

**"POL. \$20." POOLROOM RECORD**  
**PARKHURST MEN AT TWO PLACES SAID TO BE FARRELL'S.**

Get a Poolroom Daily Balance Sheet and No Prisoners Back of the Waverley Cafe—Pull the Harmon Gambling House That Bothered Rev. Mr. Wright.

That was part of the day's balance sheet of the poolroom at 724 Broadway as far as it had been concerned when the Parkhurst men raided the place again at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

This is the place where Parkhurst Agent McEllan was set upon and beaten on Aug. 3 last. Frank Moss found fault with McEllan for not shooting somebody there and also notified Capt. A. J. Thomas of the Mercer street station of the existence of a poolroom in his precinct.

The Parkhurst men got five warrants for the Jackson family yesterday afternoon from Special Sessions Justice Holbrook, who is sitting as a Magistrate at the request of Justice Jerome. This family cognomen embraced the men who assaulted McEllan and the Parkhurst men went especially to get them. The men named in the warrants occurred out of the rear window.

Supt. McClintock and Assistant Supt. Hammond and Agents Dillon and McEllan, made the raid. McClintock went to the Mercer street station to get four men to serve the warrants. Sergt. Walling said he had four men in the place, although at least ten are supposed to be in reserve. McClintock got along with two. While he was within, a uniformed policeman went out of the station and by Fourth street to Broadway where he took a north-bound Broadway car. No 724 Broadway is four blocks north of Fourth street.

The Parkhurst men followed the policeman and as they approached the poolroom, which is in the rear of the Waverley Cafe, they met two wardmen coming down the street. "Where are you going?" asked the wardmen of the policeman. "We don't know," he said. "Well go," said the wardmen, and they did.

When they reached the Waverley Cafe Agents Dillon and McEllan went through the basement on the way to the rear of the building and were obstructed so long by a guard that the rest of the party had to try to get into the poolroom from the front. The front doors were locked. The pickets yelled.

"Police! Here come the raiders!" The front doors were smashed in, but there were two sets heavily barred and it took time. The Jackson family fled so rapidly that they were not seen. The leader that they neglected to take with them their balance sheet. The ladder led to the roof of an extension and they escaped.

Dillon and McEllan smashed their way into the big poolroom and met two frightened men coming out. These will be again the sight of the revolver, but were told that no harm was intended to them.

The biggest thing in the room was a huge megaphone. When the warrants were read, Aug. 2 a megaphone about eighteen feet long was among the effects taken to the Mercer street station and left with Capt. Thomas. It was the same megaphone that was used at the poolroom and had been used by eighteen feet long and had been used by the Parkhurst men at Morris Park and \$1,200 taken in and \$1,000 paid out, with the race yet to be run. The Parkhurst men took the race for the house. On the St. Louis track with two races over and \$400 to come, \$14.50 had been taken in and \$221 paid out in bets, leaving \$119.30. The Parkhurst men took the race for the house. On the St. Louis track with two races over and \$400 to come, \$14.50 had been taken in and \$221 paid out in bets, leaving \$119.30.

Following these figures came the department headed "expenses" for salary and "pol." The two wardmen were in the place, McEllan says, when he was assaulted in August. He said that he did not know whether they were ever known as "pol." The name "Elliott" was signed to the sheet. This place is said to be a Farrell poolroom. When the Parkhurst men were taken to the Mercer street station, Mr. Moss requested Capt. Thomas to enter on the list the names of the men who were taken, and what had been turned over to him. The Parkhurst men think that Capt. Thomas may now realize why. The excise license of the Waverley Cafe is in the name of Leopold Fritshman.

The police did nothing after the Rev. Mr. St. Croix Wright told about the gambling houses that had been taken to his home, and so the complete staff of the Parkhurst street walked into 267 West 126th street last night. This is the gambling house that had been taken to his home, and so the complete staff of the Parkhurst street walked into 267 West 126th street last night.

When they got to the house a negro servant opened the door, and the whole gang of raiders walked in. In the dining-room downstairs was set a very sumptuous repast, around which were seated four men. They barely looked up as the raiders came in, and during the whole raid kept on eating and drinking. The raiders left the policemen to watch those four men upstairs, where they found one, five or six men playing faro and roulette. The place was richly fitted out, and the gambling implements were among the handsomest of their kind. While they were packing up the furniture the doorman rang, and up came a man greatly excited. Agent Hammond stopped him and asked him where he was going and what he wanted. The man said he was going to play.

**MAIL OF LETTERS BOTHERS HIM.**

Mr. Nicoli Appeals to the Police—Getting Packages He Doesn't Want, Too.

One of the most peculiar complaints that the Tenderloin police have received in a long time was made last night by Joseph Nicoli, a well-to-do Spaniard, who lives in the Victoria Annex, at Twenty-fifth street and Broadway. Mr. Nicoli says he is the victim of a persistent practical joker or a relentless enemy who pursues a unique method of making trouble for him.

About six months ago, so Mr. Nicoli told the police, he began to receive letters, pamphlets, circulars and newspapers from all over the world. Some of the letters were threatening and they indicated that the writer knew something about him and his history. A number of the letters were on the subject of civil engineering, in which Mr. Nicoli says he isn't interested. He said he had never been employed as an engineer on any subject that he didn't care anything about.

Every week he received from forty to fifty of these letters and papers. His mail became so troublesome that he instructed the Post Office authorities not to send him any mail. Three weeks ago he began to be annoyed in a different manner. Large quantities of groceries and bundles of kindling wood were sent to him by G. O. One day a man brought fifty pounds of ice and on another day a ton of coal which he hadn't ordered. The man who brought the coal insisted that he had been paid to carry it to Mr. Nicoli's room and was with difficulty prevented from doing so. He said he had been paid by a man named Higgins to investigate Nicoli's complaint.

**SHOT DEAD FOR FLIRTING.**

Italian Girl Murdered by Her Paramour—He's Dying, a Suicide.

In the big Italian boarding house on the West Farms road near the Bronx River, some twenty or thirty Italians who work on the railroad beds in the district are housed. There, last night, in a fit of jealous rage, Peter Damago, a stout mason, shot Stella Meola, a pretty Italian girl of 17, who has been living with him as his wife, and afterward put a bullet in his own brain and fell dying on her body.

Damago's jealousy had been aroused by attentions paid to the girl by another boarder in the house, a young Italian known as Antonio Meola. He caught them in a conversation late in the evening. In the morning the girl spoke to Nisa again. She only showed her white teeth in a smile. "I will kill you," she said. "I will kill you," she said. "I will kill you," she said.

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**JUDGE SCORES LABOR UNIONS.**

Says They Are a Menace to the Fundamental Principles of Society.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 17.—The case of Edward Besette, charged with violating a Federal court injunction was resumed before Judge Baker to-day and several witnesses and affidavits were introduced. Judge Baker said he doubted if a strike could be conducted without violence, and said that he would not allow a strike to be conducted without violence.

**PRISONERS TO BE RELEASED.**

About Seventy Will Soon Leave Sing Sing as Result of New Law.

The State Board of Parole, whose members are J. P. Jaekel, Ligonier Stewart and Cornelius V. Collins, have been meeting at the Sing Sing Prison since Tuesday morning and considering the applications of prisoners for release on parole, decided yesterday to liberate about seventy convicts.

**SMITH IS MORMON PRESIDENT.**

Nephew of the Original Prophet Now at the Head of the Church.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Oct. 17.—At a meeting of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church this afternoon Joseph F. Smith was officially declared President and head of the Church, succeeding Lorenzo Snow, who died a week ago. He was selected as his counselors Apostles John R. Winder and Anton H. Lund. Apostle Brigham Young was made President of the Mormon faith. Twelve Apostles. A general conference of the Mormon Church is called for Nov. 19 to formally approve the appointments of the new President.

**TO SMASH BLACKMAIL RULE.**

Club For Rockefeller's Class. Its Young Leader Fights the Bill—Addressed by Mr. Baldwin of the Fifteen.

At a social gathering held last night by the Young Men's Bible Class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church it was announced that through the generosity of its leader, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the club, in a very short time, would be provided with a clubhouse of its own. Mr. Rockefeller for that purpose had bought and completely furnished a four-story brick house at 15 West Forty-fifth street. The preparations are so far advanced that the date of opening has been fixed for Nov. 1.

The club will be at the disposal of all the young men of the church and their friends. It will be kept open every night and during such periods it may be obtained from a nominal membership fee, all the expenses of its maintenance will be born by Mr. Rockefeller.

Last night's gathering was addressed by President William H. Baldwin, Jr., of the Long Island Railroad, and Booker T. Washington. Mr. Baldwin referred to the liberality of mind displayed by the class and Mr. Rockefeller in giving them a life-long institution, to speak before them. He spoke in the course of his address of the work done by the committee of 15 toward morally cleaning the tenements. It had been done by the committee of 15 toward morally cleaning the tenements.

**IF GAMBLERS ARE SHY OF YOU**

Just Apply to the Police, They'll Get You

—That Goes in the Tenderloin. A hansom cab was driven up to the Tenderloin police station just after 11 o'clock last night and a man in evening clothes got out and went into the station. "There's a gambling house in West Thirty-fourth street," he said to acting Sergt. Bauer.

"Yes," said the man, "it's at 122 West Thirty-fourth street." "How do you know?" asked the acting sergeant. "I've just come from there," said the man in the evening clothes and they would let me in."

**HIGHWAYMAN ROB PAYMASTER.**

\$2,100 Taken on the Street in Middleboro, Ky.—Thief Used a Revolver.

MIDDLEBORO, Ky., Oct. 17.—P. T. Colgan, bookkeeper and paymaster for the Virginia Iron Coal and Coke Company was waylaid and robbed by two men of \$2,100 this morning while on his way to the office in the heart of this city. Colgan had carried the money a few minutes before from the Manufacturers' Bank. To-day is pay day at the furnaces. Of the money which Colgan had drawn \$900 was in silver. This he carried over his shoulder. The remainder, in currency, was carried in his pocket.

**MOCK MARRIAGE IN A SALOON.**

A Lawyer Pained Off as a Judge—Read Ceremony From Blackstone.

STRAUSE, Oct. 17.—As the result of some practical joker's work, Reuben Wright had and Sarah Blinn, a daughter of Murray, had a mock marriage ceremony. They were not, and Attorney Thomas E. Murphy of this city is trying to explain why he took part in the farce that was enacted in the saloon of Alderman Blinn last night. The couple came here and tried to find some one who would marry them. They fell into the hands of some practical jokers, who took them to a saloon where Attorney Murphy was called upon to perform the ceremony. Murphy read from Blackstone and gave the couple a roll of paper covered with seals for a certificate, and they went their way rejoicing, after giving Murphy \$1.50 for the job.

**RACED AN AUTO IN BROADWAY.**

Needed Exercise the Ice-man Said—In Belief for Temperance Treatment.

A halless and careless man racing with an open electric car started folks on Broadway about 8 o'clock last night. The man had been running with the car for some time when Policeman McKay saw him at Seventeenth street. McKay entered the race and caught the man after a chase of five blocks. The driver was a man named Max Collier of 815 West Fifty-fifth street. An ice wagon driver was needed every day from the Battery Building Commission this afternoon decided to employ William H. Ware, professor of architecture of Columbia University, New York city, as consulting architect to advise and counsel with the commission in the consideration and adoption of the plans that may be submitted.

**SERVE'S NOTICE ON GERMANY.**

Austrian Premier Says Tariff War May End Alliance.

VIENNA, Oct. 17.—A reference to the proposed German tariff contained in a speech by Dr. Koerber, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, at the reassembling of the Reichsrath, has excited great interest here and must inevitably do the same in Berlin. He said: "This tariff, especially the proposed high duties on livestock, makes the position very difficult for us. We are for a policy of commercial treaties, but in case it is not possible to conclude such treaties are also possible with our interest we shall find it easier, perhaps, than others, to do without them and to simply withdraw into our own shell, taking care that it is not invaded from the outside. We have a sufficiently large economic sphere in the two halves of our monarchy, of which each is the best market for the surplus production of the other, but Austria and Hungary, must, of course, not quarrel with each other, especially as a conflict between us may be a factor in the calculations of third parties. Each must know and openly recognize the other as the best and most trustworthy customer it can have."

After further remarks in this strain Dr. Koerber expressed the hope that when the new commercial treaties, especially the treaty with Germany, were concluded, the condition of affairs which for a long time had had evil effects would cease. He added that the Government in the forthcoming negotiations would aim to effectively protect native industry and not to enter into any treaties demanding sacrifices and not offering advantages. In conclusion he said, "Even the political alliance of the two great empires may be endangered by an economic war between them."

**GERMAN ANARCHIST SENTENCED.**

Published an Article Approving the Murder of President McKinley.

BERLIN, Oct. 17.—Herz Panzer, the nominal editor of the Neues Leben, an anarchist paper, was arraigned to-day for recently publishing an article approving of the assassination of President McKinley. The article was violent in tone, and contained many classical expressions. It was evidently written by an educated person, but Panzer, who is an uneducated man, insisted that he wrote it. He apparently did not object to purchase the fame of authorship with the four months' imprisonment to which the court sentenced him.

**GERMANS' GRANTLY TROPHY.**

Head of the Murderer of Baron Von Ketteler Brought From China.

BERLIN, Oct. 17.—A story is printed here to the effect that officers of the German field hospital in China, who have arrived at Wilhelmshaven, brought with them the head of the Chinaman who murdered the Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, and who was executed in Peking for the crime. It is added that the head has been sent to Berlin.

**OLDEST MAN DIES.**

Ismael Hodja's Age Was Said to Be 160—Had All His Teeth.

LONDON, Oct. 15.—A despatch to the Daily Mail from Athens records the death at Khati, Albania, of Ismael Hodja, said to have been the oldest man in the world. His faculties were unimpaired, and he had all his teeth when he died. He leaves 200 descendants.

**A. J. HORGAN'S SON RUN OVER.**

Architect Begs the Driver's Release Afterward—Boy Hadly Hurt.

John P. Horgan, the five-year-old son of Arthur J. Horgan, of the firm of Horgan & Slattery, the Tammany architects, was run over by an express wagon a few doors from his home at 250 West Seventieth street, last night, and received serious injuries. The wagon was driven by Henry Goner of 570 Ninth avenue and belonged to the Dodd's Express Company. The boy ran off the sidewalk in front of the horses. He was knocked down and the wagon passed over his back and left shoulder. French Carter, a negro, jolted him up and carried him into a drug store on the corner of Amsterdam street.

**LOST HIS LIFE TO SAVE A DOG.**

Huber Had Just Been Cheered for the Rescue When He Sank.

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**GERM THAT KILLED MCKINLEY?**

Discovery of a Gas-Forming Bacillus Such as Was Noted in the Late President's Case.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. VIENNA, Oct. 17.—Prof. Gussenbauer, a prominent surgeon at the Vienna University, has announced the discovery of a new bacillus. In a lecture yesterday he said he had noticed that several operations during which aseptic precautions were carefully watched had not resulted as favorably as anticipated, the process of healing being hindered by so-called gas abscesses in the wound.

Bacteriological investigation showed that a new bacillus was the cause. The peculiarities of this organism are that it develops only when oxygen is excluded and generates gases during its growth. The same bacillus was then found on the ceiling and walls of the operating room.

**M'CALLAGH ARRESTED, M'GURK.**

Of Suicide Hall and Divers Other Haunts of Thieves and Repeaters.

John M'Gurk, the proprietor of Suicide Hall on the Bowery, the "Hoffman," and the "Merrimac," which is on Third avenue near Fourteenth street and around the corner from Tammany Hall, was arrested at the Merrimac early this morning on a warrant charging him with being the proprietor of a disorderly house. The warrant was issued by Justice Holbrook.

**HATPIN "APPENDICITIS."**

After the Boy Was Opened the Doctors Knew What Had Ailed Him.

Alfred Phillips, the four-year-old son of a mechanic of 735 Wythe avenue, Williamsburg, was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital on Wednesday suffering from acute appendicitis. The child had complained of pain in his right side for several months and his mother had frequently applied hot water bags to relieve his suffering. House Surgeon Hayt at the hospital decided that an immediate operation was necessary to save the boy's life. He was unable to communicate with any of the consulting staff and he determined to perform the operation with the assistance of the doctors in the hospital.

**WIFE HELPING MR. LONGFELLOW.**

He's Running for Alderman Up in the Bronx.

Frederick W. Longfellow, candidate for Alderman in the Thirty-fifth District, is making an active campaign. He is a member of the law firm of Deland & Longfellow, and recently he married a daughter of Mrs. L. Livingston Deland of Riverdale-on-the-Hudson. When Mr. Longfellow plunged into the campaign his young wife said she wouldn't stand by and see him do all the work. He had expected a Republican nomination, but he wanted the Citizens' Union nomination, which meant the getting of 300 signatures to a petition. Mr. Longfellow hustled and got as many as he could, but he saw that to run his campaign properly and keep the fight going he would have to get help. That's where Mrs. Longfellow came in. She started out to get the rest of the signatures to the petition. For the last few days she has been working in the village known as Irish Town, near Van Cortlandt Park, in the city of New York. The village is composed of huts and shanties, and some of its people are a little rough, but Mrs. Longfellow isn't afraid. She goes around knocking her husband's name as if she had been in politics all her life.

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**SHEPARD A FULL-GROWN TIGER**

Comes to Praise Coler—Stays to Glorify Tammany.

Takes It to His Heart and Promises Never to Attempt to Disgrace the Organization—Declares It Cannot Be Destroyed—A Warm Reception. Squire Croker gave a monster entertainment for his tenantry last night in honor of his capture of Edward M. Shepard. He invited Mr. Shepard. Mr. Shepard needed little urging. He had prepared a speech in which he said he was very much glad of the nobility of the Squire's institution, Tammany Hall, and a good deal about that "grand Democrat, Comptroller Coler." But as the applause and the cheers of the assembled tenantry warmed his heart and the hypnotic eye of the Squire, fixed over on his, got in his head, Mr. Shepard branched away from his manuscript, never once mentioned the name of Coler, and launched into fulsome panegyrics of the organization which some one has called "a foul blot on American politics."

As every meeting at Tammany Hall has been a memory of man, Russell told the tenantry that the Squire's meeting was big and enthusiastic. Those whom the Hon. William Sulzer used to delight to call "in the days when the Squire allowed him to talk 'the pe-pul'" came early and enjoyed the Squire's free fireworks and the hands and some few managed to get into the hall before the police closed the doors. There were three outside meetings in Fourteenth street, at which minor orators supplied the needs of those who really wanted to hear somebody talk. But Squire Croker was disappointed in his hope that the Shepard triumph was to be the greatest meeting of the tenantry which ever came off under his patronage. It was not.

As so many people were there a came out to cheer for that cheerless leader, William J. Bryan, last year. Those who did come went home early. The close of Mr. Shepard's speech, which was very, very long, started a great many of the people who had been listening to him for the door. When they reached the street they found, except for a crowd of two or three hundred people, a deserted street. It was a sad sight. Many an old stager shook his head sadly as he saw the old men.

**GREAT TURNOUT OF THE TENANTRY.**

The hall upstairs, with its great curved gallery, was packed with men at half-past 7 o'clock. The rows of boxes along the sides of the hall were bright with the costumes and the faces of the members of the families of many of the Squire's lead men. The crowd was packed and the tenantry mingled with interest at this being allowed to see from nearby the operation of some of the machinery by which the Squire's foremen help him gather his crops. Fifty streamers, their red, white and blue ends gathered in a point just above the stage, were strung to the sides of the hall in graceful and artistic fashion. The stage and the boxes were footstooled with flags.

As the crowds marched up the broad stairs to the hall small flags were thrust into their hands. Not a man was allowed to go up empty-handed. With each flag that was handed out went the whispered command: "Take this and raise hell when Shepard gets up there." These flags were many faces as the crowd went up the stairs, and many a man looked at his flag quizzically and said he "guessed the hell" was in going to make unfortunates. Many a man looked at his flag quizzically and said he "guessed the hell" was in going to make unfortunates. Many a man looked at his flag quizzically and said he "guessed the hell" was in going to make unfortunates.

The first person to arouse any evidences of esteem from the folks in the hall by a speech was W. J. Bryan. Mr. Smith, Knox and one or two other of the candidates for county officers, a few minutes later came George J. McEllan, Joe Fromme and Col. W. W. Van Hook. The crowd for Comptroller. These started a cheer and the cheer was taken for an indication that Mr. Shepard's speech was a success. The flagholders thought that the time had come for them to do their duty and they did it. Somebody at the back of the hall started to get the rest of the signatures to the petition. For the last few days she has been working in the village known as Irish Town, near Van Cortlandt Park, in the city of New York. The village is composed of huts and shanties, and some of its people are a little rough, but Mrs. Longfellow isn't afraid. She goes around knocking her husband's name as if she had been in politics all her life.

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