PARKER ON M. O. FALLACIES.

PLEADS FOR REELECTION OF MAYOR McCLELLAN IN LETTER.

City Threatened With Millions of Debt Only to Give More Power to Odell Machine at Albany—Stickney Interrupted in His Speech by Cheers for Hearst.

Alton B. Parker was down for the principal speech at a lawyers' meeting for Mayor McClellan at Carnegie Hall last night, but he was kept at home by an attack of tonsilitis. He sent a letter which he devoted solely to a discussion of the municipal ownership question and the attitude of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Ivins on that subject.

It was a stormy meeting for a time. A reference to Mr. Hearst in Judge Parker's letter brought a round of cheers, soon to be drowned by hisses. Then Albert Stickney, who took Mr. Parker's place as chairman of the meeting, didn't get along well with the audience. He mentioned the name of Hearst and it was cheered. Then he started to speak about Mr. Jerome and he was interrupted four times by cheers.

Finally he became angered and left the meeting in the middle, saying that his voice was not strong and that he was sorry he did not please all of the audience. John G. Carlisle took his place.

But it was a warm greeting that Mayor McClellan got at the windup of the meeting. It was a well filled but not a crowded house that greeted Clifford W. Hartridge when he opened the meeting. He said that the meeting was not in a sense a political one, but an appeal by lawyers to common sense and not passion. Then he read Mr. Parker's letter, which said in part:

Mr. Ivins says, according to the papers, that if he shall be elected, the municipality will own the gas and electric lighting plants within thirty days after he takes the oath of office. Mr. Hearst more modestly and accurately says that vigorous action that direction will have been taken within thirty days after he shall have become Mayor.

It is but just to those gentlemen, as it is but wise for ourselves, to take them at their word. Hence the question is presented for the serious consideration of every resident of this city, whether we shall rush headlong into a scheme which has for its ultimate purpose the burdening of this municipality with the hundreds of millions of dollars of debt necessary to acquire the various public utilities, as well as the turning over of more than twenty thousand employees engaged in their operation to the management of a political machine. Whether that machine be Republican or Democratic, we know it does not mean greater economy in management, but instead it means more extravagance in management.

We have been spared much machine Republican rule in this city, but we know it in this State, and therefore have no difficulty in understanding the storms of public opinion that beat upon that organization in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Nor have we failed to note the protests of the people against the Republican organization of Ohio, Pennsylvania and our own State.

And what possible chance of gain is there to warrant burdening ourselves with debt that we may turn over the management of these properties to political machines? Would we expect better service from thousands of officeholders with their so-called pull, than from thousands of employees whose employers desire to have them so conduct themselves as to win the good will of the people? Certainly we would not.

Mr. Parker then went into the economical side of the question, saying that cheaper fares could not be expected, citing the fact that "the two great surface traction systems of this city are now unable to earn a dollar of profit for their owners, the stockholders." He added:

Why should we vote to spend the millions and millions necessary to take over the gas and electric lighting plants when the people now have the power to compel the corporations owning these plants to accept reasonable prices for their product?

There is no better established legal proposition than that public service corporations based on public franchises can be required to accept reasonable rates whether they are steam, elevated or surface railroad, gas or electric lighting plants or telephone companies.

If the rates are now reasonable, then they will be greater after acquisition, for the Government will pay more for the services rendered than the corporation. If the rates are now unreasonable, then the people have it in their power, through the Legislature, to reduce the rates. But some one will say: "We tried that last winter and the Legislature failed to give us eighty cent gas. Now we are going to take the properties and run them." Thus he reaches a wholly illogical result, which may be stated in these words: "The Government which should protect us, having failed us in one point, we are going to turn the whole matter over to the Government."

We know from past experience that if the present Republican organization continues in power in this State the votes of this community in favor of municipal ownership will mean not municipal operation, but State operation for the benefit of the machine. I submit that votes on our part having for their ultimate purpose the placing at Albany of the power to saddle this community with debt for the acquisition of private properties is therefore most unwise.

Mr. Parker, after pointing out that the remedy for legislators who have not done their duty is to defeat them and their party went on:

If the people of this city and this State will set about the defeat of unfaithful representatives and will insist by their votes upon the enforcement of law against all its violators, whether rich or poor, whether at the heads of great corporations, insurance or otherwise, or whether charged with public administration, and will demand the meting out of punishment to the petty criminal and the great criminal side by side and in a proportionate share there will be heard far less of clamor in support of the various devices of those whose ultimate purpose is to do away with private ownership of property and turn over to the government the management of all the business of the country.

Mr. Parker concluded:

Why should we not go back to the old method of electing those who are faithful to the people rather than the men who at the dictates of the bosses or for bribes thwart the people's will. Those who believe in this method—the method of the fathers and the Constitution—will make no mistake if they vote for the selection of the present Mayor. He wisely said in a recent interview that "the government never should interfere in the field of private enterprise so long as private enterprise does its duty by the people."

This position of the Mayor is true to democracy. It is true to its traditions and its principles from its beginning down to this hour. And his record as Mayor—of which we are all justly proud—justifies the conclusion that when a private enterprise based on a public franchise does not do its duty by the people he will use all the legitimate power of his great office to compel it to do its duty under the law.

When Mr. Hartridge was interrupted while reading Mr. Parker's letter by cheers for Hearst he begged the audience not to hiss.

"We are glad to have Mr. Hearst's friends here," he said. "We intend to appeal to reason, not to prejudice."

Then Mr. Stickney was introduced as chairman. His voice was not strong. There were cries of "louder" from the gallery.

"Wake me up in half an hour," shouted one man.

Mr. Stickney took the interruptions good naturedly at first and then became nettled. He begged for a hearing, saying that he was used to speaking in a court room and not in a large hall. Finally he lectured the audience and asked to be treated with ordinary courtesy.

"For those who do not wish to hear me speak there is the door," he said.

There was a long stretch of continued applause, and Mr. Stickney walked back from the speaker's stand and motioned to Elliot F. Shepard to speak. Mr. Stickney sat down with Mr. Shepard and Mr. Carlisle, but no one made a move to talk. The crowd then howled for Mr. Stickney, who continued his speech.

He started to speak of Mr. Jerome's defence of his administration by the use of "glittering generalities."

"Mr. Jerome——" began Mr. Stickney. The cheers lasted a minute. Three times after that Mr. Stickney started the same sentence and was stopped by cheers. "Jerome's all right," yelled one man. "Talk about McClellan," said another. Mr. Stickney finally was allowed to have his say about Mr. Jerome and then introduced Mr. Carlisle.

Mr. Carlisle made a short and effective speech. Although he has been a resident of the city for eight years it was the first time he felt called upon to take part in a municipal election. A combination had been formed to defeat, if not the best Mayor, as good a Mayor as New York ever had.

"Col. McClellan has given us a fair business administration," he said, "free from partiality and prejudice. It cannot be denied that he is honest and that he has given an economical administration. The city is one of the best governed in the world, and instead of abusing it by magnifying its defects we ought to be proud of it."

When Mr. Stickney got up to introduce Mr. Shepard the crowd cheered, or jeered, and wouldn't let him speak. At last there was quiet and with a few words of apology to his friends in the audience he left the meeting. Mr. Shepard said:

"My dear friends, you would have heard a most effective speech if you had listened to my friend, Mr. Stickney. Cheers for Mr. Hearst will not stop me. I have stood battering on every side and I stood up once and was battered by votes. I'm tough."

Mr. Shepard declared that Hearst was making promises that he could never keep, because there were laws and the Constitution, which wouldn't let him. He was not interrupted.

And then came the Mayor, a few minutes before 11 o'clock. He was cheered for six minutes and saluted by a waving forest of flags. He said:

"This is the sixty-fourth meeting I have spoken at in this campaign and the twelfth to-night. I am tired, very tired, and I know you will forgive me if I don't make a speech. One point I want to emphasize. We are reaching the closing days—the closing hours of the campaign; I believe that no man should cast a ballot who does not do so with an open conscience.

If there is any man, any citizen, who believes that there will be better conditions under some other man, then I do not ask for his vote, because as an honest man I cannot ask him.

"But, on the other hand, if he believes that I have honestly tried to do my duty as an honest man, if he believes that the conditions are a little better than they were two years ago, then I ask him to vote for the ticket I have the honor to head."

A cheering crowd followed Mr. McClellan from the hall.

MARK TWAIN FOR JEROME.

And for Ivins, Too—Figures on Three Votes, One Being Twain.

At the mass meeting for the Republican candidates, which was held last night in Cooper Union, the chairman, Horace White, read a letter from Mark Twain, in which the humorist said:

"I believe in Ivins and Jerome and hope to be allowed to voice my whole strength for them; that is to say, once as Clemens and twice as Twain."

Mr. White said there were two sorts of independent Republicans that intended to vote the Democratic ticket this year—those that thought Mayor McClellan had done fairly well in office, the other, those who were afraid of the election of Hearst.

"I think that if the Republicans of New York stick together loyally William M. Ivins will be elected Mayor next Tuesday," he asserted.

At the mention of District Attorney Jerome by the chairman there was great applause by the persons that filled the hall.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott said that the principle behind the candidates was greater than the individual candidates. "Mr. McClellan is an estimable gentleman, no doubt," he said, "but there is a boss behind him, and bossism is a lost cause, just as much as the cause of slavery, for which Robert E. Lee, an estimable gentleman, fought. I believe that the destinies of the city are safe in the hands of the people.

"I am not a resident of the city, but if I was I would vote for William M. Ivins for Mayor and William Travers Jerome for District Attorney."

"This is a good time to beat bosses," said Gen. Stewart L. Woodford. "The people are rising. You saw it in St. Louis and Philadelphia, and you will see it in New York. Every man should stand against graft and corruption and the ring. I believe sincerely that we are going to elect William Travers Jerome on the issue, down with the bosses. [Great applause.] Behind the candidacy of Mr. Hearst is a deep and sincere conviction. Behind the candidacy of McClellan is graft and corruption. I meet many men among my friends in Wall Street that tell me they are going to vote for McClellan. There is an alliance between Wall Street and Tammany Hall. Cowardly Republicans will be responsible for it if he is elected."

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ROTTENNESS IN ODELL'S TOWN

DENS OF VICE THAT PUT TO BLUSH THE WORST IN NEW YORK.

Saloons With Back Rooms for Girls and Houses of Ill Repute of the Lowest Class Run Openly and Without Police Interference—Street Walking and Street Soliciting Goes on Nightly—And All Protected by the Odell Gang.

NEWBURGH, Nov. 3.—The decent citizens of this town, who are making a fight to cure it of the disease of Odellism, find arrayed against them every element that makes for vice and immorality. During this campaign, as in every campaign for twenty years and more, there are marching under the banner of the Hon. Benjamin B. Odell and brazenly chanting his virtues all the disorderly house keepers and the silent partners interested in this particular branch of profitable business, the saloon men who deal in women as well as whiskey, the street walkers and their "escorts," the negro dive keepers and their runners, and practically every man and woman of ill repute in this city.

The army of vice is fighting hard for the Odell ticket. Every tatterdemalion who makes a living out of the prostitution of women, the turn of a card, the rattle of dice or the sale of liquor in illegal hours is singing loud, and the song is all of Odell. Odell made them, protected and fed them, and their future fatness depends on the Boss winning at the election next Tuesday.

No frank citizen of this town can truthfully deny that twenty years of Odell's despotism in the town's government has made Newburgh the rottenest city morally, for its size, in the State. Odell has always been friendly to the elements that make for Newburgh's shame and disgrace. The disorderly houses owe their existence to his paternal rule. The street walkers that crowd Water street as soon as the sun goes down owe their living to Odell. His Mayor, his City Marshal, his policemen, his Magistrates don't bother them. Odell wouldn't like to have these friends interfered with. Everybody in Newburgh knows it, though many good men dare not say it openly. These abandoned creatures that parade Water street, appearing and disappearing at significant intervals during their night's march, have a definite value along about election time. It may not amount to much, only a few votes here and there, but it saves money, and anyway, the Odell motto in general is every little bit helps. "Why should the campaign fund be lessened of a few dollars when these women can get the votes in their own unspeakable way?"

The gin mill keepers along Broadway and Water street and in other beautiful sections of Newburgh's red light district, those saloon men who kindly allow such street walkers as don't care to parade the streets to use their back rooms for employment agencies, taking their pay in several ways, are working hard for Mr. Odell's candidate for Mayor and other city offices. They have got their coats off and are sweating. It would be a painful thing to lose the income that the miserable rouged women bring to them night after night. Were it not for Odell's paternalism they couldn't sell liquor in any hour of the twenty-four they wanted to, Sunday included. All the sputtoon clearers and keg drippers and spiritless, stupid humans that doze and drink in these places are working for Odell, doing what they can. The saloon keepers would very quickly kick them into the street if they didn't hustle some. Besides, there is always the pleasant possibility of being handed $3 or $4 on election day for playing the old, old game of keeping the Hon. B. B. Odell boss of Newburgh.

What is true of the painted ladies and their friends in the liquor trade applies very directly to the fat, bediamonded persons that sit in the front rooms of certain resorts and welcome the guest, calling for the girls to please hurry and not keep the gentlemen waiting. These fat ones, whether it be "Mme. Maude" or "Mme. Frank" or "Mme. Em" or "Mme. Allen," are very much for the things that stand for Odell. Some of them have enjoyed years of prosperity and immunity and they are grateful with a rapturous, enthusiastic gratitude. They make money. Their business is excellent under Odell's figureheads. "Why shouldn't they contribute and talk for their patron?" say Newburghers of the sort that believe in saying plain things, even though they don't look well in black and white. Some of these large women have been known to be very indignant when visitors to their houses happened to say unkind things about "the Governor." The visitors were told to shutup. Nobody should say a word against Gov. Odell in that house.

"There never was a nicer, pleasanter party than the Governor. A perfect gentleman he is, with a smile for everybody, and always willing to do a person a good turn. Don't you think so, girls?" That's the way the talk would run. If the girls didn't think so, they would be hunting new boarding houses very shortly.

The long and short and thick and thin of the whole dirty business of Newburgh's rottenness is Odellism, men of the stamp of Col. Weygant say flatly. It is a responsibility that Odell cannot dodge. He has bossed the city twenty years. Every official has been admittedly a creature of his. Odell has been content to turn his own home town into a paradise of prostitutes and the mecca of male vermin that he might rise from a little saloon in Water street to be Governor. A man may go to Newburgh and put this question to the first ten men he meets on the street: "Is it Odell's fault that conditions are so bad here?" and it is even Stephen that seven out of the ten would admit the fact in one way or another, "providing you don't mention my name. I've got to live in this town."

The Rev. Father McGlynn, now dead, said once when he was pastor at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church: "Newburgh is the rottenest town morally I ever saw." He made the remark to a Catholic priest after he had worn himself out and was sick to the heart fighting shameful things that hid behind Odell and were protected by him. Father McGlynn had had some experience in New York city and elsewhere, and knew what he was talking about. It was his duty to go into some of the worst dives in this town, and everywhere he found friends of Benjamin B. Odell. There are other priests in Newburgh that say the same things.

Conditions to-day are worse than in Father McGlynn's time. They do the best they can to keep the young men and women of their parishes from walking in the muck that Odellism has spread over Newburgh, but it is a hard task, and they find it soul wearying. They will tell you, some of them, that they hold Odell responsible for things as they are; for the bedraggled prostitutes that walk the streets and sit in the flashy houses; for the hundred and one saloons that run openly after hours and on Sunday; for the dirt and crime that come of such things, and, worst of all, for a certain lowering of moral tone, a tendency to blink at shame and walk by with closed eyes rather than incur the wrath and vengeance of the Boss.

Twenty years of Odell has reduced the town that produced him not only to being pestilential morally, but to apologizing and depreciating the pestilence itself. There are men here that will say that those twenty years of Odell rule in big and little things has vitiated the moral atmosphere. Conditions have been rank for twenty years, a little ranker year by year, but citizens have got so used to the bad air that they breathe it without much protest, save when fearless citizens stand up and point out in plain American just how bad things are.

Newburgh citizens of all parties know their town is in a bad way from the standpoint of common decency, but they hate to talk about it, on the ground that no bird cares to defile its own nest. They know the town is a shamed town in the eyes of other cities, but it isn't pleasant to dwell on those things. One of these citizens said to-day:

"Everybody knows what Ben Odell has done to make this place bad as bad can be, but, you see, no man that's worth the powder to blow him up likes to cuss his own home. We would like to fight Odell in every way possible, but a fight along the lines of morality hurts us in the eyes of the State and it hurts our business. There's a strong point for Odell. He knows that's so and he trades on it. Let a cry go up that Newburgh is rotten to the core morally, and along will come an Odell lieutenant with the talk that things may be bad, but they are no worse than elsewhere, and, anyway, let's all stand together for the reputation of our city. Let's not talk about such things, because it hurts us all. There's just enough truth in that to make it a potent argument. Time after time campaigns on moral conditions have been started, but they never came to much because men were afraid to speak out, newspapers were afraid to print the truth, and because that kind of campaigning hurt the whole city."

No better picture of Newburgh under Odell could be drawn, perhaps, than the experience of a man who wanted to see for himself things as they really are. He got the abstract from men who talked very frankly. Then he got the concrete for himself. The total of what he saw was startling in its barefaced ugliness.

Last night the disorderly houses were running, as they have run for years, openly known of all citizens, and doing a flourishing business. There are a dozen or thirteen of such houses here, many of them of the lowest and vilest character. Of the little ones, the house run by an Italian known as "Nica Panan," in that sweet section known as "The Gut," has perhaps the worst reputation. It is frequented by Italian laborers from here and other cities. The police don't bother it. That is an example of the cheap dive.

Of the "better" houses there are four, run along New York lines. Of these, "Mme. Frank's," at 152 Smith street, a dark alley of a thoroughfare, does perhaps the most rushing business. It has existed for years and years, owing to the kindness of the Odell gang. The latchstring is always out. This house is frequented by the better class of people and by young students from academies and a much larger institution not many miles away. It has a curious reputation for decency. Certain people here will tell one quite seriously that it isn't a bad sort of place at all. They won't sell liquor in "Mme. Frank's"—at least to a stranger—but one may take his booze with him. They never murdered anybody in the house, and there is no record of anybody having been robbed there. Twenty years of the Odell brand of decency leads Newburgh people to regard "Mme. Frank's" rather complacently, as an old and somewhat venerated institution, to be considered with the statue of George Clinton in the little triangular grassplot.

"Mme. Maude Adams" is "Mme. Frank's" most prosperous rival. Maude Adams runs a flat at the corner of Williams and Parmenter streets, a flat well equipped in every respect. It is on the second floor of a dingy, battered old building which doesn't give one much idea at first glance of the ornateness of "Mme. Maude's" house. Trade is excellent there. It always is. The carpenter that Odell made City Marshal doesn't interfere with "Mme. Maude", and his policemen are accommodatingly blind to things that go on there. "Mme. Maude's" interesting flat is largely patronized by the very young men from this town and other cities along the Hudson. The young trade is a very nice trade, "Mme. Maude" believes. They don't like to sell liquor to strangers at this flat. Strangers go away and talk about it, and it makes things annoying for the bunch that runs the town.

There is "Mme. Allen's" house in Robinson avenue, near Broadway. It is quite well known, though citizens hardly speak of it with the pride with which they mention "Mme. Frank's." It is a big, square frame house, standing pretty much by itself in a small block, a very quiet place, a place that nervous people hold in some esteem. Business is usually good there. As elsewhere, patrons are informed there is absolutely no danger of interruption from the police. "We run a respectable, quiet place," they say. "The police never bother us. Why should they?"

"Mme. Emma" runs a house in Lake street near Broadway, a smaller house than the others, not so well spoken of perhaps, but frequented sufficiently to make a good, safe, conservative business.

These four are more or less typical of the others. None are interfered with, though their addresses are known almost by the very children of the town. There is some talk in Newburgh of a raid having been made on one or two of these houses at some dim time in the past. Nobody remembers just when it was or what was accomplished. The girls were fined $2.50, it is recalled with difficulty, after one of these singular manifestations of the carpenter's activity.

When one recalls that Newburgh is a city of 25,000 odd only, and that there are as many places of this character as in cities twice the size, one gets a pretty definite idea of what Odell has been to his own city. Not only do these places add to Newburgh's shame, but they injure directly dozens of towns near by. People who can't find disorderly houses in their own cities go to Newburgh for that sort of entertainment. "Let's all go up to Newburgh" is as common along the Hudson as the catch phrase, "Let's all go up to Maude's." The meaning is similar.

But these things are more or less quiet manifestations of Odellism. They aren't exactly flaunted in the faces of decent people. You can take them or leave them alone. The street walking evil is a far more serious and dirtier disgrace. There are hundreds of women in this town that make their living picking up men along the streets, soliciting, making a catch, vanishing for a brief hour or so and appearing again to play the game over and over again, a dozen times a night, maybe.

These things are not pretty to put on paper, but they are true, and every citizen in Newburgh who is the right sort of person blushes for the shame of it. Water street is the thoroughfare, principally, of the brazen, frankly evil women. The minute the lights begin to twinkle they are out in their best, a pitiful sort of best, a best that tries to be pretty and neat sometimes and only succeeds in being vulgar and tawdry and gaudy. They walk in pairs and cruise alone, or seek trade on the arm of a red faced, thick necked escort of the type that Fourteenth street in New York city knows well. A housewife marketing late or going downtown of necessity late in the evening must perforce rub shoulders with these creatures and have her ears assailed with their shameless twitter to each other. Children see them and hear them of summer evenings when everybody is out, and it doesn't take a Newburgh child long to get a dim idea of what those things mean.

Policemen strolling along Water street pass these women time after time during a night, see them soliciting men and know perfectly well what they are doing, but there isn't a policeman who ever makes an attempt to stop the traffic. In forty-five minutes the man who went out to see for himself what conditions really were was solicited eight times by Water street street walkers. In one instance a policeman stood not five feet away and must of necessity have heard what the woman said. He never so much as turned his head. Police activity along these lines is severely frowned upon by the Odellites.

The most of the women that parade along Water street and Broadway are young girls, a few of them hardly more than out of short dresses. Some have come here from New York city that they might do business without fear of police annoyance. A new one appears every night or so wearing clothes distinctively of a Manhattan cut, but the most of them come from Newburgh—factory girls that went wrong and stayed wrong. Newburgh people are so accustomed to them that very frequently they are pointed out to the stranger as an interesting and picturesque feature of the city's life.

A third result of Odellism is the uninterrupted existence of the saloons with women in their back rooms. Newburgh is full of places of the kind. A "straight" saloon is the exception rather than the rule. Much money can be made out of the sale of the ordinary commodities over the bar, but add women to the house's stock and profits go jumping. Some of these places have bedrooms, most merely act as headquarters for women who don't care to walk the streets, or who find the saloon way more profitable. The back rooms are all of a type. They are small and smoky and full of rotten air. An unshaven "professor" assaults a battered piano marked with cigar burns and stained with beer. Frequently the professor is a vocalist. Usually he isn't especially choice as to the sort of a song he gives between beers. The women, always three or four, wait at tables the coming of patrons. They talk the vilest and dirtiest sort of talk. They smoke cigarettes and speculate with direct curiosity on "how many strangers got in to-day," or "whether biz will be good to-night." Men drop into the back rooms, buy drinks for the women, look them over and, if pleased, walk out with them. An hour or two later back come the women eager for more trade. The Bowery in New York city never saw places where dirt and nastiness were more barefaced and downright.

Four saloons that permit women to use their back rooms are well known to Newburghers. They are just a few of the dozens of such places. There is White's at Broadway and Water street, Eagan's, a few doors away; The Horseman, in Broadway, and Davidson's, not very far from it. Such a thing as police interference is not thought of. Citizens of Newburgh say that places of the type mentioned are a chief cause for young girls making their first misstep, and for boys being corrupted. Attempts have been made by citizens living near these places to have them closed. It was impossible. Under Odell's rule here they aren't bothered, and it is apparently impossible to close them up.

The colored dives in Washington street are the worst of their kind. There are eight or ten of them, and the carpenter that Odell made City Marshal is too busy to investigate them. Complaints aren't received amiably. It isn't part of police duty in Newburgh to get evidence, it appears. Citizens protesting against dives that are offensive to them are told to get evidence, the police can do nothing otherwise. People have tried to get evidence and have fared unpleasantly. They became marked men. Annoying things happened to them. The old Odell game of boycott cropped up here again. Men who endeavored to find specific cause of action ran the risk of assault from some thug.

There is a priest in Newburgh that has been fighting the indecency fostered by Odell for thirteen years. He has spoken against it and does all in his power to protect his people from its contamination. It is a hard task. He thinks that Odell is to be held responsible for these things, the disorderly houses, the street walkers, the saloon agencies for prostitution and all the rest. He has an idea that the Odell control of the ice business is used pretty extensively to coerce saloonkeepers. The city marshal does nothing but draw salary. There are only two or three men on the force that ever do anything without being specifically ordered to. The police know all about these places, but never bother them.

"The state of affairs is simply terrible," this priest says. "There are a dozen disorderly houses running openly, besides the saloon backrooms. I know them all. This administration is at present to blame. It is an Odell administration. The joints along Water street, Broadway and Colden street are vile. That's the word for it. The excise law is violated constantly and openly. Nobody is arrested.

The saloon men are conspicuously Odell men, whether they be Democrats or Republicans. There are some frightful negro joints here. What Father McGlynn said of this town is perfectly true. The town is unspeakably rotten. The only way decency can come is by the overthrow of the politicians who allow such things to exist. It is hard to beat those politicians. People are afraid to speak out. If the good citizens who are opposed to such things could get together all would be well."

The citizens who hope to succeed in their revolt against Odellism and indecency promise to clean up the town and drive out the dealers in dirt if they can beat Odell at the polls. But even if victory should come and the Odell gang whipped, it would be many a day before Newburgh can regain the good name she once had in the State's family of towns, and rub off the slime that twenty years of the Hon. B. B. Odell has brought to her.

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CITS SAY NAMES ON HEARST PETITION WERE FORGED.

Purpose to Arrest Notaries Before Whom Names Were Sworn To—Louis Marshall One Who Says His Name Was Wrongly Used—Too Late to Change Ballot.

Chairman Odell's scheme to keep his grip on the Assembly by means of Hearst indorsements of many of the Republican candidates received a bad setback yesterday when the Citizens' Union forces in the Twenty-ninth Assembly district made known the fact that there had been gross fraud in attesting the names signed to the Hearst petition not only for Assemblyman in this district but for Municipal Court Justice in the Fourteenth district and for Alderman.

Senator Elsberg, one of Odell's chief lieutenants, is the leader of this district, and Edward Lauterbach is the power behind him. Their candidates for Assembly, Municipal Court Justice and for Alderman have been indorsed by the Municipal Ownership party, who made their nominations by petition, and it is declared that many of the names signed to the certificates filed with the Board of Elections from this particular district were forgeries.

The Democratic and Citizens' Union forces have combined in this district to fight Odell and the Hearst party. Their candidates are: Assembly, William Mason Smith, a law partner of Edward M. Shepard; Alderman, Montgomery Hare, who was appointed to the Corporation Counsel's office by George L. Rives and has been retained there by Corporation Counsel Delany; Municipal Court Justice, Moses Herman, who was an assistant in the District Attorney's office under Eugene Philbin as well as under his predecessor.

The Hearst certificate indorsing the Republican nominees for these offices contained 1,050 names for Municipal Court Justice and 650 names each for Assemblyman and Alderman. All the 2,350 names signed to the petitions purport to have been acknowledged before notaries public. As soon as the Citizens' Union and Democratic forces inspected these names they became suspicious and they filed a protest with the Board of Elections against the Hearst indorsement of the Odell nominees. The Board of Elections threw out the protest because nothing was shown to prove the allegations of fraud. The Supreme Court upheld the Board of Election upon the same ground.

When the investigators did discover the fraud it was too late to get their evidence before the court. To learn if there was fraud the investigators sent out a circular letter to the alleged signers of the Hearst certificates. The replies they have received show there was fraud. The matter was then placed before the District Attorney. Mr. Gray, one of his assistants, has the matter in charge. Warrants have been issued for the four notaries, who say that the signers of the certificates appeared before them and made oath to their signatures. Two of these notaries are already under bail for a similar charge made in another Assembly district. They will be rearrested on new warrants.

Some of the replies received in answer to the circular letter sent out by the three Citizens' Union and Democratic candidates in the Twenty-ninth district are interesting. Louis Marshall of the law firm of Guggenheimer, Untermyer and Marshall writes:

"If this is true, a base forgery has been committed. I am not affiliated with the Hearst movement in any way, shape or manner, and I have not signed my name or authorized anybody to sign my name to such a document as you describe. If you can trace the malefactor who has taken such wanton liberties with my name, I should be very glad if you would bring him to justice, and I will not hesitate to testify to the facts which I have here stated."

Max J. Kohler, former United States District Attorney writes:

"Referring to your circular letter of the 23d inst. advising me that my name appears as a subscriber to the so-called independent Hearst nomination, for Justice of the Municipal Court (Fourteenth district), member of Assembly and member of the Board of Aldermen, I beg to inform you that my name must have been forged to such certificate, as I neither wrote it or authorized any one to sign it.

"If you desire to have an affidavit to this effect submitted to me, I shall be pleased to execute the same."

Dr. E. C. Spitzka of 66 East Seventy-third street, writes:

"If my name is mentioned in the connection you inform me of, it is an audacious forgery; you are authorized to so state."

There are many other letters of the same tenor. The men whose names were signed to the petitions without their consent will be asked to appear as witnesses against the notaries when they are arrested. The Citizens' Union investigators say that there will be no let up in the prosecution and that they will try to learn through the notaries just who is responsible for the forgeries.

Hearst Sunday Night Concert.

The Hearst campaign will close on Sunday night with a meeting to be held in Madison Square Garden under the auspices of the Municipal Reform Alliance. William R. Hearst and the other candidates on the Municipal Ownership ticket will address the meeting, as will also John DeWitt Warner, Hamilton Holt and Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch. A feature of the meeting will be the rendering of music by a band of 120 pieces under the leadership of Nahan Franko. Mme. Estelle Liebling will sing.

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Twenty Hurt in Collapse of Stand.

MOLINE, Ill., Nov. 3.—Twenty persons were injured, some seriously by the collapse of a section of seats while Gov. Deneen was speaking here to-night. Fifty people were thrown to the ground and the audience was thrown into a panic, which was checked by the cooler heads.

BUSINESS NOTICES.
Eusanogen cures Malarial and Bilious diseases. It is reliable. 75 cents. MILHAU, 183 Broadway.

DIED.

FISKE.—On Nov. 2, 1905, at 205 West 70th st., Whitney, son of Charlotte Marshall and Joslah M. Fiske, aged 10 months.

GOODWIN.—On Thursday, Nov. 2, 1905, Almon Goodwin, in his 66th year.

Funeral on Saturday at 10 o'clock at his late residence, 128 Central Park South. Interment private at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

ASSOCIATION OF THE BAR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 42 WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET, Nov. 3, 1905.—The executive committee of the Association have been appointed to represent the Association at the funeral of Mr. Almon Goodwin, at his late residence, No. 128 Central Park South, Nov. 4, 1905, at 10 A. M.

S. B. BROWNELL, Secretary.

MILITARY ORDER LOYAL LEGION UNITED STATES, COMMANDERY STATE OF NEW YORK.—Companions are informed of the death of Companion Almon Goodwin.

Funeral services will be held this morning at 10 o'clock at 128 Central Park South. Companions are requested to attend. By order of

GEN. THOMAS H. HUBBARD,
A. NOEL BLAKEMAN, Recorder.

STEELE.—At Montclair, N. J., Friday, Nov. 3, 1905, Henry W. Steele, in the 77th year of his age.

Funeral services at his late residence, 21 Plymouth st., Montclair, N. J., Sunday, Nov. 5, 1905, at 2:30 P. M. Waterbury (Conn.) and Baltimore papers please copy.