

SOME BROOKLYN KICKERS

THE WAY TO FAME AND OFFICE ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

McLAUGHLIN AND THE GERMAN—THE
STUMBLING BLOCK OF NAVY YARD
PATRONAGE—DR. AYRES'S HOBBY.

Every one has been talking for the last week about Hugh McLaughlin's frank statement that he would rather see the entire local Democratic ticket beaten than recognize the German Democratic General Committee. This is the same stand that he took years ago against the old Jefferson Hall organization, and he maintains that he was right then and is right now. At the same time it required years and large sums of money to bring the Jeffersonians into line, and in that time the "regulars" lost many a closely contested district.

The question with the politicians now is not whether the "boss" is right or wrong, but whether his decision is going to cost the party any offices next November. All agree that the broad ground assumed by McLaughlin, namely, that no organization based solely on the nationality of its members has any right to a place in the Democratic machine, is the only tenable one and the one that will win in the long run, but they do not feel so confident that the Germans will not be able to defeat the Democratic candidates for several offices. They profess, of course, to be certain that the kickers in Arion Hall do not represent more than a few hundred voters, but they do not, in private, forget that this same German influence made Rhinehart the Republican Sheriff and Kaiser the Republican County Clerk of Democratic Kings County. And this was in spite of the fact that Rhinehart and Kaiser are Germans only in their names. Both are as shrewd Yankees as ever lived, but the former knew how to handle the German vote three years ago and he will know how to handle it now. As he is to name the Republican candidate for Sheriff he will be particularly careful about the support of these same German followers that stood by him in 1887.

This phase of the case has made itself manifest already, and the Arion Hall people have given out that they will support the entire Democratic ticket except the candidate for Sheriff. They know that they can hurt the bosses more in that way than in any other, for if there is any one office that McLaughlin and his followers desire to capture this year it is that of Sheriff. They have looked forward to a victory as absolutely certain, owing to the Republican factional fights, but in the last few days a doubt of their security has been detected in the talk of some men very near the throne. There have been several long and serious conferences since Shevlin reached home, and rumor has it that a decision has almost been reached to throw Justice Kenna as a candidate for Sheriff overboard. This is due to the fact that the delegation from the German committee first waited on Kenna, and were told by him to go and see the "old man," meaning McLaughlin. This placed the latter in an awkward predicament and held him up as the dictator of the party, a position into which he hates to see himself forced by public talk. It also made him bear the brunt of the entire affair, and, it is said, he has expressed a desire to punch Kenna's head for his stupidity.

The delegates, on the other hand, felt equally discontented with Kenna for putting them in a position to be kicked out of the party, and they say that Kenna intimated, probably to get rid of them, that they would be handsomely treated by McLaughlin and that their demands would receive careful attention. On the contrary, their proposition was rejected and the conference with the "boss" was all over inside of ten minutes; all of which leads the Democrats to think that Kenna would be knifed to death if he should be nominated.

The Germans are being advised on all sides to go ahead and kick if they expect to get anything. Even the *Eagle* tells them that "local history teaches them that the way for them to get recognition is to kick their way into it." They should recall that Fire Chief "Tom" Nevins was an old Jeffersonian kicker. So was City Court Judge Van Wyck. District Attorney Ridgway kicked, and was a Republican candidate for Justice as late as 1876, but he got three terms as District Attorney from the Democrats. Corporation Counsel Jenks was a Republican and a Blaine supporter, and Controller Theodore F. Jackson was a devoted follower of Seth Low, but now they are regulars and in full favor. Even John P. Adams had nerve enough to kick, although it was a long, long time ago, and now he rules the City Works Department, the streets, and the residents and gives little luncheons to favorite contractors. Every one can remember how James Kane kicked himself into the Register-ship, with its income of \$40,000 a year, and how John A. Quintard forced himself into the Board of Aldermen, then into the Board of Supervisors as its head, and then into the Charities Department as its counsel.

All of which should encourage the Germans to proceed with their kicking until by main force of arms or feet they become full regulars, or, as the local slang goes, "adopted sons."

The most peculiar thing about the heated contest in the Third Congressional District is that Mr. Robert D. Benedict, the most popular of the candidates, is, metaphorically, being killed for a sheep when he is really a lamb. The instrument of death is the Federal patronage at the navy yard, the bone of contention ever since President Harrison's inauguration. The thousands of independents who live in this district do not like to see this patronage being used to force a Congressional nomination, and they imagine, because Secretary Tracy favors Mr. Benedict in this fight, that he is using all the power of the navy yard to force his favorite on the district. This view has been partially strengthened by the fact that the wards comprising the Third District have very heavy representation in the yard, but in reality the impression is a wrong one. Mr. Benedict is fighting it night and day.

Secretary Tracy has not brought his influence to bear on this fight at all, except so far as an expression of his personal preference is concerned. He has persistently kept out of the fight. The appointments in the yard from the wards in question were made over a year ago before Mr. Benedict announced his candidacy, and they were made mainly on the recommendation of Congressman Wallace. The latter claimed this privilege as the only Republican Congressman in this end of the State, so it happens that Mr. Benedict is getting all the odium that attaches to this misuse of the patronage without receiving any of the support supposed to be attached to the power to give and to take away.

Notwithstanding this awkward position, Mr. Benedict seems to be ahead in the race, if the usual signs indicate anything. A year after stand now, he will have the Twentieth Ward, where he lives, as does Congressman Wallace; the Thirteenth, the Nineteenth, and the Twenty-first, with a first-class chance of securing the Seventh. Wallace is sure of nothing but the Twenty-third. The failure of a man's own ward to support him is usually fatal to a candidate, but Mr. Wallace doesn't care for that. He got along without it two years ago, and expects to do so again.

The action of ex-Congressman Darwin R. James in removing from the Twenty-first to the Seventh Ward has brought him forward very prominently as a compromise candidate for Congress in the Third District in case the fight between Benedict and Wallace becomes too hot. The Seventh Ward is the real battle ground in the present struggle, and its delegates will be in a position to do considerable dictating in the convention. Mr. James has showed in past years his great popularity in the district, having pulled the largest plurality ever given there to any candidate. It was his forced retirement in 1886 that produced the result against S. V. White and caused the reduction in the Republican plurality to 182. It was Ernst Nathan who forced Mr. James out at that time, and now Mr. James is heartily in favor of retiring Nathan's candidate, Wallace. He would like to do this by nominating Mr. Benedict, but, failing in that, his friends would not ask in vain if they requested Mr. James to return to his old seat in Congress. This new complication will add more interest to what is already an absorbingly interesting struggle.

The venerable Dr. Daniel Ayres, who recently gave \$250,000 to his Alma Mater, is one of the few successful amateur mechanics. From his early youth he has been a machinist, a carpenter, and an inventor, his first work being the construction of a steam engine when he was not yet out of his teens. The engine was complete in all its parts and is still preserved as an example of the doctor's early bent of mind. Up under the mansard roof on top of his big house, in Lafayette Avenue, Dr. Ayres has his workshop, filled with tools that even the professional carpenter and machinist are unfamiliar with, but in their owner's hands they perform some remarkable work. With them he has made, not cabinets and wooden trinkets, but casts and wax figures representing the various parts of the human anatomy. Of these Dr. Ayres has several hundred in an adjoining room, dubbed his museum. On the walls hang maps and charts, home made, of course, but instead of showing rivers and the trend of mountains they designate the action of food, medicines, and personal habits on the average human being. These drawings represent the study and experimental labors of several decades, and are regarded by medical men as of the highest value.

Dr. Ayres's house is filled with specimens of his cabinet work in wood, but it is of his casts and wax work that he is particularly proud. The methods employed and the processes used in making the skin and flesh, the transparent tissues, and the delicate membranes were almost all of his own invention, and he has written

out the history of each so that his knowledge will not die with him.

Dr. Ayres has a youthful protégé living near him who has become deeply interested in amateur tinkering, and who has devoted himself to the construction of a detective camera. His boast is that it cost only \$1.20, inclusive of 35 cents paid for a decrepit opera glass, from which he obtained his lens. The instrument works to perfection. This same young man is now at work on a mahogany bedstead, the headboard of which is almost complete. The carving and turning is exquisitely done, and the piece promises to be a work of art.

It was only a few years ago that the cry of "Extra" in any of the up-town streets of Brooklyn would cause a genuine sensation. Women and children and often men would rush out of their houses and pay 5 cents for a two-cent paper, only to find a few lines about some accident or some crime, and in those few lines very little information at all about the matter. There was something about an "extra" however, that attracted attention, probably the same morbid curiosity that drives some people to funerals and marriages of persons entirely unknown to them. But the goose that laid those old five-cent eggs has been killed. The extras that fly around Brooklyn to-day find few customers even at the moderate price of 1 cent. Newsboys have got into the habit of calling "Extra" every time there is a prize fight or a fire or an electric wire accident, and people pay no attention to them. The cry has no meaning now, and has no effect except at night, when the sporting editions are circulated. The newsboys recognize this, and very few of them venture to carry their papers very far from the ferries, the bridge, and the City Hall. Up town in the residence districts there is no sale for them at all. The people up there have been caught by the false cry of wolf too often.

POLITICAL POINTS.

WHAT THE BROOKLYN LEADERS FIND TO TALK ABOUT.

The recent election at William's Bridge was very interesting to Brooklyn politicians, for it brought up the point in reference to the time a voter could occupy in casting his ballot. One of the papers in its story said:

"Again and again an obstreperous and illiterate voter insisted that he was entitled to four sets of ballots and to forty minutes in preparing them. The proposition was manifestly absurd, but in the Second District several disputes between the inspectors were necessary before the question was settled, and then it was decided that a man could vote so long as he did not destroy more than four sets of ballots, no matter how much time he consumed. Of course, this was all wrong. The law is specific on this head: 'No person shall remain in or occupy any such booth or compartment less than three minutes, and in no case longer than ten minutes when all the other booths or compartments are occupied.'"

Yet this is just the position taken by Corporation Counsel Jenks and all the other Democratic subordinates. They say that a voter so disposed can destroy three sets of ballots and vote a fourth set and occupy ten minutes for each set. In other words, he can "kill" forty minutes, and fifty men like him could get on the line early in the day and practically crowd out all the other voters in the district. Men who believe that the new law is a long step in the right direction are very anxious to have an official opinion on this feature of the law, and many have suggested the propriety of writing to some such authority as Senator Saxton and learning what was the intention when the law was passed.

The local Election Commissioners did only a small part of their work the other day when they appointed 1,296 inspectors and registers. They still have to name 6,480 clerks, or ten for each of the 648 districts. These include two more inspectors, two ballot clerks, two poll clerks, and four canvassers. These Commissioners never had so much patronage, and in consequence never were so important before since their office was organized.

County Clerk Kaiser is confined to his home suffering agony from an affection of his kneecap. He is a very heavy man, and for that reason will be unable to get about for some time, even if the pain leaves him.

Congressman Felix Campbell announced publicly yesterday that he was not a candidate for renomination in the Second District, Brooklyn. He desired to retire, he said, and to attend to his private business. There was only one thing that would induce him to run again, and that was the inability of the party to find a successor strong enough to win, but he was not concealed enough to imagine that such a state of affairs existed. Three men are already fighting for this office—Erastus D. Benedict, Brewer Brown, and David A. Boody. The latter is regarded just now as the most likely man for the place.

The Democrats are so much annoyed over the German defection that they are beginning to bring an influence to bear that will worry the deserters not a little. There was a well-founded rumor abroad yesterday that Excise Commissioner Schliemann had sent word to the brewers to supply no more money to the German Democratic General Committee. Schliemann denied this, of course, but a member of the committee said that it was only too true. The brewer, he added, had agreed to subscribe about \$3,500 to the campaign fund of the Arion Hall crowd, but he feared that the Excise Commissioners were too strong to be defied.

Capt. James Wilberforce Webb, who polled 11,000 votes as the Labor candidate for Sheriff three years ago, is trying very hard to get the Republican nomination for the same office now. He says he could get a Labor indorsement and would beat the Democrats out of sight.

There was some lively "hustling" about the City Hall yesterday when the sons of sunny Italy were trying to get some one to review their parade. Mayor Chapin was out of town and Acting Mayor McCarty was at the races. Michael J. Coffey, President pro tem. of the Board of Aldermen, could not be found, and the Italians finally selected Mr. Campbell, the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission. He was preparing to stroll out to the steps of the City Hall when Coffey hurried in. As Acting Mayor, this reviewing duty is about all he has been permitted to undertake, and he said he didn't propose to lose a chance. So his fine Neapolitan face was visible when the fruit vendors marched past.

PIERRE PARSELLS ARRESTED.

Pierre Parsells, the foreman of the iron-plating shop at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who was recently suspended pending an investigation of a charge that he had been given a gold watch by James L. Remington in return for an appointment in the yard given to Remington, was arrested yesterday on a warrant issued by United States District Attorney Johnson. It was based upon an affidavit made by Remington in which he alleged that he met Parsells in November, 1889, and said to him: "Mr. Parsells, if you will put my son Frank to work in the navy yard I will give you a gold watch."

Parsells then stated, according to Remington, that he would do so at once, but it was not until April 5, 1890, that Parsells sent for young Remington. Two days later he was appointed an iron-plating fitter under Parsells, and is at work in that capacity still.

Remington further alleged that on April 21 Parsells called on him and said, "Have you forgotten about that watch?" Remington replied in the negative, and on May 9 he took a gold hunting-case watch, stem winder and setter, and numbered 277,982, to the navy yard. He met Parsells, who led the way to his private office, and, upon seeing the watch, said "That's a daisy."

Parsells was expecting his arrest yesterday, and his counsel, Hugo Hirsch, was on hand to accompany him to the District Attorney's office with bail in \$1,500. Parsells's bondsmen were Eugene S. Boyd of 356 First Street and William Corrigan of 233 Eleventh Street. The examination will take place at 1 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

HE BURNED THE MONEY.

Burger & Price of the Lee Avenue Theatre, Brooklyn, missed \$164 from a desk drawer yesterday and arrested Lawrence Sullivan, a cleaner up, on suspicion. Sullivan finally confessed, but said he had become so frightened that he had wrapped the money in a newspaper and burned it. He showed his employers the ashes. Then he gave up a bank book showing deposits to the amount of \$100, and his friends raised \$64, so the prosecution was not pushed. Sullivan is thirty years old and resides at 109 Johnson Avenue.

RAILROAD OFFICERS WAKE UP.

The threat of Coroner Rooney that the next fatal accident on the Long Island Railroad tracks in Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, would be the signal for the arrest of the officers of the road, from President Austin Corbin down, has already caused a decided improvement. At each of the small gates in the fence from Noststrand Avenue to the Flatbush Avenue station men have been placed with yellow flags to keep people out of harm's way. To-morrow the rest of the road to the city line will be furnished with similar guards. This is the first time since the road was opened that such precautions have been taken.

BROOKLYN NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. Evelyn F. Provost, who obtained a limited divorce from Dr. William G. Provost in 1885 with provision for the payment of \$1,000 a year for her support, began a suit for absolute divorce yesterday in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn. Dr. Provost is now a resident of Chicago, his office being at 430 West Randolph Street, and Mrs. Provost makes a Chicago woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Holly of 523 West Polk Street, the correspondent in her suit. Judge Cullen yesterday granted an order to serve the complaint by publication.

While half a dozen men were sitting on the dock at the foot of Noble Street, Brooklyn, an unknown man walked rapidly past them and jumped overboard. Just as he struck the water he cried out for help, but when the men reached the end of the pier the stranger had disappeared.

The United Italian Society of Kings County paraded through the streets of Brooklyn yesterday in order to celebrate the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome. They were reviewed by

Acting Mayor Coffey, and their national flag was unfurled from the staff on the top of the City Hall.

The new St. Clements' Protestant Episcopal Church at Pennsylvania and Liberty Avenues, Brooklyn, will be dedicated this morning by Bishop Littlejohn, assisted by the Rev. Charles A. Hamilton, the Rev. H. T. Souder, the Rev. W. T. Fitch, and the Rev. Dr. Jones.

The Young Men's Democratic Club of Brooklyn, which is just now preparing to take an active part in the Congressional campaign, will meet to-morrow night at the club rooms, 44 Court Street, at 8 o'clock.

A recent addition to the Brooklyn Art Gallery's exhibit is a portrait of the late Mrs. L. F. Kingman. It is the work of Rueger, and is done in water colors and crayon.

Permits for the erection of 101 new buildings, to cost \$348,540 were issued in Brooklyn last week.