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AN EXPENSIVE REMEDY. Strikes are sometimes justifiable as the last resort of oppressed workers. But the statistics of their cost, just published, hold a warning against using this weapon inconsiderately.

The Chief of the Bureau of Labor shows that less than half the strikes in the last six years have been successful, and that they have involved a loss to strikers of \$51,816,000, or \$20,000,000 more than the loss inflicted on employers.

ABRUD OF COURSE. The President characterizes as "abrupt" the report that he intends to send to Congress a supplementary message, "explaining" his recent communication to that body.

OF COURSE IT IS ABRUD. The late message explained itself. No public document has been better understood or more generally approved by disinterested citizens.

HARD ON THE POOR. Everything hard seems to press hardest at last upon the poor. The coal barons grind them down to starvation wages. If they strike, other poor people suffer for it.

IT COMES HIGH. The cost of the city government of New York for next year will be \$37,000,000, including \$4,000,000 for State taxes and \$7,000,000 on interest account.

THE ISSUE. Chairman McNULTY, of the Harlem Democratic Club, gave the keynote to last night's celebration in praising President CLEVELAND for "courageously and forcibly presenting the vital question of reduced taxation and a revision of the tariff as the issue upon which the Democratic party, in the interest of the whole country, is sure to succeed in the coming campaign."

THE TRAVELLERS. The travellers lent their ears at once for a romance story of nobility in distress. "Yes," added the driver, "I was once a brigand, and all the men of my family were brigands."

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betrayed, but a married woman who "stoops to folly" is not entitled to this plea.

It is some consolation for Americans who are too poor or too busy to go abroad to know that there has been "a heavy fall of snow at Nice," and that the railroads are blocked with snow in the path of the tourists.

It doesn't much matter who are Civil-Service Commissioners, provided that the reform law is observed and executed in letter and in spirit. The new State Commission is entitled to be judged by its work.

If SULLIVAN and SMITH meet it is pretty certain that somebody will get hurt. Those who have seen JOHN L. hit in earnest think they know who it will be.

The Reading Company seems to be doing its utmost to provoke a strike. What for?

ACTORS AT THE PLAY. Miss Catherine Cayvan always patronizes the professional matinees. Mrs. Langtry likes to see a play from the pleasant seclusion of a private box.

John A. Mackay sits through a performance frequently. He is lavish of his applause, and extremely severe on people who talk during the play. McKee Rankin takes in every play he possibly can. Even if acting he will drop rapidly after the performance is finished and rush to see the final act of a new play.

WORLDLINGS. Mrs. Langtry has the handsomest turquoise in America. It is set as a pendant with twenty-seven diamonds and is valued at \$5,000.

Herbert Taylor, with an income of \$100,000, is one of the richest and most eligible bachelors in Chicago. He is thirty years old, a blond, wears eye-glasses and loves to drive a tandem turnout that is the admiration of all his acquaintances.

There is a precious youngster in Rome, Ga., a year and a half old, who has used tobacco with great enjoyment for the last six months. He is said to smoke a pipe like a veteran and becomes very vigorous in his protests when deprived of it.

One of the brightest newspaper writers in the West is Mrs. Julia D. Pratt, the editor and proprietor of the Sunday Optic, of Quincy, Ill. She took charge of the Optic when it was moribund and in two years has made it one of the newest and most successful papers in the State.

Col. Richard M. Johnston, who has become prominent in the new school of Southern writers in Georgia before the war. After Lee's surrender he became a schoolmaster in Baltimore, but of late years he has devoted himself entirely to literary work.

Miss Ella A. Gilles, of Madison, Wis., who is very favorably known in literary and social circles throughout Wisconsin, is in New Orleans gathering material for letters descriptive of life in the South in two years since she has written a successful novel, and is especially known for her brilliant and scholarly sketches of Swedish and Norwegian winters.

Many of the leading statesmen are good French scholars and some of them have a critical knowledge of the language. Senator Edmunds and Senator Hoar have their libraries well stocked with works in French, and the most attractive means of recreation which Thurman can find is to devour French novels by the dozen.

President Carnot's Name. The President's father has the right to bear the title of Count, and his son that of Viscount, for during the cent years Napoleon conferred the title on the great Carnot. I think in private life they are often called by the title, but in the official world they are simply M. Carnot and M. Sadi Carnot.

A Thankless Job. [From the Omaha World.] Omaha Man (looking at a funeral)—Well, well! A hearse, but no carriages and no mourners! Who can that be?

Birds of Passage. Paul Hesse, ex-City Treasurer of Chicago, and John F. Rowell, ex-City Treasurer of Boston, are at the Murray Hill Hotel.

HARD WORK BADLY PAID. STARVATION WAGES IN THE WHITE GOODS MANUFACTORIES. Women Who Are Compelled to Live on \$3 or \$4 a Week—"The Bosses Treat Us as if We Were Slaves"—"It is No Wonder that Some Poor Girls Go to the Bad"—A Sorry Christmas for Most of the Girls.

At a recent meeting of the women workers a young woman who is employed as a sample maker gave some account of the manner in which her sisters in the manufacture of white goods or ladies' undergarments were required to labor, and the low wages and strict rules under which they are compelled to eke out a miserable existence.

A reporter for THE WORLD interviewed one of these workers to-day and obtained some additional facts. In answer to several inquiries, she made the following statement: "I think that if any set of female workers in New York is ground down to the last notch it is the women employed in making white goods for ladies' use. A good sample maker can earn in sixty hours a week from \$6 to \$8, but the rest of us get from \$3 to \$4 for work just as hard."

"Then we are required to furnish cotton thread, and if we break a needle on a sewing-machine we must pay for it, for it is taken out of our wages on Saturday night. Why, sir, you don't know the distress some of us are put to. Easter said that once. We are used to this kind of labor and most of us would have no other kind of work, and we have no money. The bosses treat us as if we were slaves, and they are about right, for we are such as far as labor and total submissiveness to our employers are concerned."

"We cannot live decently and maintain health and strength on such poor pay and such long hours. I live in an uptown apartment-house with my mother and father, and I help the top along. Mother does a little sewing as a dressmaker, but it does not amount to much, and she is not strong, while father broke an arm some time ago and has been laid up for a year. He is a teamster, and does fairly well when he is able."

"We try to live decently, but it is almost impossible with the little money we earn. We live four rooms, plainly furnished, and pay \$12 a month for them."

"I know of girls in our shop who are even worse off than we are. They have already told about it in THE WORLD. For instance, there are three young women who are dependent on their own labor for support. They have two rooms in an old tenement and make \$10 a month for them. They make an average of \$10 a week, and have to live and dress out of that."

"Just think of three grown persons living off a few cents that is all they get for their work. They have no encouragement, no prospect in life, and they are poorly clad for winter weather."

"It was a sorry Christmas for most of the girls in our trade, and it cut us off of one day's work and gave us but a mere pittance to exist on."

MANAGER LOCKE SANGUINE. Denying the Stories of Western Disasters to the American Opera Company. Charles E. Locke, of the National Opera Company, arrived in this city yesterday with plenty to say for himself. He denied the harrowing stories of the company's Western disasters.

Business had not been good, however, and in the West money was lost. Mr. Locke said he had not the faintest intention of giving up the operatic struggle, and was extremely sanguine as to the results of the Eastern trip.

Mr. Locke met Sylvia, the tenor, at the Hotel. He was in the city to see the managers of the opera-house in Kansas City. Sylvia will probably rejoin the company in Boston on Jan. 9. Mr. Locke has come to the conclusion that Americans don't like ballets in opera.

The Society Lady's Mascot. [Baltimore American's Washington Letter.] An incident well worthy the pen of De Maistre occurred at a week-end at one of the Cabinet reception. The callers was the wife of a prominent jurist, who this week introduces her grand daughter to society. Accompanied by the debutante she called majestically into the room and up to the hostess, who was unprepared by her own little courtship to receive the lady in such a dress. She stepped a little to one side, in order that her charge should have the full benefit of any attention she might receive from the hostess.

Paul Hesse, ex-City Treasurer of Chicago, and John F. Rowell, ex-City Treasurer of Boston, are at the Murray Hill Hotel. The Brunswick's books show the name of W. C. Wilkinson, a Baltimore contractor.

George D. Hill, accompanied by Col. Judson, returned to the city late last night. Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is registered at the Murray Hill Hotel.

THEY SAY IT IS NOT THE SHOOING. Street-Car Men Insist that It is in Want of Hand that Makes the Horses Slip. The refusal of Mayor Hewitt to grant the permits which would allow the different horse-car companies of this city to put sand on their tracks, and so afford the car horses some sort of an excuse for continually slipping and falling down, has occasioned no inconsiderable amount of comment and hence the inquiry: "Are the car-horses properly shod?"

A World reporter, on a tour of inspection and inquiry, visited several of the largest car stables in the city and talked with superintendents, inspectors, foremen, stablemen, blacksmiths and drivers. The desire of the street-car men to have sand on the tracks, was expressed by all.

In regard to the shooing, the work done in one stable is a fair example of that done in the others. The first of the four stalls in the stable, corner of Fourth avenue and Thirty-second street, in which are stabled over one thousand horses, has a room in which from twelve to fourteen men are at work shooing horses. Here each car horse is taken once in three weeks, the old shoes are pulled off and new ones put on.

It was noticed that, in most cases, the shoes were without corks, and this omission prompted the reporter to ask one of the workmen if a horse would not stand more securely if such aids were used. He replied that he had never seen a horse with such a difference, but that in any case the corks would wear down to the level of the shoe in two days' time, and that if a horse were shod every day, the shoes would be worn out in a short time before that horse would join the angels in the happy hunting grounds.

Supt. Newell, of the Broadway line, was seen in his office at the corner of Fifth and Broadway streets. "The horses are shod in the best possible manner," he said, "and we simply cannot prevent their slipping unless that man in the street who allows us to put sand on the tracks. He is the first Mayor who has refused to give us the permit, and the refusal has cost us many thousands of dollars' worth of horse and harness and many a very good deal of labor which would be unnecessary if sand were allowed."

A committee appointed by the drivers visited the Mayor in his temporary quarters, and presented him with a petition. He promised to "reconsider," and has been putting them off by weekly appointments ever since. The horses are too valuable to misuse, and we give them the best shoes that we can get."

PUMPING OUT THE CITY OF RICHMOND. None of the Freight of the Stranded Steamboat Said to Be Lost or Damaged. The stranded Hartford steamboat City of Richmond, which struck on Pilgrim Rock in East River yesterday afternoon, looks very much more like a wreck than her captain and owners will acknowledge.

She lies on Pottery Beach, just off Greenpoint, and is surrounded by a crowd of onlookers. Many hundreds of people went by the Twenty-third street and Tenth street ferries this morning to see the vessel, and the city and county of Greenpoint are all blocked to the river front.

Capt. Maynard to bring his disabled vessel close in shore, but the water gained so fast that she ran aground. The vessel was towed by the Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company had a gang of men at work transferring the vessel's freight to the company's pier, at Peck slip and by 6 o'clock the pumps were at work at 10 o'clock, but by noon very little headway had been made. Divers are to be sent down this afternoon to ascertain the condition of the ship's bottom and cover it with canvas.

At the company's office it was said that the fire on board had been very much exaggerated. A live coal had been left in the boiler, and the fire had been extinguished. The amount is covered by insurance. The company holds Capt. May entirely blameless for the disaster.

Corset Effects. Inherited Wasps—Waists—The Tight-Lacing Passion. [From the Boston "Wise and Daft."] No, certainly, the focus is not all dead, yet I do not believe the evil of tight-lacing is as prevalent as is often represented. A different view would seem inconsistent with the higher education and better aspirations of the time.

Delirious Effects of Snow. [From the Boston Post.] A recent article by Herr H. Schindler in the "Meteorologische Zeitschrift" tends to prove that the works of art in the streets and squares of cities are more liable to decay than those in the country, and that this decaying process is more rapid nowadays than it was forty or fifty years ago.

No French for Her. [From the Boston Post.] Miss Edna, of Detroit, is not yet four years old, though wiser than an owl perhaps. Her little cousin from England called on her the other day, and chatted on and on interminably, so full was she of childish news to tell.

Charles Ritter, one of the best known trombonists of the country, died yesterday at Pottsville, Pa., at the age of seventy-eight years. Col. Samuel Evans, the oldest practicing lawyer in Pennsylvania, died in Uniontown, Pa., on Tuesday at the age of eighty-eight years.

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WHERE COLD MAKES MISERY. PROPHECIES OF WARMER WEATHER WELCOMED BY THE POOR. The Frigid Wave About Passed and the New Year to Open With a Mild Spell—Sufferings Experienced in Squallid Tenements—Healthful Sport on Toboggan Slides and the Ice—A Coming Storm.

Although weather prophets declared that yesterday would be warm compared with today, up to noon there was nothing to verify the prophecy. The lowest point indicated on thermometers yesterday was 14 degrees. As yet that figure has not been reached to-day, nor has there been any approach to it. The mercury ran the gamut from 18 to 23 degrees.

Still, the weather is cold enough, though the force of the wind is not great. It is good, healthy, bracing weather to those who can dress warmly while outdoors, or who have a pleasant fireside at home. To those whose circumstances forbid either, the bright sun as it melts the gleaming bits of frost from house-tops affords no relief.

In the tenement-house districts, east and west, the suffering and kindling families to-day was something beyond belief. With coal higher than at any time during the season, with the quality poorer and the quantity less, the impoverished families to whom a warm meal at any time is a luxury far from being a happy one.

The wind whirled drazily through the bare passageways, whistled along the corridors in defiance of doors and bars, made the windows rattle till their sashes were a doubtful question, and then raved off, only to return in a moment with redoubled force that sent a shiver through the half-clad tenants within.

Where there was a semblance of a fire it was utilized and doubly appreciated. In the most squalid quarters, where house-tops and blue sky form but a scanty canopy in summer, a very few families were fortunate enough to be able to purchase a bucket of coal. And how preciously they served it out!

The weather at Jacksonville and New Orleans has grown warmer. At the former place the temperature is 54 and at the latter 58 degrees. Snow is falling through the region of the Mississippi valley. There is a storm moving eastward, accompanied by rain and snow. The temperature is blowing at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour, about half as fast as yesterday. It is still off shore and northwesterly.

Indications are that to-morrow will be warm at the start, but a spell of warm weather will open the new year.

WILL SUE FOR THEIR PAY. United Labor Party Election Inspectors Claim Remuneration for Full Time. The inspectors of election of the United Labor party, in proportion of their work, are not entitled to be satisfied with the one day's pay. For the past two days many of them have accepted \$7.50, but in most cases under protest. Last night 130 of the inspectors held an adjourned meeting at Columbia Hall, No. 1210 First avenue, which was called for the purpose of settling upon each inspector a minimum amount to be necessary to secure the recognition of their legal rights.

Missouri's Dead Governor. His Funeral To-Morrow—Lieut.-Gov. Moorehouse Sworn In. St. Louis, Dec. 29.—The funeral of Gov. Marquette will take place at Jefferson City at 2.30 p. m., on Saturday. The honorary pall-bearers will be five ex-governors of the State, Gov. Moorehouse and the five judges of the Supreme Court. Tuttle, of the Episcopal Church, will probably officiate. A salute of seventeen guns will be fired at sunrise Saturday morning, according to the militia regulations of the State.

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THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX. Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of the "The Evening World." To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a young man, twenty-one years of age, have a fair amount of clerical experience and a little money. Kindly inform me which would be the best place for me to go to earn a comfortable living—the West Indies or South America. Can a New Yorker stand these climates? What are the advantages and disadvantages? How long does it take to go to either of these places? What are the prospects for an energetic young man in these countries? SOUTH AMERICA. New York, Dec. 28.

A Chance for J. B. To the Editor of The Evening World: Please say to the young man, J. B., who desires to learn steam engineering and obtain a license, I will give him the necessary schooling and all the necessary facilities he will require to obtain license, presuming he has the mental calibre and is of temperate habits. H. KIRKREDD, Mechanical Engineer, Station C, New York. No. 123 Barrow street, Dec. 29.

Seats for the Shop Girls. To the Editor of The Evening World: Why does not the Association for the Protection of the Workingwomen see that the law about seats for shop girls is carried out? It is very generally disregarded. The law made for the rich are always enforced. Why not enforce the laws for the poor as well? Dec. 29. F. A. PLAX.

Human Beings Not Machines. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am glad to see that you are agitating the cause of the domestic help. There is something besides a joke to their work. They are not the auto-rats and ladies of leisure which the so-called funny papers make them. They are worthy of a good deal more consideration than they usually get from their mistresses. They are not machines, but human beings. Dec. 29. Mrs. F. A. R.

Wants a Domestic's Union. To the Editor of The Evening World: While every other class of workers is trying to get shorter hours, nobody says a word about the long hours of the domestic. Talk about kitchen hours a week! Why, my folks of the kitchen hours a week right along. And our work is just as hard as running a sewing-machine or selling ribbons. As everybody else is organizing, why don't the servant girls have a union, too? MARGARET Tompkins Square.

The Army of Unemployed. To the Editor of The Evening World: Your correspondent, who signs himself "George Rogers," is no more astonished over the fact that 100,000 workmen are out of work at present than I am. When you read that the Commission on the Unemployed Works by closing the work on the subway three thousand out of employment, why should there be surprise? Yours, McK.

Senators at Twenty-five Cents a Night. To the Editor of The Evening World: Recently there appeared an article headed "Choosing Roman Senators," in which it was stated that in order to attract respectable persons or a better class of people to the Academy of Music, the management offered \$1 a night, the usual wages being 50 cents. While I am sorry to spoil a good advertisement, in the interest of truth I would like to make a few corrections. A person would infer from the article that the general run of "supers" were not respectable, the words being "a better class of person" but while that is true in some cases, the majority of "supers" are respectable mechanics and laborers out of employment, or young men who do not make enough to keep them by working in the daytime. Of course I only speak of the "supers" now at the Academy of Music as pretty much the average usually attracted by an advertisement, about half of them being of the class on the stage before. By the chief correction which I wish to make, and I, being one of the Roman Senators, am in a position to know, is this, that we were not offered \$1 a night, but we were offered 50 cents, but what we are getting is 25 cents a night, with the first night of, or a superman getting that. That may seem a ridiculously small amount, but persons are able to earn for their duty from \$2 to \$10, until 11 p. m., but \$1.50 is not to be despised by a man out of work. I write this at the suggestion of several of the supers. I hope you will give this space in your widely-circulated paper, as it may prove interesting to many of your readers. ONE OF THE SENATORS. New York, Dec. 28.

The Head Dog. [From the Castella (Ca.) Clarion.] Judge P. W. Twitty, of our County Court, not only wears a seal skin cap, but he has another smart dog. He is noted for always having a big heart and smart dog. Old Dash is dead and gone, but Dash is not forgotten. The many accomplishments of the lamented Judge were an honor to the science of dogology. And here the fine young black-nosed Bob is on the watch. The other day the judge sent Bob with the order to the Post Office to get a new collar for Bob. Bob carried the order, which was duly read and then thrown down. The judge was then called upon to give the order, thinking it was directed to him, and gave Bob another nickel's worth of his fine beard. Dave Bob wrote the order to his master, and Dave Bob wrote the order to his master. Bob went across the street and presented the paper to George W. Stall, Mr. W. Stall read the order, and it was an order for beef and promptly gave Bob more beef. By this time this sharp canine trader had got enough, and went home.

A Dream of Liberty. [From the San Francisco Examiner.] "No, sir, I'm not a dynamite nor a believer in dynamite. I'm a philosophical Anarchist." He drained his beer glass and tossed back his long hair. "Believe, he continued, beckoning the waiter, 'in a state of society in which there will be no statute law, in which the individual shall be the unit, in which an intelligent selfishness will restrain everybody from doing wrong to his neighbor. I believe, sir, in a world without the gallows, without a jail—a world in which everybody will be an Anarchist."

Not Talking to Baby as All. [From Harper's Bazar.] Charlie (shaking his fat in baby's face)—I could just smash you. Mamma—Why, Charlie, I'm surprised to hear you talk that way to little sister when you have been left with her. Charlie—Why, mamma, I'm talking to that fat that keeps lighting on her nose.

An Unkind Explanation. [From Punch.] Miss Tremaine—Curling was set-up young fellow, the Mr. Bradlee, isn't he? He's straight as a West Pointer—Why, what can be the matter with him? Gordon—who doesn't love Bradlee—Nothing serious, I think. In curling Mr. Bradlee's curls are shoulder-broader, and simply can't get back again.

The Bartender's Mistake. [From the Nebraska State Journal.] "Bartender, give me some of that good liquor I had last night." "I'm sorry to say, Colonel, that I made a mistake last night and gave you the wrong bottle. I suppose so. Here I've been trading off your ranch for ten years and you only give me the good liquor by mistake." "But that wasn't whiskey at all." "What was it?" "Carrot cake."

Requires a Clever Surgeon to Dress Wounded. [From the Boston Herald.] Only matrimonial matches are made at the Salt Spring of Virginia. Divorce-seeking women do not trust in Providence, else why do they loiter at Newport? For obvious reasons a bookseller should not be much of a bookkeeper. After a recent French duel one of the participants was bitten by a dog on his way home.

Hard to Convince. [From the Birmingham Post.] A physician says large caters do not believe as long as those who eat little. It will be hard to convince people of that so long as elephants, which devour a ton of hay a week, live 100 years, while mice, which eat only a few grains of wheat, and live only a few days, rarely pass their first anniversary.

Obituary Notes. Charles Ritter, one of the best known trombonists of the country, died yesterday at Pottsville, Pa., at the age of seventy-eight years. Col. Samuel Evans, the oldest practicing lawyer in Pennsylvania, died in Uniontown, Pa., on Tuesday at the age of eighty-eight years. George D. Hill, an old wholesale grocer of New York City, died his home in East Orange, N. J., on Wednesday, at the age of seventy-four years. William A. Kimball, formerly of this city, died yesterday at Pottsville, Pa., at the age of forty-five years. He was married Miss Cora K. Hatch, daughter of Rufus Hatch.

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GUARDS HAVE A GRIEVANCE. ELEVATED RAILWAY TRAINMEN MUST BUY NEW OVERCOATS. A Guard, who Summused a Reporter More Quietly than Any of His Fellow Guards, Tells of an Order Entering the Purchase of Expensive Clothing—An Old Employee Relates This Story of Its Origin.

"I wish there was a reporter here. I'd tell him how we are misused." The speaker was one of two elevated road guards, and his wish was as speedily gratified as any Aladdin of mythical memory every expressed, for a World reporter stood beside him and asked him to relate his tale.

"It's this," said he. "Wednesday night W. T. Goudie, Superintendent of Transportation of the road, posted an order requiring all trainmen, conductors and guards to appear in new uniform overcoats with double rows of five brass buttons, giving them until this morning to provide themselves with the garment."

"We all have overcoats and now we're got to go and buy new ones or go without; and the worst of it is that the new ones cost \$22 and that they can be used for no other purpose than as part of a uniform in our work, and must be purchased of a particular firm."

"Here's my friend. He's got an overcoat, single-breasted, with one row of buttons. It's a good dark blue coat, but he's got to buy a new one or work without one if he works at all."

"We also complain, and I think with cause, that \$22 is too much for a man who is earning only \$1.50 per day to pay for an overcoat for every-day wear at his work. 'Course I have a doubt so, while others are so poor that they prefer to freeze on the platforms without the coats than to obey this arbitrary order."

A visit to the platform of the City Hall station this morning and a careful inspection of the train crews as they came in, revealed the fact that, if the order was as given by the complaining guard, it had not been obeyed by any means.

Some of the men were with overcoats and others without. All of the overcoats were dark blue or black and all were decorated with two rows of brass buttons. Some had three rows of buttons, but usually the ten required, if the extra ones had to be stuck on the shoulders like epaulettes.

Some of the overcoats were on the fly pattern, and were of a glittering material, on either side were simply ornamental. None of the coats were uniform, except that they were uniformly of a dark color. There were but few new regulation coats.

None of the guards knew of any of the train men being laid off for non-compliance with the order, and all said that the order required simply the two rows of buttons, which could be obtained at the office of the company.

One man said that several were not allowed to go on in the making up of crews yesterday morning, and that several were sent home. Another, a veteran railroad man, whose service has not been confined to the elevated system, said: "New order? This is no new order, but a standing order. Every man who goes to work for the company knows that he has to furnish a uniform, and there is no reason, if he wants to continue in its employment, why he should not continue to abide by the rules."

"I'll tell you where the whole trouble lies. There's no necessity for wearing any overcoat in the first place, but they will wear 'em, and most of 'em go down to the Bay and get some cheap John goods. That'd be all right, but they won't stick to the dark colors, but'll get all shades, colors and patterns."

"Then, too, we've some duds, and unless they're held in check you might expect any number of 'em. Some of 'em wear one down in a cape coat and yellow gloves, and with a big-headed cane in his hand."

"In consequence of these things it is necessary to occasionally reprimand a man that there are some rules regarding uniform. That's just all there is about it."

"I said that there is no need to wear overcoats. They're not in the train two cold winters and never wore one. Do you see the brakemen on the Hudson River or the New Haven roads wearing 'em? No sir. Well, our cars are heated better than theirs and the men are paid about all the time. Unless they're sickly there ain't no use of their wearing overcoats."

"They can talk as much as they please about it. I've seen a lot of 'em. I say that no railroad officers ever treated their men better. They both are practical men, one a machinist and the other a fireman, and they know that it is to work and know their own business."