

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1888.

PRICE ONE CENT.

5 O'CLOCK EXTRA FOR STALE BREAD.

The Demand Increases as Fresh Loaves Go Higher. An Extremity to Which the Poorer People Are Driven.

This Bread Trouble is Felt Among Rich Customers, Too.

Before daylight this morning, those members of the German Bakers' Association who could not, or who did not think it wise to attend the conference in the German Masonic Temple, 215 East Fifteenth street, yesterday forenoon, were reading the papers to find out how much their associates had decided to increase the price of bread, so that they could act accordingly.

In many instances they had practically done so on their own account by reducing the weight of their loaves from two to four ounces.

Still, they consoled themselves with the reflection that they need not return to the old standard of weight, while they could increase the price a cent, thus making bread about three cents per loaf dearer than it was ten days ago.

When the young sons and daughters of the poor went hurrying with their nickel for the breakfast loaf, therefore, they were told that five-cent bread was a thing of the past.

Back home the children went for the extra cent. In some cases they could not get it. When it happened this way they were told to go back and buy stale bread.

Stale bread became very popular to-day. Every baker says so. It is bread that is a day or two old, which, as it could not be disposed of when fresh, and it is sold for a cent or a few cents less.

The drivers for the big bakers who deliver their bread to the small grocers about town, were industriously circulating the report that their bread had not been increased in price, nor reduced in weight.

After reading the article in THE EVENING WORLD last week, which reported that the bakers had found out that the loaves had been scaled off from one to three ounces in weight.

The poor are not the only ones who have been made to feel that the action of Hutchinson and other speculators in the commodities of life have a vital interest for them.

A large number of bakers whose trade is of the first class, have a system of checks for their customers, under the common fashion of milkmen. They have been selling seventeen bread tickets for a dollar.

It is the same with rolls and tea biscuits. In the families of the people who are considered well-to-do these rolls and biscuits have, for a great measure, taken the place of bread at the breakfast and tea tables.

They did not raise the price of their bread last week, but they reduced the weight of loaves considerably.

used to. That may be so, but I doubt it. I never weighed it, but the loaves, I am sure, are lighter than they used to be.

J. Hill, baker, 357 Third avenue, I have reduced my bread in weight. There is a big demand for stale bread nowadays, but I don't sell any of it.

What do you do with it? "I give it to the Sisters of Charity for the poor."

L. Leyerholm, baker, 279 Third avenue, I have flour enough to buy for \$5 a barrel to last me over New Year's. I will not reduce the weight of my bread nor increase the price until then.

The reporter also visited Fleischmann's Vienna Bakery, at Tenth street and Broadway. Mr. Fleischmann was out. A clerk in his office declared that the bread had not been increased in price nor reduced in weight. He would not deny that such steps were going to be taken.

John Shea keeps a restaurant at 769 Broadway. He said: "I buy my bread from a French baker. I never thought it was too heavy, but in the last few days it has become so light that I keep it under weights, for fear it will fly off its own accord."

A. L. Ashman, of the Sinclair House, at Eighth street and Broadway, said: "I bake about ten barrels of flour a week, but only for the use of the guests in my house. I serve bread on tables on my table and will continue to do so if flour should become \$20 per barrel."

THE WHEAT MARKET. A Weak Opening To-Day in New York and in Chicago.

The wheat market opened weak this morning both in New York and Chicago. At the opening here December was quoted 1 1/2c, below Saturday's closing, at 1.17 1/2c.

During the morning December fell to \$1.12 1/2c, advanced to \$1.13 and declined again to \$1.12 1/2c. May went down to \$1.10 1/2c, advanced to \$1.11 and shortly before noon fell to \$1.10 1/2c.

In Chicago, December opened 1 1/2c off, at \$1.15, and fell to \$1.13 1/2c. During the morning the quotation fluctuated between that and \$1.12 1/2c, below Saturday's closing quotation, at \$1.13.

Later on there was a decline and the quotation fell to \$1.12 1/2c. Liverpool cables were quiet.

The Day in Wall Street. A break of about 6 points in Atchison at Boston hurt the stock market here to-day and prices declined right through the list.

THE CLOSING QUOTATIONS. Table with columns for various stocks and their prices.

New York Markets. Cotton.—The market opened steady. November was quoted at 9 1/2c—unchanged.

RYLIE BELLER AND TUXEDO PAIR. That He is an Actor Is Not the Reason that He Has Been Sued Out.

TROUBLE IN THE FOLEY FAMILY.

John, Jr., Sued by John, Sr., Because He Is Manufacturing Gold Pens.

That man of many litigations, John Foley, the gold pen manufacturer, appeared in another unusual legal proceeding to-day.

He appeared to Justice Barrett in Supreme Court Chambers for an injunction against his son, John Foley, jr., to restrain him from manufacturing and selling gold pens purporting to be Foley's pens.

George C. Comstock appeared for the father, and the son, a youth whose beard is beginning to show in a bushy, downy fashion, was backed by George B. Adams.

In the course of his argument Mr. Comstock said: "Of course John Foley, jr., is not to blame for being the son of his father, but..."

An audible grin ran through the audience, and the Court appreciated the unseasonable hit so well that he made no effort to check the hilarity.

Mrs. John Foley died in 1879, leaving a family of small children and a large fortune. John Foley, jr., was the eldest and he was twenty-one years old last August.

John Foley, the father, was the executor of his wife's will, and last January he had, as executor, grown up in his father's gold pen factory, begun to inquire about the estate, and demanded an accounting before Surrogate Ransom, no accounting having been made by the father as executor in nine years.

An eruption followed, and John, jr., was dismissed from his father's employ.

The elder Foley had a lease of the store No. 2 Astor house, expiring May 1 last. He had been there many years, but was unable to secure a new lease, because of an advance in the rent. So he located elsewhere.

Whereupon John, jr., got a friend to back him and he bought the old store and here he has been doing a thriving business in the gold pens of "John Foley, jr."

Justice Barrett indicated plainly that he thought the Court could prevent the son from using his own name, but reserved his decision.

THE BREW-MASTERS' ASSOCIATION.

Its First Convention Begins To-Day and Will End with a Banquet.

Banners and evergreens were hung all over Terrace Garden this morning, in preparation for the National Convention of the Brew-Masters' Association of the United States.

This Association was organized one year ago in Chicago, and to-day's is the first meeting since that time. The members are foremen and bosses of breweries in the United States, and the organization was formed for the purpose of improving their condition in the laboring world, and also to exchange views for general information.

Louis Fritch, of Chicago, is President; Alderman Henry Gunther, of New York, First Vice-President; William Gerst, of Cincinnati, Second Vice-President; William Seip, of Chicago, Secretary; Frank Lehman, Assistant Secretary.

To-day was devoted to the reception of the members of the organization. To-morrow morning at 10 o'clock the first business meeting of the Convention will be held.

THREE ARRESTS.

They Follow the Open Street Murder of Antonio Flacconio.

Restaurant-Keeper Sabatino the Chief of the Prisoners.

He Was One of a Little Diner Party in St. Mark's Place.

The police of the Fourteenth Precinct arrested, about 2 o'clock this morning, the man who is believed to be the murderer of Antonio Flacconio, the Italian grocer who was stabbed to death in such a mysterious manner in front of the Eighth street entrance of Cooper Union last evening.

The only clue upon which the officers had to work was the description of the supposed murderer given by three witnesses of the affair, who said they saw the man walk rapidly away after the stabbing was done.

They were all agreed that the mysterious person was a large man, with a dark mustache, and wore ANTONIO FLACCONIO, a derby hat.

According to the story of William Garrity, one of those witnesses, the quarrel between the two Italians began about 8.45 last evening. The two men were standing at the southwest corner of Eighth street and Third avenue, just east of the main entrance to Cooper Union.

They talked excitedly in Italian and gesticulated so violently that they attracted the attention of many passers by. This lasted for some moments, when Garrity noticed that the two were scuffling, and a moment after the stouter one staggered towards the gutter and fell down.

The other man walked off rapidly down St. Mark's place and it was thought that he entered an Italian restaurant at No. 8. As soon as it was discovered that Flacconio had been stabbed the police were called, but the man died before an ambulance could be summoned.

Within a few feet of him was found a profusion of small diamonds and other jewelry, and it is believed that the stabbing was done with this weapon, although no blood was found upon it.

All that the detectives of the Fifth street station could ascertain last night was that Flacconio lived at 607 Third avenue, had two young children; that he had been a widower since March last, and was a clerk in the factory business of an Italian name.

The murderer had disappeared completely, leaving no trace, although his desperate crime had been committed in an active thoroughfare, and under the glare of a half dozen electric lights.

The body of the murdered man was taken to the Fifth street police station, where it remained over night. This morning it was removed to the morgue under the direction of Joseph Agillo, the dead man's brother-in-law, who lives in Brooklyn.

He was first visited by the Italian restaurant at 8 St. Mark's place, where the supposed murderer was said to have entered after the stabbing. The place was locked up last night, but before 9 o'clock Joseph Canizario, the cook, and also partner in the establishment, and Joseph Scheggio, a waiter, made their appearance.

They were in one of the rooms, and the detective and taken to the police station, where Capt. McCullagh had a private interview with them.

When the murderous carving-knife was shown to Canizario he at once said it was one of the knives he used in his kitchen, establishing beyond a doubt the fact that the murderer had been in the restaurant the evening before.

The next thing was to identify the body of Flacconio, which both Canizario and Scheggio did very readily. They both had known him well, and in the company of the proprietor of the restaurant, after a number of others joined the party, including Canizario himself, and for some time they drank wine together.

About 8.30 the party broke up, Scheggio said, and Flacconio and Sabatino went out together, and an hour or so afterwards Sabatino came back alone. Both men swore that they knew nothing of the stabbing affair and that they were telling all they knew about it.

AT THE C. D. TELEPHONE.



The handsome C. D. Mogul was thinking of other than telephone work, when—"Hello! Hello! Hello!"

A nimble page brought the receiver to the steps of the throne.

"Well?" "It's me, McAdam. Count me out of the C. D. I like you, but I can't stand Hewitt."

"Ta-ta!" "Another ring." "Well?" "It's me, Crimmins, ex-Park Commissioner. I want to get out, too, Day! Day!"

Still another rattle at the 'phone.

"Well?" "It's me, Judge Koch. I resign, too. No more Hewitt in mine. Ta-la-la."

One more ring.

"It's I, Amos. No use talking, Maurice. I can't run on the C. D. ticket with Hewitt. Au revoir!"

The wrinkles on the brow of the debonair C. D. mogul grew broader and deeper. He soliloquized: "This is getting monotonous. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the ebb, leads to disaster. And we seem to be getting there."

The telephone rattles once more: "What ho, Mauritious!" "Twas the stentorian voice of Brother-in-Law Cooper."

It continued: "Armes Abramques cano, crankis qui prinus excolit!"

"Oh, drop that Latin, Edward. It's as much as I can do to understand your United States. Say, do you think Father Abram will withdraw for the same reason. He will if you will, and then the party can unite on some other man."

"Why don't they unite on me? I'm united enough, and if the party can't see its own interest, I'm not to blame."

"There came an indistinguishable rattle on the 'phone the Mayor executed one of his verbal harikaris."

Then the wires were crossed.

"Who's that?" asked the venerable Mayor and the C. D. mogul in a breath.

"It's Mat Quay, National Republican Committee. I tender my daily vote of thanks."

But never an expression of delight from the National Democratic Headquarters, nor from Albany, nor from Washington!

RIOTING FEARED AT BEVIER. The Streets Are Filled With Soldiers and Blood May Flow.

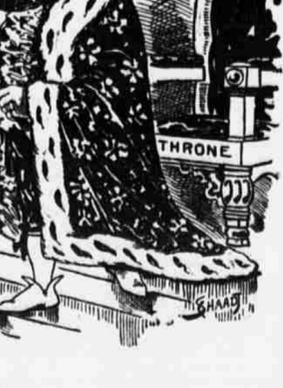
REMARKS TO THE EVENING WORLD. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 15.—This city has assumed a warlike aspect since the calling-out of the Third Regiment, and the streets are filled this morning with hurrying soldiers.

The regiment is assembled at the Armory, and the company on duty last night has been relieved for a few hours.

5 O'CLOCK EXTRA WEHOIST THE FLAG.

The Giants' Pennant Floats From "The Evening World" Staff, Where the Mayor Hadn't a Word to Say About It.

An Elegant Symbol of New York's Well-Won Championship.



The Mayor refused to allow the Championship Pennant of the New York Baseball Club to fly from the City Hall flagstaff.

To-day that pennant flew from THE EVENING WORLD'S flagstaff.

The Star Theatre was the scene of the presentation last evening, the time that the ceremony occurred.

This morning THE EVENING WORLD reporter hustled up to the Polo Grounds and obtained a note from Capt. William Ewing requesting the pennant to be returned to the City Hall.

"I fancy you've been reading THE EVENING WORLD, Maurice. But that's not a bad idea. I'll see that Abram doesn't eat anything indigestible for a day or two, and then I'll speak to him about it. Good-by."

Then a jerky, teaty rattle of that telephone bell.

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Maurice!!! Now, don't keep me waiting. Hello!!! I'm not a modern Job! Hello! Hello! Why don't you answer before I speak? Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!"

The machine fairly screamed.

"That must be the Mayor!" ejaculated Maurice, as he mopped the perspiration from the sweat-head in his crown.

"Well, Father Abram, what can I do for you this fine morning?"

"It isn't a fine morning! Don't you try to hippodromize me. Why don't you do something to persuade young Grant to withdraw? He ought to. I'm running for Mayor! I'm the greatest reform, anti-politics, Know-Nothing candidate, and I'm a crank, too! Why don't you answer? Hello!"

"They say Grant will not withdraw unless you do."

"Then he's an impertinent young jack-ass! He withdraw! I'm the People's candidate, and he's the nominee of a faction. He ought to withdraw for the sake of harmony."

"His friends say that you ought to withdraw for the same reason. He will if you will, and then the party can unite on some other man."

"Why don't they unite on me? I'm united enough, and if the party can't see its own interest, I'm not to blame."

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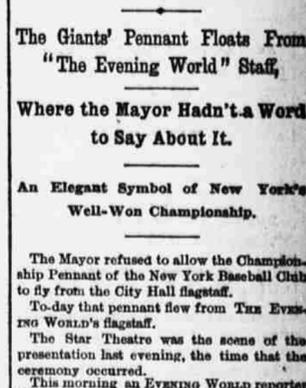
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