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DURING THE FIRST QUARTER OF 1886..... 19,184

The Evening Sun World.

IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.
THE HALF-NAKED SIAMESE.
WHAT STAGE COSTUMES COST.
NEW YORK A CENTURY AGO.
SKETCHES ON THE FERRY-BOATS.
QUEER ANTICS OF AN HYPNOTIZED MAN
THE LAND OF THE OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.
Columns of Original Humor, and Amusement for the Little Folks.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

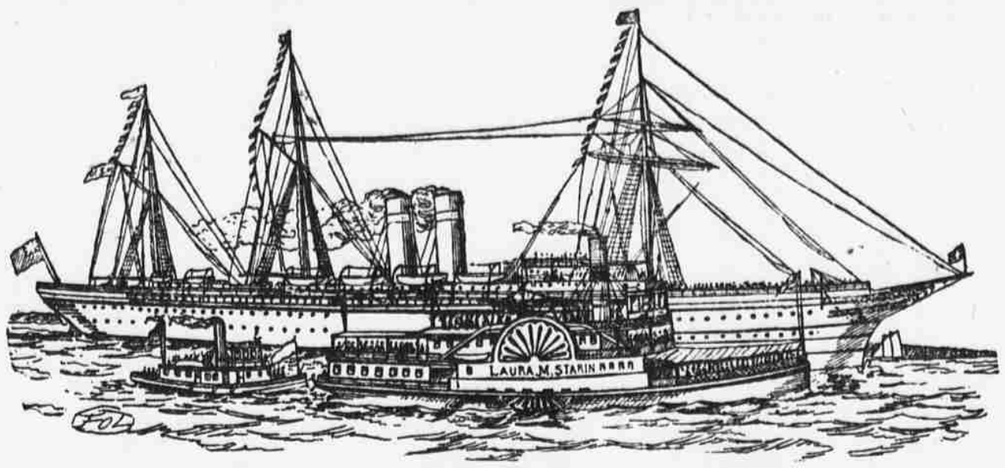
THEY'RE HOME.

The Great Baseball Tourists Reach Their Native Shores.

Welcomed in the Bay by Warm and Enthusiastic Friends.

The Voyagers Breakfasted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Anson Sheds Tears of Joy on His Father's Shoulder and Wasn't Ashamed of It.



THE LAURA M. STARIN AND THE BOSTON TUG MEETING THE TOURISTS IN THE BAY.

The great American baseball tourists planted their English alligator hides on American soil at 7.23 o'clock this morning.

They were carried over the railing of the steamship Adriatic some three-quarters of an hour before that, and, standing on the decks of the Laura M. Starin, were shook, hugged, kissed and cried over all the way up to the docks at Twenty-third street by some two hundred members of the Reception Committee and lassies galore.

When, after a brisk trip down the bay in the very early morning, the receivers sighted the black outlines of the huge ocean traveller it seemed that the steamer Starin must give way beneath the mighty shout that shook her decks.

Enthusiasm ran riot. Everybody hugged everybody else and everybody had something to say to everybody else. The loss of a night's sleep was forgotten and people with cold feet felt them grow warm again.

But above all the uproar of commingled yells, hurrahs and stentorian steam whistles could be heard the huge voice of De Wolf Hopper, as from his yawning throat was belched forth the words:

"Birdies are home again! Heaven be thanked, there's my Baby Anson!"

Both tug and steamer drew near their big sister amid the greatest hurly-burly, and as the distance decreased and forms of people became distinguishable on the decks of the Adriatic the shouts of "There's Wood! Hello, Woody!" or "That's Anse! How goes it, old man?" came fast and frequent as the different ones on board the reception boats recognized and hailed their own particular pet.

The Boston tug and George Floyd were the first to draw alongside the steamship, and while everybody cheered and shook their hats or handkerchiefs, the irrepressible Floyd, standing on the tip-top of the pilot-house, and using his cane for a baton, led the Dutch band he had on board through the changes of a new tune called "How D'ye Do!"

SPALDING LEADS THE ANSWERING CHEERS.

Balancing himself on the taffrail of the steamship, A. G. Spalding, the kingpin of the home-coming party, led the responsive cheering on board the Adriatic.

And then Floyd's little "Bosting" tug and his brazen little Dutch band had to give way before the more pretentious but later arriving Starin—the official reception boat

THE STARIN DRAWS ALONGSIDE.

When she drew alongside, and not before then, could the features of the tourists be recognized to a certainty.

Every one tried to say something pleasant, but as every one tried to have their say at one and the same time, the only word distinguishable was "Hello!" with the name of some ball-player tacked on.

ANSON WAVES HIS HAT.

Big Adrian Anson leaned over the rail and waved his silk hat in one hand while he wiped away big tears of joy which sprang from his eyes with the others.

Pfeffer, handsome as of yore, nearly fell over the side in a frantic endeavor to shake hands with some one—he didn't care who. And Eddie Crane, big, healthy and dressed, of course, in the height of elegance, shook a quiver full of dog-headed canes and yelled "Hello!"

A GREAT CHANGE IN FORM.

Yet, while the faces of all the party were as "natural as death," their forms didn't have the same "I've-seen-you-before" appearance.

The change was due to dress. Broadway would surely call them dudes, for their clothes are English from coat to shirt.

During all the time that the receivers were waiting for the Health Officer to complete his inspection the noise of cheers and whistles continued. But when this work was done, and a line was thrown from the steamship's deck and made fast to the Starin, and J. J. O'Donohue, accompanied by Messrs. Hart and J. M. Spalding, climbed over the sides of the Adriatic to do up the "formal" part—silence reigned.

NEARLY KILLED WITH CARESSES.

Not two minutes after this, Manning, the Kansas City man of the party, tumbled on board the Starin. He was nearly killed with caresses. Others quickly followed. Carroll, Burns, Daly, Tener and the others were cheered, pelted and generally made miserable with joy.

Spalding himself was the third from the last to arrive. His exclamation of greeting caused shouts of merriment. It was: "It's a sight for sore eyes to see a Yank again!" and as the last word of this unique expression sounded there arose the cry, "There comes the old man," and sure enough Anson himself, with three grins in his hands and tears in his eyes, clambered over the rail.

Three times three cheers were given with a will, and as the "old man" shook his father by the hand and said:

CRYING AND NOT ASHAMED OF IT.

"I'm crying, boys and I can't help it, and I'm not ashamed of it."

The waters of sympathy sprang into the eyes of more than one present.

CRANE AND HIS MASCOT MONKEY.

Last of all came Crane, weighted down with baggage and his mascot monkey.

However, every one of them expressed the greatest satisfaction at having taken the trip.

Ed Crane was the coolest of the party and in conversation said:

WANT MORE OF IT.

"The travel one has creates a desire for more. I wanted to go to Japan and China and the rest, but now I'm here I'm satisfied," and that was the sentiment expressed by nearly all the party.

During the voyage over but one rough day was experienced. The party, after a lively three-quarters of an hour's steam, were landed at the foot of West Twenty-second street amid a salvo of cheers.

Ed Williamson was the only one of the party who did not arrive this morning.

His injured leg would not permit of his leaving England until one week after the others.

When all were on board, the tourists were much more anxious to ask news than to give it.

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE.

It was 8.10 o'clock when Clarence Duval, attired in blue and resplendent in brass buttons and gilt braid, led the knights of the diamond into the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The manner in which those tourists dropped their luggage and threw their overcoats into corners of settees in the lobby was as if they would say: "Allah be praised! Our wanderings are over."

And Mr. Baby Anson, of Chicago and all around the world, proceeded to inscribe a page in the hotel register which, when he had finished, read like this:

A. G. Spalding, wife and son and Mrs. Spalding; Leigh Lynch, W. C. Lynch, A. C. Anson, Mrs. A. C. Anson, John K. Tener, Mark Baldwin, Fred Pfeffer, Tom Daly, Tom Burns, James Ryan, Martin Sullivan, Robert Pettit, Edward Hanlon, Edward Crane, William Earle, John Healey, Fred Carroll, of Palmer's Theatre; James Manning, Thomas T. Brown, James G. Fogarty, George A. Wood, Harry Palmer, James A. Hart, Henry Anson, Leslie Robinson.

Meantime the ladies of the party, the wife and mother of Mr. Spalding, and Mrs. Anson, were escorted to their rooms, and "the boys" proceeded to make ready for breakfast.

And those boys! They were a sturdy lot of fellows.

HUNGRY, WELL—

But the tourists were all hungry for a "civilized feed," to use their own expression, and they got in to breakfast as quickly as they could.

And they ate like a boarding-school boy turned loose in his mother's larder at vacation time.

Then after breakfast they loitered and lounged about the lobbies of the hotel with the satisfied air of men who were thoroughly at home and who had just dined satisfactorily to their inner selves.

CINCINNATI'S CATCHER.

"I say," said Crane, "that broad and short man over there is Earle, Cincinnati's catcher. This is his third season as a catcher, and he has caught me for the All Americas all through this trip. He has made the most development of any of the men on the trip, and he will make a record in 1889. Watch his work this season."

An EVENING WORLD reporter was introduced to Earle and grasped a hand as thick as a proper porterhouse steak and as soft as a lady's hand.

"It's those pads that do the work," said a baseball crank, critically feeling of the fleshy growth at the sides of the palms.

VIM IN ALL THE GAMES.

Simon Goodfriend, one of the party of tourists, said: "The games between the All America and the Chicagos were played with all the vigorousness and intensity of interest on the part of the players that characterizes the games between the leaders for the pennant at the close of a season.

"But there was was the best of friendship and good fellowship among the men off the field.

"After Johnny Ward left for home Ed. Hanlon succeeded him as Captain of the All-Americas, and their success continued under him so that at the finish the Chicagos were seven games behind in the series."

BASEBALL AND CRICKET.

In England, Grace, the champion cricket player, was an interested spectator of the games, but he did not enthuse. There was not enough batting, he said.

"It's the blooming game of rounders a bit improved," he exclaimed, and he scoffed sceptically at the idea that the pitchers could curve a ball in mid air.

"Take a bat and try if I don't curve the ball," suggested Crane, and after much persuasion the sturdy Grace stepped to the plate.

"I tossed him some easy ones," laughed Crane, "and Grace missed 'em by about two feet. I gave him snakes, and in-curves, out-curves and twisters, all very slow, but he couldn't get his bat within a yard of 'em. Then he conceded that a round ball might be made to deviate from a straight line in the air.

INSTANTLY POPULAR IN AUSTRALIA.

"The game was instantly popular in Australia and New Zealand, and at Honolulu they are already playing ball. But we got up no enthusiasm or interest in Italy and very little in France, while in England they actually resent the introduction of the game because it seems to be a rival of their beloved cricket."

"Yes," struck in Goodfriend, "the play in cricket is a battle between the bowler and the batter, and the whole play is for runs. They have no science in fielding, and their fielders open their hands like a lemon-squeezer to catch the ball. The Englishmen complain that there is no batting, while they praise the fielding, and the tour demonstrates that the efforts towards making the game more of a batting game are in the right direction. The unprofessional spectator, the spectators who never play themselves, are more interested in a batting game. It furnishes them more excitement."

BALDWIN'S BLUSH.

Baldwin's honest, round face was mantled with a beauteous blush when a reporter asked if the tourists were any of them seasick on the trip, and he replied, modestly:

"Most of them felt it a little."

"I did well enough," said Clarence Duval, the ebon-hued mascot of the Chicagos, as he deftly twirled a blackthorn baton with a head as big as his own. The blackthorn was procured in Dublin for him.

"But I want to go to Harlem. Mistah Crane has told me all about Harlem, and I'm going up there.

THE MASCOT GOES TO HARLEM.

The mascot set out for the Third Avenue Elevated station, at Twenty-third street, and has probably enjoyed the beauties of the Twelfth Ward all day.

This little coon is the one who deserted Anson's babies after a few weeks' service. The club, bereaved of its mascot, had a hard time of it, and when the colored boy was next seen he seemed to have fared no better. It was at Omaha, and Clarence was ragged, dirty and half-starved. He was glad to get back and is now under an iron-clad contract to be mascot for the Chicagoes till death do them part.

Clarence was at one time with Verona Jarbeau, the actress, and he amused the tourists everywhere with his dances, baton manipulations and songs.

But he is the laziest boy that ever breathed and his horror of water as a cleanser is marvellous. His bath is always an enforced one, and he hates action worse than a boa constrictor.

THE TRIP HOME.

The Adriatic, of the White Star line, left Liverpool March 28, and the boys hoped to reach their native land by yesterday morning.

"I tell you," said one of them in a gasp, "the trip out was as easy as lying compared to the return across the Atlantic. We were warned against the heat which we would experience in the Indian Ocean, but we enjoyed ourselves in our pajamas; we were frightened about the English Channel, but we didn't mind her chops at all.

"But going home! oh how slow that steamer was! We asked the Captain. He told us we had travelled 332 miles the first day out and every man sat down and figured out that that speed would not bring us home till Saturday.

"Next day we travelled 351 miles, and the boys figured again.

"We might get in by Friday night!

"We were more cheerful and amused ourselves. The third day we got 340 miles nearer to old Columbia's shores, and we were happy.

"But the fourth day out there was storm and heavy seas and our spirits went down. Only 318 miles and only 321 miles next day!

EVERYBODY SICK OF IT.

"Then to cap the climax, we got a strong head wind till midnight on the sixth day and the log registered only 270 miles. Everybody was sick of it. We wanted to get home!

"Then on Thursday we covered 353 miles, and 241 miles on Friday brought us in sight of land.

"Some of the boys cried, and everybody wanted to. Tears of gladness, though, I tell you, for there is no place like home.

"We are here, and I don't want to circumnavigate the globe again as long as I live, though the trip has done us all good. Nobody but Daly has been sick or disabled.

"Daly got a wrenched arm and has been unable to catch for the Chicagos, which weakened them and may in part account for their defeats by the All-Americas, for Anson's throwing has been bad all through the series."

Mrs. Spalding, the venerable mother of the promoter and manager of the tour round the world, has been with her son the entire trip.

AN ADMIRABLE WOMAN.

"She is a magnificent woman," said one of the tourists. "She is tall and stately, has white hair and is a gentlewoman to everybody."

The wife of Manager Spalding and their twelve-year-old son, Keith Spalding, joined the tourists at Rome.

SPALDING WANTS A PIECE OF PIE.

A. G. Spalding was coming out of the breakfast-room when THE EVENING WORLD reporter captured him. He looked bronzed and as hardy as a nut.

"I feel a good deal better than I did an hour ago," he said in his big voice. "I've had some buckwheat cakes and I feel that I am back in the United States. I hope to get a piece of pie before the day is over. I hadn't the nerve to ask for it at breakfast.

A GREAT THING FOR THE GAME.

"What effect will the trip have on the game?" "Why, I think it the stepping-stone to its becoming the universal game. They all took a lively interest in it. One thing that made us Americans hang our heads a little bit, and it was the only one, was to see that in all the towns in England and Australia the clubs have splendid grounds that the city has laid out and set apart for them."

"The best grounds were those at Melbourne, Australia. They were elegant. There we had a splendid game in the Villa Borghese.

"There is a sort of elongated basin there, with terraced hills about it and stone steps. I asked Prince Borghese what it was made for, and he said it had been there too long to know the original purpose.

TIMID POLICE.

"We had permission to play in the Coliseum from the Minister of the Interior, but the Chief of Police would not allow it for fear of accident. They haven't had a show there for 500 years. But the old walls are crumbly, the stones loose and we would have had to board over a part of it. So we didn't care.

"Financially? Well, we came out all right, though there isn't much of a margin on the side of the treasury. Ward gave satisfaction as captain. The All-Americas got the best of the games because they play better ball than the Chicagos, I suppose."

"EVENING WORLD" CHARIOTS ON HAND.

At the White Star dock the appearance of the thirteen light-running, bright-looking EVENING WORLD wagons and chariots created an excitement. A crowd of about three hundred people gathered and looked on with interest while the ball-players' baggage was taken out of the Adriatic's hold and piled in the wagons.

It was nearly an hour before all the luggage was transferred, and then in procession THE EVENING WORLD wagons started for the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They were cheered all along the route.

At the hotel their arrival was hailed with delight, and another crowd gathered and looked on while the trunks, bags and boxes were unloaded and carried in on the backs of sturdy porters.

THE TRIP DOWN THE BAY.

Unterrified by Darkness and Fog, the Reception Committee Sets Out.

The prospect of encountering the chilling fogs of the lower bay, which creep up through the Narrows in the dusk of early morning, did not have the slightest effect in dampening the ardor of the enthusiastic 400, who went out yesterday in search of the White Star liner Adriatic and the noble band of American baseball tourists, whom she was bringing back home after their long travels around the globe.

When the Laura M. Starin was made fast at the Barge Office dock last night and her passengers went ashore, they all made a solemn vow to be on hand at 5 o'clock sharp this morning, and not one was missing when the appointed hour arrived.

ON HAND BRIGHT AND EARLY.

Some of them had not gone to bed at all, and others who had contrived to snatch a few hours sleep had given strict orders to be routed out at 4 o'clock A. M., so that there should be no danger of their missing the Starin on her early trip down the bay. The occasion was one of those things that only happens once or twice in a lifetime, and none of the boys could afford to lose the opportunity for such a celebration.

CHAIRMAN O'DONOHUE FIRST TO ARRIVE.

Chairman Joseph J. O'Donohue was one of the first to arrive, and when he reached the dock, wrapped up in a big overcoat, with the high collar turned up around his gray side whiskers to keep the damp morning wind from blowing through them, he found a group of about twenty-five of the all-nighters waiting for him and kicking their heels against the stone curbs to pass away the time until some one should come and let them aboard the Starin.

A MERRY GATHERING.

The others straggled up singly and in groups, until finally the entire Reception Committee of One Hundred, with a few additional friends, were all there, and a merry gathering it was.

There were Manager A. M. Palmer, elegantly attired, with a fresh carnation in his buttonhole; Col. John A. McCaull, who never missed a racket of this kind; Walton Storm, the pride and beauty of the Board of Aldermen; Magrane Cox, the artistic vocalist of the United States District-Attorney's office; handsome Jim Mutrie, who looked as if he would like to shake everybody's hand at once; John Montgomery Ward and his wife, Nick Engel, Eugene M. O'Connor, Amos J. Cummings, Gen. H. W. Slocum, Mayor Grover Cleveland, of Jersey City; Otto Ruhl, C. B. Vaux, President John B. Day, C. J. Leach, C. H. Byrne, Walter Watrous and a host of other well-known admirers of the national game, especially as exemplified by the laying of the famous Gotham Giants, although there was a big contingent who confessed to a decided weakness for the methods of Baby Anson and his Chicago infants.

When the crowd got on board the Starin they expected to start right off, but there was some delay in order to pick up stragglers who kept coming up, and then, too, it was known that there was plenty of time for the Adriatic would not leave Quarantine where she was lying until after sunrise.

DECKED IN FLAGS AND STREAMERS.

As yesterday the Starin was gayly decorated with flags and streamers, and the only thing lacking to complete the arrangements for a first-class celebration was a band.

BELL AND HOPPER ON A TUG.

It was also noticed about 5.15 that De Wolf Hopper and Digby Bell were among the missing, and a search was at once instituted. A committee appointed for this purpose was just about to report the result of its fruitless investigations, when the tugboat A. George Wood swung around the curve of the Battery wall with colors flying from every available flagstaff and projection and both whistles tooting with all their might.

BOSTON'S REPRESENTATIVES.

It had been chartered by George Floyd and his friends, and had started from the foot of West Twenty-third street with a party of Boston men on board to join the Starin on the voyage down the Bay.

As it came alongside there was a big commotion in both vessels and away up in the bow of the tugboat were seen the two comedians, Hopper and Bell, waving their hats frantically and making all the noise that they could with their lungs, although what they said could not be heard above the din.

GEORGE GORE ON DECK.

George Gore, who was on the poop deck of the Starin, discovered that there was a band on the tug and he yelled to Floyd to send it aboard the Starin, as it was just what they wanted.

THE LAURA M. STARIN AND THE BOSTON TUG MEETING THE TOURISTS IN THE BAY.

Amateur Baseball Notes.

The Rockwell Juniors would like to hear from clubs fifteen years and under. W. P. Barron, 153 East One Hundred and Tenth street.

PHILANTHROPISTS ALWAYS.

THE "EVENING SUN" RESUMES THE GIVING OF ITSELF AWAY.

A Simple Chronicle of the Way an Unfortunate Paper, Which Couldn't Find Sale, Preferred to Bestow Itself on Worthy Newsboys Rather Than Swell the Coffers of the Mercenary Waste-Paper Man.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.—*Shakespeare.*

Perhaps it is a spirit of emulation of the above in addition to its native philanthropy that has once more led the *Evening Sun* to give itself away.

And why not?

On a previous occasion THE EVENING WORLD, in telling of the generous impulses that induced its setting contemporary to give its issue to the newsboys instead of mercenarily selling it to the waste-paper man, said:

If you can't sell your paper, what are you going to do about it?

Why, give it away, of course.

And that's what the *Evening Sun* is doing.

And this is going on not only in New York and Brooklyn, but also in New Jersey.

An EVENING WORLD young man went to Paterson yesterday filled with the commendable purpose that this truly good and philanthropic work should "not waste its sweetness on the desert air," the *Evening Sun's* innate modesty preventing the chronicling of this nobility in its own columns.

Never mind thanking us. A righteous deed bears its own reward.

Well, here is what occurred:

On the train which arrived there on the Erie Railroad at 2.35 o'clock in the afternoon, were two young men with 500 copies of the *Evening Sun*. It had been announced to the 1,000 newsboys gathered at the depot that the papers were to be given away free of cost, and they prepared a reception for the aforesaid young men.

When they got through giving away the papers in lots of ten each the *Evening Sun* young men were not over happy.

The newsboys of Paterson, like those of this city, have familiar nicknames, and during the squabble for the free papers the voices of "Masker," "Jersey," "Jumbo," "Skinny," "Shorty," "Fatty," "Boots," "Snakes," "Tuffy," "Razzler" and other "titles" could be heard above the din.

But they made no special efforts to sell the *Evening Suns* and amused themselves by mimic combats in which bundles of the papers were used as weapons. A convenient sewer receiver was clogged up with many copies of the *E. S.*

The 4.15 train brought nearly two thousand of the last edition of the *Evening Sun*, and the same experience was gone through in disposing of them, and the boys had a larger quantity of waste paper with which to enjoy themselves.

The gutters, sidewalks and roadways in the immediate vicinity of the depot were littered with the torn remnants of *Evening Suns*, and it was evident that the newsboys and the people of Paterson had not a great deal of use for the paper.

When the sporting edition came at 7 o'clock an attempt was made to sell them at two for a cent, but the boys would not buy them, and the young men who handled them were forced to give them away. Even then the boys did not want them.

"It's no use tryin' to sell 'em," said Masker, who is a chief among the boys. "Dere's no call for 'em, and what's der use tryin' when dere ain't any call."

Another trial will be made to-day by the young men who failed yesterday.

There is an average of 175 *Evening Suns* (all editions) sold in Paterson daily, and there are now lying in the Express Company's office at the Erie depot a dozen bundles of 3,000 or 4,000 *Evening Suns* which the circulator has been unable to dispose of, while many thousands have been from time to time sent back to the publication office or given away.

Of course this is but one instance of the *Evening Sun's* philanthropy. But it ought not to be concealed, even if it should bring the blush to the philanthropic cheek.

LOWBER SMITH MEANS FIGHT.

TAMMANY MAY NOT GET THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

Rumor crowds upon rumor among the politicians as the time approaches when the County Democrats are to be bundled, neck, heels and crop, out of the executive departments of the city government to make room for the adherents of triumphant Tammany.

One of these, which was very obtrusive to-day, had to do with Commissioner of Public Works D. Lowber Smith.

It was to the effect that a deal had been consummated whereby Commissioner Smith will forego his intention of fighting for continuation in his present office beyond May 1 in consideration of his being made Consulting Engineer at the Aqueduct at the same salary he now receives—$8,000 per year.

The pugnacious Commissioner, when interviewed regarding the rumor, said:

"Now, isn't that foolish? If Tammany Hall is entitled to the Department of Public Works May 1, it will be an easy matter to get it, but if it isn't I'm d——d if it shall have it.

"I never heard of such a deal," continued Mr. Smith, "and I hardly think I would accept such a proposition. I don't believe there is any necessity of a consulting engineer of the aqueduct, which is already completed. Such a position with the liability of momentary removal would be no sinecure to Smith, and I'm looking out for Smith just now."

ARRAIGNING THE DOCK BOARD.

The Building Section Says the Department Is a Disgrace.

The Building Trades Section last night received word from Mayor Grant, who said he would consider the request for the employment of union men and resident contractors on the new Municipal Building when the Commission appointed to construct the building is organized.

Resolutions were adopted condemning the Dock Commissioners for letting contracts to non-residents who employ cheap labor, and requesting Mayor Grant to cause an investigation to be made into the affairs of the Dock Department, which the Section declares is "a disgrace and a discredit to the city."

The Board of Education was requested by resolution to employ resident union contractors to do the $1,000,000 worth of work to be done this year on the public schools.

COL. ERHARDT IN NO HURRY.

HE WILL LET MAGONE STAY AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE A DAY OR TWO.

Van Cott Expected at the Post-Office—Mr. Pearson Quite Ready to Go—Joy Among Practical Republican Politicians Over the Two Appointments—Even Warner Miller Satisfied.

When Col. Joel B. Erhardt opened his mail at his pretty little home at No. 119 West Fifty-fifth street this morning he found in it a large envelope with the Washington postmark and indorsed, "On official business."

It contained his appointment as Collector of Customs for the Port of New York, vice Daniel Magone, resigned, and bore the sign manual of Benjamin Harrison.

In the Erhardt mail were many scores of letters from prominent Republicans congratulated the Colonel on his piece of good luck. Telegrams were still pouring in this morning.

Col. Erhardt only returned last night from a trip to Washington, and when he left the capital the Collectorship appointment had not been made.

Soon after the breakfast hour Col. Erhardt was ready and willing to see an EVENING WORLD reporter.

He sat silent and complacent in an easy-chair in the dining-room, and his fifty-one years seemed to sit on him as easily as another man's thirty. There was nothing in him to indicate an assumption of increased responsibility or enhanced dignity.

"Shall you accept the Collectorship, Colonel?"

"I may as well own up at once. I shall accept the honor," he replied.

"Can you say when you will take up the reins of office?"

"Not exactly. There is a little matter of a bond to be thought of, and I presume there is no great hurry.

"Mr. Magone is still in office and needs no assistance, but I presume I shall call on him within a day or two and get the hang of the meeting-house."

"And what can we say as to the policy of the new Collector?"

"Only this, that the office will be run for the best interests of the country, according to the best of my ability."

"With an eye single to the Administration?" queried the reporter.

"With both eyes on the Administration," answered Mr. Erhardt, "not forgetting, however, that the eyes of the Administration will doubtless be on me at the same time."

"To whom do you think you owe your appointment, Mr. Erhardt?" he was asked.

"I have an idea that it is to President Harrison," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"In all probability I shall be at the Custom-House some time next week, and until I get there I cannot say what I intend to do except that I shall try to do what Nelson told his men England expected of them. I expect to be kept busy and I hope I shall not be disappointed."

Col. Erhardt said he did not expect to come downtown to-day, but would probably meet a friend or two at the Union League Club this evening.

All the practical politicians of the Republican faith in this city are pleased to-day.

There is no mugwumpery about Joel B. Erhardt or Cornelius N. Van Cott, and the Stalwarts know that the machinery of the Custom-House and Post-Office will be run to advance the interests of the Republican party in the city and State.

Even the men who were disappointed in that they or their favorites were not chosen for the offices filled land the President for his recognition of the politician and the eclipse of the Mugwump Postmaster Henry G. Pearson.

Thomas C. Platt, who has engineered this slate through the White House, simply said that he was perfectly satisfied with the appointments. His beaming countenance also announced that he was pretty well satisfied with Thomas.

Senator Van Cott is expected to qualify as Postmaster and assume the duties of the office early next week.

Postmaster Pearson, pale, worn, emaciated and evidently very ill, was at his desk in the Federal Building when an EVENING WORLD reporter called this morning.

In a weak voice, which corroborated the impression that the outgoing postmaster is a very sick man, Mr. Pearson answered the reporter's queries and said he had received no notification from his successor as to when he will take charge.

He expects an early visit from President Harrison's appointee, and will be ready to deliver the Post-Office over to him when he shall demand it.

Warner Miller is about the only prominent Republican leader in the State whose name was not on the Van Cott petition, but even he smiled and talked of the appointments as though they might have been made at his personal solicitation.

The Prince of Wales Stakes.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, April 6.—At the Leicester Spring Meeting the event was the race for the Prince of Wales Stakes, which was run to-day.

There was a very full field, seventeen horses starting with the fall of the flax.

Donovan won, with Pioneer second and Mintse third.

Baseball To-Day.

New Yorks vs. Brooklyns at Washington Park.
Princetons at Jersey City.
Toronto at Cincinnati.
Cleveland at St. Louis.
Philadelphia vs. Athletics.
Milwaukee at Louisville.
Pittsburg at Kansas City.
Chicago Maroons at Indianapolis.
Washington at Baltimore.

News Summary.

A warrant is issued for the arrest of Gen. Boulanger as soon as he touches French soil.

Capt. Benjamin G. Mann, another of the oyster pirates, is sent to jail for three months at Baltimore for cruelty to an oyster dredger.

Ex-Gov. Porter, of Indiana, recently appointed Minister to Italy, is prostrated at Indianapolis by a strange malady.

George E. Scoville, nephew of the assassin, Guiteau, is arrested at Chicago on his wife's charge of unfaithfulness.

Two more indictments are found by the Grand Jury against Ives, Stayner and Woodruff.

The Royal Geographical Society receives another letter from Henry M. Stanley.

A LETTER FROM JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD, OF THE NEW YORK BASEBALL CLUB AND MANAGER OF THE "ALL-AMERICAS" IN THE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

DEAR SIRS: Having used POND'S EXTRACT as an application for the bruises, sprains and other injuries incident to ball-playing, I can safely recommend it. Yours truly,

JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

A CONFESSION.

Young Cassidy Says His Father Fired the Catholic Protectory.

The Latter Captured in the Essex Market Court.

Record of His Several Attempts to Fire the Building.

After working on the case of the Catholic Protectory fire, Inspector Byrnes came to the conclusion that young Cassidy was not impelled by pure personal motives in setting it on fire, and that there was a master spirit behind him.

The Inspector was certain from facts in his possession that the boy's father was in some way connected with the affair, and also knew that if such were the case, the son would not implicate the father.

He had young Cassidy brought to his office this morning, and after a talk of two hours the lad broke down and made a full confession in writing.

In it the boy stated that he and his father were employed on the Protectory grounds, and that his father had been discharged for intoxication.

"About ten days after being discharged my father took me up to the Protectory grounds and we entered the gas-house by way of the window.

"Father removed all the plugs from the pipes, allowing the gas to escape. We then went to the glycerine room and took out the two-inch plug and all the half-inch plugs.

"Father said, 'There'll be no gas in the Protectory to-night, and the children will be frightened to death.'

"We then returned home and nothing was done for two weeks, when father asked me if there was any kerosene oil in the house.

"We could not find any, but procured a bottle of benzine, with which father saturated a lot of rags.

"Again he took me to the Protectory, and entering the meter-room, father lit the rags, after which we escaped by the window and started to run. I was in advance and looking back, I saw father fall. He had his face somewhat.

"I helped him up and we returned home by the cars.

"Shortly after father said he intended to blow up the gas-house. They were preparing to put in some new boilers, and father remarked that they would never put the boilers in place, as the house would be blown up.

"We arrived at the Protectory about 12 o'clock that night, and got into the purifying house, where we remained quiet until we heard the watchman pass.

"Then father removed the gas plugs and distributed the benzine-soaked rags around the place, after which he lit a match.

While trying to light the rags the match went out, and father was wild with rage, as he had only the one.

"He finally found another in his pocket and lit the rags, when we started to run.

"We stopped after going some short distance, and seeing no blaze father said: 'We have not been successful; we must go back. I'll fix that place or it will fix me.'

"I remained outside while father went in, and in a few minutes I heard an explosion, and father came running towards me. He had burned his hand and was cut on the face.

"We hid in a corner until the engines arrived, and saw them put the fire out. Father was very angry at this failure.

"On March 18, father took me with him to watch Mangin's house. (Mangin is Cassidy's successor.)

"Father put some rags and paper under the stoop and set them on fire, saying, 'If he discovers the fire before the house burns down he will be shot.'

"The sight of a woman coming downstairs with a lamp frightened us away before the house took fire.

"On March 26 I knew from the way father acted that he contemplated another attempt at the Protectory, and I kept out of his way for fear he would make me go with him.

"Father left the house at 11 o'clock and did not return until 3 o'clock in the morning.

"The next day father said: 'You should have been with me last night,' and after reading the accounts of the fire in the papers, father again said: 'You should have been with me. You are a coward. I set that place on fire.'"

Young Cassidy further stated that his father had compelled him to accompany him on each of his previous visits, and, furthermore, made him carry a pistol and bade him "blow out the brains of anyone who interferes or detects us."

His mother had a suspicion of what had been done and upbraided his father for his conduct.

He retorted angrily, telling her to mind her own business, and that it would be a pleasure to him to see every one burned up.

Inspector Byrnes had trouble in finding the father, but supposed he would visit the court to impress silence upon his son.

He was right, for when young Cassidy was brought to the Essex Market Court this morning the father was observed to sneak in and occupy a secluded corner.

He was promptly arrested on the charge of arson and gave his name as Henry J. Cassidy, age forty-five years, and his birthplace at Albany.

He was taken to Police Headquarters and will be arraigned at the Essex Market Court this afternoon, when he will be turned over to the White Plains authorities.

From letters found in his pocket it was ascertained that he contemplated leaving the city to-day for some Western town.

Not a Ball-Player.

[*From the Chicago Herald.*]

"I'm sorry, Gertrude, that you are so taken up with that young man. Why do you want to marry a ball-player?"

"A ball player! How absurd you are, pa, Mr. Curve is a member of the Chicagos.

Columns of Original Humor and Amusement for the Little Folks.

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