

THE WORLD.

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Circulation Books Always Open.

"WORLD" GROWTH

STRIKINGLY SHOWN.

The Average Number of "WORLDS" Printed Daily and also the Average Number of Advertisements Published Daily during the First Six Months of the Years 1884 and 1888 were as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Year (1884, 1888) and Average Number Advertisements Daily (532, 1,816). Also includes Average Daily Circulation (56,749, 288,267).

LABOR AND THE CONSPIRACY LAWS.

The meeting of delegates of the Labor organizations of the State at Troy to-day is for the purpose of considering the best course the Labor men can take in the approaching election to promote the amendment of the Conspiracy laws.

At the extra session of the Legislature Gov. HILL recommended as one of the subjects for legislation the modification of the Conspiracy laws to remedy the wrongs complained of.

The Central Labor Union has already decided against any political action on the part of the organization for or against either party in the election, and in favor of supporting only such members of Assembly as are ready to pledge themselves to advocate and vote for the desired change in the Conspiracy laws.

HOW TO DO IT.

Corporation Counsel BREKMAN has come to the conclusion that the Legislature must act before we can have any thorough reform in our jury system.

Well, we will offer one to Mr. BREKMAN. He knows very well that a good law can be made bad by its dishonest and corrupt administration, and that a bad law can be greatly improved by being honestly administered.

Our "suggestion" is, therefore, for the Corporation Counsel to reply to the Mayor's request for information by telling him that the jury laws need revision; that the present laws, however, if honestly administered can be made effective in securing good juries, especially by enforcing fines imposed on delinquent jurymen; that new legislation will take time, while the abuses of the present office need immediate suppression, and that it is the duty of the Mayor in the interest of the people to remove CHARLES REILLY forthwith and to certify his removal to the Governor for approval.

ABUSE OF IMMIGRANTS.

The outrageous treatment of immigrants by the railroad pool in Castle Garden has long been notorious, and has been suffered to continue until it has grown bold enough to defy the law. The pool seizes on immigrants arriving at this port, charges them a "combination" rate of fare; plunders them shamefully in extra baggage weight; subjects them to abuse and imposition by the sharks who handle their baggage; compels them to travel by whatever route the manager of the pool may dictate, often sending parents by one line and their children by another, and transports them in filthy, inconvenient cars at a rate of speed as slow as a heavy freight train, to which the cars are often attached.

Yesterday, however, the pool exceeded its previous outrages on the rights of immigrants. The steamship Hecla arrived at an early hour in the morning. The passengers were provided with through tickets to points West over the Ontario and

Western route, which is outside the pool. The employees of the pool boarded the boat, obtained the orders of the passengers on false representations, and then carried them to Castle Garden to be exchanged for tickets on some of the pool railroads. In this sharp practice they were backed by Immigration Commissioner STRANDBLOND.

Thousands of naturalized citizens here have friends and relatives among the immigrants, and are interested in their proper protection. Of what value are International Commerce Commissioners and Railroad Commissioners if the abuses and dishonest practices of the Castle Garden railroad pool are suffered to exist without interference?

A BILLY ROMANCE.

A young Hungarian named ORSA BAROTY killed himself in Chicago last Friday. It now appears that the suicide was an affair of honor and that the deceased really lost his life in a duel.

Among the absurd romances about America indulged in by the Europeans is the story that the popular method of fighting a duel here is for the adversaries to draw from a box containing two balls, one black and the other white. Whoever gets the black ball is compelled in honor to take his own life within a stated period, choosing his own method of death. Of course no such practice prevails or is it known in America. But it was the plan agreed on by BAROTY and a fellow-countryman with whom he quarrelled three years ago. BAROTY drew the black ball, and the agreement was that he should take his own life on the third anniversary of the day of the drawing. The loser came to the United States. Last Friday was the appointed day of death, and the young Hungarian kept his honor and took his life.

This is very romantic, but very silly. If BAROTY had only reflected that suicide is a crime under our laws and that any agreement to commit a crime is null and void, he might have had a fair excuse for living. Or if he had taken a wife and had a couple of children, as he might have had, since the "duel" was fought, he might have thought it better to put "honor" in his pocket and continue on this earth. As it is, his old adversary, if alive, will probably laugh at him, and think that if he had drawn the black ball he should not have made such a nuisance of himself.

The little Judge with the large head and the big voice has a keen appreciation of wit. When he told NELLIE DAVIS, a laundress, who had been recruiting after a hard wash, that he had a grudge against laundresses because they tore the buttons off his shirt and he had no wife to sew them on, NELLIE'S quick retort, "Then why don't you get a wife, Judge?" saved her a month on the island. But as she went off, delighted, the burly court officer was deeply touched, for he noticed that as the Judge buried his head in a huge law volume his lip quivered and something very like a tear glistened on a page of the book.

OWNEY BAUM is the successor of DANNY DAZZLE as leader of the Whyos. He is in trouble for robbing and feloniously assaulting a grocer named HERMAN BAUMS and this time BAUMS is likely to be caged for ten years. This is gratifying. But in the name of Polloe and Justice why does the Whyo gang exist?

WORLDLINGS.

Chief Justice Fuller has the reputation of being a brilliant whist-player. During the hard times of the Confederacy, in 1864, Southern people had to pay \$300 for the material alone of a coat and vest of homespun. A dress that would ordinarily cost \$10 could not be bought at that time for less than \$300.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Storey, widow of the great Chicago editor, is said by a satirical correspondent to be worth \$10,000, although one-fourth of that amount would probably represent her fortune. She is not yet past middle life, is a lady of distinguished presence, and dresses in excellent taste.

Willard Brown, an aged resident of Chicago, paid Postmaster Riley, of Cincinnati, a visit the other day and told him how he used to carry the mail from Cincinnati to Piqua, O., on horseback in 1844. He received \$4 a month for his services. There were only three employees of the Cincinnati Post-Office in those days.

George F. Jones, the chief telegraph operator of the Postal Company in the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, is a great-grandson of John Hancock, of Declaration of Independence fame. He was born on Independence Day, 1826, and served in the war as a drummer boy in the North Carolina Mountain Guards.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

Did Ever Newspaper Before Receive Such a Tribute?—Scissors May See the Original. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am getting well in years now, but I have never read or heard of a paper like THE EVENING WORLD. The good that it is doing is wonderful. It secures justice to all—rich and poor, high and low, great and small, white and black. My belief is that it is an honest paper to the people and for the people. It has been doing good ever since its existence was started, and is still doing its good work. May it ever live, and may everybody in this broad land read it—let them be Democrats or Republicans—for it has done and is doing what no other paper has done. Nothing is too great or small for its notice in doing good for mankind. It endeavors to rescue the perishing and help those who try to help themselves. Just now it is doing something that will prove a success in its interest for the wage-workers. It is climbing higher and higher in the minds and hearts of the people. I refer particularly to the column headed "Seeking a Job." I am one among the thousands that have experienced this seeking a job in my past days. I know that the experience of your seeker for employment and the good advice and many hints given as to how to approach an employer and secure work will prove very valuable to thousands of unfortunate men.

CAMP JONES.

New York, Sept. 14.

SEEKING A JOB.

An "Evening World" Man's Quest for Employment.

He Manages to Secure Two Situations.

Some Deductions From His Seven Days' Experience.

On the seventh day of THE EVENING WORLD reporter's quest for a situation he resolved to be on hand among the first and rose at day-break.

While getting his breakfast he looked over the want columns in THE WORLD and selected a batch which seemed to be more promising than any of his previous lists, and he started out with more confidence and enthusiasm than ever.

As it was to be his final trip he determined to do his best to get a place, and the outlook was certainly not discouraging.

The first want on his list was the following: GROCERY CLERK—Pushing man, honest and good natured. Wanted for a position in a grocery store named the store had just been opened, and there was but one other applicant on hand, and he was talking to the proprietor.

A moment after he went out with an expression of disappointment on his face, and it was the reporter's turn.

"How long have you been in the grocery business?" was the first inquiry addressed to him.

He was obliged to acknowledge that his talents had heretofore been employed in another line of business, but said he thought he could fill the bill satisfactorily.

"But I want a man to take charge while I am away. What references have you?" Here again the applicant was compelled to admit that he had none, but promised to procure them.

"Well, I like your appearance, young man, and before I decide I would like to see you again. I won't make my final decision until I have seen more applicants. Supporting you get those references and come in again tomorrow."

"Hello! here's another one, I guess," he exclaimed as a seedy individual stopped and looked in the door with an uncertain, inquiring air, and the reporter made his way out, encouraged at last by his first attempt.

His next visit was made in answer to this advertisement: BOOKKEEPER WANTED for a few hours daily.

There was no one around when the reporter arrived, and the store was locked. He waited half an hour before it was opened, and by that time the fellow applicant had made their appearance, and his chances began to seem less rosy.

Shortly after the door was opened a gentleman, who said he was the person who had advertised for the bookkeeper, met his appearance and the ten were ushered upstairs into a medium-sized office.

Each one was told to write at dictation a paragraph for the morning paper as a specimen of his handwriting and was asked a few questions. It did not take over twenty minutes to examine six of the applicants, when the proprietor said:

"I have made my choice and it is no use for the rest of you to remain. I have selected this young man for the place," he said, indicating THE EVENING WORLD reporter, who was too much surprised at first to know what to say.

A hurried private explanation, however, with the proprietor followed, and the others, who were the writer's competitors, were summoned back, much to their astonishment, while the reporter, elated by his success, went on to try again.

It was getting on in the morning now, and all the places of business were open when the reporter took a car to answer the next on his list, which was:

WANTED—A man to take charge of a coal office; \$5 a week. You must get around earlier if you want a place like this. Why I had eight men around here before 7 o'clock this morning," he added, as the reporter turned to go.

The fourth place visited was in answer to the following want: A position of a reliable bookkeeper for a moderate position in reliable business house; salary moderate.

It was with little hope of getting so desirable a position that the reporter entered the store on the west side and asked for the head of the establishment.

He found him in his private office and was told to sit outside while he was engaged in examining some other applicants for the place. Four others kept him company.

"I don't think there's much chance for any of us, said one in a desponding tone, for I have been here nearly two hours, and I have had at least twenty-five others in here since that time. Some of them went away but I am going to stick it out."

When it came the reporter's turn he went in and was engaged in conversation by a pleasant spoken gentleman. He was asked about his knowledge of bookkeeping, business in general and asked to give some specimen of his hand writing, some references, yet I have had one or two very desirable applicants this morning," he said, "but I prefer you to any of them, and I think I will give you the place if you will furnish me with satisfactory references as to your character."

This was enough for the reporter, and after explaining the object of his visit asked to be excused.

As the result of his seven days' experiences in search of a situation, the reporter found that, although many things contributed to success in such a quest, some were so important as to be absolutely essential to secure any good position in a business house.

The first of these was clean linen. A person's clothes may be worn and threadbare, yet if his collar and cuffs are clean and white it gives him an air of neatness and respectability which at once makes a favorable impression.

General neatness and tidiness in appearance should be also attained, but not dandyism.

Another good point is to be as early as possible at the place, and be first among the applicants. It shows energy and initiative.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

A Mexican War Veteran Caught in a Bad Predicament.

An instance of heroism worthy of a better cause, and showing how much pain pride will compel a man to endure, was lately told to an EVENING WORLD reporter.

The details are recounted for by people who knew the interested parties.

"It happened in a little town in Pennsylvania some years ago," said the narrator, "and as the people connected with the story are dead, there can be no harm in relating the particulars, even if the participants should be remembered."

"There was a farmer living on the outskirts of the village whose parsimony was only equalled by his wealth. About three miles from his farm lived a veteran of the Mexican war, who was aiding a seamy living doing odd jobs for the farmers, who all liked him, and helped him along whenever they could."

"His wants, however, exceeded the supply, and in consequence he took to stealing produce, not from those who had befriended him, but from the parsimonious farmer."

"The latter soon began to notice that his stock of corn stored in his barn was decreasing rapidly, and a small square hole in the wall in the east end of the corn offered an easy solution to the cause of the disappearance."

"The farmer procured a large bear-trap, which he placed beside the hole, and retired to await the result. The next morning he arose early and went out to the barn, and the first sight that met his eye was the veteran standing with his arm thrust in the hole, his teeth chattering with the cold—for it was in the fall, and a look of quite anxious on his face. The bear-trap had caught his arm, and it was impossible, of course, to get his other hand through the hole to release himself, so there he had to wait for some time, enduring the pain of the spring trap and too proud to call for assistance."

"Pretending not to notice the man's predicament, the farmer said pleasantly: 'Yes, sir, was the faint reply.'

"You're up early, John, to be so far from home."

"No answer."

"No was just going in to breakfast, John, suppose you come and eat with me?"

"I can't sir, I'm—"

"Nonsense, man, you haven't had your breakfast yet. Come in the house, and the old farmer began to walk away, turning around every few steps to bid the veteran 'come along.'

After torturing him thus for awhile, the veteran finally begged to be released, saying that he had borne the pain of the trap and the cold for three hours, and upon his promising to keep honest in future, the old farmer released him, promising at the same time to keep silence upon the matter as long as the veteran would keep honest. Both promises were faithfully kept, and it was only after some time that the story leaked out."

A Free Show that Attracts Big Audiences in Broadway.

A Broadway toy-dealer offers an exhibition which has not been seen in New York before and for which no fee is collected.

The show is rigged up in his front window, and the crowds that stop to witness the performances attest the interest that is taken in them.

The dealer has imported several patented movable figures from France, and these are what amuse the audience each afternoon.

One of these figures represents a pig-pen. It is a standing girl, and a pig, who is dressed like a baker, has a grip on the pig's tail. When the figure is wound up the pig starts on a run for his hole, dragging the man after him. It is a very funny sight.

Another figure is a man riding on a poor old animal that could barely carry himself. A picture of a farmyard is shown. A young man is seated on the back of a jackass, while the poor fellow is driving the way. When this figure is wound up the jackass starts off on a tear and disappears in his stable. The figures are gotten up for advertising purposes, and sell for \$30 apiece.

Rather Pay for Shaves Than Be Pestered as Beards.

It is a common practice among saloon-keepers to keep a plate. Sometimes they have no difficulty in collecting the amounts due, and at other times it is a "hustle," in one of them put it.

There are barbers, too, who indulge in this pernicious practice, but as a general thing they do not collect the amounts due.

A Brooklyn barber didn't enjoy such good luck.

He trusted a number of his customers, principally the shaggy ones, until he was quite a good-sized amount due him.

He tried to collect the money, but couldn't. His debtors had all sorts of transparent excuses ready, and the venerable Teton, getting enraged at this seeming lack of principle, resolved to indulge in a little blackmail.

When they called at his shop again he told them that he was going to post a bulletin board in his window giving their names and the amount due.

He said he would give them until Sept. 1 to settle.

That was Aug. 18. Since then small amounts of money have been pouring in, and the German barber is correspondingly happy.

Governor's Island is a Pretty Playground, but the Soldiers Do Hard Work.

Governor's Island, on the lovely days of early autumn, is a standing argument for its being turned into a public park. What a relief it would be to the people to escape there for a few hours from the noise and rush of the lower end of the town.

The long stretches of green lawn, the bay glistening beyond the breezy walks, the young trees—all made a picture that one might envy. It is a study in green.

The soldier boys are away from the island, but at least the large number of them are there as down at Fisher's Island practicing rifle shooting. Forty of them remain behind to guard thirty who are prisoners in Castle Thimble, and at least a few of them have a picnic for the boys, but when an EVENING WORLD reporter remarked something to this effect he was met by a shake of the head.

SUCH DUCKS OF BONNETS.

THEY ARE ALL READY FOR NEXT WEEK'S MILLINERY OPENINGS.

An "Evening World" Artist Permitted to Take a Glimpse in Advance—Some of the Shapes and Styles That Will Be Quite the Thing for the Coming Season—They Are Here Trifles in Expense.

If there is one thing more than another which thrills the soul of woman with a delight to which she completely succumbs it is a "duck of a bonnet." It is the crowning touch to a perfect toilet, and there breathes not a feminine creature that is insensible to it. Women there may be who are cold and cannot love, but there is not one who is not conquered by the captivating charm of a dainty combination of silk, velvet, lace and feathers for her head.

There is no need to tell the fair creatures that this week will witness most of the fall openings for bonnets at the milliners, and the large dry-goods houses which have a department devoted to "creations" in feminine head-gear.

In order to give the gentle readers of THE EVENING WORLD some idea of what is in store for them, we have secured for them, one of its young men, accompanied by an artist of the staff, invaded the most accomplished milliners' establishments and took notes of the fall styles. They were admitted into the inner sanctum and allowed to feast their eyes on the lovely confessions of those Parisian milliners whose names are enshrined in the hearts of American women as priestesses of the bonnet. Attached to the string of some ravishing bonnet or toque or hat was the card on which stood engraved in clear-cut script the names of Virot, Eugenie, Mme. Hertz Boyer, Mme. Marguerite, Cretaux, Mme. Linn Faulkner, Mme. Louise Wion, Mme. Cora Boulinger and others of lesser note but with a Parisian reputation.

In making the rounds local talent was not ignored, and justice and truth compel the statement that frequently there was very little to the advantage of the French hats and dresses of the magic name gilded on the lining of the crown.

This makes a difference of \$20 or \$25 in the price of the bonnet, and when husbands or fathers realize that they are paying this price for a short name printed on six inches of satin it is enough to make them howl with anguish.

But that the commercial domestic side of the bonnet question, with which THE EVENING WORLD has nothing to do, what concerns the lady readers of THE WORLD are the styles which are in order for the fall campaign.

They are simply infinite. Flowers and very bright colors are not so much in vogue, still ribbons, feathers and passementerie of every kind are the chief materials which go into the bonnets and hats of this year's autumn.

The colors are as a rule the more subdued tints. Only one new color is introduced this season—old rose. It is a fascinating shade of warm, saffronish red, and is very pretty. The old-time chromatic favorites hold their own, and are green, apple green, Havana brown, shrimp pink and white are the hues which are most to the fore.

So, too, in this matter of form there is only one distinctly new shape, and that is in the Bonlinger hat.

The shape is a moderately low, round crown and broad, flowing brim like a Directoire hat. In form it is a combination of the brim arches up to a point.

The trimming on the Bonlinger hat is generally ostrich feathers, and it will be seen that it follows pretty closely in the wake of the Directoire hat, having the same broad, low shape and framing the face in a pretty graceful way.

The prettiest example seen of this hat was the creation of Mme. Virot. It was a silver gray felt, the under side of the brim being lined with the finest black velvet, and the crown of the hat was completely covered with curled ostrich feathers of silver gray, three feathers standing up in front and bound together by a ribbon of black velvet. The brim of the hat was caught up into a queer little twist behind and another bow of velvet was fastened there.

For strings, or rather in place of strings, a sort of bow of ostrich feathers in the same tint of silver gray is caught at the neck by another bow of black velvet and the feathers then hang in front for about two feet.

Like most of these charming things, the price is an indication of what merit there is in this chic variety. This Bonlinger hat of Virot's is only \$75!

The bonnets of this description are usually the complement to a particular toilet and do not harmonize with every suit. The fashionable grande dame who shows the reverence for dress which is characteristic of her class, is not likely to ride her bonnet for the theatre, nor bonnet for walking, and her bonnet for everything else, that the woman of the world does in her busily idle day.

Then the bonnets must be en suite with each particular costume. One fashionable lady has a bus bonnet with broad veils and a broad income, ordered a reinforcement of her bonnet department—thirty-three brand-new ones, and had a dozen odd ones "fixed over." She was supposed to have enough to carry her through the winter with this equipment.

The derby, which used to be so much affected by the swell, is still worn by girls last year, and which, on a tailor-dressed dame, had such a clean-cut, stunning effect, is now being worn by the masses, especially to any extent this season. The walking hat will be in great favor, however, and the very prettiest, in neat and effective, especially the snowy white ones. Bright red, terra-cotta and pure white are the colors which obtain most in this sort of hat. For the comfort of oppressed males, however, hats for fathers or daughters, let it be said that this hat, ready to be put on and worn by the female purchaser, is only \$1 or \$2! This is enough to make the lords of creation admire them, and to make the ladies of fashion.

Mlle. Louise Wion contributes a very little little turban which only costs \$27. It is of black velvet, with a scarf of sunbeams Oriental, and a bow of black velvet, and arranged in front like two wings. Stuck into the soft folds of this cloth are half a dozen barbaric gold pins, with flat, square heads. It is very stylish turban.

One of the most elegant things that was shown in the embarras des richesses of the milliners' shops was a bonnet in two shades of velvet—one very dark, almost black, and the other the bright, beautiful apple green, arranged in tiny plaits against the former. The bonnet had a slightly projecting brim,

on which was a spray of jet passementerie. The strings of very black velvet.

One of the most stunning things flourished before the eyes of the dazed EVENING WORLD man was a toque designed by Mme. Cretaux. It was something that only a very daring and enormous swell of a woman could dare to wear. It was made of the point of deperation. The body was of folds of sage-green broadcloth and there was a border of white grebe, which soft, fluffy material was studded at regular intervals with large lustrous white pearls.

A two-inch band of the same grebe, be-pearled also, and a yard and a half long, did duty as strings. In the front of the toque a little to the left of the head of a black parrot held an aigrette of white heron feathers, as delicate as the meshes of a spider's web. The price was not so delicate, for this lovely thing cost a cool \$70.

A \$75 hat (oh! hapless fathers, and still more hapless husbands!) was by Mme. Linn Faulkner, of Paris. The crown of the hat was round, and it swelled out slightly at the top. It was about three inches high, and the material was Havana brown velvet. In the front a large bow of green-gold ribbon of the same shade held a feather tinted in two shades, brown and sage green. A spray of leaves in bead passementerie adorned the brim, and the same substitute for strings did duty here as in the two described, a sort of bow of ostrich feathers in the same shades of brown and green.

One more bonnet, sent by Mme. Hertz Boyer, deserves notice. All the bonnets are made in the same style, and are in the conical shape in their trimmings. This one is of silver gray velvet, covered with a massive gold embroidery over the whole crown, with coque feathers in front. The ribbons are of great value. The price is only \$40.

Though some of our wealthy New York ladies with a reputation for taste in bonnets and hats lay in ONLY \$40, these by the score, it may be an example worthy of mention for the relief of burdened husbands that say "Good-bye, daughter, Helen, though particular in her views on bonnets and with a most fastidious taste, contents her soul with three."

OLD PARTY POLITICS TABOOED.

Central Labor Union Delegates Must Keep Out of Them as Yet.

The Central Labor Union said with no uncertain voice yesterday that its delegates must either refrain from taking sides with the old political parties or else get out of the Union.

The discussion came up on the report of the committee appointed to consider the case of Patrick J. Haybrun, the delegate accused of pernicious activity in Republican politics.

The committee submitted the following as the result of their deliberations: Your committee, which was instructed to report concerning the case of delegates at large, respectively recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

It is the sense of the Central Labor Union that no delegate ought to take any prominent part with any political party not endorsed by the Central Labor Union.

While every delegate has a right to take any position which he chooses, he should not be held responsible for the actions of the Democratic or Republican party.

The minority of the committee wanted to have the words "ought to resign" substituted for "must resign," but the amendment was voted down by a vote of 66 to 17.

SINCE FOR THE LABOR WAR.

A Successful Reception and Concert Adds to the Campaign Fund.

About \$300 was added to the campaign funds of the United Labor party by the reception and concert given to Presidential Candidates Robert H. Cowdry and William H. T. Wakefield at the Windsor Theatre.

Mr. Cowdry was enthusiastically received, and Dr. J. McFadden, Mr. Fitzgerald, of Connecticut; Henry Pyne and James Redpath were also warmly received.

The Carl Schurz Club played sacred music and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Star Spangled Banner" and Mrs. Ladovick-Murray volunteered their services as vocalists.

Among the Workers.

Secretary Bohm read to the Central Labor Union at yesterday's meeting a letter from Mayor Hewitt concerning the strike of the Department of Laborers had not been paid in time.

The building trades, the brass-workers and the plumbers, who number 100 local in all, have applied for separate charters. The building trades locals will get their charter Oct. 1.

Section 6 has appointed a committee to settle the matter of the strike of the Department of Laborers Association, which is composed of Italian and American, and the Ale and Porter Breweries' employees. This committee is composed of the following: The Arbitration Committee of the Central Labor Union is considering the complaint of the Progressive Painters that the Central Labor Union is violating the contract of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is being done by non-union men.

The Journeymen tailors of this city will hold a meeting at the evening at Kasung's Hall, Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, to consider the question of trade action for the restriction of immigration.

The Quin section of 49, which met at 99 Forsyth street yesterday, suspended Executive Labor Club No. 1463; York City Club No. 4, 902 E. 10th street; (dry woods), No. 1, 947, and No. 2, 218, 2, 288, 4, 078, 6, 535, 8, 390, 10, 811, 6, 847, 6, 701, 6, 750, 7, 168, 7, 307 and 9, 208 for non-payment of dues.

The Tale of Hotel Registers.

At the Alhambra are J. C. Coombs, of Boston; M. Mercer, of Montreal, and W. H. Heeder, of New York.

Prieston Davis, of Mexico; D. B. Harrison, of Boston; and P. Marlow, of Philadelphia, are at the Barnholm.

David Seal, of Philadelphia; S. H. Fowler, of Albany; and W. Hainsworth, of England, are at the Brunswick.

Austin Lathrop, of Corning, N. Y.; S. L. Bodine, of Philadelphia; and B. F. Keith, of Boston, are registered at the Clisney Hotel.

H. H. Harmon