

THE WORLD.

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Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

Table showing circulation figures for the Evening Edition of The World for the week ending Saturday, April 21, 1893. Monday: 96,200; Tuesday: 100,680; Wednesday: 106,580; Thursday: 106,800; Friday: 103,300; Saturday: 100,920. Average for the entire month of March: 106,201.

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

PINKERTON'S HERBARS. If there is nothing in the laws to prevent a band of armed mercenaries from travelling around the country, under contract to kill people when they think the occasion requires, the laws need amendment, and that might be sudden.

How long would the authorities of monopoly-ridden Pennsylvania permit a band of irresponsible workmen to roam through the State, armed with Winchester rifles, to "protect" anybody who had money to hire them?

Pinkerton's Herbans should go.

TO BE TRIED HERE. Judge Patterson's refusal of a change of venue to KKK is based upon sound reasoning.

It would be a pretty state of things if every rogue who is exposed or denounced by the newspapers could demand a trial in some other county. The hoodlums and bribers and lots of other rascals would never have been brought to trial but for THE WORLD'S persistent demands. To make this insistence upon justice a bar to trial here would give law-breakers an advantage to which they are not entitled.

There is no trouble in securing a fair trial for KKK in this city. And judging by the record of the District-Attorney's office since the 1st of January, he could not run less risk of a conviction anywhere else.

THE BARRON CASE AGAIN.

Another "startling theory" is advanced of the death of Barron, the faithful Dexter Bank cashier, whose murderers are in prison for life through the efforts of THE WORLD. It was claimed that Barron committed suicide, but that absurd theory having been exploded, the idea is now advanced that he was "murdered by Dexter men." If the word "murder" were not used, we should at once infer that the officers of the bank had advanced the "startling theory" that the dead cashier was murdered by his wife. They are mean enough for it.

It would not be surprising, however, if some of our evasive contemporaries had developed the "startling theory" that the murder was done by Dexter men, hired by THE WORLD for the purpose of making a "sensation."

A "FETTERING" APPEAL.

Mrs. Cleveland will find it difficult, we fancy, to decline the invitation of the Virginia schoolgirls to come to Petersburg and hear them sing in the festival. "Have you ever heard 400 children sing beautiful music, and difficult, too, with grand orchestral accompaniment?" they ask. And after "giving particulars" they add: "And now, dear Mrs. CLEVELAND, please come. We shall be glad to see you. Please beg Mr. CLEVELAND to bring you, and write at once that you will come."

Who could withstand such an appeal, signed "with great respect but greater affection" Surely not the girl-wife in the White House.

Rev. Dr. TALMAGE can never have been an editor. Otherwise he would not call for blessings on "ponsters" and "all propounders of ingenious conundrums." If the reverend gentleman expects to have his prayer answered, won't he please add a postscript asking that the puns be good and the conundrums free from the dust of mouldy chestnuts?

It wasn't exactly a "conquering hero" that the Hubites turned out to welcome. Yet nobody except John Barleycorn has ever knocked out JOHN L.

The bankers and their sympathizers will please observe that the Saturday Half-Holiday Law is still on the statute books. And it isn't going, either.

Boston won't miss LOWELL. SULLIVAN is home again, and KELLY has just made a home run at Washington.

Mayor Hewitt has written for the Justice Department a letter requesting that the other less having been left on the battle-field at Corinth his suit was opposed by her parents. But the bold lover one night left his canoe to the bank of the Arkansas near the lady's house and carried her away before the stern parent knew what was in contemplation.

GOOD THINGS OF THE MARKET.

Sealions, 22.50 a gallon. Lemons, 30 cents a dozen. Best butter, 25 to 30 cents. Lotter, 1 1/2 cents a pound. Havana pineapples, 40 to 50 cents. Fresh L. I. eggs, 18 cents a dozen. English walnuts, 30 cents a quart. Paper shell almonds, 50 cents a pound. Strawberries down to 25 cents a quart. Red bananas, 30 cents; yellow bananas, 25 cents a dozen.

SEEN IN MADISON SQUARE.

Capt. Reilly, dazing in his uniform. Capt. Monroe, when the Umbria is in port. Broker John P. Connolly, with a bag of sample grain. P. T. Barnum, whom every one knows and stops to gaze at. Clerk Wilson, of the Stratford House, with a pen behind his ear. Dr. Douglas, of Bellevue, with a learned expression on his handsome face. George Wood, a Philadelphia lawyer, most of whose friends are Gothamites.

PICKED UP IN JERSEY CITY.

City Collector Love is a close student of ancient history. Councillor T. J. Kennedy is very fond of music, and leads one of the best choirs in the city. Capt. Moses Newton, of the Third Precinct police, is a prominent member of the Fat Men's Club. Prosecutor Winfield is using crutches. He fell over a stove in Cuba a few weeks ago and sprained his ankle. Detective John Cio, of Inspector Lange's force, is a very large man, but has a happy faculty of getting into places from which smaller men fall to get out.

President Voorhees, of the Board of Education, has made an excellent member, and will probably be reappointed by Mayor Cleveland at the expiration of his term on May 1.

GOTHAM'S STRONG MEN.

C. A. J. Queckberner will be satisfied with nothing less than a clean sweep in the "weight." G. Y. Gilbert, who knocked the Seventh Regiment's army records silly the other night, will be a dangerous man in the running races this season. Billy Halpin, that big stout-limbed Olympian, doesn't intend to let the season go by without scooping in some of the prizes that are so tempting displayed for spring and fall handicaps. Aleck Jordan, of the New Yorks, the present all-round champion and holder of the 120-yard, three foot six hurdle championship, hopes to go to England this year and win international honors. Al Copeland, of the Manhattan, whose face has been notably absent from several of the late regimental games, is looking forward to a series of victories. Al placed three championships to his credit last year, two of which were Canadian and one American, but this season he hopes to do even better.

BROOKLYN WHEELMEN.

Dr. Barker manages to get there on his "goat" bicycle. Lawyer M. Hechal Furst's full beard contrasts well with his nickel wheel. Col. Beecher, when not journalizing, likes to rush through the park on a tricycle. Charles J. Patterson occasionally leaves the wheels of justice for the wire wheel. Arthur Murphy, track-master B. C. R.R., prefers cycles to horse cars—that is, for pleasure. Park Commissioner Charles Luscomb is easily recognized by his straight and dignified carriage, which his wheel helps display. Charles Swabach, our veteran bicyclist, seems a general favorite with all who ride through the park. At least they all patronize him. Billy Harrison has bought a wheel. Swabach says if he lives through the learning his \$10 pounds will look immense on a skeleton mount.

PICKED UP AT RANDOM.

Brother Joseph Delaney is waiting patiently for the Sheepshead Bay races. Edward Carson is getting ready for an extensive trip through South America. The policeman of the Twenty-sixth Precinct admires Capt. Berghold's beard. Lawyer Nathan S. Levy is often seen in the Fourth Judicial District Court. Judge Clancy is reducing his weight this spring. He is going to play ball in the summer. James Ennis, a young New Yorker, who will be an M. D. soon, sails for Europe in May. William Fritzel, the artist, likes to test his lungs on the machine in the Morion House Café. Lawyer Charles Castle, a graduate of Dartmouth College in '61, likes a stroll up Broadway every pleasant afternoon. Mack Vincent, the banjoist, contested at checkers with Jesse, the automaton, the other day and won the first two games, Jesse the next two. Mr. Vincent won the fifth and deciding game.

WORLDLINGS.

Col. Edward Sumner, of San Francisco, is said to be the oldest Free Mason living. He was born in 1795 and has been a Mason for seventy-one years. He went from Wisconsin in the days of the Argonauts. Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, is one of the richest Representatives at Washington. He is said to have spent \$30,000 a year entertaining when he was Secretary of Legation at Paris. He is an expert stenographer, and was at one time a clerk of one of the Senate committees.

"Old Aunt Sally," an aged colored woman who died near Galena, Dak., recently, was for a long time a cook in Gen. Curtis's camp. She was said to be the first woman, other than a squaw, who went out to the Black Hills. Every old-timer and ranchman knew her and had a story to tell about her. John Quincy Adams's body servant while he was President was Barney Norris, a Virginia negro, who has just died at Galena, Ill., at an advanced age. When a boy he was a slave in Commodore Stephen Decatur's family, and was present at the drenching ground at Bladenburg when his master was killed by Commodore Barrow.

A singular accident caused the death recently of a woman employed in the household of Ebrahm Hanes, at Lancaster, Pa. She went into the poultry-yard to catch a chicken for dinner, when a rooster attacked her and inflicted a deep wound in one of her hands with a spur. Lockjaw set in and the woman died a few days afterwards. It is proverbial that country doctors have a hard time to make both ends meet, but their lot would be much harder if all men were like an old resident of Fallsburg, Mich., named Foster. Just after his eighty-second birthday, which occurred recently, Mr. Foster was taken with a slight illness, and it became necessary to call in a physician, the first that had visited him professionally during his long life.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, is the Lochinvar of the Senate, with the difference that he stole his bride by means of a canoe instead of a steed. Mrs. Berry was Miss Lizzie Qualle, the daughter of a well-to-do Arkansas merchant, and when the future Senator came to woo her in the guise of a poor, one-legged school teacher (the other leg having been left on the battle-field at Corinth) his suit was opposed by her parents. But the bold lover one night left his canoe to the bank of the Arkansas near the lady's house and carried her away before the stern parent knew what was in contemplation.

FIRE HEROES;

OR. The Roll of Merit.

By Chas. A. Gray, Chief of the Fire Department.

CONCLUDED.

HE most brilliant rescue of each year secures an additional and special recognition. It is a medal conferred by the Fire Department on the bravest fellow in the roll-call of that year. It was founded for that purpose by a citizen of New York City, and it is considered a great honor to be the recipient of it.

Of course, the fireman who has so distinguished himself has secured a good claim to promotion, and this emolument is often added to the others. But doubtless to most of those whose names are recorded in this honorable "Roll of Merit," the record is more precious than the promotion. The glory of fame is held by noble souls as a higher gain than pecuniary reward. It has always been so since the world began.

Fireman, foreman, chief of battalion—each of these positions has names recorded in the volume. In some instances the Chief writes to commend a man in his company and modestly passes over his own claim to a like meritorious recognition. This, too, is in keeping with the high spirit which has served to heroic daring. The most truly great are not given to a blatant heralding of their own merits or deeds. But there are others to tell of their deeds, and they do not lose what is their just due.

His former employer assisted him to furnish his new place of business, which cost about \$12,000 with its mirrors, elegant chandeliers and handsome trappings. Whenever he goes to town he never fails to take advantage of the opportunity to place himself in one of Mr. Bender's chairs and submit to his artistic manipulation, and he is said to have received a shave by the chief as one of the most delightful experiences of his existence.

THE DEALERS FAVOR THE KIMBALL BILL, BUT HIGH LICENSE? NOT MUCH.

The Executive Committee of the different local assemblies of the Wine and Liquor Dealers' Association met in secret last night at Twenty-fourth street and Sixth avenue. It was thought that the subject of high license would be discussed, but Mr. A. Bunker, the general Secretary of the State Association, said that the meeting was simply held to pass favorably upon the Kimball bill, now pending in the Assembly. High license was, however, probably discussed. J. T. Dutch, a proprietor of a large saloon on the east side, said: "We are opposed to high license, but if we could have a uniform tax, it is unfair to allow one man to sell beer at a license of \$100 and then charge another \$1,000 for the privilege of selling liquor."

High license said: "I know of dozens of places where proprietors who have been licensed sell liquor under cover, such as grocers, wine and beer gardens. I believe in making one general law. The reason the brewers are in favor of a separate beer license and have been so hard to secure representatives in the commission at Albany, is because their license is at stake. Out of 8,000 beer licenses granted in 1887, 1,387 were forfeited for violation of the excise laws have been made in three months, and I think that they reached three months longer than they should have done."

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Usually there is this character only to the action recorded, that it was one of simple, unhesitating daring. There is no chance for the humorous to slip in. The event was too thrilling, the danger too great and the peril from which the threatened victim was rescued too appalling a kind to let in any element of the ludicrous.

The nearest approach to a touch of humor in the "Roll of Merit" is the story recorded of a fireman who saved a woman's life under peculiar circumstances. He was waiting in the antechamber of a dentist's room until his turn should come to seat himself in the chair of torture.

A woman was occupying it. The dentist in opening a large bottle of alcohol spilled the contents over the unfortunate patient, and her garments became saturated with the inflammable liquid.

It seemed bad enough to have the poor creature drenched with the stuff till she smelt like a whiskey distillery, and had her clothes spoiled in the bargain. But this was not all. In his trepidation, or awkwardness, or by whatever name the action may be denominated, he upset his spirit lamp on the woman who had become the victim of a new phase of alcoholism. The lamp was lit, and in a moment the soaked patient was one sheet of flames!

After doing all this mischief the dentist was so paralyzed that he was rendered incapable of contributing much to the undoing of it all. The woman screamed at the top of her voice, and was nearly frightened to death, as might have been expected. In mounting a dentist's chair bad enough things are looked for, but a broken jaw is usually the worst casualty which can be reasonably apprehended. Peo-

ple do not look forward to being cremated. The fireman rushed into the room. There was the dentist perfectly wild, and the woman blazing away, a first-class fire.

Of course the fireman's professional instincts were aroused at once, and he extinguished the flames. His prompt action saved her life. So though there was a touch of the ridiculous in a woman getting on fire while she was having a tooth pulled, it was the lucky presence of a fireman, whose tooth had chanced to ache that day that kept the event from becoming a tragedy.

One of the daily papers belittled the matter by saying the fire was extinguished before the Fire Department arrived on the field. Whereupon the lady wrote a letter to her preserver and declared her indignation at credit being denied him for his gallant and effective assistance. She avowed her gratitude for his action and recognized that she had been rescued from no ordinary danger by his promptly coming to her aid. It was a happy chance that found him on the field, as ready to put a fire out as ever, and thoroughly master of the situation.

Instead of being reduced to a handful of ashes he escaped tolerably unhurt to remain a healthy member of the community.

BEST-KNOWN CITY BARBERS.

Charles Bender Begins Young and Rises Rapidly in His Calling. Among the younger barbers of the metropolis who have risen to prominence through their ability to please fastidious customers is Charlie Bender, who for many years past has presided over the tonorial department of the Hoffman House.

Mr. Bender began his apprenticeship to his trade when he was only fourteen years old, but he was so apt a pupil and his progress was so rapid that it was not long before he became one of the most valued assistants of Papa Schreiber, then, as now, regarded as the highest exponent of the art in this town.

It was while he was employed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel that he secured Edward S. Stokes as one of his regular customers, and eleven years ago, when Mr. Stokes assumed the proprietorship of the Hoffman House, he would have no one at the head of his barber shop but Mr. Bender.

His former employer assisted him to furnish his new place of business, which cost about \$12,000 with its mirrors, elegant chandeliers and handsome trappings. Whenever he goes to town he never fails to take advantage of the opportunity to place himself in one of Mr. Bender's chairs and submit to his artistic manipulation, and he is said to have received a shave by the chief as one of the most delightful experiences of his existence.

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IS DECKER FULTON?

He Wanted a Treasurer with Cash for a Travelling Show.

And Suddenly Left After Displaying a Big Roll of Bills.

Indications that a Man Charged at Allentown with Swindling by Means of a Bogus Theatrical Enterprise Is at Work Here—Gorgeous Featers and Letter-Heads, but No Trace of the Companies—Results of an "Evening World" Reporter's Investigation.

WANTED—Man to travel 10 months; wages, \$20 weekly and expenses; office business; easily learned; suitable employment if secured; \$1,000 ready cash; no bonds. Address: Theatrical, 129 East 12th street.

An invitation to call at 207 East Eighty-fourth street was the result of a letter sent by an EVENING WORLD reporter to the advertiser. Going there, he met a man rather shabbily dressed, who ushered him into the front parlor, which did duty as an office.

The walls were covered with photographs of actresses and theatrical posters, while two large trunks almost filled the small room. Begging his visitor to be seated, Mr. F. De Forrest Decker, for that, it appeared, was his name, said: "I have three shows which I am about to put on the road, and I want a treasurer for one of them who can also talk to church people and convince them of the morality of the performance."

"What guarantee have I for my \$100?" inquired the reporter. "I am one of the end men," he continued, "and my name is well known in the theatrical profession."

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WAS A VIVANDIERE IN THE WAR.

Mother Ferguson Tore Up Her Skirts to Bind Wounds and Cheered the Boys On.

Conspicuous among the veterans at the reunion of the First New York Lincoln Cavalry Association, the other evening was "Mother" Ferguson, who followed the fortunes of the regiment during the war.

Mrs. Ferguson is about seventy years old. When the regiment started for the front in 1861 she went with it, her husband being a member. She was present at every battle in which the regiment was engaged, and labored energetically in caring for the wounded.

On the battlefield of Antietam as she is at present, having in Smith & McCall's Hotel, said: "I have noticed that THE EVENING WORLD has been agitating the Saturday half holiday with a vengeance. Success to it."

HARVESTING THE BASEBALL BATS.

A Good Crop Called by the Police from Small Boys of Yorkville.

About twenty baseball bats, of various sizes and colors, repose peacefully in the corner of the East Eighty-eighth street police station. They were captured from the small boys of Yorkville, whose love for the national game overbalances their discretion and leads them to play ball in the street to the imminent danger of windows.

As the crime of playing ball in the street is not great, the boys were not arrested, but were given a warning and a reprimand when arrested. The police have consequently come to the conclusion that the best way to put a stop to the practice is to confiscate the principal articles used in the game.

UNDER PINK-SHADED CHANDELIER.

A Pretty Easter Cotillon in Honor of Miss Cliff—Society Joustings.

Smith Cliff and Miss Cliff gave a very pretty Easter cotillon last evening in honor of Miss Cliff, at their home, No. 12 West Twenty-ninth street. The chandeliers were shaded in deep pink, and the mantels and fire-places banked with spring flowers. In the front drawing-room the clock and mantel were wreathed in pink roses. Amory S. Carhart led the cotillon, dancing with Miss Cliff, who was attired in black tulle, with roses. Her sister wore a pretty gown of red tulle. The favors consisted of very dainty and unique pearl pins, bouquets of pink and white flowers, and a garnish and silk bags in the popular styles. About seventy-five young married people, debutantes and others were present.

A musicale for a private charity was given last evening by Mrs. Ezra B. Weston, No. 24 East Forty-seventh street. Among those who sang were Miss Eda Earle, soprano; Miss Lizzie Webb, contralto; Miss McFarland, soprano; Miss L. C. Smith, Mrs. H. C. Van Voorst, Mrs. A. M. Wilcox, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. T. Kimball, Mrs. Samuel Curtis, Mrs. E. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Finn and Mrs. Fannie White.

Dr. and Mrs. John Blake White, No. 41 Madison avenue, gave the first of two receptions yesterday.

Mr. Joseph F. Knapp, No. 254 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, gave a reception yesterday.

Mr. Samuel Colgate, No. 4 West Sixteenth street, gave a dinner last evening.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

One of the Queens—Mrs. Belmont, I am happy to inform you that your divorce has been granted. The judgment was tried to-day, and you will receive your papers to-morrow.

"Will you be ready to sign this bond and pay the \$100 to-morrow?"

"Will you give me one of those posters?"

"You say you sign you can have all you want?"

"The reporter left and called again the next day at 2 instead of at 11. He learned that about fifteen minutes before F. De Forrest Decker moved out, bag and baggage. Not finding the manager the reporter interviewed the landlady."

He said that Decker hired the room two weeks previously, paying the first week in advance. The description of Decker tallies with that of a certain Fulton, who was recently arrested at Allentown, Pa., for obtaining \$1,500 from a man on some bogus theatrical enterprise.

Decker's hair and mustache looked as if they were dyed. In other respects the tall figure, the light-blue eyes and the handwriting correspond with the description given of Fulton.

At a prominent theatrical bureau the name of De Forrest Decker was unknown as were the companies which he is supposed to own. The manager of the theatrical bureau informed the reporter that no reputable showman would accept so small security as \$100, nor would there be any objection to a bond. Decker's sudden departure and the roll of bills gave rise to the suspicion that Mr. Decker succeeded in finding a treasurer with cash for a travelling show.

Left the Bank's Side Door Open. A policeman of the West One Hundredth street station found the side door of the Hudson River Bank, 107 West Seventy-ninth street, open at 11 o'clock last night. Upon examination everything was found all right.

Railroad Men, Bankers and Others.

W. C. Briggs, of Denver, is at the Fifth Avenue. C. Cowles, the St. Louis banker, is at the Fifth Avenue. Thomas J. J. Baltimore banker, is at the St. James. J. C. Morse, a Chicago railroad magnate, is at the Hoffman. R. A. Parmenter, the Troy railroad, is sheltered at the Hoffman. The Gussy has among her guests to-day Judge J. B. Amos, of the Erie, and J. M. Whitmore, General Traffic Agent of the Pittsburg line, is located at the Gussy. J. A. Moore, of Buffalo, manager of the Commodore, is at the Gussy. J. H. Hoyt and Col. James Pickard, both of Cleveland, gave accommodations at the Hoffman. C. K. Lord, General Passenger Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has rooms at the Hoffman.

SHALL THEY NOT HAVE REST?

THE WORKING PEOPLE NEED IT MUCH WORSE THAN THE BANKERS.

For that Reason "The Evening World" Is Fighting the Repeal of the Saturday Half-Holiday Law—Working Men Anxious to Keep the Law as It Is—Mr. Peters to Give His Employees the Holiday.

There is plenty of rest for bankers, capitalists and members of corporations on Saturdays. These men take their ease when they want to, and do none more readily than those who are now trying to repeal the people's Saturday Half-Holiday law.

They apparently do not stop to think that the working people need rest much more than the rich man who rises late in the morning and rides to business in a carriage, while the poor man rises at daylight and walks a long distance to his work.

THE EVENING WORLD is on the side of justice and humanity in this fight against the holiday repeal. The paper is on the same side. The views of some of them were obtained by EVENING WORLD reporters and are as follows:

Albert Stewart, of South Argyll, N. Y., who is at present staying at Smith & McCall's Hotel, said: "I have noticed that THE EVENING WORLD has been agitating the Saturday half holiday with a vengeance. Success to it."

Z. Lansing, whose office is in the Aldrich Court Building, said: "I am heartily in favor of the Saturday half holiday."

Thomas Lynch, a Western manufacturer, who speaks a good deal of his time in this city, said: "I always read THE