

THE WORLD.

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FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13.

Subscription to the Evening Edition (Including Postage) Per Month, 30c; Per Year, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1897, 83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year, 228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

Table comparing circulation figures from 1892 to 1897.

Sunday World's Record:

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

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1892 was 14,727.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1893 was 24,054.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1894 was 79,985.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1895 was 166,636.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1896 was 234,724.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1897 was 257,267.

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1897:

Table showing white paper usage in tons and pounds from 1893 to 1897.

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

BOSS PLATT MUST GO. The verdict against Boss Platt in the suit of ejectment brought against him to vacate the office of Quarantine Commissioner is a long step towards justice.

The boss can of course appeal the case, but a court and twelve honest men have declared that he has held his office unlawfully for eight years. During five years of this time his incumbency has also been in defiance of the will of the people, as expressed at the polls.

ON EQUAL TERMS.

Why should AVERTIN CORNIN, the representative of combined Capital, refuse to meet on equal terms the representatives of united Labor.

Mr. CORNIN is not acting in his "individual capacity." What right has he to refuse to meet workmen except in their "individual capacity?" He stands for a great corporation. They stand for a great organization.

So long as Capital combines Labor must unite. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. And if the workmen do not stand together they will be oppressed separately.

Let the representatives of Capital and Labor meet in man fashion on equal terms.

THEY KNOW HOW IT IS.

There is one good result of the clubbing match on Bleeker street last night between two policemen. These wearers of the blue and wielders of the club will now "know how it is themselves."

Many unfeeling or irresponsible citizens have experienced the shocking effects of a clubbing at the hands of drunken or brutal policemen. It is perhaps safe to say that Officers LAVINO and MCGURMAN will be less ready to ply their locusts without reason hereafter.

A dose of one's own medicine often has an educative effect.

ACCEPTING THE ISSUE.

The Harlem Democratic Club is outspoken in its praise of President CLEVELAND. For his wisdom and bravery in confining his recent message to Congress to a vigorous, statesmanlike and patriotic presentation of the absolute necessity for stopping the accumulation of an enormous surplus in the National Treasury, for stopping taxation beyond the needs of the Government and for an immediate revision of a war tariff wholly unjustified in times of peace.

Some of the banqueting Democrats in this vicinity were apparently afraid of a Democratic issue and a Democratic policy. The Democratic party will never win by trying to be a little less Republican than the Republicans on the great issue before the country.

MERCY TO CAR HORSES.

The permission given to the street railway companies by the Board of Health to send their tracks during the winter months is undoubtedly an act of mercy to the horses.

It is pitiful to see the poor beasts try to keep a footing on the smooth stones in freezing weather, and the number of broken legs and bruised knees among them at such times is great.

Of course the sand adds to the dirt in the streets, but a peck more or less on a wagon-load doesn't matter.

Was the EVENING WORLD first on the street to-day with the news of the upsetting of Boss PLATT? Why, of course. It's early extra had the field to itself until its related contemporaries had time to copy its news.

The wretches who would plot to take the Crown Prince's life when he is stricken with a probably fatal disease, deserve to have a taste of lingering death themselves.

That "faked" interview of the Evening Advance (Mortgaged) with ANNE SCHNEIDER, purporting to have been given here

before the actress had left Chicago, shows the desperate expedients of a losing enterprise to get "news" cheap.

The burglar who was really found under a bed has been caught and jailed. Ancient maiden ladies of both sexes can now rest in peace.

ROBERT LINCOLN has some of his father's "horse sense." He declines to see a burning issue in "a few rotten old rebel flags."

WHAT COTTON BROKERS SAY.

That Supt. Powers might make a great record as a long-distance pedestrian.

That Jimmy White is the great and only Champagne Charlie of the exchange.

That Papa Jones is a prominent candidate for admission to the Titan Club.

That R. C. Allen is one of the most popular and loquacious of the floor.

That John Collins is one of the few real Frenchmen of whom the Exchange can boast.

That Louis Demotais is one of the greatest authorities of the day on English as she is spoke.

That the sympathy of the Exchange is extended to Abe Mann on account of his loss of voice.

That Broker Yates finds coffee a more lucrative commodity to speculate in just now than cotton.

That J. W. Hochstatter, a prominent buyer for the Emperor William, reports encouraging news from the royal family.

That Robert McDougall and Bill Hill are authorities on tobogganing and snow-shoes since their recent sojourn in Montreal.

That George Chapman is wisely nicknamed "the little man with the big eye," because he can look so far and so accurately into the future.

That Sam Hubbard, surnamed the "Weather-strip," was once a stout man, but became reduced in avoirdupois by the heavy pressure of business.

That Harvey Meyer has been wearing an unhappy look since the first of the year because he has not succeeded in finding a hat big enough to fit him.

WORLDINGS.

Senator QUAY, of Pennsylvania, is one of the few college graduates not engaged in teaching who keep their Latin and Greek. He is said to be a man who has an unusual amount of "book learning."

A Birmingham (Ala.) man fired a revolver point blank at a negro's head, but the bullet glanced off, passed through a thick wall and fell to the floor in an adjoining room. The negro escaped with a slight scratch.

It is related of Judge Clementson, of Lancaster, Wis., who is now a candidate for re-election in the Third Judicial Circuit of Wisconsin, that to save time and oblige the lawyers he once held court on a railroad train.

There are only eight unmarried men on the St. Louis police force. Many of the captains are wealthy, and all are well off. Capt. Joseph Herold, of the Central Station, is worth \$50,000, and several others have fortunes ranging from \$20,000 to \$40,000.

The Postmaster at St. Paul occasionally exhibits to the curious the original St. Paul post-office, from which the citizens of St. Paul received their mail between 1858 and 1861. It is simply a square box containing ten small pigeon-holes and four large ones, and used to occupy a corner in the general store where the first Postmaster was engaged in business.

A Montgomery (Ala.) grocerman, circulated the report that he had found \$1,500 in bills hidden away among the coals in a corner of his store and there was considerable interest around town. The man who had left it there. After several persons had announced themselves as claimants, he quietly informed them that it was Confederate money, which is practically worthless.

Mr. Charles N. Morris, a Cincinnati merchant, who spends his winters in Florida, has achieved considerable local fame from his perilous voyages in a canoe on Tampa Bay, and also on the Gulf and the Atlantic. At one time he was thrown into the water by the capsizing of the canoe and was attacked by sharks. He had a terrible struggle with the monsters, but was able to keep them off until he could fight his canoe.

Now that Daniel Pratt is dead, Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., the author of "The Land of the White Elephant," may very properly be called the great American traveler. Within the last eleven years he has travelled 365,000 miles, and the records of his outings are contained in a dozen pleasant books of adventure and discovery. Mr. Vincent passed through New Orleans on his way to New York from Guatemala a few days ago.

FROM OUR TOWN.

The Sturtevant shelters Gordon Winslow, U. S. A. Dr. William P. Wesselhoff, well known in the medical profession in Boston, is at the Victoria.

Gustava A. Grow, ex-speaker of the House, arrived in Philadelphia. At the Brunswick are C. Albernou Dougherty, of Rome; Miss Dougherty of Philadelphia, and Jerome Carter, a lawyer of Philadelphia.

Gen. John Boyls, of St. Louis, occupies a room at the Gilead. Among the Brunswick are W. D. Beardman, a Toronto coal merchant; A. Ferguson, a prominent lawyer of Ottawa, and Alexander A. Arthur, a well-known resident of Knoxville, Tenn.

Major J. H. Wicka, of Chicago, is stopping at the St. James. Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Barry, of Boston, are recent arrivals at the Albemarle.

IKE VAIL.

(Continued from First Page.)

is just to make a good mental memorandum of his appearance, so that when you see him again you'll know him.

"Now, Ike," I said, turning to him, "just have the goodness to walk up and down in front of those officers and let them see what a fine-looking chap you are. 'Tisn't often they see as good-looking a fellow as you."

Vail walked up and down like a general reviewing his troops. He was a cool, game chap and counted on his sharpness to keep him out of range. He looked at the officers with an impudent smile, kind of sneering like.

"Gentlemen," he said, "just take me in. It will be something nice for you to carry in your minds, and when you're lonesome you can comfort yourselves by thinking of me and wondering how I'm enjoying myself."

"Now, just walk up and down once more with your hat off, so they can drop to what a fine-shaped head you've got, Ike," I said to him again.

He took off his hat and walked in a lounging way up and down in front of the line again, meeting the eyes of the men with the same cheeky impudence. When he got through I let him put on his hat, and then said to my squad:

"This man is Ike Vail, the King of the Confidence Men. You've got him in your minds now, and you're not likely to forget him. Now, whenever you run against him, go for him. He's never around this river-front for any good."

"Captain," he said to me when the men were gone, "you're not going to drop on me. I'm not the kind that you can drop salt on and catch. So don't you let yourself get to feeling too good over the prospect of collar-ing me--will you?"

"Ike," I said, "I'll look out for my end of the line without counting on your help. I'll drop on you yet. Don't you forget it. And when I do you won't feel so smilling."

I didn't hear anything of Vail for two or three months. With all his brass and coolness he played as cautious a game as if he was afraid of his own shadow. The detectives go in citizen's clothes, and I wear citizen's clothes when I am out on a beat for any particular purpose. The sharps slide off when they see a uniform. They have photographs of the men they have to fear most and pass them round the gang, so they know us even when we are not in uniform, and sometimes it is pretty hard to stand up on them.

But I hadn't forgotten Ike. I felt a good deal of interest in him. He wasn't as ordinary as the bulk of the crew that do thieving work. A confidence man needs a good outside show and the gift of the gab to make his game work. Vail was the king of them all in his looks and the way he talked. He put his words together all right, used good grammar, and could rattle off the blarney like a machine.

One day I walked up along the river front to see if my men were at their posts. It was afternoon, and at the pier of the People's Line, I didn't see my man. I was looking up and down the pier when I saw a tall fellow just disappearing down the gangway. It was Ike Vail. I skipped down pretty lively, for I saw him getting in so quickly that I believed he had dropped to me.

I put the man to searching for him, while I kept an eye out to see that he didn't slip off. They couldn't find a trace of him. I told one or two of them to keep an eye out, and began looking through the freight. He was too big a man to escape notice, and as they hadn't seen him I knew he was hiding, and that he must have seen me and shot abroad quick, hoping I wouldn't see him. Sure enough, I found him crowded down behind some bales.

He came out and rubbed off some dust from the sleeve of his coat. I sent for Capt. Rowe. Ike stood by looking as innocent as a dove. He had a hooker on and a white cravat, and was dressed in a frock coat with long tails, made out of black cloth. His pants were black, too. He looked for all the world like a Methodist minister whose feelings would be hurt just by thinking of the wickedness there was in the world.

Capt. Rowe was a little man, and when he showed up I pointed to Ike and said: "Captain, this is one of the worst rogues in New York. He is a thief and a confidence man."

It would have done any one good to see the look of injured innocence that Ike had on when I made this speech. He looked at me in a kind of sad way and let a sigh, as if he couldn't understand how such a mistake could have happened about him.

"Why, Capt. Guelin, are you sure you haven't made a mistake," said Capt. Rowe, looking at my fine Ike and then at me.

"You take my word for it, Capt. Rowe," I answered. "That innocent look is part of Ike Vail's business."

Just then the Superintendent came by, and I told him that he had better get acquainted with Mr. Vail, as he was a rascal and would work some of the steamboats or passengers some day if they weren't careful.

All the time Vail kept on his mug this calm, injured expression. Oh, he was a dandy and played his cards well.

The Superintendent made the same remark that Capt. Rowe had done. Was I quite sure there might not be a mistake in identity.

Of course I was, and Ike's looking plump and injured till his bones ached only showed what a plun he was, and ripe enough to be picked. I couldn't blame Capt. Rowe and the Superintendent, though, for being taken in. Vail didn't overdo the thing. He looked shocked, and as if it was hard to bear, but that it was all a mistake, and he would take it in a Christian spirit.

Fortunately for me, my detective came along just then. He had been attending to something that he had to look after, and it had called him away for about half an hour.

"Did you ever see this man before? Do you happen to know anything about him?" I asked of the detective.

He had taken in the whole thing in a minute--Vail's distressed look, the kind of questioning expression of Capt. Rowe and of the Superintendent, and of my being there and putting such an inquiry to him.

"Do I know Ike Vail, the King of the Confidence Men? Well, I rather think I do know him. Confound you," he said, turning to Vail, "what did you come around here for when I was away and let the Captain drop onto you. I owe you one for that."

"We couldn't convict the rascal of anything, but you can bet that we were not any less anxious to get him in a tight place when we could get a grip on him. This will show what a plausible knave he was, and how easy he could pass himself off on a person as a good, simple-minded, respectable man."

"Capt. Guelin," said the Superintendent to me afterwards, "I felt certain that you had made a mistake in your man. I thought he was a parson."

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

GIRLS WHO STRIP TOBACCO FOR LESS THAN 50 CENTS A DAY.

Working in Stiffing Rooms Until Everything They Touch Seems Made of Tobacco--Fined Half a Day's Pay for Speaking While at Work--A Young Girl Describes the Daily Routine of Her Life.

There are very few persons in this city who can form an adequate idea of the great struggle for food and raiment which the large army of female wage-workers, from the mere child of six years to the poor and worn-out woman of fifty, are driven to by force of circumstances and the social status of affairs.

THE EVENING WORLD has endeavored to portray the life and labor of women and young girls in various vocations, and the good results produced by its efforts are already demonstrated in the weekly meetings in Pythagoras Hall and in the inauguration of a series of meetings under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor, the first of which is to be held on Friday evening, Clarendon Hall.

But not only have the great labor organizations been aroused to a sense of the poor condition of the female wage slaves of New York, but that all-powerful factor, the public, has been touched with the portents of the hard and sad life of an industrial portion of itself until its sympathy is so fully aroused that the mention of a single case of idleness or misfortune in the columns of THE WORLD brings forth the most generous responses, and shows conclusively that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

In his search for facts regarding this struggle for a poor existence, THE EVENING WORLD has been touched with the condition of the 6,000 young girls who are engaged in stripping tobacco in the large cigar factories and in the tenement-house rooms where whole families are employed in the work of stripping tobacco and making cigars.

Girls whose ages range from ten to sixteen years are employed in stripping tobacco in the factories and in the tenement-house rooms of the Bohemian and Hungarian in a great number of the tenement-houses of the city.

The tobacco is given to them in a bunch, or carat, as it is called, and the rules are so strict that the girls are not allowed to speak during working hours. The hours are from 7.30 a. m. to 5.30 p. m., with half-hour in some factories for lunch and one hour in others.

In the manufacturing where Cubans and Spaniards are employed in this city in making cigars from Havana tobacco, men are employed in doing the stripping of 10 and 12 cents a carat, while the rate paid to the girls who do the domestic work is about three cents a pound, or carat.

In one factory in Avenue D the reporter observed that the girls were thin and pale and unhealthy in appearance, while their garments were thin and well worn and not warm enough to keep the wearers comfortable in an atmosphere like that of the factory.

One was a bright-eyed but slender child of thirteen years, a brunette, clad in a dress of some light material, a black straw hat and a pair of shoes with holes in the toes. The others were younger in years and as poorly dressed as the little brunette, who had a pair of shoes with holes in the soles.

"Oh, I'll bet you're a reporter," she declared. "Now, don't give us any more, for if you do the boss will sack every one of us."

"When she was assured that she would not be 'given away,' she continued: 'I live in a tenement-house, near Cortlandt street, and my mother, fathered a year ago, and I had to go to work to help my mother. He was a cigar-maker and we did not have to work white by day. I can make 50 cents a day if I work steadily, but I tell you the smell of the tobacco is sickening. It took me a long time to get used to it, and several times I got so sick I had to get excused and go home.'

"The bosses are very strict with us. If we talk or laugh we are warned and sometimes fined 25 cents for a second offense. See my hands, how they are stained from the tobacco. I have got so that I can't wash anything. My clothes are always saturated with the strong smell, and it seems to me as if I could never get rid of it. I cannot bear it. The smell of the girls seems to be everywhere. A few whom I know smoke cigarettes on the sly, and I think it is because they are always under tobacco that they get into the habit of having a little drink for Sunday."

"An older brother, who works down town in a store and gets \$12 a week, takes care of me and I, and what I get \$12 a month. We live in three rooms and pay \$15 a month. It's a awful mean and dirty work stripping tobacco, and I wish I could get something else to do. But I must do it for a while longer. I am not near as bad off as some of the girls in our shop, but there is no girl who would not be glad to get something more agreeable to do."

"We have rather poor conveniences in our workroom, but I hear from the girls that they are worse in some of the factories. I must get home now, for my mother is waiting for me and I don't like to be late."

"The little one turned away towards her home along with her companions.

"Every scholar in the public schools, and every parent of a scholar, will be interested in the Roll of Honor to be published in tomorrow's EVENING WORLD."

LOGGINGS FOR LEGISLATORS.

Beautiful Housekeeping Plans of a Quaint Albany This Winter.

A majority of the city Senators and Assemblymen have contracted for rooms and board at the Delavan House, Albany, during the session of the Legislature. If two legislators bunk in the same room they pay \$50 each a month with the understanding that they will be in New York on Saturdays and Sundays.

Several local representatives have hired lodgings on the quiet streets of the capital and will feel at restaurants.

Senators Jacob C. Cantor and Charles A. Stadler, and Assemblyman Nicholas O'Connor, of the Twenty-third District, have hired a furnished house on Madison avenue, within a few blocks of the City Capitol. Assemblymen Sheehan, of Erie, and Brush, of Chatham, have joined this combination and will help pay the rent and other expenses.

The dining room is to be kept open during the session. They have hired a French-looking female cook, a homely chambermaid and a negro boy to answer the door.

A fine stock of groceries has been laid in for the winter and a neighboring butcher has decided to open an account with the legislative quiret. A sideboard has been stocked with champagnes, whiskey, brandies, light wines, beer and cigars.

Breakfast is to be served at 9 a. m., luncheon at 2 p. m. and dinner at 7 p. m. Each member of the housekeeping combination is entitled to have three guests at dinner each week.

For the purpose of encouraging the early retirement of the legislative housekeepers a list of legislators entitled to invitations to dinner at Edward P. Higgins, Daniel Finn, Solomon Bentshal and Jeremiah Hayes.

Hard of Hearing.

One man Comstock, who is upward of sixty, was walking down Austin avenue, when he met two young men, who stopped to talk with him. They found it very difficult to converse with him, as he was hard of hearing. They passed down the street one of them remarked:

"His last year will soon strike."

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THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

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