THE WORLD.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11.

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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,519,785	77,922
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was	14,727
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was	24,054
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was	79,985
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was	166,636
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was	234,724
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was	257,267

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Agate Measurement.)

Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra charge for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, starred or marked "Advt.": First page, $1.50 per line; Fourth page, $1.25 per line; Inside page, $1 per line.

The rates for advertising in the Daily WORLD *do not apply to the Evening issue. Nor do the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.*

FAIR PLAY ALL AROUND.

If the Reading magnates are good at reading the "handwriting on the wall," they will settle the differences with the coal miners promptly, either by compromise or arbitration.

Public sentiment sharply condemns the attempt of a rich corporation to force the miners back to old wages while coal is at top-notch prices.

If the strikers are wise, they will discountenance and prevent all violence towards non-strikers and any injury to the property of the companies. The sympathy of the people is essential to their success. Let them do nothing to forfeit it.

GIVING THE WOMEN A LIFT.

The Federation of Labor displays the true spirit of modern chivalry in lending its aid to the organization of working girls and women.

The workingmen find difficulties many and great in the way of union for mutual protection. But they are better able to stand alone than are their sisters, and having succeeded measurably well in organizing themselves, they do well to lend a hand to the weaker sex.

The meeting at Clarendon Hall on Friday night should be a rouser.

BOSS PLATT'S GRIP.

At last Boss PLATT's grip on office is weakening.

Having once resigned a big place precipitately, he has attempted to "get even" by sticking for six years to a little office for which he was not legally qualified in the first place, and in which his term expired long ago.

For five years in succession the people of New York have repudiated the party of PLATT. And yet, through the contumacy of the Senate, the Quarantine Ring, the Health Officers and the Emigration Commissioners have clung to their offices.

The Boss is now before a jury, with a good prospect of getting his walking papers.

SILLY SUICIDES.

The man who kills himself because one woman out of a million won't marry him is the most senseless of suicides.

The woman's "No" deprives him of a fancied and perhaps a real delight. A bullet in his head makes "worms' meat" of him. What sense is there in putting one's self beyond the enjoyment of all the pleasures of the world because a single delight is denied?

There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and as fine women that can be brought to say Yes as ever said No.

SILENCE HIDES HURTS.

Again the editor of the *Sun* justifies the saying that he is in that state of senility when he can "no longer lie with plausibility nor tell the truth with discretion." Second childhood babbles truth and maunders lies.

It is not a plausible falsehood to deny the confirmatory statements of paper-makers, news agents and printers as to THE WORLD'S circulation, especially when the books and press-room are open to inspection, and a standing offer of $10,000 challenges ANANIAS to count and certify to the issue.

It was not discreet to disclose the true inwardness of his animosity in the whimpering admission to the proprietor of THE WORLD: "We are sorry that you ever came."

Silence will not lift a mortgage, but it will conceal wounds and sores.

Police Capt. WEBB's story to-day speaks for itself. It is a unique and exceedingly interesting production. It will be followed to-morrow by a story by Capt. McELWAIN. The high degree of novelty and interest will be maintained throughout the series.

Boss PLATT having arranged and Boss HISCOCK revised the committees of the Assembly, the Legislature will soon be ready to hear the pleasure of the "third House."

The Czar has been constrained to give up the Court balls for fear they might lead to a "dance of death." The "king business" is getting no better very fast.

Half a thousand bills to squander the surplus and not one to stop it, is the poor record of Congress thus far.

SOME CARPET YARNS.

Mr. C. P. Stan's trunks resemble baby elephants. He often has 1,000 pounds of samples with him.

Larry Duncan, who can tell a "twice-told tale" better than anybody, has an advance agent. His popularity goes before him.

George E. Hamlin is regarded as a pusher. His boys are swinging their grips now through the length and breadth of the land.

There are more than one hundred and fifty travellers who sell carpets for New York houses alone. Six years ago 120 did the business for the whole country.

Genial Charley Connolly, who goes West for T. J. Kevenev & Co., says that Missouri is the hardest State in the Union in which to get anything good to eat.

Frank Maybin, who looks after the interests of Dornan Bros. & Co. out of town, is "getting there." It costs Frank nearly an X per day to live while on the road, but he gets away from a town with a book full of sales, and his firm likes that.

"Nothing very new," said Mr. J. F. Wardaugh, Secretary of the Carpet Trade Association, this morning. "We have had an unusually large number of deaths among our fraternity during the past three months, among them being Andrew C. Wright, of the firm of W. & J. Sloane; Lewis E. Bishop, New York agent for the Lowell Carpet Company, and Arthur C. Phillips.

WORLDLINGS.

Cyrus Field began life as a clerk in a New England store, and once worked for A. T. Stewart for the munificent salary of $50 a year. He left the dry-goods king's employ to sell newspapers.

A white deer, one of the rarest of animals, was killed recently in Clinton County, Pa., by Prothonotary Mann, of Sunbury. But three white deer have ever been killed before in that part of the State.

A flock of twenty-three wild turkeys sailed slowly over the village of Rockville, Ga., the other day and made the mouths of the local sportsmen water, but no one was lucky enough to bag any of the birds. Four of the turkeys were snow-white.

Charles E. Thompkins, who was acting as foreman of the unfinished bridge at Cleveland over which a car plunged to destruction the other day, says that he dreamed of the accident several nights in succession before its occurrence, but did not attach much importance to the dream.

Many negroes employed on Georgia farms have begun to leave the country for the town, and planters are said to be alarmed at the exodus, which in many instances amounts to a stampede. An Athens paper says that for many days past the roads leading to the town have been lined with vehicles bearing the household goods of the black men and the town has became overrun with them.

J. G. Pickett, of Pickett's Station, in Wisconsin, brought into Oshkosh the other day a large collection of stone and copper implements which have been ploughed up or dug up in his neighborhood from time to time. In the lot are many axes, knives, hammers and domestic implements. They are supposed to be remains of the ancient mound-builders.

The little village of Aberdeen, O., which lies just across the river from Maysville, Ky., has in the last quarter of a century become widely known as the Gretna Green of the West, and it is estimated that more runaway lovers are married there than in any other town in the world. In thirty years at least 10,000 eloping couples have been made happy there and the justices of the peace have grown rich on the marriage fees.

Mr. Geo. T. Leach, of the firm of C. Burkhalter & Co., wholesale grocers of this city, has taken up his usual winter quarters at the Bellevue Hotel, High Point, N. C., where he says quail and bird hunting cannot be beat. Mr. Leach is said to have some of the best hunting dogs in the country, and, while his modesty forbids bragging, he claims to be a pretty fair shot, and experience has told him High Point is the place to go.

There are two "Diamond Joes" in Chicago, one of whom gets his name from his habit of carrying diamonds around in his pockets as a boy would marbles. The other is Joe Reynolds, who owns nearly all the steamboats on the upper Mississippi. All of his boats, wharves, warehouses and stationery are marked with a red diamond containing the word "Jo" in black. He is very wealthy and very charitable, though he has the reputation of being remarkably shrewd at driving a bargain.

Strangers and Pilgrims.

M. M. Daboll, of New London, is at the Morton House.

Staying at the Sturtevant is Dr. Geo. R. Brush, U. S. N.

Count Le Grand, of Paris, is again at the Hoffman House.

Senator Frank Hiscock arrived at the Fifth Avenue this morning.

Gen. W. T. Sherman called on Major-Gen. Terry at the Grand Hotel yesterday.

George E. Carr, of the Baltimore Lithographic Company, is at the Hotel Dam.

J. N. Rosenthal and S. U. Rosenthal, merchants of New Orleans, are stopping at the Union Square.

Commodore F. M. Rodgers, U. S. N., and Commander R. D. Evans, U. S. N., are at the St. James.

Ballet Kilbourne, of Washington, who became famous through his tilt with Congress, is a guest of the Gilsey.

Prof. J. D. Lyman, of Phillips's Exeter Academy, and J. Willard Rice, of Boston, are at the Fifth Avenue.

J. Forrest, Tenth Regiment, Ireland, and Capt. Lermitte, Royal Scotch Fusiliers, London, are booked at the Brunswick.

Stilson Hutchins, editor of the Washington *Post*, and E. S. Francis, cashier of the Pittsfield National Bank, are guests of the Gilsey.

At the Victoria are C. L. Stowell, of Rochester; R. P. Marlott, Jr., of Akron, O., and Henry S. Sprague and family, of Providence.

At the Albemarle are Irving R. Evans, Boston's giant speculator, and Jno. M. Robinson, President of the Old Dominion Steamship line.

Frank Hasbrouck and Edward Elsworth, the Treasurer and Mayor respectively of Providence, are recent arrivals at the Brunswick.

At the Grand are Lieuts. James J. Meyler, Chas. F. Parker, Mason M. Patrick and Chas. S. Riché, of the Army, and Capts. W. A. Rapperty and J. A. Martin, also of the army.

Among the recent arrivals at the Brunswick are Theodore Voorhees, Superintendent of the New York Central Railroad, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dougherty, recently of Philadelphia.

W. H. Vanderberg, who is at the Gilsey House for a few days, will soon sail for Egypt, where he is to investigate the mysteries of the Pyramids on the line of exploration set down by Piazzi Smyth.

Edward Ellis, Treasurer of the Schenectady Locomotive Works; E. J. Lehman, proprietor of that large store known as "The Fair," in Chicago, and the Rev. J. P. Gibson, Principal of an Episcopal military school at Sing Sing, are among those entertained at the Gilsey House.

Capt. McElwain's Story.

Capt. John McElwain, of the Grand Central station, has furnished for to-morrow's EVENING WORLD *the second story in the remarkable police captains' series. It is entitled "A Bold Burglary."*

PASQUALE MORINO.

[Continued from First Page.]

he could lay hold of to make a row about. But this was his chance.

He uttered an ejaculation, rushed into the room, seized his rival by the collar, and dragging him to the top of the stairs helped him to descend them with a good kick. Giovanni went stumbling down, preserving himself from any severe injury by clutching at the baluster. Pasquale was a heavier, stronger man than Giovanni, and the latter only hurled a volley of Neapolitan expletives and curses at him, and threatening to get even, went muttering down to his room. Two or three of the lodgers met him and heard him cursing Pasquale. They guessed how the ground lay, and laughed at him.

Every morning Pasquale used to get up at 4 o'clock, drink his cheap coffee and eat a big piece of bread, so that he could go out with his garbage-hook and bag to make the round of the ash-barrels before the garbage man came around to empty them at 7.

The garbage hook was a piece of iron that looked a good deal like a poker. The end of it was turned in at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that Pasquale could poke about in the dust heaps or ash-barrels and fish out any "find" that he might strike.

Well, the next morning Pasquale got up drank his coffee, and taking his professional implements, went out to ply his vocation.

At the corner of Rutgers street and East Broadway a policeman met him trudging along with his sulky look. The policeman was near the end of his beat, which was one street further north. He walked on to this street and then turned back after standing for a few moments. But at that time of the day, though it was summer-time and bright enough, there was nothing doing and he saw no passers-by.

So the policeman turned back, and when he had gone two and a half squares and had nearly reached Monroe street, on Rutgers, he saw something that surprised him.

There on the sidewalk, flat on his back, with his hook by his side not far from his right hand, and his bag at his feet, lay Pasquale Morino, stone dead.

The policeman stirred him and shook him, but though the body was warm Pasquale was utterly done for. There was no heart beat, no pulse.

THE FATAL BLOW.

He bore only one mark of violence on his person. This was a wound in the right eye, in the corner near the nose. The hole was about the size of a 22-calibre pistol bullet. There was a good deal of blood on his face, but nowhere else. His clothes his hands, his sack, showed no blood stains.

It seemed simple enough. Pasquale Morino had been shot dead. But the policeman, who was only a few blocks away at the time, had not heard any shot. Was it possible for him to have been so preoccupied as not to notice the sharp crack of a pistol a few blocks away on that quiet summer morning?

Stranger still, inquiry through the neighborhood showed that nobody had heard any pistol-shot that morning. The stores were not open at that hour of the day. The only one was a small store where a milkman from across the river used to leave milk which was distributed in trifling quantities to the families in the neighborhood. Two boys, one fourteen and the other eleven, used to carry it around. The proprietor was there at the time of Pasquale's taking off: he was not a square away, and yet he had not heard the shot!

Moreover, when the doctor probed the wound he didn't find the bullet. He saw that the hole was two inches deep, so that it reached into the brain. There was no trace of gunpowder on the eyelids or nose of the unfortunate Italian, so the shot was not fired from close by. But if the bullet got in two inches and Pasquale fell on his back, as he was found, how could it have fallen out?

The dead man's skull showed no contusion or fracture, so he was not killed by his fall. The sidewalk was searched thoroughly and the gutter carefully examined. But there was no bullet in Pasquale's head and none outside of it in the near neighborhood.

It did not seem plausible that a man should be shot by a pistol that was noiselessly discharged and with a bullet that disappeared as soon as it had reached the brain. But there was the round hole which marked the passage of a 22-calibre bullet two inches into Pasquale Morino's head.

Well, if the ragpicker had been shot, who was the assassin? Inquiry led to the fact that the Morinos, if not on any better terms with each other than husband and wife need to be, stood tolerably well with their neighbors. There was only one way that any suspicion pointed. This was towards Giovanni Scalza.

There were three witnesses who testified to meeting him on the stairs the night before muttering angry things to himself. To one who had asked him what was the matter he had only replied by a curse, coupled with Pasquale's name.

Mme. Morino admitted that her husband had rather roughly sent Giovanni Scalza about his business the evening before.

But the strongest point against Giovanni was this: One of the Italians who slept on the fire-escape balcony had been awake when Pasquale left the house. He had not been gone two minutes when he also saw Giovanni Scalza slip out of the basement, with only a shirt and trousers on, and leave the court. He had not thought anything of it, and had turned over and gone to sleep again.

At 6 o'clock another inmate of the tenement-house in "Little Italy," on going out into the court, found that Beppo, Giovanni Scalza's monkey, had broken loose and was wandering around the place. He clutched the string and piled him into Giovanni's room. The bed was empty and the clothes in disorder. This last proved nothing, as they were always so. But while he was tying up the monkey Scalza came in, and, tumbling on the bed, pulled the clothes up over his head, and the man saw him trembling under them slightly for a moment or two.

Hence this was established: Pasquale Morino had cuffed and kicked Giovanni Scalza for acting in too lover-like a way with his pretty wife, Chiara. Scalza had been very angry and threatened to get even with Pasquale. He had slipped out of the house a few minutes after him on the next morning. He returned an hour later trembling, and Pasquale was found dead in Rutgers street with a round hole in his head, the diameter of a 22-calibre pistol bullet.

Giovanni said he had been restless during the night, and went off in the morning to one of the East River docks to cool himself off with a bath. He was not accustomed to bathing. In fact, it was developed on the cross-examination that he had never done this before. But this was why he [illegible] lightly clad, not because he had risen in a hurry to follow Pasquale.

"Who said you were in a hurry to follow Pasquale?" asked the counsel whom the Court had assigned to the case, with a sharp look at the jury.

He had been too long in the water, and when he came home was still trembling with the cold and shot into bed quickly to get warm.

Unfortunately, Giovanni could not prove an alibi. No one had seen him while he was taking his alleged bath. The dock which he picked out as the one where he had taken his swim was one where a policeman had been lurking at that very time, on the lay for a pack of river thieves.

The officer swore that no one had come near the dock and taken a swim that morning.

Giovanni shrugged his shoulders and said it must have been some other; he wasn't sure about the dock.

The case did not look very favorable for Giovanni. The lawyers on each side argued eloquently. One contended that there was no reasonable doubt but that Giovanni Scalza was a red-handed murderer, who had followed his victim, slain him through a revengeful passion on account of the hustling he had received, came back trembling with fear over his own wicked deed and told a plausible story which had been proven a lie.

The other argued that there was a little ill-will between the men, which was much greater on Pasquale's side than Giovanni's. The latter was known to be a quiet, well-behaved fellow who used to go to mass every Sunday and to confession regularly. The murdered man was not even proven to be murdered. He was found dead, with an unexplained wound. He might have been struck in the eye with a stone and have fallen and died of congestion of the brain from the shock. No intelligent jury could condemn a man for murder because somebody died while he was engaged in the cleanly, praiseworthy operation of taking a bath.

At this juncture of affairs, something new turned up. It was a small boy who had reported to a roundsman a conversation he had chanced to hear between two other boys. The roundsman asked what the boys had said.

"They was talkin' over 'bout an I-talyan wot they hed been havin' fun with. The big feller sez to th' other: 'Jimmie,' sez he, 'that I-talyan would 'a dropped on yer if I hadn't 'a bluffed him wid der broomstick.'

"'Yer right,' said the smaller boy. 'He was off of his nut 'cause he got clipped on der leg wid der stone.'"

The smaller boy was brought to the station, and I questioned him before the detectives. I told him the Italian they had worried was dead, and that if he didn't tell me how it was done it would be worse for him. The little chap was thoroughly scared and told the whole thing. He and the other boy were the lads employed to carry the milk around to the families in the neighborhood. They were lounging around the store when Pasquale showed up and began to investigate the contents of an ash-barrel a short way off.

They guyed and worried the man till he got pretty mad. One of them shied a stone along the sidewalk and it hit Pasquale on the ankle. It hurt him and he ran over towards the boys, jabbering at them in Italian. The bigger one raised the broom he had been sweeping with and aimed a pretty strong blow at the ragpicker's head with the handle. Pasquale threw up his garbage-hook in front of him to ward it off. The iron was pointing towards him, and the blow was strong enough to drive the round iron of the part that was bent in, about two and a half inches long, straight into his right eye.

It pierced his brain, he uttered a groan and dropped to the sidewalk dead, his hook falling from his hand.

The boys, although they did not appreciate the injury they had inflicted, got frightened and ran away. They had not heard of his death and supposed he got over his pain and went away.

This was a seasonable relief for Giovanni. It made his bath story seem all right. The boys were tried and a verdict of accidental homicide returned against them.

It was quite a mystifying case, because, although the circumstantial evidence against Scalza was pretty strong, the absence of the bullet and the fact that nobody had heard any shot made things puzzling. The grease and dirt on the hook had prevented the blood from sticking to it, so although it was examined as a matter of course, no one had dreamt that Pasquale Morino had met his fate by his garbage-hook held in his own hand.

Jennie Houghton Married.

Miss Jennie Houghton, whom every one will remember as the most charming little lady who ever graced a roller-skating rink, retired from the profession over a year ago, for, as she says, she was becoming a young lady and the rink was not the proper place for a young lady to appear as a professional. She was married recently and is now Mrs. Maxwell, of Philadelphia. While under the guardianship of Dr. Bowen she made a nice little fortune.

The Gramercy Athletic Club.

The Gramercy Athletic Club has elected the following officers: James S. Clarke, President; Michael Carroll, Vice-President; John J. Cook, Treasurer; Chas. Bayer, Recording Secretary; Chas. E. Dugan, Financial Secretary; John F. Quinn, Sergeant-at-Arms; E. Corrigan, Captain. The annual report showed the club to be in a sound, financial condition.

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE CONDITION OF PEOPLE ON AVENUE C AS SHOWN BY TRADE.

Apparently More Prosperous Than Dwellers in Other Quarters—Many Obliged to Purchase in Small Quantities and at High Prices—Discussing the Cause of the Present Stagnation in Business.

Continuing the talks with dealers on the east side, THE EVENING WORLD to-day presents the views of several grocers on Avenue C. People living in that thoroughfare seem to be more prosperous than in some other quarters, and little complaint is made. Dealers are intelligent men who read the newspapers and keep informed on the topics of the day. The expressions are interesting and varied.

The tariff question is a topic of discussion with some dealers, and tariff reform is not the bugaboo for them that it once was. Opinions regarding the effect of strikes on the workers differ. Nearly all argue that the habit of purchasing necessaries in small quantities is an expensive one to the buyers, while it gives to dealers the expense of an extra clerk to attend to the myriad customers who make many of these small purchases. And of course this expense must come in one way or another from the buyers.

Louis Hanken, grocer, 14 Avenue C, is a remarkably well-informed man. He said: "You won't find much to talk about among grocers over here except hard times. Most people here are working people, though a few are rich and own their business places. I sell a big pailful of coal for seven cents. But there is not as much money in it as in former years. The peddlers have taken the trade away from retail grocers. Customers don't buy more groceries than enough to carry them through the day. They have no place to keep goods, and the stores sell very close.

"I think the stagnation is owing to the uncertainty of what Congress will do. If they will go at it in earnest and do something with the tariff I think business will be better. I used to be scared at it, and when Hancock's tariff reform letter came out I voted against him. I am getting over that. Protection should help working people, but it does not. It is only good for the monopolies. I think wonders of Cleveland. I like him out and out.

E. Bauman, of 38 Avenue C, has a large, well-lighted and well-appointed grocery. He finds no fault with business, which is always a little slow after the holidays. His trade is with people of all conditions, and is on a strictly cash basis.

Henry Timmermann, of Avenue C and Fourth street, said: "We are doing a steady business—a better business this year than last. Prices are very low, leaving close profits. Customers are poor people, a majority of them visiting us a dozen times a day, and making many five and 10 cent purchases, thereby compelling us to keep an extra force of clerks. Coal is seven cents a pailful, and we make about ten shillings on a ton. We sell about two tons in a week. Peddlers have spoiled the business for us."

J. C. Beckmann's grocery, Avenue B and Fifth street, is well stocked with all varieties of groceries and provisions, and, although business is not so good as formerly, he finds no cause for complaint. He can give no reason for the falling off in business, unless it be the frequent strikes.

Manager O. W. Svenson, of the Union Pacific Tea Company's store at 55 Avenue C, said that business was first rate. The store had been established some time.

A good-looking young man, who is not ambitious to see his name in print, is the manager of the branch store of the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company at Avenue C and Fifth street. He was found busy in an establishment fitted out in the familiar red and gold style. The store has in eleven years built up a fair trade, and it averages fairly this year. The trade is chiefly among those who buy in fairly large quantities, though customers for ten cents worth of tea or coffee are not infrequent.

Henry Osmer, of 121 Avenue C, thinks trade might be better, but makes no complaint with it as it is. His customers are the tenants of the neighboring blocks, and they have only money enough to purchase in very small quantities. But they must live, and so far as their money goes their trade is fair.

A New War Story.

[*From the Atlanta Constitution.*]

Gen. Alexander told another story: At the battle of Manassas he was fighting near a farm-house, which he discovered to be the house of Mr. Lewis McCabe, a relative of his wife. Before the battle was over the house was literally riddled and the farm ruined. Gen. Alexander never saw Mr. McCabe again until at Appomattox. While fighting there his artillery was near a farm-house, which he found out to be the home of Mr. McCabe. He met that gentleman a few moments later, and he said: "My home at Manassas was ruined by battle, and I left it and came 200 miles away. I thought I was clear out of reach, but now this home is ruined." It is curious that the first and last battles of the war should each be fought on Mr. McCabe's farm.

An Unusual Engagement.

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer.*]

"Excuse me, sir, but are you a pickpocket?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?"

"I have several thousand dollars in my pocket, and as it will be quite late when I get home I shall naturally oversleep myself in the morning."

"I see."

"There is my card. If you will go to my house to-morrow forenoon until you see my wife start out with an I'm-going-to-shopping cast in her eye and will rob her and divide with me I'll be your friend for life."

Profitable Sport.

[*From the Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.*]

During the week past S. W. Corley has been preparing for a big assault on the county treasury, Tuesday. On Monday he killed a large wildcat and on Tuesday morning he brought in another. He expects to get twenty scalps by Saturday night, and thus raise the County Commissioners to the tune of $60. He thus makes profit out of a most exciting and exhilarating sport.

The Czar Scared.

[*From the Omaha World.*]

Omaha Lawyer—Well, I wouldn't want to be a Czar. The paper says the Emperor of Russia was frightened half out of his wits recently by seeing a commercial drummer, with a sample case in under his arm, edging up to him.

Omaha Merchant—Well, well! I didn't know the Czar ever kept store.

A Gold Mine Above Ground.

[*From the Sanford (Fla.) Journal.*]

The Speer and Ginn grove, on the outskirts of our city, comprising four and a half acres, is said to be the most profitable piece of land of its size in the United States. This year's crop of limes on the grove has, we learn, already been sold for $12,000. The grove is one of the wonderful beauties of South Florida.

Dog Eat Dog.

[*From the Albuquerque (N. M.) Democrat.*]

Dora Baker's vicious dog attacked the little six-year-old boy of Harry Hartly and lacerated his face very badly on the 5th ult. The miserable brute was not satisfied with biting the boy, but subsequently went to the house of Henry Irvine, where he found a litter of pups in an outhouse, three in number, and gulped them down.

The Full Programme.

[*From the Omaha World.*]

Omaha Mamma—Mercy on me! What does all this racket mean on Sunday—and you've got all your dolls out too.

Little Dot—You said we might play church.

"Do you call all this gabble and laughter church?"

"No, mamma, church is just over and the folks is go n' home."

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of "The Evening World."

Objects to the Bill of Fare.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As a daily reader of your most valuable paper, I have noticed the remarks of your correspondents, McKenzie and Spicer, regarding how the former nicely supports a family of three on $12 a week and saves up money besides. I must heartily coincide with Mr. Spicer, and would add that such a statement as McKenzie makes can only be termed as cranky and suicidal in its policy, there being employers who might not fail to profit by the hint. JOHN S. NISSEN.

President street, Brooklyn, Jan. 10.

Teach Them to Live, Not Starve.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In your issue of Jan. 6 you give space in your valuable columns to two correspondents who are willing to prove that if the people of this country can get enough, just enough, to keep body and soul together they should be thankful. Now, Mr. Editor, I cannot for the life within me see what benefit such people are to the community, not even to that class known as landlords, because from their own showing shopkeepers could not pay rent out of their spendings. In my opinion the writer insults the common sense of your readers by such twaddle. It's not how to starve the American people your readers want information, but how to get steady employment and more wages, so that they will be enabled to buy good, warm clothing for their families, who are badly in need at this season of the year. Any reader of THE WORLD can see that merchants must sell their stock so as to be able to pay their help, and it is so with the butcher and the grocer and all other storekeepers. I think by using your columns to instruct those poor benighted people who are trying to commit suicide by a short allowance of food you will confer a favor on the working people who read THE WORLD.

Jan. 8. PETER RYAN, 389 Third avenue.

A Few Words with a George Man.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to Mr. Du Souchet's many questions under the title of "The Land Theory Again," allow me to say that they are too vague. It is patent that he is a follower of Henry George. He asks if land is not the source of all wealth. Indirectly it is; but the land, without capital and "natural opportunities," is valueless. He also raises the old cry that only one-fifth of the land is in use. Admitted; but that fact does not alter the truth of the assertion that New York and all large cities are overcrowded with workingmen—too poor to take to the land. As a vivid reminder of the "grand army of unemployed" notice the thousands who stand ready to take the situations of the some sixty thousand men who threatened to strike on the Reading Railroad. Again, why don't Mr. Du Souchet and all believers in the single-tax theory take possession of the four-fifths of the country not in use? Why don't some of these "strangers" stay at home? Europe isn't half settled yet. He argues against restricted immigration by advancing the absurd claim that all who come here are capable of producing more wealth, when in fact a great part are almost penniless and become burdens upon the Government. Like several who preceded him, he does not attempt to solve the question which agitates myself and 999,999 others in the city at this time—that is, What are we to do with the unemployed? As long as he and his kind cling to Henry George and his ideas, and seek no better way in which to improve the condition of mankind, just so long will the rich increase in wealth and the poor become poorer; therefore I advise him not to look back upon the bursted land-tax bubble, but rather cast about for a more tangible method of lessening the "bitterness of the struggle for bread."

Jan. 10. ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Double-Rivet, Copper-Fastened Check.

[*From Judge.*]

Carrington (in the ante-room just before the masque figure in the german)—Let me have this, won't you, Fibbs, old boy? It's the last one, and you're so well fixed naturally, don't you know?

No "Catch" to Him.

[*From the Cleveland Press.*]

Vanek—Good morning, Mr. Schmitt. How are you this morning?

Schmitt—Not very well. I think I have caught a cold.

Vanek—Congratulations.

Schmitt—Congratulations! What do you mean?

Vanek—Why, you can now show that you can catch something. See?

Schmitt—I don't understand you, Vanek. You must give me a clue.

His Professional Name.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Gentleman (getting his boots shined)—Isn't your name Teddy McNamara, boy?

Bootblack—Dat's me name in private life. Tain't me perfesh'nal name.

Gentleman—Have you a professional name?

Bootblack—Yes, sir. It's Garibaldi del torso Spaghetti. Yous have ter have an Eyetalian name, or you don't get no sulines.

Peaceful Bismarck.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Smith—I don't believe there is much prospect of war in Europe.

Jones—What basis do you figure on, I would like to know?

"It's only a few months ago that Bismarck said, emphatically: 'I fully believe in peace.'"

"But, my dear boy, don't you know that the Iron Chancellor, as he is called, has always been found, not only willing, but anxious to fight for what he believes in?"

The Mistake of His Life.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

Husband—Nellie, I see by an article in a health journal that to walk a great deal is the best way to preserve beauty.

Wife—You have told me that you were quite handsome in childhood.

"So I was. Why?"

"What a pity that you didn't choose pedestrianism as a profession."

Enough.

[*From Life.*]

"Did you get anything for the holidays, Billy?"

"Yes. Dad giv' me two licking, an' I didn't hang up no stockin' for them, neither."

Happily Ended.

[*From Life.*]

"How is that feud between Col. Blood and Major Bluegrass getting on? Are they as bitter as ever?"

"Oh, no; the whole thing is happily ended."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes, they killed each other."

An Explanation.

[*From Life.*]

"See here, waiter, how is it that I find a trousers button in this salad?"

"It an part of de dressin', sah."

MISFITS AT HALF PRICE.

WHERE PEOPLE OF SMALL MEANS GET GOOD GARMENTS VERY CHEAP.

An Enterprising Merchant Who Buys Unsold Clothing From Seventy-two Tailoring Establishments—Fastidious Men Who Give Their Tailors Trouble—How a Coat Was Bought at a Third of Its Value.

A catchy advertisement and one that will always coax the coin out of the pockets of the people is one which promises a double return for an investment.

It need not make such a pledge in so many words. It is, indeed, more effective if it strongly hints at the advantage to be gained.

Such advertisements are those of the dealers in so-called misfit clothing. The wary fight shy of stores over the entrances to which is displayed the sign, "Misfit Clothing Emporium."

They are impressed with the idea that the announcement is a snare to entrap the greenhorn, and that the misfit garments advertised are an inferior grade of ready-made goods.

While they may be right in many instances, there is at least one dealer in New York who has a legitimate right to advertise a sale of misfit clothing. His store is well downtown, near Broadway, and here he has been located for many years supplying people who are not particular as to a slight wrinkle under the arm, a misplaced button or a matter of half an inch in sleeve or skirt, with the very best of tailors' best of work at half those tailors' prices.

His store is a curiosity shop, filled with a miscellaneous lot of well-made garments for men in all styles, colors and patterns.

Coats are the more numerous, and, although the fit of the bifurcated garments known in London as trousers and on the Bowery as "pants" is of great importance to the man of fashion, it seems that that of the coat is subject to the greater criticism.

Here are cape coats, Raglans, ulsters, top-coats, ultra-English and otherwise, English driving coats and the plain, sensible overcoat of the business man, dress coats of finest broadcloth, Prince Alberts, walking coats, sacks and cutaways, each of them bearing the trade-mark of some fashionable uptown tailor, some of them even being imported from London.

In some cases the shears have snipped off the tailor's name and trade-mark, but the same shears, envious of their master's name, could not cut his name off the receipt in payment for the garment which the dealer possesses, nor has it troubled itself to cut off the pocket or bit of lining where is penned the name of the gentleman whose idea of the fitness of things has sent this sample of tailor's high art to the misfit store.

While a WORLD reporter was examining the varied stock of this dealer in disappointed tailors' duds, he saw a gentleman get into an elegant broadcloth coat bearing the name of a prominent clergyman and a top-of-the-heap Fifth avenue firm of tailors, and walk off with it, after paying about what it cost a journeyman tailor to make the garment—$20.

Why there should be so many misfits turned out by first-class tailors seemed a mystery which the proprietor solved.

"I have," said he, "contracts with seventy-two New York tailoring establishments, several in Brooklyn, a London agent, and several tailors in outlying cities, as far as Albany, and I get invoices of goods from them every month."

To prove this assertion he exhibited a large number of the invoices and continued: "Now, these garments are not all misfits. In fact very few of them are.

"You see, it is this way: If a man don't like a coat or a suit after he has ordered it he may complain that it don't fit him, and his tailor cannot attempt to prove that it does, as they do in Chatham or Baxter streets.

He can't take offense. The man is a good customer—spends thousands of dollars with him yearly. He can't afford to lose his custom, so he tries to compromise with him by making an allowance on another suit ordered, and depends on me for the balance. Or, if the customer won't compromise, then the tailor simply grins and bears it and gets what he can for the rejected suit from me.

"That's one way, and the goods may be a misfit or they may not.

"Then there is the fellow who selects a pattern which suits him, but when he discovers that he can buy a suit that looks just like it for $10 in the Bowery, or, if he finds that it is objectionable to his wife, his sweetheart or a friend, he wants another pattern, and the first suit finds its way to my shelves.

"Again, a man orders a suit of light clothes or a light-colored overcoat. His great grandaunt or somebody of his relation dies, and he has to attire himself in mourning habiliments. The bright-hued clothing adorns my counters.

"There are other ways by which the goods come to this store, as when a man who has ordered a suit or garment made leaves the city and does not return.

"I have in mind a case. A wealthy man ordered a heavy overcoat early one fall and before it was made was called South, where he remained about three months. He returned in the middle of the winter and went to the tailor's for his overcoat, only to find that it had been disposed of to me.

"For some reason he wanted that particular coat and he came here. He did not tell me that he was looking for the coat, but simply asked to be fitted from stock. He was of peculiar size and build and it was hard work to suit him, but finally the coat that he was looking for was brought to light. I never sent a better fitting garment out of the store.

"'What is the price of the garment?' he asked. 'Forty dollars? That is too much. I'll give $30.'

"It was an odd size and I was glad to get rid of it, so I consented to take $30. The money was paid and the gentleman broke into a laugh as he walked towards the door.

"'That's the best bargain I ever made,' he said. 'That coat was made for me and I agreed to pay $90 for it.'"

The World is THE "Want" Medium.

A Comparison:

Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887	602,391
Total number in Herald	438,476
Excess of World over Herald	163,915
Number of columns of "Advts." in World during 1887	16,970
Number of columns in Herald	9,921
Excess of World over Herald	7,049

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD."

A Man With Property to Sell Relates His Advertising Experience.

To the Editor of The World:

On the 6th of December I sent two letters—one to THE WORLD and one to the *Herald*, just alike, with a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily $5 worth. THE WORLD gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The *Herald* spread out the lines, published it once and kept the $5. I got from THE WORLD advertisement twenty letters and five calls; from the *Herald* two letters from agents. I am well pleased with THE WORLD and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken THE WORLD three years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one. Yours respectfully,

W. G. SIDERI.

Residence Park, New Rochelle, N. Y., Jan. 5.