

SAYS POLICE SHIELD A GAMBLING HOUSE

Widow of a Gambler Who Was Killed in Harlem Tells of a Madison Avenue Resort.

IN OPERATION FOR MONTHS

Poolroom and All Kinds of Games of
Chance Going on Under Po-
lice Eyes.

A woman, gowned in deep mourning, who said she was Mrs. Anna Jacobs, widow of a bookmaker and gambler, who was shot and killed in Harlem last Spring, startled Magistrate Murphy and the attendants and visitors in the Women's Night Court last night by declaring that with money which had belonged to her husband and now rightfully was hers, a gambling house was being maintained in Madison Avenue, Harlem, and that in last month alone the managers of the house took in \$17,000 in profits.

Mrs. Jacobs declared that the police knew of the existence of the house and that it was marked upon the police records as "suspected," but that, nevertheless, it was never molested, although it had been in operation for months.

Mrs. Jacobs appeared in court as a prisoner, charged by Joseph Falney, who says he is a wine salesman of 78 Broad Street, with having smashed one of the windows in the basement of his home at 1,939 Madison Avenue by poking a cane through it and then smashing two other windows by throwing a hammer through them. This occurred at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Jacobs did not deny Falney's charge. She declared, though, that she had been trying to collect the money that had been her husband's which was due her.

"These people murdered my husband," she exclaimed to Magistrate Murphy. "Now they won't give me any of the \$1,500 which belonged to him and which they stole. This man is not living in that house. He is just one of the gamblers who frequent it.

"Six months ago my husband was going to open a gambling house in 116th Street. He gave a man named Hogan \$1,500 and told him to meet him at the house with the money. The house was all furnished with gambling paraphernalia.

"On the way to the house my husband met a man known as 'Shorty' Mansfield, who asked him for \$250, and when my husband told him he did not have the money Mansfield shot him. My husband died in Harlem Hospital and I was with him to the end. He told me all about it.

"Hogan took my husband's money and furniture and opened a game in Madison Avenue. They have been coining money ever since. Last month they made \$17,000 and they won't give me a cent. They run a poolroom in the day time and a roulette wheel and crap game at night. I have asked them for the money time and again, but they have just kept me standing on street corners and won't even pay me \$10 a week, although they promised that as long as I had trouble with my knee, which forces me to walk with a cane, they would look out for me."

Magistrate Murphy asked Falney if he were running a game in the house or if he knew of a game being operated there.