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5 O'CLOCK EXTRA
STILL MYSTERIOUS.

More Light Needed on Broker Hatch's Death.

Scotfield and His Wife Quarrelled on the Fatal Night.

The Story of the Woman's Adventurous Career Induces Coroner Levy to Make a Close Investigation—The Husband Does Not Want to See Her Again, but May Not Want for Divorce, as He Hates Unnecessary Fuss—Her Financial Transactions.

The story of the sudden and mysterious death of Broker Nathaniel W. T. Hatch continues to be the sensation of the city to-day. No case for many years has excited such widespread interest.

The house 64 West Twentieth street, where the body lay for hours, unnoticed, was surrounded from early this morning by a crowd that kept three of Capt. Reilly's policemen constantly busy. Curious people got on the elevated railroad platform close by in the hope of getting a glimpse of the yard, the stone pavement of which is still red with the blood of Mrs. Scotfield's unfortunate companion.

The house was vacant. The painters and paperhangers seem to have stopped work indefinitely. Mrs. Scotfield slept last night at the Hotel Royal, Fortieth street and Sixth avenue, as she could not bear to remain on the scene of the tragedy. Mr. Scotfield did not return home after being paroled by the Coroner. He wandered off uptown and it is doubtful if he got any sleep at all.

An EVENING WORLD reporter found him at the entrance of Parker's Hotel at 9 o'clock. He looked pale and haggard, and a stubbly beard had risen on his face.

Mr. Scotfield seemed to be too despondent to refuse to talk.

"Do you know where your wife is?" asked the reporter.

"No. I have not seen her since noon yesterday. I don't want to see her."

"How do you regard your wife's association with Mr. Hatch?"

"I protested strongly against the man being in my wife's apartments in the middle of the night, but I did not quarrel about it. I was willing to go and leave him there, and I did so."

"Have you any intention of getting a divorce?"

"I can't tell you. I haven't made up my mind. I mean that I don't want any more fuss or notoriety than I can possibly help."

Mr. Scotfield then went downtown, saying he would be at his office in the Boreed Building the next day.

The police are still pursuing their investigation of the circumstances of Mr. Hatch's death.

Detective Hayes said this morning that he had testimony showing conclusively that Scotfield and his wife had an angry quarrel in the hallway of the house while Mr. Hatch was upstairs. Their voices were heard in passionate debate by a neighbor whose name the detective has.

There is also a strong suspicion on some people that Mr. Scotfield waited on the adjoining floor, but with the intention of shooting the intruder when he came out. His remark to Policeman McCormick that there was a man in his wife's room and that he would be coming to see her, may not be exactly the language of a man resigned to his fate.

Coroner Levy has had a report from Capt. Reilly the purport of which he will not disclose, but it has led him to order his deputy, Dr. Jenkins, to make an autopsy on the body this afternoon.

The Coroner's having the Scotfields kept under surveillance, and he will make a searching investigation.

"It is not at all clear to me that Mr. Hatch's death is accidental," said the Coroner. "I shall have to hold these people, and I shall have to begin the inquest to-morrow afternoon. In certain discrepancies in the statements of the witnesses, I shall have to hold the Scotfields for trial."

The body of the unfortunate broker lies at his late residence, 36 West Fifty-third street. The funeral is announced for 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon from the house.

Mrs. Lillian E. Scotfield's career appears to have been a dash and an adventure on the New York stock market, and it seems that Mr. Hatch was not the first wealthy and susceptible man of family with whom she had business relations.

Mrs. Sophronia Titchell, the advocate of woman's rights, told Coroner Levy to-day that she knew of Mrs. Scotfield in San Francisco ten years ago. Mrs. Scotfield was then known as Mrs. Stowell. While there she got into trouble with a rich man who visited at her house.

Mr. Scotfield came to this country from England when she was a young girl. She took to the stage, and before her twentieth year owned a small theatre in San Francisco and starred in a burlesque entitled "Jack and Gill."

After that she travelled through the country with a stock company, and in 1879 turned up in New York with nearly \$80,000.

With this she speculated in stocks and some of her ventures were profitable. One of her ventures was the "Fusion Play," which she induced Salomé Morse to put upon the stage and starred in the Theatre de France, and for which she provided part of the money.

Known as "Mrs. Johnson," she was the partner of George D. Bates of the Postal Telegraph Company; Albert J. East, the costumer, and Dr. C. Ferris, whom Mrs. Scotfield consulted in her law, also contributed to the expense of the "Fusion Play" and they bore the greater portion of the loss.

It is said that Mr. Ferris is not related to Mrs. Scotfield. He has, however, been acquainted with her for many years, both in New York and the West.

At one point in her career out West Mrs. Scotfield appeared as the wife of a steamship captain whose vessel ran out of San Francisco. The captain died and the man was

THE EVENING WORLD
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 requires an Extension Ladder of Renown.
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INFANT CHILDREN FOR SALE.

THE PRICE FROM \$5 TO \$20 EACH AT MRS. WINKLEMAN'S.

They All Have Respectable Parents, She Says, or She Would Not Have Them—Mrs. Winklemann Doesn't Consider That She Sells the Babies—An Unfortunate Youngster With a Very Bad Cold.

The widespread interest which has been awakened by THE EVENING WORLD'S disclosures of the sale and purchase of infants has caused general comment. A visit to the house of Mrs. Winklemann, 42 East Second street, revealed more interesting details. A tidy-looking German girl opened the door and, upon explaining his mission, the reporter was shown into the front parlor, where a little child, neatly dressed, was playing with her toys upon the floor.

The room itself was a model of neatness, notwithstanding that it was used as a bedroom, curtains of some dark material hiding the bedstead and a blue silk counterpane on the bed.

Mrs. Winklemann soon came in, a buxom German, whose neat appearance corresponded with the room. After a preliminary conversation, the reporter informed her that a male infant was desired to replace one just lost, and Mrs. Winklemann shortly after presented a babe for inspection.

"This little fellow is five weeks old," she explained, "and a strong, healthy child, though he is suffering with a fearful cold in his head just now and it makes him snuffle. Otherwise there is nothing the matter with him."

The poor infant was indeed suffering, as his swollen eyes and whooping cough proclaimed. His eyes were dark blue. He had brown hair and was not a particularly beautiful child owing to the almost total absence of chin.

"What about his parents, are they respectable?" inquired the reporter.

"I know the mother, she is an American girl, freezingly."

"Every child that comes into my possession I must have assured proof of its respectability. I make inquiries regarding them, and if they are not satisfactory I refuse to accept them."

"Have you any other children here?"

"I know of the mother, she is an American girl, and a girl about the same age. Would you like to see the other boy?"

"Yes, if it is not too much trouble," was the reply.

"It is no trouble at all, as it is a matter of business," said Mrs. Winklemann as she left the room, bearing the first infant with her. A few minutes later the two-weeks-old child was presented for inspection, a pretty infant, with light blue eyes and blonde hair, which, like the other one, was pronounced sound and healthy.

"Do you know the parents of this child?"

"Do you have many other children from front door people?"

"Well, not exactly poor people, but those of the middle class, and I also make it a point to be assured that the child leaves my hands to their education and welfare."

"The conversation with Mrs. Winklemann, as here recorded, is not given in her exact words, owing to her unfamiliarity with the English language."

BOSS O'BRIEN STILL ON TOP.

He Reorganizes the Eighth District to Suit His Friend Barney.

Boss John J. O'Brien, of the Eighth District machine, has again defied the aristocratic and high-minded members of the Republican party. John J. remains a solid man and true to Barney Rourke, whom he delights to call "My dear friend Barney."

The Republican County Committee may discipline Barney Rourke; the Republican newspapers may call Barney Rourke the keeper of a dive, a traitor and a boodle dispenser; Barney Rourke may work and vote just as he pleases on election day, but John J. O'Brien and Barney Rourke continued to throw their arms around each other's neck and whisper in each other's ear. "The G. O. P. be damned. I am with you and I will be with you for life. We have the police and the election inspectors, and what do we care? Hip, hip, and here comes Johnny Brodsky."

The Republican County Committee declared war against O'Brien, Rourke & Co. shortly after the election. Rourke openly supported Col. Fellows for 1st District Attorney and Alfred Stecker for Civil Justice against the Regular Republican nominees.

The County Committee, by an almost unanimous vote, declared that the district must be reorganized, and O'Brien's delegates were removed from the committee.

At the primary held to elect new machines O'Brien reorganized himself, and there was no opposition to the Boss's ticket. Last night O'Brien elected Barney Rourke a delegate to the Republican State Convention.

Ex-Assemblyman John E. Brodsky, one of O'Brien's lieutenants, said to an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day: "Yes, we have elected Barney Rourke a delegate to the Buffalo Convention. Barney is all right now. He acted a little independent at the last election on local candidates, but in State and national politics he was always loyal to the mark."

"We have the right to send anybody to a State Convention. Each district is the judge of its own affairs in selecting delegates, and the County Committee has no jurisdiction over the district conventions. If I say this, Barney Rourke is red hot for James G. Blaine for President."

The election of Barney Rourke as a delegate to the Republican State Convention has surprised such delegates as Robert Ray Hamilton, Lisenard Stewart, S. V. R. Cruger and Ernest H. Crosby. They may insist that the delegates from the First, Second and Eighth assembly districts should be seated together at the convention and a railing built around them.

AGAIN IN THE LEAD.

Littlewood Wins Back First Place at the Big Race.

Britisher Cartwright Gives It Up as a Bad Job.

SCORE AT 4 O'CLOCK.

Littlewood	303	2
Herty	286	4
Hughes	283	4
Guerrero	270	1
Golden	270	7
Noremanc	264	4
Dillon	245	5
Cartwright	229	0
Vint	224	1

There was another change of places in the Madison Square Garden race this morning. At midnight Hughes had lengthened the lead that he had gained while Littlewood was suffering with a rusty thigh-joint, to 7 1/2 miles, and Littlewood was in his cot again.

Even Dan Herty had caught the Englishman, and he, too, retired to rest.

Littlewood returned to the track at 1.30 A. M., refreshed and less stiff. He immediately resumed his easy flat-foot run, at a five-mile pace and proceeded to overhaul the Lepper, who at this time could not better his three-mile gait. Mile after mile was covered, and when Littlewood circled the track for the 100th time after his sleep, he overtook the Lepper and passed him in the sixth lap of his 240th mile.

It was at 3.27 in the morning. The garden was nearly empty of spectators, but the scattering of people who remained as lustily as their stony condition would permit.

When Herty returned to the track after two hours' sleep, he found that Littlewood had regained five miles of his lead, while he was so hoarse he might be deaf.

Cartwright, the Londoner, had dropped to seventh place. He said that he was "bloody bad" and was "going to drop the blooming race," which he did in fact do at 3.50 o'clock, announcing when he leaped down upon his cot that "no blooming thing on earth" could move him for a week.

Hughes had been off the track twenty-four minutes while his leg was going on, taking nourishment and having a rubbing down. After his 241st mile Hughes retired and Littlewood made a beautiful spurt at an eight-mile pace.

But Hughes's slouching form reappeared in five and a half minutes, and he dogged Littlewood for a whole hour. Then, at 5.10 o'clock, the Lepper again retired to his hut and underwent the manipulations of his trainer for thirty minutes, returning to find Littlewood running nicely to the music of the band, which had come in at 5.00 o'clock, and was just five miles ahead and running at a ten-minute clip, a gait which was too much for the Lepper and which stretched his lead by a mile in the next hour.

Sanctuary, the Brooklyn amateur, had been last man in the race for many hours. He went to bed at 3 o'clock this morning.

The relative positions of the other men were unchanged. The scores at 6 o'clock A. M. were as follows:

Name	1 1/2	3	4 1/2	6	7 1/2	9	10 1/2	12	13 1/2	15	16 1/2	18	19 1/2	21	22 1/2	24	25 1/2	27	28 1/2	30	31 1/2	33	34 1/2	36	37 1/2	39	40 1/2	42	43 1/2	45	46 1/2	48	49 1/2	51	52 1/2	54	55 1/2	57	58 1/2	60	61 1/2	63	64 1/2	66	67 1/2	69	70 1/2	72	73 1/2	75	76 1/2	78	79 1/2	81	82 1/2	84	85 1/2	87	88 1/2	90	91 1/2	93	94 1/2	96	97 1/2	99	100																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																										
Littlewood	256.0	261.4	266.8	272.2	277.6	283.0	288.4	293.8	299.2	304.6	310.0	315.4	320.8	326.2	331.6	337.0	342.4	347.8	353.2	358.6	364.0	369.4	374.8	380.2	385.6	391.0	396.4	401.8	407.2	412.6	418.0	423.4	428.8	434.2	439.6	445.0	450.4	455.8	461.2	466.6	472.0	477.4	482.8	488.2	493.6	499.0	504.4	509.8	515.2	520.6	526.0	531.4	536.8	542.2	547.6	553.0	558.4	563.8	569.2	574.6	580.0	585.4	590.8	596.2	601.6	607.0	612.4	617.8	623.2	628.6	634.0	639.4	644.8	650.2	655.6	661.0	666.4	671.8	677.2	682.6	688.0	693.4	698.8	704.2	709.6	715.0	720.4	725.8	731.2	736.6	742.0	747.4	752.8	758.2	763.6	769.0	774.4	779.8	785.2	790.6	796.0	801.4	806.8	812.2	817.6	823.0	828.4	833.8	839.2	844.6	850.0	855.4	860.8	866.2	871.6	877.0	882.4	887.8	893.2	898.6	904.0	909.4	914.8	920.2	925.6	931.0	936.4	941.8	947.2	952.6	958.0	963.4	968.8	974.2	979.6	985.0	990.4	995.8	1001.2	1006.6	1012.0	1017.4	1022.8	1028.2	1033.6	1039.0	1044.4	1049.8	1055.2	1060.6	1066.0	1071.4	1076.8	1082.2	1087.6	1093.0	1098.4	1103.8	1109.2	1114.6	1120.0	1125.4	1130.8	1136.2	1141.6	1147.0	1152.4	1157.8	1163.2	1168.6	1174.0	1179.4	1184.8	1190.2	1195.6	1201.0	1206.4	1211.8	1217.2	1222.6	1228.0	1233.4	1238.8	1244.2	1249.6	1255.0	1260.4	1265.8	1271.2	1276.6	1282.0	1287.4	1292.8	1298.2	1303.6	1309.0	1314.4	1319.8	1325.2	1330.6	1336.0	1341.4	1346.8	1352.2	1357.6	1363.0	1368.4	1373.8	1379.2	1384.6	1390.0	1395.4	1400.8	1406.2	1411.6	1417.0	1422.4	1427.8	1433.2	1438.6	1444.0	1449.4	1454.8	1460.2	1465.6	1471.0	1476.4	1481.8	1487.2	1492.6	1498.0	1503.4	1508.8	1514.2	1519.6	1525.0	1530.4	1535.8	1541.2	1546.6	1552.0	1557.4	1562.8	1568.2	1573.6	1579.0	1584.4	1589.8	1595.2	1600.6	1606.0	1611.4	1616.8	1622.2	1627.6	1633.0	1638.4	1643.8	1649.2	1654.6	1660.0	1665.4	1670.8	1676.2	1681.6	1687.0	1692.4	1697.8	1703.2	1708.6	1714.0	1719.4	1724.8	1730.2	1735.6	1741.0	1746.4	1751.8	1757.2	1762.6	1768.0	1773.4	1778.8	1784.2	1789.6	1795.0	1800.4	1805.8	1811.2	1816.6	1822.0	1827.4	1832.8	1838.2	1843.6	1849.0	1854.4	1859.8	1865.2	1870.6	1876.0	1881.4	1886.8	1892.2	1897.6	1903.0	1908.4	1913.8	1919.2	1924.6	1930.0	1935.4	1940.8	1946.2	1951.6	1957.0	1962.4	1967.8	1973.2	1978.6	1984.0	1989.4	1994.8	2000.2	2005.6	2011.0	2016.4	2021.8	2027.2	2032.6	2038.0	2043.4	2048.8	2054.2	2059.6	2065.0	2070.4	2075.8	2081.2	2086.6	2092.0	2097.4	2102.8	2108.2	2113.6	2119.0	2124.4	2129.8	2135.2	2140.6	2146.0	2151.4	2156.8	2162.2	2167.6	2173.0	2178.4	2183.8	2189.2	2194.6	2200.0	2205.4	2210.8	2216.2	2221.6	2227.0	2232.4	2237.8	2243.2	2248.6	2254.0	2259.4	2264.8	2270.2	2275.6	2281.0	2286.4	2291.8	2297.2	2302.6	2308.0	2313.4	2318.8	2324.2	2329.6	2335.0	2340.4	2345.8	2351.2	2356.6	2362.0	2367.4	2372.8	2378.2	2383.6	2389.0	2394.4	2400.0	2405.4	2410.8	2416.2	2421.6	2427.0	2432.4	2437.8	2443.2	2448.6	2454.0	2459.4	2464.8	2470.2	2475.6	2481.0	2486.4	2491.8	2497.2	2502.6	2508.0	2513.4	2518.8	2524.2	2529.6	2535.0	2540.4	2545.8	2551.2	2556.6	2562.0	2567.4	2572.8	2578.2	2583.6	2589.0	2594.4	2600.0	2605.4	2610.8	2616.2	2621.6	2627.0	2632.4	2637.8	2643.2	2648.6	2654.0	2659.4	2664.8	2670.2	2675.6	2681.0	2686.4	2691.8	2697.2	2702.6	2708.0	2713.4	2718.8	2724.2	2729.6	2735.0	2740.4	2745.8	2751.2	2756.6	2762.0	2767.4	2772.8	2778.2	2783.6	2789.0	2794.4	2800.0	2805.4	2810.8	2816.2	2821.6	2827.0	2832.4	2837.8	2843.2	2848.6	2854.0	2859.4	2864.8	2870.2	2875.6	2881.0	2886.4	2891.8	2897.2	2902.6	2908.0	2913.4	2918.8	2924.2	2929.6	2935.0	2940.4	2945.8	2951.2	2956.6	2962.0	2967.4	2972.8	2978.2	2983.6	2989.0	2994.4	3000.0

TWELVE MEN TO TRY KERR.

The Prosecution Challenged the Foreman, and Then There Were Only Eleven.

For the first time the jury box in the Court of Oyer and Terminer was filled this morning with twelve men who were deemed qualified to try Thomas B. Kerr. The prosecution at once began peremptory challenges. At recess the jury stood as follows:

1. MAURICE D. EGGER, painter, 43 John street, foreman.
2. JOHN MEAGHER, real estate, 240 East Thirtieth street.
3. WM. A. WILSON, hardware, 450 East Fifteenth street.
4. GEORGE W. WITTE, secretary, 142 Second avenue.
5. GEO. M. HUNTINGTON, agent, 135 West Forty-fifth street.
6. JOHN T. WELCH, superintendent, 229 Henry street.
7. HENRY C. LEVY, real estate, 470 Second street.
8. EDWARD E. KERN, cigars, 430 East Fifty-ninth street.
9. JOHN T. FITZGERALD, carpenter, 86 Worth street.
10. GEO. P. HANCOCK, produce, 34 Little Twelfth street.
11. JOHN J. HANCOCK, secretary, 220 East Twenty-third street.
12. VACANT.

It required only four dips into the recesses of the jury rag-bag by Clerk Walsh, his assistant, to select the twelve men. John H. Haviland, real estate agent at 334 West Thirty-second street, Mr. Haviland naively admitted that he had an opinion adverse to the defendant, but he would not control him, and he took seat No. 12.

With forty peremptory challenges to be exercised and men in the box objectionable to both the prosecution and defense, this did not mean that the prosecution would be prosecuted promptly challenged Foreman Sidel, who had been patiently sitting in the box for exactly one week, and the weary Maurice D. Egger, a dealer in paints at 43 John street, was chosen to fill the foreman's seat after seventeen sick or opinionated talesmen had been called to the stand.

At midnight the jury retired to sleep of the box. Col. Fellows peremptorily challenged juror No. 2, John E. Hunter.

A man was found to fill this seat in the person of John Meagher, real estate agent, of 240 East Thirtieth street.

His acceptance was followed immediately by the challenge on the part of the people of Juror Haviland.

LET BY THE PEOPLE.

The Croby High-License Bill Does Not Become a Law.

ALBANY, May 9.—Gov. Hill has just sent to the Assembly a veto of the Croby High-License bill.

WHY THE PUBLIC APPLAUD.

A Few of the Things Which Have Caught the People's Fancy.

The week is but half spent and yet the record of beats for THE EVENING WORLD is large enough to comment on.

On Monday it was