

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. 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.

NOW FOR A VETO.

The combination of hayseed statesmen and tools of the money power has passed by one majority the bill cutting down the Saturday half holidays to four months in the summer. A dozen half holidays in the year are enough for working people, in the minds of bankers, to whom every day is two-thirds holiday, and of farmers who use every Saturday for a "picnic to town."

But the repeal isn't carried yet. Gov. Hill blocks the way. As an original advocate of the Half Holiday, and a witness to its good effects on the working classes, he cannot consistently sign the repeal.

In order to give the Governor information as to the wishes of the wage-workers, and moral support in his position, THE EVENING WORLD has prepared petitions asking him to veto the cutting off of two-thirds the holidays. Let them be signed promptly.

AGAIN NO ESCAPES.

Once more human life has been sacrificed to the carelessness or greed of a landlord and the non-performance of their duty by the Building Inspectors.

It is the old story—a midnight fire in a double tenement, with no means of escape; the suffocation of one woman in the smoke-filled hall; the fatal injury of another woman by jumping from a third-story window, and the burning and maiming of other occupants in their frantic efforts to save their lives.

Is there no way of getting the laws enforced in this city?

JUSTICE'S HANDIAP.

When judges upon the Bench feel called upon to rebuke the District-Attorney's office for its bungling and inefficiency, the people of the city can see the natural and foretold result of placing a clever and eloquent, but administratively incompetent man at its head.

Judge Cowro yesterday discharged a man under indictment, saying: "I never saw such bungling in all my life, and I hold the District-Attorney's office responsible. The indictment is the most carelessly drawn I have ever seen." And on the same day Recorder Serrin, obliged to adjourn a case for lack of witnesses, said if he had charge of the District Attorney's office he would "clean it out."

Poor old handicapped Justice!

WANTS MORE PATRONAGE.

Mayor Hewitt favors the bill to put the Brooklyn Bridge into politics.

To take the management of this great public work out of the hands of capable, honest and public-spirited business men and vest its control in the hands of three men appointed by politician-made Mayors would be simply throwing one more "fat job" to the ring-masters.

The investigation into Aqueeduct methods does not encourage this sort of crawfish progress. The Mayors have already patronage enough. The election last fall shows that there is no telling who may be Mayor yet.

The modest chap who applies for Mr. Dewey's Central Railroad Presidency, in case the latter shall be promoted to a higher office, is probably not aware that it is easier to find an acceptable tenant of the White House than a capable head for a great railroad system.

The greatest public benefactor just now would be a man who could knock the conceit out of that big Boston blower, J. L. SULLIVAN, who lately had a "draw" with "little MITCHELL."

The Boston and Chicago teams have made a good start—neck and neck. But the records of past seasons show that the start doesn't always indicate the finish.

It is a sharp taster who can tell pool beer with his eyes shut.

True Had Every Chance to Steal. LOUISVILLE, April 25.—The report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate anonymous Treasury Tals office was submitted to the Kentucky Legislature yesterday. The deficit is about \$200,000, the sum already raised. This may be reduced to less than \$50,000 if certain papers are found. The report shows that the greatest carelessness prevailed in the Treasury office during last year's regime of twenty years.

DAINTIES FOR THE TABLE.

- Trappell, 5 cents each. Mushrooms, \$1.25 a pound. Tomatoes, 85 cents a quart. Green peas, 35 cents a half peck. Crystallized figs, 90 cents a pound. Asparagus, 40 to 60 cents a bunch. West India mangoes, 50 cents a dozen. Java River (Florida) oranges, \$1.25 a dozen. ChERRY, imported from France, 10 cents a bushel.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Charles O'Neil, of First avenue, is a stout man with a heavy mustache. Undertaker Louis Brennan looks much like his brother, the Commissioner. Ex-Coroner William H. Kennedy is a big undertaker, with a dark mustache.

Big Michael Dwy, the East Twenty-sixth street undertaker, wears a full beard. Undertaker William Coot is a little man, with side-whiskers. He carries on his business near the Morgue.

MET IN JERSEY CITY.

Ex-Assemblyman W. H. Corbin is secretary of the new Title Guarantee and Trust Company, and has few spare minutes. Principal J. C. Rinehart, of Public School No. 20, taught the fathers and mothers of his present pupils years ago in the district school.

Will Vidal, who takes the part of Bunthorne in the revival "Patience," at the Jersey City Athletic Club house, is one of the most brilliant amateurs in Jersey City.

Corporation Attorney Halzpeth has secured the old Yreoland homestead on the shore of the bay as a summer residence. The house was built a century ago and occupies the prettiest spot on the shore.

ABOUT WELL-KNOWN MEN.

William Black is well posted on downtown real estate. Frank Herdman has surprised his friends by growing quietest.

Conservator Joseph D. Fay is head over heels in business this spring. Charles Meter takes a deep interest in the rights of the workmen.

Henry F. Miesenhauer is a mighty popular man despite his good name. Julius Harburger wears a brand-new spring suit and a winning smile nowadays.

Supt. F. W. Houghton, of the Maritime Exchange, is proud of two things—his mustache and his politics. James S. Ennis, a popular medical student in the college of Physicians and Surgeons, sails for Europe on May 1.

CLICKS IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

The Western Union office at Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue comes next in point of business to the main office.

Nick King, through energy and integrity, advanced from the position of messenger boy to his present position as clerk.

Joe McCullom, the Manager of the A. D. T. Co., is very popular. He is an old timer in the business and began as a messenger boy.

F. J. Casey has been manager there for many years and is very popular. In summer time he superintends the Long Branch offices.

The smiling face of John J. Cleary, who has been with the company for years, is constantly seen through the money-order window.

Frank Penning, the night operator, is remarkable not only for the immense amount of adipose tissue he carries, but also for his affability.

James Casey manipulates the pneumatic tubes in the daytime. He is relieved in the evening by Walter Richmond, who is a great baseball player. Both are old fixtures of the W. U. T.

WORLDLINGS.

Cincinnati boasts the biggest pin-pool game in the country. One table in a billiard-room of that city averages the proprietor over \$1,000 a month.

A Louisville man recently called on the proprietor of a hotel in Bullitt County, Ky., and paid him 75 cents for meals he had eaten there fifteen years ago.

William Brown, a negro, living near Thomaston, Ga., has had forty-seven children, forty of whom are still living. He has outlived five wives and is now living with his sixth.

Chicago has had seven of the national conventions of the two great political parties, Cincinnati four, Philadelphia two and St. Louis two. New York, Baltimore and Charleston have had one each.

Clarence Thompson, a young lad in Findlay, O., found a bird's nest on the railroad bridge, and, on examining it, discovered in place of eggs a silk hatching in which three dozen solid gold rings had been wrapped up. They were evidently some thief's booty.

The most progressive official in China is undoubtedly the Governor of Formosa. On Chinese New Year's Day his "Yamen" in Taipei-fu was illuminated by the electric light, and it is his intention to have the whole city lighted by electricity as soon as it may be possible.

E. L. Harper, the Cincinnati bank wrecker, is the duke of the Ohio State Penitentiary. His striped suit is made to the latest style. His vest is cut low, his trousers are of the latest cut, and he wears the latest in neckties. A gentleman who saw him lately says that if his clothing were not of striped material he would never be taken for a prisoner.

An old lady on the train between Tallapoosa and Anniston the other day, apparently experiencing her first ride on the cars, was very much disturbed when the train reached the high trestle near Anniston. The elevation of the road at this point is very great and the cars seem as if suspended in mid-air. As the train passed over the trestle the old lady convulsively grasped the seat and held her breath until the opposite side of the chasm was reached, when she gave a deep sigh of relief and exclaimed: "Thank God! she's lit!"

Written on Hotel Books. J. M. McEwell, U. S. N., has quarters at the Grand. Theodore Bates, of Worcester, is at the Fifth Avenue. P. H. Mayo, of Richmond, has shelter at the Hoffman.

Franklin Weld, of Boston, is accommodated at the Hotel Belmont. Senator Fair's family, of San Francisco, are at the Hoffman. W. A. McGraw, a Detroit broker, has rooms at the Hotel Belmont. W. B. Kirk, Mayor of Syracuse, is at the Hoffman with A. J. Nicholas.

S. L. K. M. H., Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, is at the Hoffman. George W. Hooker, of Brattleboro, Vt., is spending a few days at the Fifth Avenue. Orlando Smith, Vice-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is at the Hotel Belmont. Registered at the Hotel Dan are James E. Ford, of Buffalo; A. O. Newton, of Hartford, and James K. Lohrop, of Dover, N. H.

At the Union Square Hotel to-day are E. H. Roberts, of St. Albans; Charles Borah, of Stracey; George H. Everett, of Boston, and William Armour, of Providence.

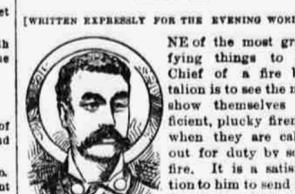
WORTHY OF PROMOTION;

OR, Incidents Which Make Men Prominent.

By Myk Bonner

Assistant Chief of Fire Department.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)



NE of the most gratifying things to the Chief of a fire battalion is to see the men show themselves efficient, plucky firemen when they are called out for duty by some fire. It is a satisfaction to him to send in a report in which he shows the courage of his men.

These instances are not uncommon. It is a comfort and a stimulus to a fireman to know that his name will be entered in the Roll of Merit, and that perhaps the medal of the year may fall to him. It is the highest accidental recognition of his personal, spontaneous, good deed. The report is submitted to the Commissioners, and if they judge that the action of the man or men mentioned in the report of the Chief of Battalion is worthy of the distinction of being inscribed on the record which is preserved in the Department, this is signified by them, and the Secretary enters their names in the honored lists of those who have distinguished themselves by plucky rescues or bold personal exposure in their work at the fire.

I recall two instances of good work done by firemen while I was a Chief of Battalion. Not that they were the solitary examples of that kind of daring, but they furnish a good idea of the sort of thing which the department recognizes as most befitting a fireman and as most deserving of the approbation of the citizens of our community.

Every brave deed done by a fireman is something which entitles him to the esteem of the community. For the citizens are the ones who are benefited by the fireman's duties, and it is the interest of the community to indorse with its praise and approval all conduct which shows that the men are worthy members of the body.

One of these occurred a few days ago in Central Park, when a horse attached to a phaeton occupied by W. Brinkman, of 183 East Ninety-fifth street, took fright at some one and dashed furiously along the west drive, making an exit from the park by the One Hundred and Tenth street gate.

Mounted Policeman Andrea started at once in pursuit, but as the runaway had a good start the policeman did not succeed in overtaking it until One Hundred and Twelfth street was reached, where the runaway collided with a phaeton occupied by Mrs. Cartwright and a lady friend.

One of the horses of Mrs. Cartwright's phaeton was broken off at the axle and the ladies were thrown out. Mrs. Cartwright being slightly cut on the head.

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rised a girl about eight years old was hanging from the fire-escape on one of the upper stories. She had managed to get out there and then hung from it not knowing what to do.

Foreman Fleming saw the imminent danger of the little girl. She could not retain her hold any length of time. Her arms were too small and weak. Nor could she return to the burning house and find escape through it.

He called a citizen to his assistance and the man stripped of a coat which he was wearing. Then Fleming grasped one side of the coat tightly with his hands and the man got as stout a grip as he could of the other. They placed themselves under the child and Fleming called out to her loudly: "Drop!"

The little girl obeyed the command. Down she came, whirling through the air. Happily she struck no obstacle and fell pretty straight. The coat, tightly stretched, received her and broke her fall so considerably that, although she struck the ground, she was only slightly injured.

"Mamma is up in the room and the rest of the children," she said to Fleming. "What room?" he asked. "The girl told him. He glanced up and saw the smoke coming from the window of the room, and a woman, about thirty-five years of age, leaning from it that she might breathe. She screamed and seemed wild with fright.

"(Concluded to-morrow.)"

CHATS WITH POLITICIANS.

Subway Commissioner Daniel L. Gibbons taught school to pay his way through Columbia College.

Col. John H. Gaynor, of Gov. Hill's staff, has returned from Europe. While in Paris he sampled cognac with Gen. Boulanger.

Ex-Alderman John Quinn, of the Seventeenth Assembly District, would like to be a member of the American Parliament.

John J. Scannell, the Tammany leader in the Eleventh Assembly District, is home. He spent part of the winter at the Hot Springs.

Col. Thomas Dunlap, the veteran Democrat, met Felix McClecker, and this is what the Colonel whispered into Felix's ear: "What is the horoscope?"

There is nothing left of the Irving Hall organization in the Twenty-second District. It has been gobbled up by the County Democracy.

THIRD AVENUE.

BRAVE AND SKILFUL RIDERS.

Mounted Policemen Who Risk Their Lives to Stop Runaway Horses.

It is seldom that the deeds of mounted policemen are seen in print, notwithstanding the fact that many of their captures are worthy of mention.

One of these occurred a few days ago in Central Park, when a horse attached to a phaeton occupied by W. Brinkman, of 183 East Ninety-fifth street, took fright at some one and dashed furiously along the west drive, making an exit from the park by the One Hundred and Tenth street gate.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

WORK AND WAGES OF THE ELEVATOR-TENDERS OF NEW YORK.

On Duty Twelve Hours a Day for \$18 a Month and Board—An Effort to Be Made to Organize Them So that Their Pay May Be Equalized and Their Hours of Work Regulated—Is the Law Enforced?

There are in this city about seven thousand tenders or runners of passenger and freight elevators in office and business buildings and flats and hotels. These workers range in age from the boy of fifteen to the man of sixty years.

The law requires that no person under eighteen years of age shall be employed in running a passenger elevator, but it is a fact that some youths under that age are so employed.

The wages of elevator tenders in the large flat houses average \$19 per month each, and they are employed on an average thirteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In the hotels the pay averages \$15 per month with board and lodging. The average number of hours of labor is twelve.

The average pay of the elevator tenders in large wholesale houses and manufactories where heavy freight is handled is \$10 a week and ten hours of work per week.

In quite a large number of business houses there are no regular elevator tenders employed, the work being done by porters and messengers, and the importance of employing competent and responsible men to take charge of elevators.

There are several inspectors employed by the Building Department to see that the elevators in use are in good order and in charge of competent persons.

The elevator tenders in the large office buildings average about \$38 a month. Their ages range from eighteen to fifty-five years. As a rule they are competent men, and their positions are more desirable than the places of those similarly employed in other buildings.

Efforts have been made from time to time, to organize the class of workers, with a view towards improving their condition and regulating their wages and hours of their labor, but thus far without success.

At a recent meeting of the Miscellaneous Section of the Central Labor Union one of the members called attention to the matter. The organization committee was instructed to inquire into it, and endeavor to organize the elevator tenders.

LOVES TROUBLES AIRD IN COURT.

Letters Wherein Poetry, Sentiment and Baby's Teeth Played Leading Parts.

Mrs. Mary Williams, formerly a society belle of Philadelphia, is suing for separation from her husband, Dr. Cornelius Williams, on the ground of abandonment. Dr. Williams was formerly a well-known club man and physician in New York, but he has since been located in the woolly West. Mr. Williams gave her side of the story before Judge Beach yesterday.

She said her husband left her in the woolly West. Mr. Williams gave her side of the story before Judge Beach yesterday.

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THEIR TENDER PITY ROUSED.

A Teaching Scene in Capt. Reilly's Station-House This Morning.

A most touching scene was enacted in the big room at Capt. Reilly's station-house this morning.

On two chairs lay the little frame of Joey Beane, an eight-year-old colored boy who lived in West Thirty-fifth street. He was bolstered up by the coats of half a dozen tender-hearted policemen, and the owners of the coats stood about the improvised bed in their shirt-sleeves, their faces full of pity, and their voices subdued and tender.

It is the story of a boy who had been run over by a butcher's wagon. The dusky little boy was gambolling in Thirtieth street when the butcher's wagon dashed around the corner of Seventh avenue. A far, splintered wheel butted the boy, and he was hurled into the air. He was not killed outright, however, for he lay on his back, his arms and legs stretched out, and he was taken to the station-house. There the amateur surgeons of the patrol force concluded immediately that both legs were broken and the lad had suffered internal injuries besides.

Joey cried lustily and the sleek bluecoats bent their tiny coverings to make a bed. Handsome Sergt. Sheldon's tender heart was stirred and he sent out a hurly call for an ambulance, and a policeman to ferret out the tender-hearted boy and bring him to answer for his crime.

Big, bluff Sergt. Smithberger came out of his room with a lathering-pot in one hand and a razor in the other, and compassed his way through the white foam that bearded his face.

A colored woman who came in and recognized Joey ran to tell his mother that she might have the comfort of seeing him alive once more.

Three ambulances from many hospitals drew up at the station, New York leading. A young doctor, a bright-eyed, clean-shaven, middle-aged little fellow, exactly as if he supposed that there was a capacity for suffering in the little frame.

With a keen-bladed lance the surgeon fitted the boy's shoes and trousers, and the little fellow, cut the shins from off his feet and found—after a careful and painstaking examination—that he had probably broken his femur in a place where the bone is soft and spongy, and that the ends of the bone were so close together that they would not separate.

Of course, everybody said that he thought that the boy was more scared than hurt all right. The doctor started coppers put on their coats; the surgeon looked disgusted as he got into the ambulance again; Sergt. Smithberger resumed his lathering and Sergt. Sheldon looked on with a stern expression.

Joey Beane started to walk home, with his mangled trousers pinned together and his hands, feet and stockings in his hands, but his mother and another colored person entered the station—the latter person bringing news of the identity of the butcher's boy who had murdered the little chap.

IT WAS NO LOAD FOR OLD TOM.

They Have an Easy Way of Moving Buildings in Central Park.