

THE WORLD.

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The average circulation of the Evening Edition of THE WORLD for the months of March and April, 1888, was 103,714 Copies per Day.

THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEA.

The record of the five years' progress of THE WORLD under its present proprietor, as printed in the Anniversary number this morning, is a wonderful story. To the mind of the Editor it "marks the triumph of an idea"—the principle proclaimed by him five years ago, that "the greatest mission of the press consists not in mere news-gathering, but in rendering public service."

That THE WORLD has been true to this idea the record of its achievements proves. No such list of deeds actually accomplished in the public interest was ever before credited to a newspaper. And in giving to the people the honor of making this journal what it is—the leading newspaper of the world—the indispensableness of public favor is simply recognized.

TO MERIT A CONTINUANCE OF THIS MORAL SUPPORT BY BETTER SERVICE AND GREATER TRIUMPHS ON THE SAME LINE OF ENDEAVOR, SHALL BE OUR CONSTANT AMBITION.

A NOBLE TRIBUTE.

Col. INGERSOLL'S eulogy upon Roscoe Conkling was worthy of both these remarkable men and of the great occasion.

Higher praise could not be given. Less praise would fall short of the truth.

A more penetrating, just and brave analysis of a dead statesman's character and traits was never given. The oration is as felicitous in form as it is high in the quality of its thought. Col. INGERSOLL is one of the few orators who can be eloquent in epigrams. His eulogy sparkles with crystallized thoughts and glows with the fervor of an honest friendship.

The life was not a failure that deserved and evoked such a noble tribute.

TO EXTEND THE HOLIDAY.

No one that the legal half holiday on Saturday is saved, the next thing to do is to extend its operations and make it real as well as legal.

As one means to this end the people, and especially the ladies, should be urged not to go shopping on Saturday afternoon. It is just as easy to omit purchases at this time as it is on Sunday, when once the habit is formed. The stores will not generally close so long as the wives and daughters of working people throng them on Saturday afternoons.

To the suggestion of a boycott on the places that keep open, too emphatic a negative cannot be given. No good cause can be advanced by this weapon. Get public sentiment and the popular custom right, and all unnecessary work will cease on Saturday afternoon.

"THIRD-HOUSE" LEGISLATION.

It is the lobby that is now legislating at Albany.

Our correspondent's account of the shameless and unrepented activity of the bootleggers at the Capitol makes one blush for the honor of the Empire State.

This saturnalia of corruption was invited when the Assembly made a farce of the Phelps investigation and the Senate refused to sustain THE WORLD'S war upon the lobby while this session lasts.

The people of the State of New York must expect to be robbed, swindled and misgoverned until they take greater pains in the selection of their legislative servants.

Another notorious criminal goes free through the breakdown of the prosecution and "Dutch Harmon" is at liberty to resume his vocation as a thief and burglar. It is now in order for the apologetes for the District-Attorney to blame Judge Cowing again.

GEO. NEWTON is "greatly astonished" at the revelations made in THE WORLD as to the record of Inspector LAVELLE. It isn't the first time that THE WORLD'S electric light has illuminated dark corners in public works.

Again the police come to the front as life-savers. Sergt. O'BRIEN earns the medal this time by his daring rescue of a woman from a burning tenement this morning.

If LITTLEWOOD can "stoke up" enough to beat the record, and stand the pressure to the end, he can win glory as well as a good pot of money.

Again Friday proves not to be an unlucky day. To-morrow will see the last of the State Legislature.

Volunteer Wins as Usual.

A match game of tennis was played last night on Lenhart's alleys. One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, between the Volunteer and Prominent bowling clubs. Each club had a victory to its credit. The Volunteer won by this score:

Table with 3 columns: Player Name, Score, and Total. Includes names like Volin, Bickel, and others.

Twenty-eight points in favor of Volunteer.

Brakeman Marvin Instantly Killed.

SPECIAL TO THE WORLD. DANBURY, Conn., May 10.—Andrew Marvin, aged thirty, a brakeman on a night freight on the Danbury and New York Railroad, was run over and instantly killed at Whiston Point last night. He leaves a wife and two small children.

SPRING GARDEN PRODUCTS.

Cauliflower, 50 cents a bush. Parsnips, 10 to 25 cents. Cucumbers, 10 cents each. Tomatoes, 50 cents a quart. Layer peas, 50 cents a quart. New beets, 10 cents a dozen. Radishes, three cents a bunch. Green peas, 50 cents a half peck. Lettuce, three heads for 10 cents. Florida grape fruit, 10 cents a dozen. Soft-shell crabs, 50 cents to \$1 a dozen. Strawberries, 25 to 40 cents a quart. Blood oranges, 40 to 60 cents; Jamaica, 30 to 75 cents a dozen. Florida scaros.

STUDIOUS BROOKLYNITES.

C. C. Adams pores over political volumes. Dr. Cuyler alternates on biographical and travel. Edward P. Thwing, though an M. D. and D. D., finds time to read a great deal.

Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan notes on fine art subjects and profits well by them.

Joseph M. Pray is a great reader, but does not confine himself to any special line.

Capt. Hooker, retired naval officer, is passionately fond of genealogical literature.

W. E. Colton reads and re-reads any work pertaining to the manufacture of violins.

William Judge, as editor of The Theosophical magazine, reads everything pertaining to his belief.

Chester P. Dewey, of the American Agriculturist, would hardly be expected to devote much time to fiction, but he does, and enjoys it, too.

GEO. E. VAN NOTSTRAND, of the Post-Office, evidently aims high, as he is always reading some book on political economy or the science of government.

W. A. Barwell, although as Librarian of the Brooklyn Library he has very little time for reading, knows about all the books published and manages to get a good idea of their contents.

Miss Alice L. Green, of Grammer School No. 15, is one of the most studious of the class which will graduate next month. When she cannot answer a question the whole class is surprised.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN.

Thomas J. Conroy enjoys the warm weather. He says it brings trade.

Kershaw Crother has supplied daily papers since the papers were first established.

Officer Albert Westcott, the handsome man of the Oak street station, is twisted by an attack of rheumatism.

Clark Baker, known as the "Funny Man of Fulton Market," is the owner of a handsome Manchester rafter.

John H. Russell, the Fulton street newdealer, has branched out as an inventor. Fountain pens are on his brain.

City Marshal Levy is a dapper-looking little man who is often seen parading Broadway dressed in a natty suit of dark blue.

What Ed Thorne, the foreman of the New York News Company doesn't know about handling daily papers isn't worth knowing.

Charlie Follett is a big man in a medical publishing house uptown. He has ample opportunity to illustrate his ability as a lightning calculator.

James Wilson is happy over the recovery of his \$250 diamond-studded gold watch, which was borrowed by a thief and returned to him by Inspector Byrne.

Bruno Bocks is the owner of a sewing sandy beard. Civil Justice Norton calls him a "big" tripper. Bruno speaks many languages, including Chinese and Fijl.

"Screecher" Titus, center-field of the Washington baseball nine, is positive that his team will win the Amateur League championship. It will if "Screecher's" melodious voice is in as good form as it was last year.

WORLDINGS.

The popular styles of shoes worn by the Chicago girls are said to be fives and sevens.

One of the biggest fish ever seen in Florida was a tarpon caught at Punta Gorda not long ago. It measured nine feet three inches in length and weighed 383 pounds.

A well-read man of fair ability is said to use from 4,000 to 7,000 words, and to be able to define and understand from 25,000 to 30,000. Shakespeare's vocabulary contained about 15,000 words.

One of the most popular ladies in the social life of Washington is Mrs. Georgia Harmony, the wife of Commodore Harmony. Her father is the heroic Capt. John McDowall, who commanded the steamer Star of the West when fired at by the Confederate batteries in the harbor of Charleston in 1861. She was married to Lieut. Harmony in 1869.

A Chicago insurance agent says that several of the large dry-goods houses of that city have each a special employee who does nothing but attend to their insurance. And it keeps him busy, too, for the average line of insurance carried by one company on any one risk is \$5,000, while many of the dry-goods firms have an insurance of \$1,000,000 or over.

Essaki E. Smith, who has been appointed Minister to Liberia by President Cleveland, is a person of influence and importance among the negroes of North Carolina. He is thirty-six years old, was born a slave and has an excellent education, which was obtained in spite of many difficulties. He has received the degree of Master of Arts from Shaw University.

Eva Wentz, a little Baltimore girl, whose birthday falls on the same day of the year as that of Bismarck, wrote him a letter of congratulation on the day that he was born. She has received an autograph reply, in which the great Chancellor says: "For your friendly congratulation on the occasion of my birthday I return my sincere thanks, Von Bismarck."

Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who is considered the richest banker in the United States is a man of extraordinary modesty, and is rarely seen in public places. He is a man of medium size, with dark eyes that are brilliant when he speaks. During banking hours he works as hard as any of his clerks, and many of his employees are better dressed than he is.

From Morning Trains and Bents.

At the Albany: H. S. Van Santford, of Albany.

At the Astor House: Fred J. Myers, of Covington, Ky., and D. B. Martin, of New Haven.

Breakfasted at the Brunswick this morning: Arthur M. Perkins and J. O. Dupuis, of Montreal.

The St. James's room record shows the names of A. Allen, of Ohio, and Wm. Stittson, of St. Paul.

Fifth Avenue frequenters include C. H. Call, of Atlantic, Mich., and James G. Forsyth, of Buffalo.

C. C. Corbin, Bank President, of Webster, Mass., and J. E. French, who is claimed by Clevelaod, are at the Windsor to-day.

I. H. Brazier, of Detroit, and F. U. Rutledge, of Pittsburgh, had the dust of travel brushed off at the Sturtevant House this morning.

The catching of the Hoffman House was pulled this morning by A. C. Tyler, of Washington, and C. A. Campbell, of Boston.

James Barton and wife, of Superior, Wis., and Lieut. Thomas L. Casey, United States Engineer, from Newport, are at the Grand Hotel.

Putting up at the Hotel Dam are D. W. Getchell, of Newburyport; S. E. Cole, of Allentown, and Ed. Heise and J. M. Hackets, of Philadelphia.

Registered at the Union Square Hotel are J. A. Driscoll, of Everett, Mass.; A. B. Woods, of Boston; M. A. Farness, of Chicago, and E. W. Thompson, of Boston.

E. F. Dodge, of St. Paul, and Dr. Geo. Ben Johnson, of Richmond, Va., will try the attractions of the metropolis for the next few days. They are at the Gluey.

Stopping at the Morton House are W. H. Peck, of New York; R. E. Adams, of Baltimore; A. N. Belden, of Boston; H. J. Bunker, of Hartford, and J. F. Simmons, of New Haven.

THE BABY'S RESCUE.

A Thrilling Experience.

By THOMAS LALLY,

Chief of Fifth Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

CONCLUDED.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE small man rushed up to him. "Oh, come mit me oop to mein room," he said, supplicatingly, to the Chief.

"Where is your room?"

"Ze fourth story. I must go to mein room," he answered excitedly.

"What have you got in your room?"

"My baby is in mein room and she will purn all oop. Come mit me there."

The Chief hurried to the entrance and went running up the stairs. The small man kept close to his heels. When they reached the floor the man showed the Chief his room and they rushed in.

"Where is the baby?"

"Oh, mein Gott! I do not know," replied the man.

The room was pretty full of smoke. The man ran over to a bureau and pulled out one of the drawers. People in fires do such strange things that it did not seem improbable that he was looking in the large bureau drawers for his baby. But the chief did not depend on him much for help. This was his room and the baby must be somewhere. It would not take very long to look about. The Chief made for the bed. The baby was not there.

A radical change takes place in Zion Church. Surprised men and boys come in and the quartet goes out. Eight men and eighteen boys are taken from the choir and six alto voices. Dr. L. Austin Pierce, the former organist and director, gives way to Mr. Alfred J. McGrath, who comes from St. Augustine's Church. Mr. James A. McEwen, and Mr. J. Dutton, bass, are retained from the former choir.

The ritualistic Church of St. Mary the Virgin, under Mr. George B. Prentiss, organist, keeps the same solo singers who have so long lent their services. They are Mrs. C. E. Robinson, soprano; Mrs. B. O'Donnell, contralto; Mr. E. J. Fletcher, tenor, and Mr. William Kitchell, bass. There is a chorus of thirty-seven, six of whom are ladies, and the others men and boys. Mr. G. G. Cleathen is tympanist. The organist of this church has been the seventeen years.

The Church of the Incarnation has many changes in the choir. Miss Augusta Lowell, organist, and Mr. A. D. Woodruff, choirmaster, remain. There are four quartets at this church, and the second will not have any changes. In the first Mrs. Gerrit Smith is soprano; Mrs. A. J. McGrath, contralto; Mr. A. D. Woodruff, tenor, and Mr. Douglas Alexander, bass. Mrs. McGrath comes from Zion Church, and replaces Miss Alma Dell Martin, who goes to Dr. Kittredge's Church. In the third quartet Miss Coughlin and Mrs. F. G. Cowtan replace her as soprano. In the fourth quartet Miss Denver Boyle, soprano, takes Miss Cowtan's place.

TIPS ON CITY POLITICS.

Barney Bourke, the owner of one distillery and several saloons, is a delegate to the Republican State Convention. He will vote a loud no against a high-license plank in the platform.

Tammany Hall will spend \$4,000 in entertaining the rural delegates to the Academy of Music Convention. The fire-water spring of the Wigwam will be kept flowing.

The Alderman has some pet names for Mayor Hewitt. They speak of him as a "crank," "a fine duck," "a Kaintuck nutting," "the fuzzy old man" and "our nightmare Mayor."

If there should be a union of the local Democracy this fall there promises to be a magic lantern show for a candidate for Mayor who will suit the bosses of the two organizations.

An ex-Congressman seized a whiskey bottle at the Hoffman House and filled his glass to the brim. "Give me a spoon to take the fat out," he said. "Put another drop in," replied the bartender, "and 'out' him out."

"Are you going to Aldermen Diver's picnic?"

"I'm going to go."

"How's that?"

"I'm going to run for the Assembly."

"Against Tim Sullivan?"

"Yes, and against his conscience."

Commissioner Richard Croker now wears a heavy but short beard. Ex-Mayor Wickham had not seen Mr. Croker since the latter stopped his barber bill.

Who is the gentleman who was talking to you, "dick Croker," replied Kearney.

"Great heavens! whatever the name of the man, by the way, would not refuse a lucrative office, and he hired a cab to overtake Croker to explain his non-recognition."

Attention, Workmen.

[From the N. Y. Sun, May 10.]

The Albany Argus comments on Gov. Hill's veto of the bill abolishing the Saturday half holiday, on the ground that the institution in question is beneficial to workmen. The Argus is apparently unaware that the law creating the holiday contains not one word respecting labor or laboring people. All that it provides for is that the public offices of the State shall be closed on Saturday, and that promissory notes due on Saturday shall not be payable or protestable until Monday. Whatever the merits of demerits of that half holiday, no workman, except possibly a few bank clerks and State and county scrivener, has any interest in it at all.

[The editor of the Sun does not know and does not care about the wishes and welfare of the toiling masses. The Sun did not send a petition to Gov. Hill against the repeal of the Saturday Half-Holiday law. The Express World did, and Gov. Hill vetoed the enactment which struck at the rights of the wage-workers. The Saturday Half-Holiday law is now enjoyed by the clerks and accountants and clerks employed in the large dry-goods stores. The Sun says: "No workman, except possibly a few bank clerks and State and county scrivener, has any interest in it at all." The Express World's petition against the repeal bill contained the names, occupations and residences of 52,000 wage-earners of this city.]

War Relics.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

Drove Recklessly and Made Faces. Inspector Nickeys and Sergeant John Harley, of the Central office, were nearly run down at the Bowery and Houston street this morning by a milk-wagon driven by James Courtney, of 302 Madison street. When the Inspector, who was in plain clothes, remonstrated, Courtney made faces at him. Sergeant Harley thereupon surprised Courtney by locking him up.

Wallack's Company in Brooklyn. The last appearance on any stage of Wallack's Theatre Company takes place at Col. Sings Park Theatre in Brooklyn. To-night and to-morrow night "The Stoops to Conquer" will be given. On Saturday afternoon and evening "School for Scandal" will be played.

CHOIRS OF SWEET VOICES.

At the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church the quartet has been dispensed with and the choir will not be engaged until Dr. Robinson's successor is chosen. Mr. C. L. Harrington will continue to preside at the organ.

Dr. Newton's Church of All Souls will engage new singers in the fall. Mr. John N. Noonan will continue to be the organist and Mr. Magrains Cox choir director and baritone soloist. Tertiary voices make up the chorus.

The Church of the Heavenly Rest will have the following choir: Edward Auld, soprano; Robert P. Moore, alto, H. M. Mason, tenor, M. Edwards, baritone, and W. P. Cameron, bass. The organist is Mr. L. R. Van Vleet.

At St. Leo's Catholic Church Mr. Humphreys, the tenor, retires. His successor has not yet been appointed. Madame Baiotti, soprano, and Mr. Emie Colette, baritone, have been re-engaged, and Miss O'Connor will probably play the contralto of the next year. The organist at St. Leo's is Mr. William E. Mulligan.

St. Ignatius's Church, ritualistic, retains its old choir. Mr. J. Remington Fairbank is organist. The quartet is composed of Mrs. Remington Fairbank, soprano; Miss M. E. Kellogg, contralto; Mr. W. E. Fitch, tenor, and Mr. C. C. Vickers, bass. The chorus consists of twenty-eight men and boys and ten ladies.

No change has been made this year in the Catholic Cathedral. Mr. William F. Peener is the organist. The soloists are Miss Elm Street, soprano; Miss Marie Groebel, contralto; Mr. Charles Kaiser, tenor; Mr. Charles Steinbach, bass. The chorus numbers fifty, and there is a chance of fifty, under Father A. Lammel, organist and director.

In Holy Trinity Chapel, Harlem, the singing has greatly improved under the leadership of Mrs. E. M. Wells. The solo quartet is composed of Miss Lou Anders, soprano; Mrs. Kate Martin, alto; William Whitaker, tenor, and C. F. Berry, bass. The quartet is supported by a choir of twenty. The organists are Mrs. M. E. Wells, choir, and Mr. J. McGinnis, assistant.

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A GLIMPSE OF THE KITCHEN.

There are bouquets of grasses at either end of the mantelpiece; shell-work, under a glass case, and a group of family photographs hang on the wall above. The marble-top table has two photo albums, some of which are open, and a tray of silver, a glass, a pretty table-scarf of cheese-cloth, worked with bright-colored wools and narrow ribbons, and a fancy tumbler with a fresh flower in it. Two doors are standing wide open and the lamplight shines into neat and comfortable bedrooms as any one need wish for. They are fitted up, one with a smoothly fitting gown of dark wool stuff, and the other with the same article in black walnut wood. The beds are snowy-white and carefully made up, with pillows set primly erect behind ruffled "shams," which are crisp from the iron of the fluter.

The girl who has welcomed you is so pleasant to look at that once your eyes rest upon her you stop gazing about the room and give her your whole attention. She is tall, dark and slight, with a little stoop in her shoulders, which must be the result of bending over a loom so many hours out of the twenty-four. She is dressed in a smoothly fitting gown of dark wool stuff. It has a collar and cuffs of brown velvet. Her dark hair is tidy and becomingly arranged, and she wears a big white apron, which gives her an attractively domestic air. Although this girl doesn't look older than nineteen, she is a member of several labor organizations, and is well posted on all topics pertaining to the large and growing element of which these are existing in it all.

"I was very young when I first went into this thing. And I was actuated solely by a desire to increase my wages. Working people always are crisis from the iron of the fluter. Of course, some of them never learn better. And so long as their selfishness does no harm to others it isn't altogether bad for them, for it is a form of ambition which often helps them to rise. But they are not at all far-seeing. They don't seem able to look beyond this week's wages, and a good many of them wouldn't forego a dollar to-day to secure some of them for themselves and their trade in the future."

"What is it that working people really want?"

"In my opinion, education. That is the only thing which can uplift them and lastingly improve their condition. They cannot get this in a day—it must be a slow process—but every step in this direction is something gained, and I am sure it is the only way to reach the good things we are all striving for. I'll tell you what is one great mistake of workingwomen. They don't do their own thinking; they let others think for them. This is not for lack of intelligence. They have plenty of that, but they won't take the trouble to know things for themselves, and just accept what's told them without verification. Of course, there are many exceptions. I am only speaking of the great mass of women workers."

"Have you ever heard of the Working Girl's Society?"

"I have, and I'm glad to hear of it. It's a very pleasant and profitable."

"Then this girl told her she had entered a dressmaking class there."

"Are you going to give up factory work?"

"Oh, no. I am only learning to make my own dresses. You see our society aims to teach us womanly arts to make us good citizens," she said, with a little smile and blush. "We learn a variety of useful things; and then there are classes for lan-

A WORKING GIRL AT HOME.

DAINTY IDEAS PUT IN OPERATION IN A TENEMENT.

Consent of Which the Wealthy Can Have No More—Cleanliness and a Knowledge of What is Wanted to Make Life Happy the Spring from Whence It Comes—A Young Girl's Talk on Organizations.

Glimpse of the home surroundings of one factory girl who works for her daily bread in this big, toiling town would be an astonishingly pleasant revelation to that half the world which doesn't know how the other half lives, and whose idea of labor is inseparable from associations of "poverty, hunger and dirt."

The young girl in question has been employed in a factory since her childhood. Her mother worked there before her and still piles her trade in the same place with her daughter. The street where they live is in a somewhat remote quarter. It would never be selected for a promenade—there are too many babies on the block, and on the pavement; but the neighborhood is convenient by reason of its nearness to the factory. You have to take "Excelsior" for your motto (and take a long breath, too) before you begin to climb the stairs which lead to this girl's home. But when you have scaled the height, knocked and been welcomed into the pretty, cozy apartment, you feel quite compensated for the effort.

As you cross a little "entryway" you spy a small, neat kitchen, with a shiny cook-stove that brightens an advertisement for stove polish. There is a long shelf over the stove, holding cooking utensils, and along the edge of it project a row of brass hooks, on which hang a "spick and span" porringer and a frying-pan. The cloth on the floor is fresh as paint, and the kitchen table, on which stands a pretty glass lamp, is as immaculate as soap and sand can make it.

The sitting-room in which you are ushered, is roomy, well aired and attractive. Somehow it puts you in mind of the "best room" in some dear old country farmhouse. There is a bright carpet on the floor. A horsehair sofa, looking shiny and new, yields at a touch and makes you so comfortable that you immediately forget how black it is. The chairs appear more inviting, and many a little table is perched here and there on their stiff backs.

A Spirit-Scene.

[From Texas Slifflings.]

"Ole misters done say young massa a Spirit-uualist. I 'spec from de looks of dis room he under de control ob mighty bad spirits las' night."

A MORAL FORCE.

From the morning's World.

Our profound thanks are due to-day to the people of this Republic, who have made THE WORLD what it is.

The observance of the Fifth Anniversary of THE WORLD under its present proprietor marks the triumph of an idea.

This idea, as proclaimed five years ago, is that the greatest mission of the press consists not in mere news-gathering but in rendering public service.

The opportunity existed here to build up a great newspaper devoted to the public welfare—independent, fearless, trenchant, truthful in exposing and assailing the growing evil of corruption, shame and crime in this day that should become as much a public educator as the common schools and as clearly an agency of justice as the Courts.

The unparalleled success of THE WORLD is the indication and the triumph of this idea. This is the open secret of the marvelous advancement recorded in other columns to-day. The People, not the editor, have made THE WORLD what it is. It is their work. The People, not the editor, have brought about the "Revolution in Journalism" of which we often hear. It is their work, their power, their force that have proved that it is not news alone, nor "enterprise," nor writing ability, that makes a towering success in this field. The people recognize an earnest desire to serve them. In their hearts they know that all that tend to the correction of abuses, the righting of wrongs and the reform of society and government. And it is the crowning of this various-splendored moral force that has made THE WORLD what it is. No critic of this journal can be more conscious of its responsibilities and of its imperfections than is its editor. THE WORLD cannot be made perfect in five years. But because the idea is yet un-reached we are more firmly resolved to persist in perfecting the journal which, already the leading newspaper of America and of the English-speaking world, has still greater helms to conquer.

THE WORLD extends to the people its grateful acknowledgment of their appreciation and choice. It thanks public rogues for their civility. Incidentally it thanks the one or two of its contemporaries whose persistent fatuity is still contributing to its permanent success.