

DRINKS IN PLENTY AND FEW ARRESTS.

Saloon-Hotels Did a Rushing Business and Used the Over-worked Sandwich.

Police Raided the "Tiger Club" and Arrested the Bartender and His Lookout.

MRS. POLLACK FOUGHT AN OFFICER.

She Was a Lookout and Tried to Prevent Daniel Cashman's Arrest, Then Sealed a Fence and Hid Behind an Ash Barrel.

The police vigilance and the warm weather contributed yesterday to make New York comparatively quiet, as far as excise matters were concerned. The police paid particular attention to "clubs" of mushroom growth which flourish over saloons, while the weather drove thousands to seek fresh breezes and beer away from the city.

The "saloon" hotels did a rushing business, and in many instances one battered and veteran sandwich was served as a "meal" at least a hundred times. In the East Side district such a thing as attempting to eat the "meal" was considered sufficiently bad saloon etiquette to cause comment.

Early in the day Detectives Neumaler and Kavanaugh, of the Church Street Station, entered the "saloon" hotel of Henry Blendenmann, on West street, and found the proprietor sitting at a table conversing with a friend. At another table sat two other men with whiskey in glasses before them. Michael Assalta, the bartender, was back of the bar, ready for business. Blendenmann and Assalta were arrested and taken to the Central Street Police Court, where they claimed that no drinks had been sold without a meal being ordered. The officers swore there was no evidence of a meal having been served, and both were held for the Grand Jury in bonds of \$1,000 each.

RAIDED THE "TIGER CLUB."

In their search for "take" clubs the po-



IT'S THE SAME OLD PLACE WITH A NEW NAME.

The Maltese cross indicates the difference between 1895 and 1896 as far as Sunday drinking in New York is concerned, made so by the Raines Excise law.

mens' clothes watched the place closely yesterday and caught Mrs. Pollack off guard. They entered and found several men drinking in a room back of the saloon.

The saloon keeper was placed under arrest and was about to be taken out, when the widow ran downstairs. She flew at the officer who had Cashman and endeavored to release the prisoner. She was placed under arrest, but broke away, and, running into the yard in the rear, sealed a fence and was hiding behind an ash barrel when recaptured half an hour later.

No attempt was made by the police to interfere with the regular clubs. During the day a number of arrests were made for violations of the Raines law, but the number was not as great as on the previous Sunday.

ONLY A SANDWICH HOTEL.

Andrew McGarry's Customer Wanted More with Beer Than a Raines Hotel Could Supply.

Andrew McGarry's hotel, at No. 42 Beach street, has the ten rooms required by the Raines Excise law. It was open to the public yesterday and two detectives were among the visitors.

The detectives ordered beer, and when McGarry told them they could not drink unless they ordered something to eat Slenth-

KAISER WILHELM'S RACING CUTTER.

Now Approaching Completion at the Hendersons' Glasgow Ship Yard.

She Will Be Known as the Meteor and Will Prove a Speedy Craft.

POSSESSES MANY NOVEL FEATURES.

Her Keel Especially Unique—It Weighs Seventy-five Tons and Is Very Short and Thick, Being Only Six Feet in Depth.

By Julian Ralph.

London, May 2.—It is said that no undertaking in the shipbuilding line has ever gone on with so much secrecy as the work of constructing the private yacht Meteor for the German Emperor. This splendid racing yacht has not yet been launched, but is just about ready for the water. In the eyes of shipbuilding men and yachtsmen she is a very handsome boat, being very like the Britannia, with a great many points that cause her to resemble the Alisa. She is narrower and shallower than the Valkyrie, being about twenty-five feet beam, while at the lead-water line she is a few inches less. Seventeen feet of water will float her. She carries a lead keel of seventy-five tons weight, it being very short and thick. In depth it is six feet three inches forward, and at the keel about three feet eight inches. From this mass the keelson, stem and stern post, which are of oak, the groundwork of the boat is formed.

Being composite in her build, the vessel has very heavy angle irons low down, and her timbersing is of a specially prepared light steel. A sheathing of thin steel also surrounds the upper part and covering board of the vessel, and at certain intervals diagonal bands and stringers are used to sustain the strain which so much lead below and upper spar plan entails. There are also a profusion of double T-shaped beams used in connection with the support of her deck and upper body. Under water the Meteor is planked with English elm and above water with selected yellow pine, the scantling of which is two and one-half inches. Her upper streak and covering board are of oak, and the greater part of her deck fittings, which are not over elaborate or high, are also of hard wood. The bulwark, or, rather, rail, which runs around the vessel is of mahogany, and in the matter of depth it is not imposing, being only eight inches at its most extreme part, while in thickness it is only one and a half inches.

HANDSOMELY FITTED OUT.

The fittings are now being wrought into the vessel, and these are principally of light woods. The forecabin is a spacious apartment, and is, of course, the leading attraction forward. It is being done up in the orthodox fashion, and should accommodate about forty men. Immediately abaft the forecabin are the pantry and the captain's room—the latter, a neat little, snug room, being on the starboard side of the boat.

The main saloon is about this, and is a large, airy cabin, the full breadth of the vessel, and extending in length to a like measurement. Light woods and cretonne will be largely concerned in the fittings, draping and general get-up of this apartment. Aft of the companion is the German Emperor's stateroom, which will be lastingly got up. In this vicinity there are also two other spacious staterooms, while in the rear of the vessel is the ladies' cabin, a large, roomy apartment, with several berths, the cabin being all in white and gold.

HER SPARS ARE A NOTABLE FEATURE.

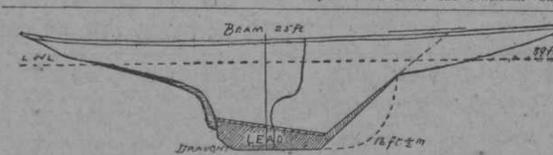
The spars of a large cutter are always an interesting item to a yachting enthusiast, and certainly the Meteor's are worthy of mention. The mainmast is a fine Oregon pine, which, in the matter of weight, is not less than five tons. It tapers from end to end about 100 feet. Of this about 14 feet will be below deck, while about that to the hounds it will measure 68 feet, leaving a masthead of about 18 feet. The spar presents an interesting object lesson in the

departure made within the last few years in respect of making racing spars thicker above than below. In point of fact, the Meteor's mainmast is 2 feet 3 inches in diameter at the deck, while at the hounds it works out nearly 2 feet 8 inches, and altogether it is a study in taper and design. The main boom will also be a noteworthy spar. It is being built of specially prepared steel of medium thickness, supported at intervals by angle iron work. The detail of the dimensions of the boom are being kept somewhat secret, but it is known that it will measure about 108 feet in length, and in the matter of lightness will weigh about 1,500 pounds less than a solid spar.

DUPLICATE MAIN ROOMS.

The boom will be round in shape, and not after the type of Valkyrie's steel boom, which was octagonal in shape, and on this account was considered somewhat difficult in manipulation. The topmast and gaff are also under completion, and both are spars of 50 feet in length. The bowsprit is ready for shipment, and looks a spar of about 40 feet in length, 25 feet of which will be outboard. The Meteor will also have duplicate spinnaker booms, which will be 80 feet long and weigh close to two tons. SHOULD BE DEEPER THAN VALKYRIE.

As compared with the Valkyrie, the Meteor will have less mast and somewhat more boom, and in the matter of sailspread generally will not greatly differ from the American challenger of 1895. She looks a boat that will be easier driven than



Sketch of the German Emperor's New Yacht.

Now ready to be launched on the Clyde. Designed by George Watson and built by the famous Henderson Bros. Her dimensions are as follows: Length with overhangs, 130 feet; load water line, 89 feet 5 inches; draught, 16 1/2 feet; beam, 25 feet; lead keel weighs 75 tons; mainmast, 100 feet long; topmast, 50 feet long; main boom, 108 feet long; bowsprit, 45 feet long.

was the Valkyrie in moderate winds, and in a breeze she will not have the heavy shoulder and side of Lord Dunraven's boat to drag through the wash.

Captain Gomes, his mate, and ten of a crew are already by the vessel working up the gear and doing preliminary work prior to the full complement of the crew coming round. All, barring one individual, will hail from the various famous south of England yachting centres. The exception will be a German, who will be principally engaged below deck. Mr. Richard G. Allan, of the Allan Line, will represent the German Emperor on board the Meteor in much the same capacity as Mr. Willie Jameson represents the Prince of Wales on board of Britannia.

HER KEEL IS VERY SHORT.

A special reporter, whom I have asked to consult yachtsmen and the builders about the splendid new racer, writes me as follows:

"It is believed the Meteor will be ready for launching next week. The Meteor's outline shows some important divergencies from those of Valkyrie III. Her counter is carried to give a further overhang, and is tapered more than Lord Dunraven's boat. The drop to the keel is also deeper.

"A distinct feature is the distribution of keel, which will weigh 75 tons, and is very short. It is 30 feet long on the upper rim, while along the lower rim it is 25 feet. A remarkable fact is that the lead is deepest forward—6 feet 3 inches—and aft 3 feet 8 inches. The midship section has consequently been carried further forward, thus distributing the weight of the lead."

DR. GAMMAGE DEAD.

Brooklyn Musical Critic Who Was a Bandmaster During the Crimean War.

Dr. Thomas Emmet Gammage, the well-known Brooklyn musical critic, died Saturday night at his home on Sumner street. He was a native of England, and about sixty-two years old.

In early life he was a bandmaster and served in the English army. It is said he witnessed the famous charge of the "Six Hundred" at Balaklava. He afterward studied medicine and followed the profession for some years. He was acquainted with the leading musicians of the United States and Europe.

RAILROAD LOBBY'S DANGEROUS BILL.

Practically Nullifies the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Eliminates the Section Providing Imprisonment for Violation of the Law.

TRICK IS DISCOVERED IN TIME.

Vigorous Fight Will Be Made Against the Measure by the Commissioners, Who Had Been Kept in Ignorance by the Projectors.

By Julius Chambers.

Washington, May 10.—The Interstate Commerce Commission last night discovered a bill which had been introduced in the House and which if passed would practically nullify that commission.

The powerful railroad lobby, which is always on hand at the National Capitol

during the sessions of Congress, has persuaded Mr. Sherman, of New York, to introduce a bill that will, if passed, eliminate the imprisonment section of the existing law, relating to violations of the Interstate Commerce law. The bill also provides that indictments for violations of the law shall not be found against the individual offending, but against the corporation; that is, the warrant will be served upon an official of the company, who shall come into court as the representative of the corporation.

MEASURE FROM THE COMMISSION. The measure was introduced on April 28, and the usual custom is that all bills relating to the Interstate Commerce Commission be referred to that body for an opinion as to their effect if passed. In this instance the bill was referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce in the House, and no information of any kind was given to the Interstate Commerce Commission. On May 8 the bill was favorably reported from the committee and sent to the calendar. It is liable to be called up for passage any time. It was the intention of the projectors that it should be passed, without the knowledge of the commissioners. They will now make a strong fight to prevent the further consideration of the measure.

TO ELIMINATE THE IMPRISONMENT. Railroads only fear the operations of the Interstate Commerce law because of the imprisonment provisions. As the law stands the man who violates the law is indicted, and if found guilty, fined and imprisoned. With the latter clause eliminated railroads on large consignments could well afford to pay the maximum fine of \$15,000. In fact, it is stated upon the best authority that amount in fines for the privilege of granting rebates to shippers of considerable magnitude.

It is not thought that Representative Sherman knew the full purport of the bill when he introduced it. When the measure comes up in the House there will, in all probability, be a strong fight made by the Interstate Commerce Commission against its passage.

HOT LIVER DUMPLINGS COST HIS NINE LIVES.

Ahasuerus Robs His Neighbors and Dies by Bullets, Water and a Fall.

Even Then His Hold on Existence Was as Strong as His Pedigree Was Long.

NOW HIS MASTER SEEKS REVENGE.

After Impersonating the Ghost of a Cat, the Animal Becomes One in Reality, Though His Memory Is Still Cherished.

This is the story of Ahasuerus. Ahasuerus was a cat. He had snow-white fur, wide experience and a pedigree. His master, Oscar Sannee, an artist, of No. 302 East Twentieth street, knew more about the pedigree than Ahasuerus did. Nevertheless, the pedigree was indirectly a source of the greatest satisfaction to the cat, for it brought him cream. Cats without pedigrees get only milk.

Of the things that Ahasuerus could do there was no end. He could walk on his fore legs, on his hind legs, dance, skip rope, play hoops and suggest themes for impressionist pictures by toying with the wet side of the palette.

On Thursday night Ahasuerus went out. In the course of his wanderings he came to the yard of Constantine Wagner, a manufacturer of thermometers, who lives at No. 336 Second avenue. The Wagners had liver dumplings for dinner that night, and the odor of the kitchen reached the nose of Ahasuerus.

The cook was washing the dishes. A strange gurgling sound caused her to turn her head.

AHASUERUS AND THE DUMPLING.

"Gott in himmel!" she cried and fled. Ahasuerus was master of the situation, and half a liver dumpling.

"Oh, Mr. Wagner! Mr. Wagner! There's a cat's ghost in the kitchen! I'm so frightened!"

"What!" exclaimed the manufacturer of thermometers. "A cat's ghost? That's strange! What's he doing?" "He's eating up all the liver dumplings!" "W-a-t! Eating the liver dumplings? Where is he? Let me get at him!" Being a man of mercurial temperament, Mr. Wagner was now in a terrible rage. Seizing a revolver, which lay locked in the bottom of his trunk, he led the way to the kitchen, followed by the trembling cook.

Als for Ahasuerus! Had he only been resting idly upon the window sill or walking aimlessly about the room he might have escaped, for, so beautiful a cat was he, that Mr. Wagner's ire would have cooled and he might have spared him. But when Mr. Wagner entered the kitchen Ahasuerus was calmly finishing the last dumpling.

The manufacturer of thermometers raised his revolver and fired three shots. Each struck true and each bored a hole through Ahasuerus, putting an end to three of his lives. With a wild yell the remaining six-ninths or two-thirds of Ahasuerus gave one bound through the air, flew between the thermometer manufacturer's legs and ran up the stairs. Mr. Wagner followed.

LOST MORE OF HIS LIVES.

The cat did not know the way as well as the man, and, in addition, was handicapped by his lack of lives, so it happened that hardly had Ahasuerus reached the roof, when Mr. Wagner, who was close behind, gave one vigorous kick that sent the cat over the coping and into the yard below. It was a terrible fall and the third that reached Mr. Wagner's ears and brought a grim smile to his face, convinced him that the remaining two-thirds of Ahasuerus had departed. Not so. The cook, hearing the noise, went out into the yard, and was dumfounded to see Ahasuerus—or what was left of him—calmly sitting on his haunches, licking his chops.

With a yell of rage she seized the cat by the tail, and, crying: "If bullets won't kill you, this will!" held him under water in the rain barrel. She held him there a long time. One by one the remaining lives of Ahasuerus slipped away. When she felt that they all were gone, she threw the animal over the fence and Mr. Sannee, who happened to look out of his window at that moment, saw the deed. He ran down to the yard and leaped over the motionless form of Ahasuerus. There was no sign of life.

With rage in his heart Mr. Sannee hastened to the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and asked that the matter be investigated forthwith. Agent Gay accompanied him to his home.

There was Ahasuerus, sitting in a corner of the yard, looking so ditheringly woe-gone that the agent drew his revolver and relieved him of the few weak lives that were left.

The next day Mr. Sannee applied to the Yorkville Police Court for a warrant for his neighbor's arrest. The Magistrate would only grant a summons. The summons, however, was not obeyed and to-day Mr. Sannee will apply for a warrant again.

In the meantime Ahasuerus was buried as befitting his pedigree and above his grave there stands a tablet upon which the artist has touchingly inscribed the following epitaph:

Here Lies
AHASUERUS.
Requies cat in pace!

DID KEYES HAVE HYPNOTIC POWERS?

Pretty Staten Island Girl He Married and Deserted, Says He Did.

She Is but Half His Age and Declares She Was Subject to His Will.

BRIDEGROOM IS HIDING OR HAS GONE.

Officer with a Warrant Watches His House, Where Grown Children by a Former Wife Live, but They Say He Is Not at Home.

According to his young and pretty wife, Mr. Keyes, of Stapleton, S. I., is a St. John's man. She says she married him six months ago under an assumed name, simply because his will power was stronger than her own.

The news that Widower Thomas John Keyes had been secretly married for six months, and that warrants are out for his arrest on the charge of deserting his wife, which was made known through the newspapers yesterday, has created a genuine sensation in and about Stapleton, for he is one of the best-known men on Staten Island, and before she married him Miss Julia Bruckhauser was one of the acknowledged belles of Clifton.

Both Mr. Keyes and Miss Bruckhauser were regular attendants at the same church—St. John's Episcopal—and the man was an acknowledged leader in the congregation. He is fifty-four years old and looks his age. His wife is twenty-six, but does not look more than twenty.

Although Mr. Keyes frequently escorted Miss Bruckhauser home from church and prayer meetings, not even the village gossips dreamed that he was making love to her. He didn't live more than two squares from the home of the Bruckhausers and his attentions were considered those of a friendly neighbor.

Yesterday the husband's wife sat in the daintily furnished parlor of her married sisters' home in Tompkinsville, and told the story of her strange wooing.

A MOST ABBRUPT QUESTION.

"It was one Sunday night, late last August," she said, "that Mr. Keyes and I were coming home from church. He told me that he had heard I was to be married to a young man in Clifton. He told me, too, that he wanted to know the truth. I laughed it off and then he suddenly asked me to marry him. I looked upon it as a joke, and so treated the proposal, but he persisted. And then I hardly know why I consented to be his wife. He seemed to mesmerize me. Two months later, when he came to me and told me that we were going to New York to be married I obediently went. When he told me that we were to be married secretly and under assumed names on account of family opposition to the marriage, I did not rebel. I knew that he was a leading member of our church and believed he could do no wrong. He had some strange influence over me and I was powerless to resist it."

After the Rev. Francis H. Smith, of the Seventh Street M. E. Church, of this city, had made the pair man and wife, they returned to Staten Island, and young Julia to her father's house, the aged, white-haired groom to his sons and daughters. By his command she kept her secret even from her favorite sister. When he was away from her she fretted. When he was with her, his simple statement that in due time he would break the news to his children and acknowledge her as his wife, satisfied the girl. Every Sunday they went to church and he saw her home after service as in the old days.

Three weeks ago her sister, Mrs. William Stratton, guessed the truth, and finally Julia confessed to her. Then Mrs. Stratton saw her new brother-in-law and he made a clean breast of it. He told Mrs. Stratton that he intended to break the news to his children and bring his new wife to his home.

Called on his wife's father. The next chapter of the romance occurred in the office of the little hotel old Philip Bruckhauser keeps on New York avenue, in Clifton. One day old Mr. Keyes walked into the hotel and, addressing the proprietor, said:

"Your daughter Julia and I are man and wife. I have come to take her home with me."

This sensational speech almost staggered Bruckhauser. To begin with, Julia was his favorite daughter, and in the second place, he had never been overfond of Mr. Keyes.

"When I found he was telling the truth," said Bruckhauser, "I told him that if Julia was willing to go, I had nothing to say against it. Then he went over and talked to Julia alone, and pretty soon she put on her hat and went out with him. As I didn't see or hear of her for a day or two I began to worry. I got up early one morning and went to his room. I knocked at the door, but nobody would answer the knock. Then one of the neighbors said that Keyes had gone to Stapleton. I followed and caught up with him in the public square. I asked him where he had taken my daughter. 'She's in a safe place,' said he, 'and well taken care of. You needn't worry.'

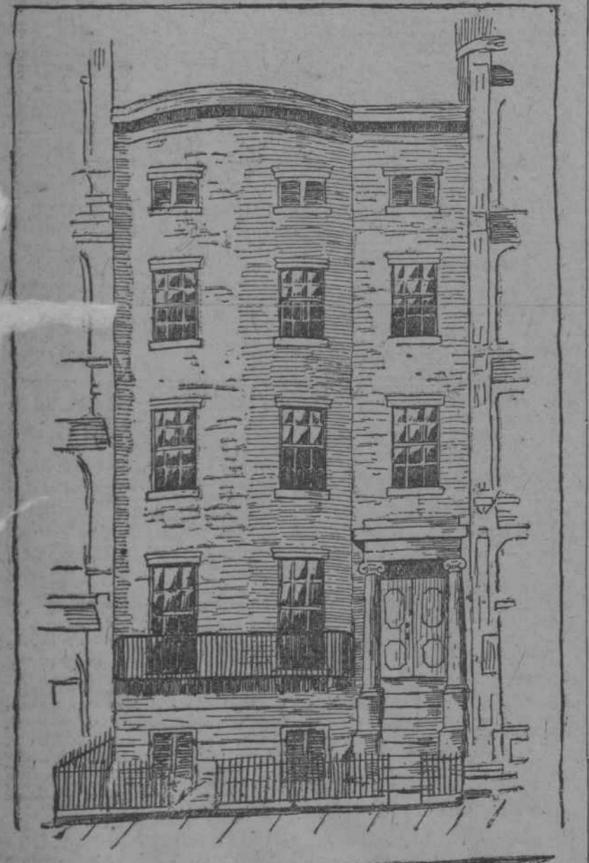
"I called him a scoundrel and spoke my mind. I am sorry now that I didn't do more. Some folks say that he is still in Stapleton and is kept out of sight by his sons and daughters. But I believe that, if I ever get a face view with him again either he or I will be a dead man. He has spoiled poor Julia's life. I don't know what sort of a power he had over her, but I do know that she could have married any one of a dozen nice young men who would have made her a good husband."

Mrs. Stratton found her sister at the house of a Mrs. Deegan, in St. Mary's avenue, where Mr. Keyes had taken her, and took her to her own home.

People in Stapleton do not believe that Mr. Keyes is hiding in his house on Bay street. His five sons and his eighteen-year-old daughter Helen, with whom he has lived for years, say that he is not at home. They also decline to talk about the case. The policeman who holds the warrant for the old man's arrest has not been able to serve the paper. The only thing that gives color to the rumor that he is still at home is the fact that his children have refused all their father's friends admission to the house.

This warrant, by the way, was sworn out by the deserted wife after she had satisfied herself that her husband did not intend to come back.

"I am satisfied now," she said yesterday, "that the man does not love me. No, I won't go back to him. I only want to vindicate myself."



Home of an Irish Knight Who Scorned the Title.

This is a picture of a house of peculiar interest. It is the one old residence on Union square which has withstood the invasion of modern enterprise in that bustling centre of the city, and from it was taken to his grave on Saturday the mansion's venerable master, a man who although entitled to a place in the Irish baronetage, never assumed the title. He was Richard Tighe, who died the other day, a plain American, at the ripe age of ninety. Mr. Tighe, or Sir Richard, as he might have been saluted, was a thorough American, and when he fell heir to the title more than twenty years ago by the death of his brother he did not claim the honor.

Mr. Tighe's wife was a Miss Caroline Chesbrough, and he was a brother-in-law of the late Robert J. Chesbrough, Philip Kearny and Nicholas Stuyvesant. Mrs. Tighe died in 1891, and Mr. Tighe continued to live alone with his servants in the old house. He was born in 1806, his family being an ancient one in County Westmeath, Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to this country when thirty-two years old and engaged in business in this city. He retired about ten years ago.

The old red brick house in which he lived and died was built by him more than a half century ago. It was one of the first residences erected on the east side of Union square. The other house still stands at No. 24 Union square, but it has long ago been abandoned as a residence.

McKeever ordered a sandwich. He got his drink and ate, but Hawksshaw Gargan, who ordered a pitcherhouse steak, raw peas, asparagus and strawberry short cake, so astounded the hotel proprietor that he was forced to take McGarry out into the air to save him from fainting.

SOFT HAND IN BROOKLYN.

Raines Law Not Rigorously Enforced in the City of Churches—Ten Violations Reported.

The Raines law was enforced in Brooklyn yesterday, but not with an iron hand. As a rule, it was very hard to get a drink unless the thirsty man knew where to find a second story saloon. During the day ten arrests were made for violating the law. One of these arrests—that of No. 69 Lafayette avenue—was made by Constable Curtis. After the other arrests were notified they were arrested for violating the law.

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An Advance View of Colonel Waring's "White Wings" Parade on Fifth Avenue.