

GAMBLERS' DEN AT CONEY ISLAND

A Desperate Gang on the Second Floor of the Van Buren House.

SURPRISE TO THE POLICE.

"Brace" Faro and "Fixed" Roulette and Roughs to Intimidate Winners.

DANGER IN BEATING THE GAME.

Journal Reporter Investigates the Place and Is Threatened by "Ike" Campbell's Employees.

"What," said Captain Collins, of the Coney Island Police Station, early yesterday morning, "gambling down here on the island? No, sir, you just rest assured of that, young man. Why, we are so careful that we have even stopped the fish ponds and ring game games."

"Gambling," the shrieked Sergeant McCarthy, the Sheepshead Bay Station, half an hour later. "Gambling? Why, my dear sir, you must be crazy. No game of any kind could go on for a day down here. We know every house in the place and know what's going on in it."

The Journal reporter who had asked the questions leading up to these remarks smiled sadly and went away, for between 9 and 10 o'clock Saturday evening he had wasted \$10 in the "brace" and "fixed" roulette games that have been going on merrily and openly for the past two weeks on the second floor of a big hotel on the dividing line of the Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay precincts.

For the benefit of the argus-eyed police, the general public went, and especially the half-drunk, would-be sports who are robbed nightly in this place, the Journal sets forth here its location, its owner and its style of game.

In the Van Buren House.

It is located in the Van Buren House, a big three-story hotel, with wide verandas, that stands on the Coney Island Boulevard near its end, at the corner of Second street.

It is conspicuous a house as any on the island, for it stands alone and faces the square of ground through the public lots to "Vander's."

It is a "bad" loser. It is a "bad" loser. It is a "bad" loser. It is a "bad" loser.

Its chief caper is an affable person known as "Fidd," and whose real surname may be Bates. At any rate, that is what he calls himself now.

Its chief games are faro and roulette, but there are tables arranged for haphazard, craps and poker. The first two games are certainly "skin." The others probably are.

The strongest proof of the general unworth of the outfit is the way in which, as will be told here, Campbell and his people tried to steal from a Journal reporter and his two companions the money they had won by beating the combination at its own game.

The Journal first heard of the gambling establishment at the Van Buren House on Friday evening last, when a reporter who had been victimized the night before. It sent a reporter down to attend Saturday evening's game, and he took with him both for protection and as witnesses two friends, both of them men who have gambled in clean fashion at all games of chance, and enough to know them thoroughly. They expected to find admission to the game difficult after learning from various citizens of the island that the police had broken down all sorts of gambling, and were keeping it down. They found on the contrary that admission was started by the police, and that a rattling good game was being played.

Magistrate Flammer remarked: "I don't believe you know enough to drive a horse. You seem to be willing to stay in jail waiting for people to come and ask you what you are looked up for."

Two accidents to cyclists.

George Stephens, a laundryman, of No. 208 East One Hundred and Eighth street, yesterday took a header from his bicycle in front of No. 49 Nassau street and now lies in the Hudson Street Hospital, suffering from cerebral concussion of the brain. He will probably recover.

DOG BIT 14 CYCLISTS.

Four Victims of the Rabid Animal at the Pasteur Institute and Ten More Coming.

Four cyclists from Derham County, Ontario, are at the Pasteur Institute, taking the preventive treatment for hydrophobia, and ten more are expected to arrive shortly from the same county. All fourteen were bitten by the same dog and on the same day, June 21. Those now at the institute are Delbert Mayberry, George Spencer, James Mooney and John Merrill.

The wheelmen were attacked as they were riding on the highway leading from one village to another. The dog was a big Newfoundland, said to have been owned by a farmer named Harris, who lives at Summitville. The dog had been roaming about the country for several days, and from accounts of his appearance at different places must have covered a section of country fifty miles square.

The dog chose the quiet country roads for his travels, and seemed to have a special antipathy for cyclists, as these were the only persons bitten. He did not attack horses nor cattle. In each instance the cyclist bitten says that the dog sprang out from some hidden retreat beside the road, and gave the warning of his attack. The animal was hunted for several days before it was shot and killed.

TOO WEAK TO SCORCH.

Heyman's Defence Resulted in the Opinion That He Would Be Strong if He Did Not Scorch.

"I am weak and sickly. I could not possibly perform such a feat." These were the words of defence uttered by Siegfried Heyman, of No. 163 West Seventh-street, when he was arraigned before Magistrate Hodges in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday and charged by Detective Policeman Gills with having ridden his bicycle along the Boulevard at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

Campbell a Bad Loser.

Campbell, bubbling over with rage, stood at the other side of the room with "Fidd" Finley and the fare dealer and demanded, with an outbreak of abuse, that his money be returned.

Campbell, frothing now, "I want it back. I'll give him down an' kick it outter him," suggested the fattest caper.

"In this the way you always do business," said the reporter, "you take the next few moments, and lists were waved at the three new customers. Five thousand dollars and knives came out of the drawer, which was greeted by the winner remarking:

"You can get this money back easy enough." "Now 's're talkin' decent," said Ike; "how?"

"The die broke out again, but as the three visitors appeared unimpaired and as the certainty that a few night would mean the appearance of the police dawned upon him, he said in the tones of a glass die: "Let 'em go."

They went, and later had in the police stations the interesting conversations outlined at the beginning of the story.

The Journal through its three witnesses is prepared to give Superintendent McKelvey and Commissioner Welles all the help necessary to clean out Mr. "Ike" Campbell's crooked gambling shop.

MALLOY IS ON PAROLE.

The Careless Cab Driver Who Nearly Killed Mrs. Cahman Released Without Bail.

To the Cycling Public: Report any accident to a cyclist resulting from the recklessness or maliciousness of a driver to

EMMETT J. MURPHY, The Journal's Bicycle Attorney, Room 79, Tribune Building.

N. B.—Bring names and addresses of eyewitnesses.

The examination of Frank Malloy, of No. 562 Eighth avenue, the cab driver who ran down Mrs. Geraldine Pohlman, of No. 81 Perry street, July 2, is set for Thursday morning at the Jefferson Market Court.

Mrs. Pohlman was so severely injured that she has been unable to appear in court, so the case has been continued from time to time. Malloy spent several days in jail in default of \$1,000 bail, and

With Rapidly Moving Hands They Joined in the Refrain of "Nearer My God to Thee."

No organ pealed out the melody; no sound came from the mute lips; the great congregation heard nothing, and yet the song was sung.

It was at the Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, at West Eleventh street and Waverley place, the church where that good friend of the afflicted, the Rev. Dr. Gallander, has often addressed large congregations of deaf mutes.

Yesterday a congregation numbering several hundred saw a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. C. N. Chamberlain, a clergyman of the Church of England, but never before had any one of that number joined in singing "Nearer My God to Thee."

It was a new departure in the training of the deaf.

Every wheelman who is familiar with the Coney Island cycle path knows the big hotel just to the right of the beginning of the return path. There, on the second floor, in rooms Nos. 2 and 3, a dangerous gang has feeced all who entered. It is unsafe to be a winner there, as was proven when a Journal reporter visited the place to prove its existence to the police.

He was confronted by pretended players, who demanded money. The place is a serious menace to the community.

turned her over to his son, Morgan G. Gress, a half-brother of the girl.

They were to start for Atlanta on the Southern Express over the Pennsylvania Railroad, which left Jersey City at 12:30 a. m. yesterday. But they did not start, for, instead, the younger Mr. Gress was locked up in Jersey City Police Headquarters, charged with abduction.

Within a few minutes of train time two ladies and a gentleman hurriedly entered the waiting room. One of the ladies hurried up to a porter and inquired if a policeman could be found. Detective Thomas Keeley, of the railroad force, was summoned.

"My daughter is being abducted," she exclaimed the excited woman. Then she said she was Mrs. Amy Gress, of No. 128 West Twenty-fifth street, this city. Her companions were Dr. and Mrs. Van Doren Young, neighbors. The train was held while Detective Kelley, accompanied by Mrs. Gress and the doctor and his wife, went through the cars. In a forward section were found a young man and a girl.

"There they are," exclaimed Mrs. Gress. "Why did you abduct my daughter?" she asked. "I didn't," he finally said.

Detective Kelley took all to Police Headquarters. There Morgan G. Gress said he was twenty years old. "My father," he said, "gave May into my keeping. She was brought here from Garrison's Landing, and after putting us aboard the train, he went to Taylor's Hotel."

The police locked up young Gress in lieu of \$500 bail. Mrs. Gress and her daughter were sent to the Hotel Washington. Dr. Young and his wife returned to New York.

Police Captain Parrier early yesterday morning sent to Taylor's Hotel for the elder Gress. He said his son had not abducted May.

"I took her from Garrison's Landing," he said, "as I had, as her father, a perfect right."

Mr. Gress has been married twice. Morgan is the son of his first wife. The second Mrs. Gress was bitten against her husband. She claimed he had struck her when he took May from Garrison's Landing, and that she had obtained a warrant for his arrest. Mr. Gress denied striking his wife. Young Gress was released upon \$500 cash bail furnished by his father. The child appeared very much attached to her father.

Back of the abduction charge, so the police officials say, is a family row. An examination will be had before Justice Nevils, in Jersey City, to-day.

CYCLIST SHOT AND REBID.

Disastrous Midnight Experience of a Wheelman with Three Highwaymen.

Natick, R. I., July 11.—Felix Lambert, proprietor of the Lambert Art Company, was held up on the highway between River Point and Natick at midnight last night.

Lambert, who was riding a wheel, had a revolver, and when he was opposite the Westcott three highwaymen stopped him. One pulled a pistol and shot Lambert in the arm. Dr. L. A. Fecteau, of Natick, dressed the wound and assisted the injured man to his home. While Lambert was on the ground the robbers took \$100 from his pocket and a gold watch.

VOICELESS, YET THEY SANG HYMNS

Innovation in the Church Services of Deaf Mutes Yesterday.

A MUTE CHOIR OF FOUR.

And of the White-Robed Four Two Were Also Blind.

CONGREGATION UNDERSTOOD.

With Rapidly Moving Hands They Joined in the Refrain of "Nearer My God to Thee."

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FATHER ABDUCTS HIS OWN CHILD.

Train About to Carry May Gress to Atlanta When Her Mother Appeared.

HALF BROTHER HAD HER.

Father Had Secured Her at Garrison's Landing and Rushed Her to Jersey City.

MOTHER AND FRIENDS APPEARED.

Young Gress Locked Up Charged with Abduction, but Bailed by His Father—Family Row Behind the Affair.

G. W. Gress, a wealthy lumber merchant of Atlanta, Ga., went to Garrison's Landing, N. Y., Saturday, obtained possession of his ten-year-old daughter, May, and then hurried the girl to Jersey City. There he

She Refused to Live with Him Again, So Gates Took Revenge.

ONE BULLET WAS ENOUGH.

But He Fired Again, Though Without Effect, Before He Fled from the Scene.

POLICE FOUND HIM IN A STUPOR.

It is Believed That He Swallowed Some Drug in the Hope of Ending His Life, but He Soon Recovered at the Hospital.

Rochester, N. Y., July 11.—William H. Gates was arrested at his home in the town of Gates this morning at 5 o'clock by Detective Thomas Lynch and Lieutenant Stetson. He was brought to this city and is

LEFT PEWS FOR HER.

One of the Sisters Accused the Pastor's Daughter of Stealing Jewels.

Atlanta, Ga., July 11.—An unprecedented occurrence marked the service this morning at St. Paul's Methodist Church, one of Atlanta's most exclusive houses of worship. When the pastor, the Rev. S. H. Dimon, began his sermon over half the congregation left the part of the church containing the pew of Mrs. W. R. Jester, a prominent church member and society woman, and gathered around that of the Dimon family, in which sat the pastor's pretty young daughter, Miss Emma Dimon.

At the conclusion of the service Miss Dimon was surrounded by dozens of people, anxious to shake hands with her, and then she entered the carriage of a wealthy church member and was driven home, followed by every equipage belonging to the attendants at the church, and in addition a crowd of young men and boys following the procession, cheering it to her home.

Behind this is a peculiar story. Mrs. Jester, about three months ago, missed some valuable jewelry. Detectives failed to place the guilt on any party, and the matter blew over until last Friday morning, when, it is now learned from this morning's sensation, Mrs. Jester invited Miss Dimon to her house, and upon her entrance accused her of the theft and demanded her property.

After recovering from a hysterical attack Miss Dimon went home, and her father demanded an investigation and vindication. Through the Board of Deacons, who are conducting the investigation, the matter became public. Both parties declare their intention of pushing the case in court.

HASH THE CAUSE OF WAR.

The Brothers Mantello Tired of the Dish and Wanted a Change—They Get It—Prison Food for Ten Days.

Salvator Mantello and Peter Mantello are brothers. They lived with a countryman, Paul Perrie, on the fourth floor, rear, left, of No. 188 Hester street.

The piece de resistance of Perrie's cuisine was a peculiar mixture of meat, potatoes, bread, spices and condiments equivalent to the great American boarding house standby—hash.

Perrie's hash is regarded quite a chef d'oeuvre by Perrie, and he served it with the most remarkable regularity. The breakfast was coffee and hash, lunch was hash, bread and sour wine, and dinner was vermicelli soup and hash.

The brothers' palates tired and craved for something not better, but different. They laid their plan before Perrie.

Hash was good enough for him—it must be good enough for his boarders. He saw that the brothers' health and spirits didn't have even hash in Calabria.

The brothers held a mass meeting and adopted a plan for denouncing Perrie and his hash and decided not to pay the \$2 they owed him. But Perrie had their trunks.

They descended on Perrie to take the trunks by force of arms. When Policeman Perry, of the Elizabeth Street station, heard of the matter, he went to the house and found Perrie holding the two brothers at bay with a revolver. The brothers were armed with a knife and a razor respectively.

Yesterday morning Magistrate Duvel, before whom the brothers were arraigned, voted cast for Perrie, Republican, \$10, so they'll eat prison food for ten days. That's a change.

"SABATIER" IN BELLEVUE.

Young Man Who Persists in Believing He Killed His Father Committed to Examination.

It was a heart-rending youth who made the police force of New York believe that he was guilty of the crime of parricide.

When he gave himself up on Friday evening he said that his name was Charles Sabatier, and that he had killed his father at their home No. 250 West One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, because his father would not let him marry his sweetheart, Carmela Larui. But when, only an hour before that time, he had been released from Bellevue Hospital, he had told Superintendent Murphy that he was a son of Julius Arich, of No. 250 East Forty-ninth street. Both statements were lies.

Yesterday the Harlem Police Court, "Charles Sabatier" was committed to Bellevue Hospital by Magistrate Meade for examination. So the victim name of someone young man now, and the doctors say that in a few days perhaps he will forget all about his alleged crime, and his beautiful sweetheart whom he thinks he brought to the altar to marry his wife.

It has been learned that the father is alive and in France. Raymond Arzie, manager of the Harlem Hotel, identified the young man in the Harlem Police Court yesterday as Edward Callamand. He said he was for some time assistant cashier of the hotel.

Slipped His Brother Officer's Face.

Policeman West is one of the burliest men in the Macdougall Street Station. Late last night he walked into Captain Farrell's room and abruptly said to the chief:

"Captain, Policeman Walker slapped my face, and I want to prefer charges against him."

"Slapped your face?" said the Captain. "Why, that is unusual. What did you do?"

The burly bluesaid, "I had a little boy, blurted out: 'Nothing, Captain.'"

The culprit Walker was brought before the Magistrate, who told him that he had preferred charges against him for "slapping" the face of his colleague.

LIFE LIES FROM A HUSBAND'S SHOT

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TOO LATE TO SAVE HER.

Heroic Attempt of a Friend and Brother to Rescue Little Laura Bennett from Drowning.

Laura and May Bennett, ten-year-old twin sisters, and several other little girls residing in the vicinity of the Bennett home, at No. 27 Cleveland street, Harrison, N. J., were playing yesterday afternoon on the Domestic docks, when Laura spied a twig bearing a small flower floating down the Passaic River.

As it came nearer little Laura lay down on the string-piece of the pier and reached out to catch it as it passed. She reached too far, lost her balance and fell into the river. The cries of her companions and herself attracted some residents on Harrison avenue. Among them was a physician, Mr. Mason, who lives with his parents at No. 25 Cleveland street. When he reached the end of the dock the girl had already gone down for the third time.

He looked into the water and saw some bubbles coming to the surface. The next moment he had disappeared at the point where the bubbles had appeared. For five moments he dove. Laura's two-year-old brother joined him. The latter swam around for a few moments, when he was seized with a fit. He was almost drowned himself before he could be rescued by Mr. Laughtlin.

Then Mr. Laughtlin tried again for the girl. Finally he located her and brought her to the surface. She was rolled in a barrel and worked over for three-quarters of an hour by the No. 100 life preservers. Mr. Mason closed his eyes; then she died.

The news of her death reached her home by the afternoon train. Her mother, Mrs. Bennett, and her father came to the scene. Neighbors restrained the mother from going, too, and she went to her room in a condition of almost complete prostration that being is described. The sight of the father as he pressed the body of his little dead daughter to him and carried her home was one to melt a heart of stone.

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