

THE WORLD.

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A FITTING GIFT.

President Cleveland's gift to the Pope of a beautifully printed and richly bound copy of the Constitution of the United States, is commendable alike for its simplicity and its significance.

WORLDINGS.

A passenger train ran through a flock of 4,000 sheep near Jakima, W. T., recently and killed 100 of them without derailing the engine.

MISTAKES AND OMISSIONS.

It is natural that there should be abuse of the Knights of Labor in the monopolistic newspapers, whose conductors care more for their railroad and telegraph stocks than for the oppression of the man who gives these securities value.

MORE MONEY.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has voted to give the District-Attorney \$12,000 additional allowance for the employment of extra assistants.

TWO VANDERBILTS.

COMELIUS VANDERBILT devoted a generous sum from his vast possessions to building and equipping a beautiful club-house for the employees of the railroads in which he is interested.

QUARANTINE POLITICS.

It would be very appropriate to put the Boss Platt type of politics in Quarantine and keep it there. But when politics is made the profession of a hold-over and hang-on Quarantine Board, it is time to protest.

REGISTERED ON HOTEL BOOKS.

1. Clarke Seelye, President of Amherst College, is at the Murray Hill.

ALL OF ONE MIND.

A rural debating society is about warring with the question whether in the next prize-fight for the championship the killing of both principals would cause more grief than rejecting in this country.

READY FOR HIM.

St. Peter—What spirit is that? Messenger—That one coming down there? "Yes." "Is it Anthony Comstock?" "My, my! Tell those angels up there to water-proof over their wings."

HE WHIZZED DOWN THE SLIDE.

JUDGE MARTINE TRIES TOBOGGANING AND FALLS IN LOVE WITH IT.

Montreal's Sports Rivalled at Fleetwood Park—Very Much Like Sliding Down from a Tower of the Bridge—Coasting with Modern Improvements—Speed that Takes the Breath Away.

When the strike is off work is on, and work means food and fuel.

HOW THEY COME TO BUSINESS.

Douglas Green always takes the elevated at Fifth street, rain or shine.

Nothing but a trim coup will suit the fastidious tastes of Brother John Bloodgood.

Henry Clews, being democratic in his tendency, patronizes a public hansom for his daily drive to the office.

On fair days Deacon S. V. White usually walks from his house to Wall Street Ferry and then takes a cab to his office.

Brother Samuel W. Boocock always employs Jim Keene's old cab-driver, both in coming to and going from his office.

Ex-Commodore James D. Smith, who lives at Stamford, Conn., is always on time, but relies on the "L" to make connections.

While he generally patronizes a hansom, Addison Cammack is not too proud to walk. He says it is a good thing for the health, especially in the bracing winter weather.

Banker August Belmont, having plenty of horses of his own, does not find it necessary to patronize public conveyances. A pair of sleek high-steppers always bring him to his office.

The portly form of Commodore Bateman, the big bear operator, can be seen every morning on Fifth avenue, as he walks from the Windsor Hotel down to the Forty-second street "L" station.

John D. Stayback may frequently be seen on the Third avenue "L," which he is said to prefer to the Sixth avenue line, although the latter is in some respects more convenient to his residence.

A passenger train ran through a flock of 4,000 sheep near Jakima, W. T., recently and killed 100 of them without derailing the engine.

Two citizens of Red Oak, Ia., spent nearly a week digging for a treasure of \$60,000 which a fortune-teller had told them was buried near the city.

A new train put on the Alton road between Chicago and Kansas City to rival the "El," of the Burlington line, is called the "Hummer." It reduces the regular time between the two cities by five hours.

William W. Gibbs, the head of the powerful Chicago Trust, began life as a clerk in a country store. Twelve years ago he had not a dollar in the world. He is now estimated to be worth \$10,000,000 and is forty-one years old.

The wife of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is a descendant of a relative of George Washington, and a part of her estate comprises land surveyed by Washington for the State of Virginia when Kentucky was the western county of that State.

The Senators of the University of Michigan held a meeting the other evening and resolved to adopt the cap and gown, but at a subsequent meeting of all the classes the resolution was rescinded, the majority holding that such a course would be too strongly suggestive of Anglomani.

A young hair, owned by Robert Oliver, of Jefferson county, Ind., crawling into a hollow log where some corn had been stored, and ate so much that she was unable to extricate herself. The owner found the animal after a three day's search, and was obliged to cut the log to pieces to release her.

Henry Conrad, of Greenwood, Neb., met his death in a singular way last week. He was going hunting with his hired man, and directed the latter to place his gun in the wagon and drive on ahead while he followed on foot. The jolting of the wagon discharged the gun and the entire charge lodged in Conrad's head, killing him almost instantly.

A Canadian lumberman who had lost his way in the woods and taken refuge in a deserted lumber camp near Opeongo, Canada, where a hunter found and rescued him, had subsisted for nearly a month on bits of bark which he stripped from the trees. He had no fire, although the weather was excessively cold, and a great part of his clothing had been torn from him in his wandering in the dense woods.

A Chicago paper recalls an extraordinary piece of accountant work performed by Cashier Heron, of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, just after the big fire. The books of the bank were entirely destroyed by the flames, but with no data except the pass-books of the depositors and his memory Mr. Heron restored all of the 1,800 accounts successfully, so that every depositor was satisfied. The feat has never been paralleled.

Miss Mollie Bergen, a lass of sixteen summers, whose parents live on Pool's bog, Yaquina, Ore., says a deer came by the house and jumped into the rough the other day, whereupon she pursued her father's Winchester and shot the animal dead. She then unmoored a boat tied to the bank, rowed out to where the buck lay floating in the water, pulled the carcass into the boat and brought it ashore before any of the men folks arrived. The deer weighed 300 pounds.

Registered on Hotel Books. 1. Clarke Seelye, President of Amherst College, is at the Murray Hill.

Secretary of War William C. Endicott arrived at the State Avenue last night.

Ex-Senator John R. Doolittle, of Racine, Wis., is registered at the Murray Hill.

Frank Turner Moorhead, an iron broker, of Pittsburgh, is booked at the Brevoort.

Mrs. H. K. Becker and the Misses Becker are recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller this morning asked for the noiset room in the Giltsey House.

E. B. Stowell, District-Attorney of San Francisco, Cal., is a guest of the Grand Hotel.

O'Connor Boyer, ex-member of Parliament, of London, Eng., is registered at the Albemarle.

Staying at the Starvane are Jefferson Chandler, of Washington, and S. A. Fisher, M. P., of Canada.

Gen. J. P. Wallace, now engaged in the manufacture of brass, of Connecticut, is staying at the St. James.

J. A. Alford, general sales agent for the Delaware and Hudson River Coal Company, is staying at the Grand Hotel.

State Senator C. P. Vender, of Ellipticville, and D. P. Wood, of Syracuse, are among the recent arrivals at the Murray Hill.

At the Orient are W. A. Hall, a prominent member of the James A. Drake, ex-H. K. Biscoe, proprietor of the Sandusky Hotel.

POINTS ABOUT THE LOGNETTE.

Net of Much Use to See With, but a Valuable Aid to Society Aspirations.

The lognette fad has taken a strong hold on society women.

"Nobody that hasn't strong social aspirations has the gall to use one," remarked an optimist to a world reporter, "so it is a sort of 'trade-mark' for those in the swim."

"This long-handled eye-glass has almost displaced the old-time opera-glass. At the Metropolitan the lovely society creatures in the boxes have to borrow an opera-glass from a gentleman in the party if they really want to bring some remote object into closer range, because the glass in the opera-house is plain glass without any magnifying power at all, as a rule."

Nothing has been introduced for years with which so much superciliousness, so much semblance of haughty disdain, or so much of that serene indifference which is regarded as the most exquisite finishing touch to a high-bred person can be expressed as the lognette. It must tickle a girl's vanity, hoist the pride of her eyes, and calmly stare at something when she knows that everybody else knows that it is all a sham and that she isn't helped a bit to see the thing any better.

"It would be a very good idea to have a glass at all in the tortoise-shell frame. But conventional society usage admits senseless things, wicked things and cruel things, but she did not confess to any of these. Looking through a tortoise-shell frame, she said: 'A swell girl at the Madison Square Theatre got quite a set-back the other night. It was between the acts of 'Elaine.' She twisted her neck around to look at the girl in the box, mounted her lognette and covered a coat at the right of the stage."

A party of young swells were sitting in the box, and one of them, who he felt he had fallen under the deadly aim of the lognette and the brilliant eyes behind it, unlimbered his right arm and held something up to his own eyes. It was a small pair of opera-glasses, and he was looking at the girl in the box not an inch and a half long.

The stupefying part of it was that the glass was mounted on a long stick of oxidized silver, and she had managed it perfectly as the girl did. It was a masterly lognette.

"The enterprising male has got there, too. The girl turned away with a toss of her head and said to her companion in rather tart tones: 'Harry, it must be a great comfort to you to know that when a man wants to make a fool of himself there is absolutely nothing in the world that can surpass him in the attempt.'"

"Harry's retort to this aspersion on his sex was not caught."

GAS ENOUGH IN THE BEER.

The Manner in Which Bottled Lager is Prepared for Market.

There is a popular impression that the beers and ales which are put up and sold in bottles are, in the process of bottling, charged with a certain amount of carbonic acid gas.

A reporter, bent on obtaining information on this subject, visited several of the leading bottling-houses of the city, and there ascertained that beer, taken as an example of malt liquors, is bottled in the simple manner briefly described as follows:

Barrels of beer are received from the brewer daily. A barrel filled upon a "beer" bucket is shoveled into a vat of a short hose, called a syphon, to which a strainer is attached, is then inserted in the barrel, and the other end is stuck into the nozzle of a bottle.

Indeed it is not until the beer has been bottled that the carbonic acid gas is introduced. Three or four siphons are generally inserted in a barrel at the same time, and one man, if he be a good worker, can draw off about two hundred dozen bottles per day.

As soon as a bottle is filled, it is corked up, and if it is to be used in this latitude, it is ready for sale. If, however, the beer is to be shipped to other parts of the country, a quantity sent daily to the southern part of this continent.

"Cooking" is necessary to destroy certain germs which, if left to work their way into the beer, would spoil the latter in a very short time.

The "cooking" is done in this way: The bottling house contains what is known as the tank, a water-tight, sheet-iron inclosure, into which alternate layers of bottles containing beer and of boards about half an inch in thickness are placed until the tank is filled. Then water is turned into the tank, and the bottles are heated by steam from the tanks from the months of many pipes until the temperature reaches 155 degrees Fahrenheit, or as high as the glass bottles will admit of.

The length of time taken for the "cooking" varies somewhat, but at an even temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit about two weeks are necessary to insure the preservation of the beer for a year in a warm climate.

After the cooking, the bottles are packed with straw in barrels and shipped to the Southern ports by vessel.

It was said to the reporter by the manager of one of the largest bottling houses in the city that, to the best of his knowledge, no bottle of malt liquor uses gas of any kind, but that the carbonic acid gas comes from the beer for a year in a warm climate.

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SONGS AS CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE.

The Theatre Supplies the Music and the Street Merchant Sells the Words.

"The Noble Knights of Labor" is very popular with the working people," said a penny-song man in Park Row to a world reporter.

"I sell more of 'em than you can report, take it on the average, not except 'Rock-a-by-Baby,' which all the people sing just now."

"But you don't have any notes on your songs—only the words?" suggested the reporter.

"Oh, say, young fellow, doncher know everybody picks up the air hearin' 'em sung. Thousands of young folks goes to the variety shows and the theatres, and they hear the songs they like 'em they come to me or some other song man and gets the words."

Of course the words and music can be had in the music-stores, but not for a cent a song printed that way costs 35 cents, and some popular ones are higher priced.

Old Fends Cause Several Deaths. LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 27.—Advice from Reoctor, Ark., reports a terrible affair which occurred there last night in which A. M. Boyce, the Marshal of Reoctor, was killed and W. H. Loveloy mortally wounded. A man named Davis is also reported killed. No further particulars have been received, but it is said the tragedy grew out of an old feud.

The Cigar-Makers' Troubles. The cigar-makers of this city are on the alert for any indication of a reduction of wages or the introduction of the tenement-house system. They do not expect much change before next week at the latest. Secretary Camp, of Union No. 14, has communicated to the state board of arbitration a petition signed by 100 members of the society can be found to take the "griev" side of the question.

All of One Mind. [From the Northwestern Herald.] A rural debating society is about warring with the question whether in the next prize-fight for the championship the killing of both principals would cause more grief than rejecting in this country.

Ready for Him. [From the Omaha World.] St. Peter—What spirit is that? Messenger—That one coming down there? "Yes." "Is it Anthony Comstock?" "My, my! Tell those angels up there to water-proof over their wings."

ALWAYS SURE OF A WELCOME.

THE INCOMING TRAVELER NEVER AT A LOSS FOR A HOST OF FRIENDS.

Cabmen yell at Him Like Indians, Play Handball with Him, and Bear Him Off in Triumph—Mayor Hewitt Trying to Keep the Vexatious Drivers in Check—Scenes at the Grand Central Station.

MINOUS sadness characterizes the cabbies whose headquarters are about the New York Central Station, and the pleasant familiarity with which they used to hail the baggage-laden traveler is a thing of the past.

It is no fault of the cabman, however. He would be delighted to renew old acquaintances of this character, but Mayor Hewitt has said "cease" and cease it is. Whoever in the world would take offense at the pleasant salutations evidently are not long for this world, for what can be more welcome than the earnest solicitation that the cabbies show for man and woman alike, making no discrimination in race color, or creed.

For years the cabmen of New York street have looked upon the Forty-second street station as the only objective point at which to ply their trade. With the hundred odd trains rolling into the station daily, they have apparently been given surfeit for work enough to make an excellent livelihood, and now, just as the crowd of business is waiting to be skimmed, the police step in and, with a word, check the horde of hungry Jehus, whose voracity for acquaintances, to put it mildly, is unfeeling in any portion of this glorious country.

But then, probably the disappointed Jehu went about his work too sincerely. He believed, apparently, that what he does he does well, and with this maxim pinned in his hat and the feeling that if he don't make friends or acquaintances his companions will, he goes to work putting into practice the idea that his feelings are his best friend. And here is where the trouble started.

From early morning, while the big red sun is burning a hole in the veil of mist that settles over the east-side flats, the cabmen are stirring. His rendezvous is Forty-second street, and once there, his labor begins. His companions are numberless, and one is almost inclined to say omnipresent.

When the warning whistle of the locomotive announces the approaching train they make, by common instinct, a rush for the station exit and lie in wait for the innocent traveler. Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, three, deep, lining the edges of the sidewalk, their big silver badges glimmering in the sunlight and their fashionable haymarket hats adorning the ground.

Facing them are half a score of policemen. Then, as before, a battle, all is peaceful. The conflicting parties eye each other—the traveler innocently and unconsciously of the matter, and the cabmen with a look of men gleefully, hopefully, and perhaps maliciously as an evident stranger with bags and bundles innumerable approaches.

When the traveler draws nearer, a moment and without word of warning the verbal battle begins. Talk about Comanches or Sioux Indians! In their most glorious days they never had a war-whoop so piercing and so deafening as that which the cabmen utter when they see a stranger with bags and bundles innumerable approaches.

But the cabmen overstepped the lines not long ago, and as a result the Railroad Commission has ordered the police to give directions to the letter, and if time is given one may, some day in the future, be safe in passing the massive structure at train time—safe in mind and body.

CALLING FOR MORE JUDGES.

The Police Justices Want the General Sessions Bench Increased.

At the meeting of the Police Justices at Jefferson Market Court last night the resignation of Thomas E. Murray, Clerk of the Fourth District Police Court, was read and accepted.

John J. Sullivan, Justice of the Peace, and George W. Cregier, Secretary, were re-elected by acclamation. The Board repeated the recommendation made a year ago, calling upon the Legislature to increase the number of Judges on the General Sessions bench by four.

Acting upon their recommendation of last year, the Legislature created the office of Justice of the Peace, and the number still inadequate to meet the growing demands upon the time of the court. The following names were proposed for the year were agreed upon:

Jan. 1 to July 1, Special Sessions, Justice Kilbush presiding, and Justices Smith and Ford; First and Fourth districts, Justices Patterson, O'Reilly and Sullivan; Second and Third districts, Justices Ford and Murray; and Fifth and Sixth districts, Justices Murray and Duffy.

The Board then adjourned.

Sherman's Opposition to Lamar.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Dec. 27.—In reply to a communication from the Buckeye Club of this city protesting against the confirmation of L. Q. C. Lamar as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by Senator Sherman the latter says: "I take the same view of the nomination of Mr. Lamar as is stated by your Republican Buckeye Club. You are entitled to your own views, but I cannot confirm. I regret to say, however, that I fear my efforts will be unavailing."

He Has a Year to Escape Hanging.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 27.—John H. Swift, of this city, who was recently found guilty of the murder of his wife, was today sentenced by Judge Sanford to be hanged on April 1, 1889. The condemned man, when asked by the warden if he had anything to say, boldly asserted that he had no recollection at all of the occurrence. His lawyers will appeal the case.

Broke a Rib in a Prize-Fight.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 27.—F. E. Brooks, lightweight champion of Iowa, fought Billy Nolan, a local amateur, last evening. In the sixth round, Brooks broke one of Nolan's ribs. Nolan showed up in the third round, but fainted, and Brooks was declared the winner.

RAN LIKE A BUNIC INSCRIPTION.

Five Small, Wriggling Forms Mark the Track of a Goat with a Sordid Brow.

LUSKY got dashed up East Twenty-eighth street and came to a halt in the middle of Fourth avenue. He was a noble specimen of goat architecture, and ran like a Bunic inscription.

A flock of young men had followed the bounding creature as he flew up the street like a cork from a bottle of champagne, and gathering on a corner they watched his artless gambols among the horse cars and cabs.

He had a Doric brow, marked by a Washingtonian plicature and a Jewish nose. The general appearance of his hide was dingy, as if he were as great a stranger to the abstruse qualities of a bath as an Anarchist.

But this rested lightly on his buoyant soul as he rattled around on the city's cobblestones with all the delight of a circus horse on a vacation. But like other wild young things whose aim is pleasure and their time their own, he didn't seem to have a fixed plan of amusement.

On the opposite side of the street were quite a number of young men, and with a touching ignorance of the power a goat yields in removing obstacles from his path, stood and hurled small missiles and yells at the shaggy bouncer.

But he was gentle beyond his years and withstood the awful temptation that presented itself of making one wild charge and standing "five kids" on their respective heads. He would not be beguiled from the tow-path of duty.

Suddenly the group on the other corner charged down on him. They had proprietary claims and thought of the shaggy bouncer as better in the back yard. Billy shot away, skipped onto the sidewalk, shook his head like a hoary old beau at the children and then, disdaining a more forceful use of his hooves, he trotted on his way, a list of them, leaving the pavement strewn with five small, wriggling forms, and then tore up the street.

It may be recognized by the expression of his left eye and the guilty air with which he wears his freedom. Any one making his acquaintance and prevailing on him to return to his native haire will confer a favor, as he is a family heirloom and dear beyond words.

HERBERT KELEY DID NOT RUN.

When Your Hat Blows Off Just Smile Sweetly Till Somebody Catches It.

Herbert Keley was strolling down Broadway. He looked, as the saying is, as if he had just stepped from a band-box, so perfectly unruined was his attire in spite of the stiff breeze that was blowing ladies' bangs into tangled masses.

Mr. Keley's cheeks glistened with health; his mustache was arranged precisely to a hair with exquisite taste, and he wore a tall, glossy black top hat, daintily and gracefully. He looked pattingly handsome and he knew it. Women gazed at him adoringly.

They turned after passing him and shot coquettish and surreptitious glances over their shoulders. Broke a rib in a prize-fight, and without word of warning the verbal battle begins. Talk about Comanches or Sioux Indians! In their most glorious days they never had a war-whoop so piercing and so deafening as that which the cabmen utter when they see a stranger with bags and bundles innumerable approaches.

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GEORGE T. COPPIN'S FUNERAL.

Only a Few of the Old Tammany Leaders at the Services To-Day.

Funeral services over the remains of George T. Coffin, the veteran janitor of Tammany Hall, took place to-day. At 9 a. m. the remains were removed from Tammany Hall and escorted to St. Ann's Church, in East Twelfth street, by the relatives and a few of the old-time members of the Wigwam organization.

Among those who paid their last respects to the faithful old sentinel were Col. Thomas Dunlay, Gen. Ferrero, John Byrne, Deputy Sheriff McGonigal, James H. Caulfield, Thomas D. Heilly, Eugene Durkin, Smith E. Lane and William H. Dobbs.

The absence of the prominent leaders of Tammany Hall was commented upon. There were only three floral tributes. They were the offerings of Mr. Coffin's sons, of Tony Pastor and of Paddy, the engineer of Tammany Hall.

After Father Clancy had celebrated mass the body was conveyed to Calvary Cemetery.

Burned to Death on Christmas Eve.

SCARSDALE, N. Y., Dec. 27.—On Christmas Eve Miss Belle Smith, residing in the village of Scarpsdale, was engaged in sweeping around an open fireplace when her clothing caught fire. She lost her presence of mind and ran out into the open highway, where her body was burned to a crisp. She was to have been married on Christmas Day.

Destroyed Follows a Tidal Wave.

MAYANA, Dec. 15.—Aquadilla, a small port of Porto Rico, suffered like Barcelona by a huge wave. Fifty-three houses were swept away. The wave destroyed the solid masonry in the cemetery and eleven bodies were washed out to sea and lost. Many vessels were storm-bound. The wave was due to a norther.

Novellers Sold to Boston for \$7,500.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 27.—A deal has been closed between Manager Seelye of the Boston Baseball Club, and Managers Thompson and Barnes of the St. Paul club, by which Seelye has agreed to sell to the Boston club the services of pitcher who played with St. Paul last season, going to Boston next year. It is stated that \$7,500 was paid for the transfer.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

THE BOWERY, NOT THE BLACH FOG ATHLETES THAT IT WAS.

Times When a Pair of Good Sparrers Earned \$50 a Week Gone—William Boyd Page May Give an Exhibition of His Wonderful High Jumping—Chauncey M. Depew an Honorary Member of the Manhattan's.

IFE on the Bowery has changed within the past three years more perhaps than life in any other portion of the metropolis. With Owney McGeoghan's son and Billy McGeoghan's son, Harry Hill's and The Allen's close to it the sports used to have no end of fun along this classic thoroughfare.

McGeoghan kept from two to ten pairs of athletes, boxers and wrestlers in clover on salaries of from \$50 to \$60 a week a pair. McGeoghan rivalled the ex-pugilist's Jimmy Murray, Black Sam, Jimmy McLaughlin, Sam Breeze, Tommy Allen, Joe Fowler, Jim Carney, Young English, the Mouse and a score of others, native and imported, with half a dozen pairs of young toughs, who "scrapped" nightly for a \$2 bill. He used to have Kelly and Murphy. They went around with the hat and often picked up as much as \$25 or \$35 apiece in an evening. Allen engaged Jack Fien, who had then been recently knocked out by Tommie Chandler, of Chicago, and Mike Mulvey with Nixey and Jack Dempsey, the latter then a tyro. How things used to hum on the old Bowery! Now it is as quiet as Hogback's picture of Bear's teeth. There is a sparring show all demands a theatrical license closed up all these resorts and has knocked many a dollar from needy boxers' hands. The rates they are glad to spar for in Hoboken or elsewhere proves their straightened circumstances. Why should not soft glove contests be allowed? Their tendency is towards an admitted good, physical culture, and racing is good for high-class horse breeding.

William Boyd Page will probably give an exhibition of his wonderful high-jumping powers at the Manhattan Athletic Club winter games, in the Madison Square Garden on Jan. 23.

Chauncey M. Depew has been elected an honorary member of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

Partly owing to the indisposition of 190-pound amateurs to box with Young Trojan of the Manhattan's competition for Saturday night have been laid over for four weeks. The stag racket will take place, however, without fail, and there will be some fine exhibition bouts.

A 250-yard run has been substituted for the 220-yards; a 2-mile run for the 1 1/2-mile; a 1 1/2-mile bicycle race for the 1-mile; a 2