party, neither Chief McKane nor any one else believed that he would.

On the 8 o'clock train from Ninth avenue and Twentieth street over the Culver route, on Monday night, there were twenty-two strange men. These men were spotted by the railroad people as Gaynor men right away, and when the train reached Gravesend, fifteen minutes later, the half dozen policemen around the station were notified immediately in some mysterious manner that a gang of Gaynor men was on the train. The news reached Coney Island before the train did, which was exactly five minutes later, and a large number of policemen and natives were on hand to greet the men when they landed at Coney Island. Nobody interfered with them, however, and they went in a body to a hotel kept by a Mr. Thompson on a road known as the "Cut," about 800 yards back from Coney Island's main street. There they spent the night.

At about 4 o'clock yesterday morning a curious thing happened. The whistle on the caisson between Gravesend and Coney Island let out ear-piercing noises. This whistle is only blown as a second alarm of fire, and consequently, all of the volunteer firemen in Coney Island were up and around as soon as it blew. The celerity with which they responded to the whistle was remarkable. Instead of looking for fire, however, the firemen, accompanied by a rough-looking crowd, whose sudden appearance indicated that the summons had not been entirely unexpected, proceeded to the trestle work over the creek, and there ran across the gang of Gaynor men who came down to the Island on Monday night. These men were making for Gravesend, and a fight ensued immediately.

Just how much damage was done is not known, but about an hour and a half later, twenty badly banged-up and bruised men entered Hiram Howe's saloon on the Brooklyn boulevard, about a mile from Gravesend, and asked permission to use the telephone. They got the required permission, and then one of the men, whose eyes were badly swollen, while his face was cut in several places, rang up Mr. Gaynor's office in Brooklyn. The following conversation ensued on the telephone:

"Mr. Gaynor, we have had a hell of a battle. We were licked and driven out."

There was silence while the man seemed to be listening to some one talking from the other end of the line. His face underwent a number of remarkable changes while he listened, and the rest of the crowd were wondering what was going on when the man suddenly braced up and putting his mouth close to the transmitter yelled in a voice that could be heard a half a mile away:

"Will you kindly go to hell? Then turning to the crowd he said:

"Boys, he wants us to go back and fight."

"Not on your life," came in a chorus from the rest, and they silently filed out of the hotel without, it is said, paying for their telephone, and disappeared up the boulevard in the direction of Brooklyn. The Garnor men say that the gang who attacked them were waiting for the whistle from the caisson as a signal for their charge. The whistle they say was to be blown as soon as they left Mrs. Thompson's hotel. It was one of Chief McKane's schemes, cooked up on Monday night when they arrived they say.

The fight on the trestle was the opening of the day's excitement in Gravesend. It was as nothing, however, compared with the battle in front of the Town Hall, in which Col. Bacon and his companions were assaulted and locked up.

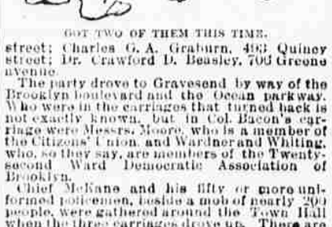
Everything was quiet around the Gravesend Town Hall at 4 o'clock, but an hour and a half later the police and election inspectors began to arrive. The police were under the command of Capt. Thomas F. Hinman and Sergeant John Griffin. They left Coney Island about fifty strong at about 4½ o'clock, all with long night sticks in their hands. The inspectors of election came a little later, and then came the watchers appointed by the Republican General Committee of Gravesend on Monday morning. All of the Republicans in Gravesend are McKaneites and go with the Democrats in State and local elections. Chief McKane secured thirty-five certificates for the watchers on Monday, although the law only allows three watchers in each booth. Chief McKane explained his action in getting so many certificates by saying that he wanted to be sure to have enough to go around. The Republican watchers and the inspectors of election took up their places in the booths in the hall in the Town Hall, while Capt. Hinman spread out his force of policemen all around the hall and the railroad rack. A few minutes later Chief McKane drove up in his carriage and had a long talk with Capt. Hinman. The conversation was private, but from the furtive glances cast up the road toward Brooklyn it was evident that some trouble was expected. The policemen themselves made no secret of the fact that a crowd of Gaynor men were expected in a very short time, and went around swinging their long, heavy clubs, and bragging about the reception they had prepared for their expected visitors.

WHEN THE CROWD WAS THROUGH WITH HIM.

"I only wish Gaynor himself would come," said a policeman to a reporter.

"I'd like to have the pleasure of locking him up." This is a sample of the conversation indulged in by the guardians of the peace before the arrival of Col. Bacon and his companions.

Col. Bacon and his party gathered at about 4 o'clock in the parlor of Mr. Gaynor's house at 212 St. John's Place, Brooklyn. Later they went to a stable on Sterling place, where carriages were awaiting them, and, at about 4:45 o'clock, they started for Gravesend. There was then in the party the following gentlemen, besides Col. Bacon, who is one of the counsel to the Republican General Committee, and Messrs. Edward L. Grout and Charles H. Hyde, Mr. Gaynor's law partners: Dr. Joseph Marshall of 530 Monroe street, Frank E. Mitchell, 534 Monroe street; Clarence W. Hughes, 301 Fulton street; F. Stillman Doubleday, 700 Lafayette avenue; Herbert S. Worthley, 224 Degraw street; Henry F. Schmidt, 304 Monroe street; William K. Vardiner, 430 First street; William A. Whiting, 477 First street; the Rev. Robert J. Kent, 605 Hancock street; Louis Stolber, 490 Monroe street; Michael E. Moore, 506 First street; Peter Rosenbeck, 203 Quincy street; Joseph B. Alley, 492 Vanderbilt avenue; Theodore Witte, 108 Hilltop street; Reuben H. Parmenter, 322 State street; Frank W. Balmes, 160 Dean street; Charles G. A. Graburn, 463 Quincy street; Dr. Crawford D. Beasley, 706 Greene avenue.



GOT TWO OF THEM THIS TIME.

The party drove to Gravesend by way of the Brooklyn boulevard and the Ocean parkway. Who were in the carriages that turned back is not exactly known, but in Col. Bacon's carriage were Messrs. Moore, who is a member of the Citizens' Union, and Wardner and Whiting, who, so they say, are members of the Twenty-second Ward Democratic Association of Brooklyn.

Chief McKane and his fifty or more uniformed policemen, beside a mob of nearly 200 people, were gathered around the Town Hall when the three carriages drove up. There are many different stories of what happened in the next few minutes. The following one comes from an eye witness, and entirely disinterested spectator:

There was a howl from the crowd as soon as the carriages arrived, but Chief McKane raised his hand and immediately every one became silent. The fifty policemen had in the mean time been quietly surrounding the carriages. Not a word was spoken until Chief McKane shoved his way through the crowd and up in front of the first carriage, which was the one containing Col. Bacon and his companions. As soon as he saw Chief McKane Col. Bacon opened the door of the carriage and leaped to the ground.

"What are you doing here? What do you want in Gravesend?" demanded Chief McKane. According to witnesses the Chief said "damn you" several times.

"I have been sent under from Justice Barnard of the Supreme Court to compel you to allow the gentlemen who are with me to do duty as watchers at the polls," responded Mr. Bacon.

"Oh, you have, eh?" said Chief McKane. "Well, I won't take the order."

"But you'll have to," said Col. Bacon. "It's an injunction regularly issued by a Supreme Court Judge."

"Well, injunctions don't go here, and the sooner you people understand that the better. We are going to run this town to suit ourselves to-day. You can come down to-morrow and take charge if you like, but to-day we run Gravesend, and don't you forget it."

While this conversation was going on the crowd had been edging up close to the carriages. There were in it negroes and white men from the race track and loungers and toughs from the Coney Island barrooms. They mingled with the policemen and conversed with them in a manner which made it evident that they were on perfectly familiar terms.

When Chief McKane had finished his harangue he suddenly grabbed Col. Bacon and, shouting "Get out of here and the 300-yard line! You are not a voter here, and we've fixed a line for non-residents," began to shove him over toward the railroad track.

This seemed to be a signal for the police and hangers-on to attack the carriages and their occupants with clubs and stones. Nearly all of the men in the carriages jumped out and pulled batches of papers from their pockets as soon as the crowd charged. Waving them in the air they shouted that they were regularly appointed watchers and under the protection of the United States. Col. Bacon, like the rest, pulled out a paper and kept poking it at Chief McKane. The chief kept shoving him along, and finally the Colonel got tired being shoved and tried to stand his ground.

Immediately a policeman ran up and, striking Col. Bacon a heavy blow in the face, knocked him down. Col. Bacon struggled to his feet, but was knocked down again, this time by one of the roughs. Messrs. Moore, Wardner, and Whiting were, in the mean time, engaged in a desperate fight with a mixed crowd of policemen and roughs. They were waving papers in the air and demanding protection from the policeman. The latter simply laughed at them. The Gaynor men were finally forced beyond the 300-yard line.

"Do you mean to defy the Supreme Court?" yelled Col. Bacon at Chief McKane.

"I mean to do nothing but keep you beyond the line," responded McKane.

Col. Bacon then stepped over toward Chief McKane. In doing so he stepped over the line marked out by the chief.

"Run in the whole gang," shouted McKane. A number of policemen sprang forward and grabbed Col. Bacon and Messrs. Moore, Wardner, and Whiting.

The crowd jeered, and shouts of "Lock them up" and "Lug them," came from all sides.

"Do you order this arrest?" cried Col. Bacon of Chief McKane.

"Yes, I do," replied the chief.

A stage belonging to one of the hotels stood near by. This was called into service by Chief McKane, and the four prisoners were bundled into it.

In the mean time, Peter Rosenbeck, another one of the watchers, had, in some remarkable way, gotten out of one of the carriages, and, escaping the eyes of the crowd, gone over to the Town Hall and entered the Sixth district polling place.

"I am a Republican watcher," he said, "and I claim my rights. I belong here, and here are papers to prove it," and Rosenbeck waved a batch of papers in the faces of the election inspectors.

"We've got regular Republican watchers here now," said one of the inspectors.

"I don't care," said Rosenbeck; "this is where I belong, and this is where I stay."

No sooner had the man said this than he was set upon by the crowd inside. He was knocked down, punched, and kicked, and finally picked up bodily and thrown out into the road. When he landed in the road another crowd, it is said, set on him and ripped his clothing almost entirely off. In the scuffle in the polling place two of the ballot boxes were overturned.

This was reported to Chief McKane, and he immediately ordered the arrest of Rosenbeck on a charge of violating the election laws. So the man, bruised and bleeding and with his little remaining clothing torn and barely clinging to his body, was packed into the stage with Col. Bacon and the other prisoners.

Just as the stage was about to drive off there was tremendous excitement around one of the carriages. One of the Gaynor watchers had succeeded in getting back into the carriage unseen. Constable Gamison saw him in the carriage, and ran up and ordered him to get out. The man refused to move.

"Come out of there!" yelled the constable, and he grabbed the man by the coat collar and attempted to pull him out.

"I will not," cried the man, and he shoved a big horse pistol under the constable's nose. The constable turned pale and let go his hold. The crowd scattered in all directions, and the man jumped from the carriage and started to run. The constable thought he was coming for him and dodged under the carriage. No one thought of chasing the man until it was too late.

Then a howling crowd started in pursuit, only to return in half an hour without him. Constable Gamison searched the carriage and in it found the pistol and a heavy game. They were turned over to Chief McKane. As soon as the Chief had had the episode explained to him, he said:

"We've lost enough time already. Drive these men to the jail."

The stage then started for Coney Island, and arrived at Police Headquarters about twenty minutes later.

Sergeant William Van Fricken was on the desk at the station house when the prisoners were brought in. Col. Bacon tried to pass the injunction to him.

"Take these papers and look at them," he said, "and then you will not have to hold us."

"The papers are nothing to me," said the Sergeant. "I am here as an officer and care nothing for them."

The other prisoners then pulled out papers and tried to get the Sergeant to take them, but he waved them all aside and asked the policeman in charge of the prisoners what the complaint was. Col. Bacon and his three companions were all charged with a breach of the peace, while Rosenbeck was charged with violating the election laws.

SOME TYPES OF GRAVESEND POLITICIANS.

Col. Bacon was searched, and a nickel watch, tied to one of his vest buttonholes by an ordinary piece of twine, was taken from him. He was then conveyed to a toilet room and locked up there for two hours, while Rosenbeck was committed for trial and taken to one of the cells and locked up. The other three men were conveyed to a private room on the floor above the jail and locked in there until Justice Newton arrived.

When Justice Newton arrived he looked at the papers which had been taken from the prisoners and then sent for the four men. When they were arraigned before him Col. Bacon at once demanded protection from the Justice.

"We have been assaulted and outrageously treated," he said, and he then went on and told the Justice the story of the affair from beginning to end.

"I can do nothing," said Justice Newton, "until a formal complaint has been made."

"But we waive examination," said Col. Bacon.

"Well," said the Justice, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you all go on your own recognizance excepting Rosenbeck. Him I will commit to jail for trial."

Rosenbeck, in spite of his protests, was led back to the prison, while the others went over to a nearby hotel and got breakfast. At 10 o'clock Col. Bacon and his party started back to Brooklyn on a train over the Culver route. Later in the day they applied for and got a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Cullen for the production of Rosenbeck in court. The man was by this means got back to Brooklyn and set at liberty by Judge Cullen.

When they heard of the treatment of Mr. Gaynor and his men there was a hasty conference between the Republican managers, which resulted in this application being sent to Sheriff Courtney:

BROOKLYN, Nov. 7, 1893.

To John Courtney, Sheriff of Kings County:

In behalf of the Republican General Committee of Kings County, and as the watchers appointed by that committee assigned to the town of Gravesend, we request and demand that you forthwith send a sufficient posse and body of men to preserve the peace and enforce the law in that town, and especially to enforce there the orders of the supreme court and protect the citizens designated as watchers aforesaid from criminal violence.

In behalf of the Republican General Committee and of the watchers.

(Signed) CHAS. B. NORTON,
JESSE JOHNSON, Secretary.

Sheriff Courtney received the application while electioneering in the Twentieth ward. He declared with much emphasis that he would pay no attention to it.

As soon as the messenger returned and announced the decision of the Sheriff, this telegram was sent to Gov. Flower:

BROOKLYN, Nov. 7, 1893.

To Hon. D. B. Flower, Governor, Albany, N. Y.

You doubtless know of violent interference by McKane, Chief of Police, with the election in progress in the town of Gravesend, Kings county, with fair election and rights of electors, and also contemptuous and violent interference by police with a judge sitting last with citizens acting under decision of Supreme Court.

All this was followed this morning by criminal exclusion of lawful watchers protected by orders of supreme court, violent assaults upon those watchers and their illegal imprisonment, accompanied by open denunciations and defiance of supreme court orders of supreme Court of no avail. Appeal to Sheriff made in vain for protection. He peremptorily refuses.

We, citizens of Kings county, ask your instant interference as Governor of the State in this grave and unprecedented emergency. We ask this in behalf of citizens generally, and of law, order, and fair play.

WILLIAM G. ROE,
FRED W. HINRICHS,
EDWARD M. SHEPARD,
A. ADDISON HEALY,
H. W. GREEN,
THOS. G. SHEARMAN,
GEO. FOSTER PEABODY.

Lawyer Edward M. Shepard of the Kings County Citizens' Union received last night a telegram from Gov. Flower in reply to the one sent by him and others to the Governor, asking in effect for the aid of the militia to help them carry out their desires as to the Gravesend election.

The Governor wired that the charges were not specific enough to warrant him in calling out the militia. He had, he added, wired to the Sheriff to do his duty in the premises on penalty of removal from office. The Governor further said that he would remove all officials who refused to protect the purity of the ballot.

The injunction which Col. Bacon tried to serve on Chief McKane was issued on Monday, and was obtained on the affidavits of a number of persons that McKane would not allow the watchers to come into the polling places. The complaint and accompanying affidavits are voluminous, and set forth all of the alleged facts. Following is the injunction:

Supreme Court, Kings County—William J. Gaynor vs. John Y. McKane, John W. Murphy, Morton Morris, John H. Brownhill, Michael P. Ryan, William Lyons, Conrad Stubenbord, Frederick E. Bader, Benjamin Cohen, Victor Bausenwein, Garretson Morris, F. H. Tighe, W. J. Tuttle, John M. Comlitte, William H. Stewart, Frank T. Clark, Nicholas J. Johnson, Harlan Crandall, James H. Cropsey.

It appearing to the undersigned Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York from the complaint herein verified on Nov. 6, 1893, and also the affidavits of Charles C. Foster, Ernest G. Hammond, and John J. Mcomnis, verified Nov. 4, 1893, that the defendant, John Y. McKane, Chief of Police of the town of Gravesend, by himself and his policemen, intends by force to prevent the persons appointed or to be appointed by the Kings County Republican General Committee by its Chairman or proper officers to serve as watchers at the respective election districts of the town of Gravesend at the election on Nov. 7, 1893, from entering, being, or remaining in the polling places or booths at the said respective election districts, and from performing their duties as such watchers unless the said watchers are residents of the said town, and that the other defendants, the inspectors of election, intend to do likewise, all contrary to law, and the plaintiff having given due undertaking herein, which has been approved, now on motion of Messrs Johnson and Lamb, attorneys for the plaintiff, it is

Ordered, that the defendant McKane, individually and as Chief of Police of the town of Gravesend, and in any and all capacities, and his policemen, servants, agents, underlings, and all persons, and the said other defendants and each of them, their appointees, clerks, agents, assistants already appointed or to be appointed, and all persons acting or assuming them or acting under them or with them in the conduct of the said election be, and each of them is and all of them are hereby restrained and enjoined from preventing the persons appointed or to be appointed as watchers at the election on Nov. 7, 1893, in the several election districts of the said town of Gravesend, by the Kings county Republican General Committee, by its Chairman or proper officers in manner and form by a certificate such as is set out in the complaint herein, or in any other manner from entering, being, and remaining in the polling places or booths of the respective election districts in the said town to which they may be appointed, and having the place of watchers there, and of there acting as such and performing all the offices and duties thereof, and doing all duties to watchers appertaining, including the right to see every ballot given out and the number thereof, and every vote cast, and to challenge voters and to watch and oversee the count and canvass of the ballots, and the making and certifying of the certificates and returns, and all without regard to whether the said watchers be residents of the said town or not.

J. F. BARNARD,
Justice of the Supreme Court.

Dated Nov. 6, 1893.

Col. Bacon is positive that he legally served the injunction on Chief McKane, while the latter is equally sure that he didn't.

After the stage containing the prisoners had quitted Gravesend for Coney Island, there was a lot more trouble between the policemen, the crowd, and those of the party that came down with Col. Bacon. The crowd attacked the Brooklynites several times, and some of the men, it is said, were violently assaulted. They finally succeeded in reaching their carriages, and the drivers whipped up and drove away.

Col. Bacon's version of the affair, told to a reporter for THE SUN, is as follows:

"The result of this morning's action will be that some men will find themselves in State prison before long. We went to Gravesend on a peaceable errand, armed with the authority of the highest court in the State. McKane knew we were coming, and laid his plans accordingly. He had laid out a dead line around his Court House, and, besides his police force, he had a mob of toughs, about 200 strong, on hand to assist him in any violent work that might come up. I told him what we were in Gravesend for as soon as I got out of the carriage, and attempted to serve Judge Barnard's order. His men attacked us, however, and we were pushed away. I was knocked down twice, and struck several violent blows in the face. The men I had with me were forced to flee for their lives, and I understand that some of them were severely dealt with. Despite the fact that we were beaten and kicked around in Gravesend, our treatment there was mild beside what we had to endure in the Coney Island lockup. We were treated like animals, and I was placed in a small closet and locked there for two hours. The air there was foul and I could scarcely breathe. I never suffered so in my life, Mr. McKane. I understand, is proud of his work to-day. I can tell you he has not seen the end of it. Mr. Whiting declares that while Chief McKane was rushing us beyond his dead line he served him with a copy of the injunction. I have heard since that McKane was seen to take a piece of paper from his pocket a short time after that and tear it up. If this is so he is liable to go to State prison. That is all I have to say at present, excepting that if Mr. Gaynor had desired it I would have returned to Gravesend and attempted to serve Chief McKane again."

Mr. Ulrich Palmedo of 201 Sterling place, Brooklyn, went down in one of the carriages with Mr. Clarence Hughes. Mr. Palmedo, who is a member of the Stock Exchange, was the worst treated member of the Gaynor party. He lost his hat, eyeglasses, and came in the scrimmage, besides having both eyes blacked and his face cut and bruised in a dozen different places. When Mr. Palmedo got back to Brooklyn, his shirt and collar were saturated with blood, and he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. Mr. Palmedo is treasurer of the Germania Club of Brooklyn, and last year he was Captain of the Long Island Wheelmen. To a reporter Mr. Palmedo said:

"I sat on the box of one of the carriages with the driver, and when we got to Gravesend I jumped off about ten feet from the polling booth. I was at once set upon by eight or ten men, and my collar was torn half off and my eyeglasses smashed. I tried to get through the mob to serve a copy of the injunction on one of the policemen, but was knocked down before I could do so. I at last escaped, and I thank God that I got away with my life."

All of the others who went down told the reporter similar stories of the way they were treated.

The Rev. R. J. Kent of the Lewis Avenue Congregational Church was among the watchers sent down by Mr. Gaynor, who was violently assaulted. His face was badly cut and one of his eyes was swollen.

Chief McKane was as calm as ever fifteen minutes after the row had occurred. He walked around with his hands in his pockets and didn't appear to be the least bit disturbed by what had taken place. At about 10 o'clock strangers began to come into town in carriages, on bicycles, and by trains. Most of these people had read the extras issued by the Brooklyn papers and had come down to see the fun. Their pleasure was shortlived. Chief McKane called Capt. Hinman, and ordered him to escort every stranger out of town on double-quick time. Some of the visitors objected to being driven out, but they speedily subsided when the policemen charged on them with their drawn clubs. After that, every train that came in was closely watched, and every stranger that got off was interrogated as to his business. He had to be either a newspaper man or a citizen of the place to stay in the town. If he was neither, he was quickly hustled up to the King's Highway station of the Culver Railroad and kept there until the next train came along. Then he would be placed on board and shipped back to Brooklyn. A SUN reporter was taken into custody as soon as he got off the train at Gravesend and escorted to the spot where Chief McKane stood. He happened to be known to the Chief, however, and was released.

A reporter who went down to Gravesend on the Brighton Beach Railroad from Brooklyn got off at the Neck road station. The Town Hall is about a mile and a half away. The reporter started to walk the distance. While he was on his way a stage driven by two sleek-looking young men and containing as passengers five negroes, ranging in age from 16 years to 40 years, came flagging.

"Want a ride to the Town Hall?" asked one of the young men.

"Yes," replied the reporter, and he jumped in.

"How much will it be?" he asked, pulling out a quarter.

"Put up your money," said the man. "John Y. McKane furnishes this rig and pays for it, too. All you've got to do is to vote. See?"

"But I'm not a resident," protested the reporter.

"That don't matter. All you do is to fold a ballot we give you and drop her in the box. Then come out and we'll drive you back again."

The reporter said nothing, but waited for developments. In the mean time the negroes began to converse among themselves.

"Where'd you vote las' time, boy?" said one.

"Oh, I vote in de Third district and de Sixth district las' time," was the reply.

"Where you vote dis time?"

"I vote in de Second district dis time," responded the man.

The reporter listened aghast, and as the stage neared the Town Hall pretended to recognize a friend some distance away. He jumped from the stage with a hurried explanation and didn't appear again for an hour.

During the afternoon Mr. McKane's crank appeared again. This crank sends Chief McKane flowers and fruit. His name is Henry Bubler, and he is a barber at 9 Clinton street, Brooklyn. He got off of a train and attempted to talk with the Chief. One of the policemen punched him in the back with his club, and then ran him half a mile out of town, where he was placed on the first incoming train and sent back to Brooklyn.

Chief McKane said to a reporter that it was the quietest election ever held in Gravesend.

"These people came down here this morning looking for trouble," he said. "Now, we don't want any blood shed, but, as men, we will protect our homes, and that's all there is about it. As for my being served with an injunction, I most emphatically deny it. No paper was handed to me, neither was I touched with any paper. All the papers I saw were being waved in the air by excited men. My officers did their duty to a man. We can't allow Gaynor or any bodyelse to incite a riot here, and that's all there is about it."

Lawyer Roderick, Mr. McKane's legal adviser, declared late yesterday afternoon that they did not deny service of the injunction, and they had already complied with its demands by allowing the Republican watchers duly accredited by the General Committee to enter the polls. He could not tell who they were.

ALBANY, Nov. 7.—Gov. Flower has received a telegram from Sheriff Courtney which reads:

"Telegram received. No truth whatever in the report made to you.

"JOHN COURTNEY, Sheriff."

The Boston Symphony Concert.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the first concert of its series at Carnegie Music Hall this evening. The programme includes Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Beethoven; aria from Le Cid, Massenet; Slavonic Rhapsody No. 2, Dvorak; aria from "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart, and Overture Benvenuto Cellini, Berlioz. Mme. Emma Eames will be the singer.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and, if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.—*Adv.*

Bargains in Furniture

Can be had at Flint's, 14th st., near 6th av.—*Adv.*

A DAY OF QUIET VOTING.

OTTO KEMPNER'S VIGOROUS FIGHT IN THE SEVENTH.

German-American Voters Turn Out For Him—John Brooks Leavitt's Chrysanthemum Adorned Workers—Bahan's Followers Cut Maynard—J. Sabine Smith's Attempt to Get His Watchers Inside the Rail.

If women and children and their plaudits could have reelected him, Otto Kempner would have had a walkover for the Assembly in the Seventh district. There has not for many years been so much interest manifested in an election by the big German constituency of that east-side district as yesterday.

The chief interest centred in the contest for Assembly, which was conceded to be between the Tammany candidate, John C. Stein, and Otto Kempner, founder of the so-called New York Citizens' Democracy, the membership of which organization is restricted to the Seventh district. Charles Schwick, the Republican candidate, was admittedly not in the race, and, though many Republicans were loyally supporting him, many others of that party recognized that their votes would be thrown away on Schwick, and voted either for Stein or Kempner. State Senator Roesch, the Tammany Hall leader in the district, said that Kempner was getting many of these votes.

"What is called the better class of Republicans is voting for Kempner," said he. "Then he has other strong support. He has a big vote from the cafés in Second avenue and Houston street, and generally from the voters of his race. Another element is Jake Kunzenmann, who is using his influence in Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth streets, where he has many friends, although he lives just outside the Assembly district. Then, too, the Property Owners' Association of the Seventeenth ward has endorsed Kempner and is working for him."

A WORKER FOR LEAVITT.

Notwithstanding all these sources of Kempner's strength the Tammany Hall leader did not despair of the election of his candidate, John C. Stein, by a substantial majority. In regard to the fear expressed by Kempner and his friends that the inspectors of election might not properly canvass and return the vote for the independent candidate, Senator Roesch said:

"I have given orders that the ballots be canvassed name by name, so that every vote will be properly counted and Mr. Kempner will get all that is due him."

The Senator spent the entire day at the polling place in his election district in Third street, between First avenue and Avenue A, and directed the work of his lieutenants from there.

There was more excitement than usually attends an election in the Seventh, and the usually quiet, matter-of-fact German-American constituency gave evidence of being thoroughly worked up. Still, there were no collisions of factions reported, although words ran high at several polling places. There was a little scrap in the Tenth Election district in the early morning, in which a Tammany Hall man and a Kempner worker exchanged blows. This little unpleasantness was smoothed over in a few moments, and no other news of warfare came until 2:30 o'clock, when a breathless Kempnerite rushed into the headquarters at Third street and First avenue and announced:

"Kraus is knocked out!"

Into a carriage jumped Kempner and away the horses flew to Stanton street, just east of Allen street, where it was learned that the most potent factor in the Kraus knock-out had been beer, which had been assisted by a man in Orchard street, who objected to the Kempnerites belabouring some mischievous children. This was inglorious, and the political capital was to be made out of it, as in the case of the alleged interference of the police in the matter of Kempner's lithographs.

If the police had ordered the removal of Mr. Kempner's lithograph portraits from Fifth street stores there were plenty of them displayed in that thoroughfare yesterday. Flags were stuck out of every other window with Kempner's picture on them. They hung from the telegraph wires and darkened the windows. The block between First avenue and Avenue A, in front of the police station, was all aflutter with bunting from basement to roof.

"See you dot fleg in Fift' street?" asked an enthusiastic admirer of Kempner, as he grasped his idol by the hand in First avenue. Mr. Kempner admitted that he had seen the flag.

KEMPNER FLAGS AND PASTERS.

"I bod me dot fleg und pood it oud for you."

"Hooray for Otto Kempner!" yelled one of 200 urchins who had gathered around the candidate.

The cheers were given in childish treble, to which was added a "Hoch, Gempner!" from an unsteady citizen, and the women in the windows waved aprons and dust cloths. The candidate escaped into ex-Alderman Flegenheimer's store room, the children remaining outside and cheering wildly, and the crowds of children—boys and girls—greeted Kempner wherever he went in the district during the day.

Although he did not predict that he would be elected, Mr. Kempner said that, despite the handicap which he had to carry in depending entirely on paster ballots, he was polling a very big vote. "I will consider it almost a miracle if I am elected, having no official ballot," he said.

Mr. Kempner was rich in the variety of his pasters. He had a straight Democratic paster with his name substituted for that of Stein; also a Republican one with his name in place of Schwick's; and another which he designated as "ours," with no name for candidate for Court of Appeals Judge and none for Civil Justice. All the other candidates on this paster were Democrats except Samuel Gompers and Jacob A. Latzer, Labor candidates for delegates to the Constitutional Convention. His managers were also distributing Bartlett pasters by the thousand.

There was little activity on the part of Jacob M. Patterson's weak Republican organization. The district captains had very little money and but two or three assistants, where they have been used to having a dozen or fifteen.

The cutting of Maynard was very heavy, especially by the Germans. Senator Roesch sent word to Mr. Croker that Maynard would run behind 800 in the Assembly district. The other side asserted that the falling off would be even greater.

A very large vote was polled, only about five per cent. of the registered vote staying at home.

Senator Roesch thought he had found in a queerly prepared Republican blanket paster which was voted in some districts, an effort on the part of the Stecklers to have their noses counted. All of the judicial nominees were scratched off this paster and the name of Judge Fitzsimons was written in.

In the Forty-ninth Election district Frank Conklin, a lodger at the Arcade Hotel, 317 Bowery, tried to vote and found that some repeater had voted for him. Another repeater tried to vote for Thomas Best, another lodger, but was frightened away. Kempner and his manager, John Fennell, went to Police Headquarters and complained of these attempts to violate the law to Commissioner Martin, who directed that an effort be made to arrest the repeaters.

MR. LEAVITT'S "WORKERS."

According to an understanding arrived at on Monday, all the florists in the Twenty-first Assembly district opened their doors shortly after sunrise yesterday. About 6 o'clock sleepy-eyed young men, dressed in the height of fashion and carrying shiny patent leather portfolios, from which protruded election ballots marked "John Brooks Leavitt," came around and purchased the biggest chrysanthemums the florists had to sell. They were workers for the Assembly candidate who was supported by the Good Government Club. They constituted the feature of chief interest in the district, and attracted the attention of many nurse maids.

They differed from ordinary workers in many respects. In the first place they were volunteers, and were supposed to be actuated only by a burning desire to purify the ballot, scorning all reward. Then they did not think it becoming to approach the natives, but looked friendly when they saw well-dressed men coming their way. For others they had not even a smile. They seemed to be much interested in the activity of the other workers, especially those of Tammany Hall, but they kept aloof from them all.

Among the other workers these were referred to all day as "those pretty boys."

The three-cornered contest for the Assembly, which resulted from the entrance into the field of the Good Government Club, did not appear to create great excitement. The vote was polled early, and nearly all who were registered voted. Police Commissioner James J. Martin led the Tammany Hall forces for Moses Herrman, and was confident of success. Otto Irving Wise, the Republican candidate, also spoke confidently. Mr. Leavitt was no more approachable than his workers.

GOV. FLOWER VOTES.

Gov. Flower, William C. Whitney, Recorder Smyth, Comptroller Myers, and Richard Croker voted in this district. Gov. Flower was one of the first of the voters to arrive at the election booth at Fiftieth street and Madison avenue. He was met at the entrance by Mr. Croker, and they entered together. All those named voted the straight Democratic ticket.

A LITTLE SHINDY IN THE TWENTY-THIRD.

In the Twenty-third Assembly district the day passed as peacefully as could be wished. Voters came forth dressed in holiday attire, many of them wearing white or yellow chrysanthemums on the lapels of their coats. Leader John B. Sexton was instantly surrounded by a circle of personal friends wherever he made his appearance.

The only thing looking at all like fight happened at 104 Columbus avenue. J. Wesley Cook of 177 West 102d street, and John H. Adams of 257 West Thirty-seventh street engaged in an argument with Charles Shearcroft of 153 West 100th street and came to blows. They were all young men who had just voted for the first time, and were excited because of that fact. Policeman Riley saw that Shearcroft would get the worst of the fight, so he arrested all three.

James S. Lehmaier of 203 West 103d street and Joseph Miller of 206 West 118th street, both watchers, were arrested by Policemen Harrigan and Swaine and locked up charged with speaking to voters and disorderly conduct in resisting arrest. Mr. Lehmaier says he was thrown bodily to the sidewalk by a policeman. Both he and Mr. Miller, he declares, were acting strictly within their rights as watchers.

ELEVENTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

It was a lively fight in the Eleventh district, and the leaders of both parties said at the close of the polls that they thought the full vote had been polled. James H. Sheffield, the Republican and Good Government Club candidate, had his men out early at all the election booths, but Leader John J. Scannell was not behind him in the interests of Fred M. McCloy, the Democratic candidate. The Eleventh district is nearly coterminous with the Tenderloin, and includes a large negro vote. The colored people had been parading every night for the past two weeks, and all day yesterday they were out in force. They stood about the booths in Sixth avenue and offered Democratic pasters to every able-bodied man who passed their way.

At the Republican headquarters in Thir