

THE WORLD.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18.

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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Papers 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, 1882.

Table with 3 columns: Year, Total, Daily Average. Rows for 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

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

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Total, Daily Average. Rows for 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

AGAINST THE "PULLS."

Mayor Hewitt speaks sharply in his second Message against the pernicious habit of mixing politics with justice.

Justice always gets the worst of such a mix.

The exercise of power and discretion by a police justice "to oblige political friends," the Mayor declares to be "as dangerous as it is indelible."

And this misuse of power he finds to be one of the chief obstacles to a vigorous and equitable administration of justice in this city.

The Mayor is right. Police magistrates should be lawyers of good character, and they should "refrain from all active participation in local politics."

A NATURAL RESULT.

The struggle for the control of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Committee relates to delegates and offices only.

By practically saying "We Too" to the Republicans of that State on the tariff question, the Democratic leaders have succeeded in placing their party in a minority of 80,000.

If the people want war duties forever it is quite natural that they should vote for the party that imposed and defends those taxes.

AT THE REVOLVER'S MOUTH.

Contractor McGraw's impulsive action in forcing a young man to give up his seat to a lady on an "L" train, by flourishing a revolver in his face, brings up the old questions of etiquette and the need of better rapid-transit accommodations.

Car manners run from very good to very bad in New York, with the average pretty poor. It is doubtful, however, if a resort to deadly weapons will improve matters. Most women would rather stand than to get a seat at the revolver's muzzle.

What is wanted, alike in the interest of manners and comfort, is rapid-transit conveyance that will give every passenger a seat.

COAL SUPPLY FOR THE POOR.

Tax Evening World's investigation into the coal supply for the poor shows that those who are compelled to purchase fuel by the half or half-pail really pay from 50 to 100 per cent. more than the wholesale prices.

Most of the sellers are grocery or provision dealers who claim to make no profit on the coal, but keep it for the accommodation of their customers.

This being so, it would of course not injure the dealers to have the coal supplied to the poor at cost prices. Could there be a more needed or helpful benevolence than one which should sell coal to the poor at cost prices?

Persons who mix brains with their charities should look into this question.

THE PLUCKY AND LEVEL-HEADED NEBRASKA SCHOOL-MA'AM.

The plucky and level-headed Nebraska school-ma'am, who tied her thirteen scholars together, and with the string around her own waist guided the flock of little ones in safety three-quarters of a mile through a blinding blizzard to a farm-house, deserves the medal of the Life-Saving Society.

Reading's city officers and merchants think that Czar Corbin has something to do towards ending the miners' and railroaders' strike, and they very pointedly offer their services in helping to settle it.

The killing of a bull-torturer in Mexico by a wary and experienced bull was only a fair burning of the tables. It isn't just to have the "sport" all on one side.

The Old Guard fought bravely. Neither the popping of champagne bottles nor the charge of the hungry brigades intimidated them.

Row Flary is rapidly finding out that the "big" man is bigger than the old St. of New York.

THEY ALL LIKE THEM.

Sergt. Goodella, Grand Central Depot—They're very readable.

Policeman Mehan, West Thirtieth street—I think them very good.

Policeman Stephenson, West Thirtieth street—I like them very much.

Detective Caff, East Fifty-first street—It's quite a scheme to print them.

Roundman Ryan, Grand Central Depot—Yes, sir; they're good stories.

Policeman John McDonald, West Thirtieth street—Very interesting.

Policeman Lawrence E. Quinn, West Thirtieth street—Excellent; all of them.

Roundman Michael Farley, East Thirty-fifth street—They're all good stories.

Acting Sergt. Lindeman, East Thirty-fifth street—I say they're all good stories, too.

Policeman J. H. Thompson, West Thirtieth street—Very exact and interesting.

Policeman William F. Gallagher, West Thirtieth street—"Let her go!" they're good.

Policeman John J. Morris, known as "Brangan," West Thirty-seventh street—Very clever.

Policeman James McMan, West Thirtieth street—I read Capt. Gastlin's story; it was very good.

Policeman Thomas Maloney, West Thirty-seventh street—I read the stories with great interest.

Sergt. Oliver Tims, West Thirtieth street—Very interesting, indeed. I take great pleasure in reading them.

Policeman William S. Frazer, West Thirtieth street—I like them very much. I am just reading "The Fall."

Sergt. Stalnamp, East Fifty-first street—They are good reading—very interesting. There's no doubt of that.

Policeman McCullough, West Thirtieth street—I think them very good. I enjoyed those by Gastlin and McElwain especially.

Policeman Pees, West Thirty-seventh street—I think they're highly of the stories. The men who wrote them know what they are talking about.

Policeman Patrick Gray, the Adonis of West Thirty-seventh street—I have read all the stories, and think they are a credit to the Department.

Roundman Bernard Cahill, West Thirtieth street—I'm looking for THE EVENING WORLD with the one by Capt. Allaire in it, for I know it is a good one.

Policeman Tom Kenney, the "terror of crooks," West Thirty-seventh street—Capt. McElwain should have me with him in his noble efforts. The story is good.

Policeman Michael Connors, West Thirty-seventh street, who has served many years under Capt. McElwain, and is spoken of in connection with "corned beef" by his associates—I think them exact and interesting.

WORLDLINGS.

Miss Conine Cohn, the charming little six-year-old daughter of Prof. Henry Cohn, of Chicago, speaks German, French and English fluently and converses with ease in Volapuk.

The most characteristic part of the personal adornment of Seneca George, of Mississippi, is an old-fashioned open-face silver watch, about as big as a tin dipper, which he carries in his breeches pocket hung upon the end of a shoe-string.

The petrified remains of a buffalo of great size were dug up at Belleville, Kan., recently by workmen who were excavating for a coal shaft. The remains were found at a depth of six feet below the surface and were in a fine state of preservation.

Old Uncle Sitkete, who is living at Monticello, Ill., is proud of the fact that he taught Gov. Oglesby to play the violin. The first tune which the rugged war governor learned, and one which he frequently plays now, is "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours."

Senator Stanford's gift of \$30,000,000 to the Palo Alto Institute is probably the largest gift for the like purpose ever known in history. It is three times as great as that of Stephen Girard, who left \$6,000,000 of his fortune of \$7,500,000 to found Girard College.

Ex-Gov. Alger's great Michigan pine forest is located at Black River, on Lake Huron, near Alpena. It comprises 70,000 acres, or over one hundred square miles. The annual product of the forest is from 75,000,000 to 90,000,000 feet of lumber, according to the state of the trade. There are 500 men employed in the nine camps in the forest.

A touching incident of humble loyalty to sovereign and fatherland is that reported from Saginaw, Mich., where a German woman in poor circumstances prepared charges amounting to \$6 on a package of medicine which she fondly hoped would cure the Crown Prince's diseased throat.

William Clark, a veteran of the Mexican war, who is living at Sharon, Pa., at the age of ninety-four years, knew Daniel Boone and Gen. Harrison well in his youth and was on intimate terms of friendship with Henry Clay and Gen. Scott. He says that he used to have many a game of tennis with the latter in Cincinnati.

When a Mr. Blank, of Buena Vista, Ga., became engaged to his present wife a number of years ago he gave her a yearling heifer in lieu of an engagement ring. This living pledge of their troth has given her a great deal of pleasure, and she is now a very rich woman, while the husband is anxious to sell. Mr. Blank, however, refuses to part with the cattle.

A NEW SCHOOL OF ART.

How to Make a Landscape Taught in Six Lessons.

The Meagher's Irish Brigade Association held its annual meeting last night at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory. The officers, with one or two exceptions, were re-elected by acclamation. The following is a list of the officers elected: John T. Towl, President; Dennis Sullivan, Vice-President; Richard F. Puen, Second Vice-President; Alexander Jeffrey, Third Vice-President; William O'Grady, Corresponding Secretary; Peter F. Rafferty, Treasurer; Rev. William Curran and Thomas Willet, Chaplains; Patrick Lacy, Sergeant-at-Arms; and James Quinan, William Moran, L. D. Mitchell and John Dillon as Board of Trustees.

Censuring a Railroad Company. The Coroner's jury in the case of Mrs. Ann Brady, who on Dec. 29 was run over by a train on the Long Island Railroad at Atlantic and Ralph streets in Brooklyn, has returned a verdict censuring the railroad company for not having proper safeguards along the track at this point. The engineers were censured for blame.

Eventful Voyage of La Gasconne. The French line steamer La Gasconne, which was several days overdue, arrived here this morning. She was detained fifty-three hours by disarrangement of her machinery. Maurice Grant, who was on board, says the voyage was very eventful—among the stormiest in his experience of trans-Atlantic travel.

"EDDIE."

A Criminal at Large.

POLICE CAPT. M'CULLAGH,

Of the Elizabeth Street Station.

PART I.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD.")

One evening an officer brought in a young man, arrested for murdering the cashier of a large Broadway house.

The case proved to be an interesting one. It was not entirely satisfactory, nor will it be so till one "Eddie" Bright is kept in four walls instead of roaming at large in New York, possibly respected by those who do not know him as well as I, and, it may be, loved by friends.

The young murderer was brought into my room. He was not more than twenty-five, was a little above medium height, and of a slight, almost delicate physique. He had an olive-colored complexion, thick black hair and dark blue eyes. His mustache was also heavy and black, and he had an inch or two of side-whiskers. In appearance he resembled a Cuban.

He was not very pale, but his lips were parted and twitched nervously and his whole frame trembled. His coat sleeve, cuffs and shirt front were stained with blood. He could hardly tell one his story. Once or twice during the course of it he broke down and sobbed convulsively.

The substance of what he told me was as follows:

"My name is William Henry. I have worked as clerk with — & Co., a large wholesale house in Broadway. I have been in their employment for three years.

"About four weeks ago I was up at the Harlem River one Sunday afternoon. A gentleman whom I was unacquainted with approached and asked me for a light for his cigar.

"He was a man of about thirty-two years of age, with a very square face, large white teeth and gray eyes. His hair was inclined to curl and was thick and of a reddish brown. He wore no hair on his face.

"After he got his cigar lit, he made some remark or other, I don't remember what. But it was the beginning of a conversation. He was a good talker and made himself interesting. So much so that before we parted we had agreed to meet again on the following Sunday.

"I belong to the Young Men's Christian Association and frequently drop in at Association Hall in the morning. From there I went to meet my new acquaintance.

"He was at the place appointed, and we spent some time together. He was even more interesting than before, and had such a simple blunt sort of way about him that I found

"I told him I wanted to see Mr. Carruthers and he told me I could wait down in the room next to his office, where there was a fire. I went there and pretty soon Carruthers came in.

"He was in a hurry and I told him to go ahead and I would talk with him afterwards. He unlocked the safe and I said: 'This Farina's cologne is a mighty good scent for the handkerchief. Smell it.'

"I tried to put the handkerchief to his nose, but he pushed it away and wouldn't be bothered. There was the money, there was nobody about, the chloroform I felt I couldn't work. So I raised my iron bar and struck him on the head. I was excited and desperate.

"The ceiling of the room was so low that in lifting the iron bar I struck it against the ceiling and that broke the force of the blow. It made an ugly cut and the blood spurted out. Carruthers fell on the floor with a loud yell.

"When I saw the blood and him lying there, bleeding like a pig, I got very weak. My knees trembled and I seemed to have lost all strength in my arm. I couldn't hit him with the iron again. I grabbed the money box and tried to get out. But the man upstairs had heard the yell and met me.

"He asked me what the matter was, and my confused answer and nervousness made him suspect me. He grabbed me as I tried to run, and held me till the police came. This is the first time I ever attempted anything like this."

He was completely unstrung again and broke down completely.

Part II. To-Morrow.

Passing through the City.

Major John T. Little, U. S. A., is registered at the Victoria.

Dr. Alexander Holie, of Philadelphia, is a guest of the Gaiety.

Major R. P. Cullinan is one of many military men who are in the city.

George P. McCann, the Lexington (Ky.) distiller, is at the Union Square.

Ex-Gov. Houser, of Montana, arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

H. Y. Bemis, proprietor of the Hotel Richelieu, Chicago, is at the Hoffman.

David F. Connor, one of the best-known peddlers in the quaker City, "holds forth" at the Hoffman.

Staying at the St. James are F. W. Hinderker, of Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gedney, of Hartford.

Ex-Senator Daniel H. McMillan, of Buffalo; M. S. Stover, of Amsterdam, and W. Bourke Cockran are booked at the Hoffman.

A delegation of mill and workers, headed by Major L. E. Hanks, Jr., came down from Albany and registered at the Hoffman.

At the Brunswick are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Hines, of Philadelphia, and A. A. Waelzoff, a well-known iron merchant of Boston.

Among the guests at the Morton House are: P. J. Backus, of San Francisco; Wm. Mason, of Birmingham; and John E. Burre, of Hartford.

N. T. Hyder, the Boston cotton broker; Warren H. Mead, St. Paul, Minn.; and L. Mitchell, Kingston, Ont., are "joking time" at the Astor Hotel.

Among the names on the Hoffman's register are Dr. and Mrs. Henry E. Townsend, of Boston; Dr. J. G. Johnson, of Rutland; James and Thomas MacCrete, of Albany; and A. L. Judson, of Albany.

Registered at the Grand are Capt. W. A. Rappey, U. S. A.; Lieut. T. R. Adams, U. S. A.; Lieut. G. B. Wares, U. S. A.; Lieut. J. A. Shearman, U. S. N.; and Ensign W. P. White, U. S. N.

Recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue include A. J. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker; Miss G. M. Colby, of Boston; and Miss W. Johnston, President of the Young Men's Republican Club, of Baltimore.

W. W. Kelly, Manager of the Princess Theatre, London, is in town for a few days and is stopping at the Union Square Hotel. Miss Grace Hawthorne, the American actress, is the lessee of the theatre which was formerly run by Wilson Barrett.

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE RISE IN THE PRICE OF COAL IS BAD NEWS FOR THE RETAILERS.

Dealers Who Will Handle Coal for Nothing Rather than Put an Additional Burden on the Poor—People Buy in Small Quantities Because They Have to—How a Little Girl Wanted to Get Warm.

The announcement made by the Retail Coal Dealers' Exchange yesterday of an advance of 25 cents in the prices of all kinds of coal will be bad news for the retail grocers who sell coal by the pailful. It means a reduction of profits to almost nothing, or an increase in the price charged the poor buyer. It is believed that most of the retail dealers will handle coal for nothing rather than put an additional burden upon the poor. THE EVENING WORLD'S talks with retailers as continued to-day:

August Keller, who keeps a well-stocked grocery store at 428 West Forty-sixth street, said: "I have been selling coal at nine cents the bucket, but have been obliged to raise the price to 10 cents. I don't make a cent on all the coal I sell, and only keep it because I must have a stock on hand."

F. Ottin, of 44 West Forty-sixth street, owns a good-sized store, where he sells groceries, vegetables and coal. He said: "For the last coal I bought I paid \$5.75 per ton. For the past two months I have sold it for 10 cents a bucket, or six cents a half-bucket. This leaves me about 75 cents on a ton to pay for cartage and labor. I don't make a cent on it."

"Why do people buy coal in such small quantities?" he was asked.

"Well," he returned, "some think that by buying in small quantities—a few cents at a time—their coal will be cheaper. The expense so much. Then, I suppose that some really can't get money enough at one time to pay for more. I think it's the monopoly habit of these people to buy in small quantities. Now, look at sugar; it has risen in price from six cents to seven and a quarter cents per pound, and vegetables are just the same. It's a bad winter."

"I sell everything from coal to garters. I sell more half buckets of coal than anything," he said, "and get six cents for that amount, but the rest costs me \$6. I sell a ton at a time, and only wish I didn't have to buy any. Yes, this cold snap has had its effect on the people, and they have to buy more than they did."

Just after the reporter had entered the attractive little grocery belonging to John Rose, at 645 Tenth avenue, a little girl rushed in carrying a basket. Her large, blue eyes were bright with eagerness as she tried out: "Oh, John, a quart of potatoes and a loaf of bread! Hurry up, now! I'm cold!"

And the little thing drew her thin shawl more closely about her thin little shoulders.

"Why don't you go over to the stove and get warm?" asked the reporter.

"That won't make me warm," replied she.

"Dinner!" exclaimed the little one in answer, and with her bread and potatoes tightly clasped in her hands, blue from the cold, she expected to see her mother enter the store as quickly as she had entered it.

Then in the interval of time which elapsed between the drawing of a pint of kerosene for an old man and a cup of milk for a young woman, the little girl said: "A little while ago I sold coal for eight cents a bucket, but now it's 10 cents. I don't sell so much as I did, for the peddlers can buy it \$1 a ton cheaper. Everything is dear this winter. My little shawl, for instance, cost me \$1.50. I traded one fellow for \$30 worth of stuff, and I can't get a cent from him; but many of my customers buy \$2 or \$3 worth during the week, and then they pay on Saturday. This last deal spelled each a deal of suffering among the poor, I tell you."

John Beckner keeps a grocery store at 151 East Houston street. He says: "Due to the little trade and small profits, I just about make a living. My customers are poor people and they buy in small quantities, just what I can't do. A customer will buy a pound of sugar, three and a half pounds of flour is the most I sell at a time as a rule. I do not give credit. If I did I might just as well get out of the business."

Henry Gerken, of 229 Spring street, says: "I have been here five years. I don't find business as good as it was this time last year. I anticipated the advance in coal, and bought a quantity of sugar, and consequently the rise in price does not affect me. I sell coal at ten cents a pail."

J. Schaffer, of 91 Prince street, says: "Business with me is just the same. I do strictly cash business, and find it more profitable. I charge ten cents a pail for coal. I can't afford to sell it cheaper, owing to the greed of the coal barons. YOU EVENING WORLD people are wonderfully enterprising. What are you going to do next?"

No Place for Him Here.

James Fitzgerald, an active man, of forty-seven years, was committed as a vagrant this morning in the Yorkville Police Court.

"I'm alone, I can't get any work to do, and in this country you can't knock another man down and take his money away from him."

Soldate of a French Blacksmith.

Auguste Conzel, a French blacksmith, aged forty-four, was found in a wooden shed in the rear of his home, 120 South street, Jersey City, this morning, with his hands cut.

Slit on St. Nicholas Avenue.

St. Nicholas avenue was full of fire this morning, and will undoubtedly be crowded this afternoon, with the thousands of firemen.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, THE BAPTIST.

From a Very Humble Beginning It Rises to a Position of Much Influence.

The Church of St. John the Baptist, which is located in West Thirtieth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, is devoted almost exclusively to the spiritual interests of the German Catholics of that part of the city.

It is now the headquarters of the Capucine Order of monks in this city, who occupy the monastery in the rear, and it is a power in the neighborhood.

The church had a very humble beginning, and passed through many troubles and vicissitudes before it arrived at its present influential position.

The first church building was a small frame structure at Thirty-first street and Seventh avenue, which was dedicated in 1840.

At first there was no resident pastor, but after a year's existence the Rev. Father Zacharias Kunze assumed the charge of the parish. He remained at the head of the church till 1845, when the Rev. Father Jacob was appointed pastor.

In January, 1847, the building was destroyed by fire, but this in no wise discouraged the congregation, although it was a very poor one, and steps were immediately taken to erect a more substantial brick structure, which was completed and dedicated by Bishop Hughes in 1848.

The church was still a mission, however, and for some time its pulpit was supplied from the Church of the Holy Trinity. Rev. Father Joseph Lutz was appointed pastor in 1848. He was succeeded in 1853 by the Rev. Father Augustine Dauter, who remained in charge till 1870, when internal troubles and dissensions had caused the church to decay to such an extent that it was for some time closed up.

Archbishop McCloskey, who had just returned from Rome at that time, made a successful effort to revive it, and the Rev. Father Bonaventura Frey, of the Order of Capucines, undertook the work of reorganization.

It was determined that a new church should be built, and the corner-stone of the present substantial structure was laid June 4, 1871. Although the church was almost overwhelmed with debt, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in raising money, Father Frey was brave and persevering, and the building was finally completed—a model of elegance, good taste and architectural beauty. It cost \$175,000 and has a seating capacity of 1,200.

The ceremony of dedication, which took place June 25, 1872, was unusually impressive. Archbishop McCloskey was the presiding prelate.

The Capucine convent in the rear was erected afterwards under Father Bonaventura's supervision, as well as parochial schools for both boys and girls, which are both flourishing and well attended. The convent was dedicated by Cardinal McCloskey to St. Elizabeth of Sigmaringen. The schools occupy the two lots adjoining the convent, that for the boys being under direction of the Brothers of Mary, and the one for girls under that of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

In Sept. 17, 1870, the Rev. Father Daniel was appointed to the pastorate of the church. He carried on the good work energetically and had the satisfaction of seeing many improvements made both in the church and schools and the payment of a large portion of the debt that rested on the whole property.

He was succeeded in October, 1885, by Rev. Father Luke Raach, the present pastor, who is an earnest worker and is held in the highest esteem by his parishioners. It has been the ambition of the parishioners, for some time past, to complete the spire of the church, and the ladies' fair which was held last November contributed largely to the fund set aside for this purpose.

The officers of Father Raach at St. John the Baptist are the Rev. Father P. L. Guardian, Rev. P. Honato, Rev. F. Francis, Very Rev. Facinus, V. C., and Rev. F. Anostales.

The officers of the various societies connected with the church are Messrs. M. Hofnagel, Ed. Antes, J. Neubour, J. Brokur, F. A. Thomann, F. Schoenberger, J. Gerlach, O. Oelshner, J. Effer, Phil. Hahn, Bernberich, M. Detting and Albert Odenheimer.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Wished He was Adam. Very Modest. (From Texas Bliftings.)

While after receiving a Boy—"Little children severe reprimand from should be seen and not his father, I wish I heard of a boy who was Adam."

Mr. B.—And why do either.

You wish, my son, I want to be seen or heard "Cause he had no daddy ter lick him."

The Lady in the Horse-Car. (From the Philadelphia Herald.)

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; enters conductor, asks fare; woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel; stop the car, please.

An Injured Woman. (From the Philadelphia Herald.)