

PRICE ONE CENT.

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LAST EDITION. AT THE BUREAU.

Nell Nelson Visits the New Department in the Post Office.

The Interrogatory Girl Got There Before Her.

An Illustration of the Courteous Patience Required by the New Postal Information Clerks.

The biggest thing in the biggest Post-Office on the American Continent is a little cherry cabinet known as the Postal Information Bureau.

It is located in the Broadway corridor, is as long and wide and twice as tall as a man, and tattooed with printed notices concerning the rates of foreign and domestic postage, local deliveries, arrival and departure of mail trains and steamships, and the rules governing the registration of notes, letters and packages, together with a list of non-mailable merchandise.

This small box of wisdom is in charge of A. M. Clark, a genial old warrior who wears long white hair, a wide gold ring and one of those honest faces that can look calm and restful and pleasant without a grin, a frown, a scowl or a smile.

He is an authority on postal lore, and has for an assistant linguist E. G. Chatham, a man of many tongues, and W. W. Whitney, a sort of utilitarian who keeps the records of the Bureau, investigates matters that need looking into, and when necessary chaperones the public to other departments in the office.

The Bureau is a great institution. It fills a long felt want. It is admirably manned, but it is a post not to be envied unless the incumbent is an applicant for a permanent residence in a lunatic asylum.

Messrs. Chatham and Whitney have youth in their favor, but Soldier Clark "was with Grant," and if the interrogatory persecution of the present week continues there won't be enough of his beautiful white hair left to make a memory breadcrumb for his best girl.

My valentine didn't arrive this year. Its omission depressed me, and to recover my native buoyancy I sought the Bureau.

On general principles I hate to have to wait. It always makes me mad, although I can be patient with the cashiers of THE WORLD.

This morning the source of information is surrounded, my sex being in the ascendancy and I wait and wonder.

A smart, tart girl is at the window going at Linguist Chatham like a house afire. She has a high soprano voice and the canary bird trick of cocking her pretty head on the bias and throwing her eyes about as she talks.

"Say, now," she begins, "I send news-papers to Evanston, Ill. every week and they never get there. It's a perfect shame and I want to know what's the matter here."

The clerk looks about him furtively and meekly answers:

"Nothing. But I don't see why the papers are not received if you address them properly and put on enough postage."

"Well, I do address them properly, I guess, and put lots of stamps on them too, so, now, what have you to say?" and her eyes shine like a headlight in the engine of a night express.

"Well, madam," he begins, mellifluously, "I ain't madam," she interrupts, with much stress on the final word, and just as she is about to precipitate matters the affable veteran sticks his white head and arm out to the next window and politely invites her to—

"Step here, please?" And then he softly asks if there is anything he can do for her, and the palpitation under her fur cape subsides, the fire in her dark eyes falls and the small virago is as mild as a chocolate cigarette.

"I just wanted to know why my newspapers don't reach home."

"Are you sure you address and stamp them properly?"

"Certain."

"Put them in a stout wrapper?"

"Of course I do. But it doesn't make any difference; stater never gets them. I'll just bet somebody pulls the stamps off, and then you clerks send them to the Dead Letter office."

free-hand spider web on the writing pad, he says he will make a note of the complaint and file it in the next general report.

"She goes off, and a female dog fancier, who exhibits at every kennel club, takes her place. She has more wrinkles in her face than in the plaiting round her dress; she asks for "a dollar's worth of five-cent stamps for foreign letters," and is referred to the window across the corridor.

Along comes a girl with possible beauty, a retreating nose, a street-sweeping gowl, and a lump of the new-fashioned coral chewing gum in her mouth. She carries a cane-umbrella under her arm, a muff in one hand and a square box in the other, done up in a piece of newspaper picturesque with Spring styles. It is sealed, tied with rope cord and perforated with airholes.

"Say," addressing herself to Clerk Chatham, "how shall I send this?" carefully placing the box on the window-sill.

"Well, as you have sealed it, you will have to pay letter postage."

"How much is that, can you tell me?" He takes it up by the end and the girl screams out, "Oh, mercy, don't! You'll ruin it!"

The outcry startles Chief Clerk Clark, to whom the girl and the mysterious package are referred.

"What are the contents?" he asks.

"Must I tell?" with arch coquetry, which is lost on the war-horse.

"It is for your own interest."

"Well, then," making a ray show of red gum and wetting her lips with that circuitous wave of the tongue so natural to a woman; "there's a bird and a bottle of toilet vinegar. Do you think they'll go all right?"

"I know they won't."

"Mercy, why?"

"Well, in the first place, liquids are un-mailable."

"Do you consider toilet vinegar un-mailable?"

"All liquids are."

"But it's just perfume for a bath."

"It's a liquid and that debars it from the mails."

"Well, how can I send it then? I want awfully to have it go."

"Better send it by express."

"What's the difference?"

"There isn't very much. I suppose one's a little safer than the other."

"Which?"

"Well, I should think the express for non-mailable matter."

"Is a toilet vinegar matter?"

"Oh, yes. Everything is called matter in the mails."

isn't it? Three cents for thirty dollars, didn't you say?"

"No; the postal note is not issued for an amount over \$5."

"But I want to send \$30. I could get six postal notes, though, couldn't I?"

"Yes."

"And how much would they cost?"

"Eighteen cents."

"Well, what's the difference between a postal order and a note?"

"There is no such a thing as a postal order. You mean a money order, I presume."

"Oh, yes. But there are postal cards, aren't there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'm so much obliged to you" shifting the red gum to the rear of her mouth.

"Not at all."

"And the express office you say is down this way in Park place?"

"Yes in the middle of the block, right-hand side."

"Thank you so much; good"—but the poor, patient chief sank to the Bureau floor, where his assistants allowed him to remain until he "came to."

He is one of the lords of creation whose lot I do not envy. NELL NELSON.

SENSATION IN LINGO'S TRIAL.

Witness Murray Declared to Have Been Put Out of the Way.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CAMDEN, N. J., March 7.—The sensation of the trial of Francis Lingo for the murder of Mrs. Anna Miller, at Merchantville, occurred this morning when the clerk called the name Garrett Murray.

The court officer notified the Court that Garrett Murray could not be found.

Murray is one of the most important witnesses in the Lingo trial. He also figured conspicuously in the Leocory trial.

The statement was made in court that Murray had disappeared some time ago and could not be found. The police claim that Murray is dead.

About three months ago the body of a man was found in the colored cemetery at Merchantville. There was a good deal of talk about the case at the time, but it died away.

The police declare that this dead man was Garrett Murray, and believe that Murray was put out of the way to save Lingo. The announcement created the greatest excitement in the court today, and a rigid investigation has been ordered.

IS LITTLE MARIA A THIEF?

A Brooklyn Schoolgirl Charged With Stealing Her Teacher's Purse.

She Will Be Tried Next Tuesday in the Police Court.

Brooklyn's Police Justice Tuba has to determine whether a pretty little school girl just beginning her teens is a thief or not.

Miss Mary P. Leech, a teacher in the Pacific Street Public School, missed a pocket-book containing \$5.00 from her desk in the school room, Feb. 27, and she accuses Little Maria Slattery, the thirteen-year-old child of a humble, hard-working laborer living at 52 Congress street, of taking it.

There are fifty-two girls in Miss Leech's class, and her desk was open Feb. 27. The purse disappeared some time during the morning hours, and Principal Seth T. Stewart began an investigation. He kept all the girls in at the lunch recess, and questioned the class as a whole, and these interrogated several of the girls separately. He believes that little Maria is guilty.

"Have any of you seen a pocket-book today?" asked the Principal of the girls in the course of his investigation. Several said yes—their mother's, father's, brother's or sister's.

To further questions Maria said the purse she saw had silver in it, and she spent some of it for her mother. Mr. Stewart seems to have simmered the case down to Maria Slattery, and her neighbor, Marie Kennedy. He kept the two after school, but after a while allowed Marie to go home.

What followed, Maria described to her hard-working mother like this: "I was with the little girl on Monday to the school. I told her to say the truth, and if she had taken the money I would get it somehow and pay it back."

"I was scared, I cried, and then, at 5 o'clock, Mr. Stewart said that if I would bring the pocket-book and money to school on Monday I might go home. I told him I would get it of my mother, just to get away. I never saw the pocket-book."

Mr. Stewart said he had heard it to the police and yesterday morning we went to the Stuyvesant Street Police Court.

"I said, 'if any one can say that my girl stole the money I will pay it.'"

"Mr. Stewart said he had heard it to the police and yesterday morning we went to the Stuyvesant Street Police Court."

"The Judge called the case, but there was nobody but me there, and he let Maria go till Tuesday for trial. My girl has been at school eight years. She is a good girl, and is now at her father's and mother's in Henry street."

At 62 Congress street an EVENING WORLD reporter found Marie Kennedy, a bright and pretty little girl, with sunken hair and a freckled nose, scrubbing the stairs. Marie said:

"I don't believe Maria took that money. She is a good girl. I don't know why they think she did it. She sits farthest from Miss Leech's desk."

"When Mr. Stewart asked about a purse, we thought it was about Maria. They heard that Mrs. Leech's book had been stolen. Mr. Stewart asked where we heard it. Why, everybody knew about it."

Marie cried case she talked to her, and he told Miss Leech to go out in the hall and tell that man to wait there till he called him."

"Then Maria cried harder. I came home from school Thursday night and she was crying. I don't know what she said, but I never saw her with any money. Maria had an orange. So did Grace DeWolf, but Grace is richer than we are and her sister is a teacher in one of the schools."

Katie and Marie Kennedy, who are also of the same class, told about the same story, and out of all this Justice Tuba must decide whether Maria is guilty in the matter as to law for branding a thirteen-year-old girl as a criminal.

LEVY'S DRAG-NET.

New Haven Railroad Directors Depew, Clark, Park and Hunt Held in Bail.

Multi-Millionaire Rockefeller on Hand with His \$25,000 Bondsman.

Outcome of Coroner's Quest on the Unlit Tunnel Slaughter.

Director Miller Reported to Be Dying at His Home.

Coroner Ferdinand Levy this morning resumed his duty of apprehending and holding for the Grand Jury the officers and directors of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad company, whom a jury of business men on Thursday, declared were responsible for the deaths of Helen T. Sipple and the other victims of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel disaster of Friday, Feb. 20.

The Coroner issued warrants yesterday for the arrest of the five directors who live in this city.

None of the directors were subjected to actual arrest, but in response to a notification by Central Office Detective McClockey, Dr. Channey M. Depew appeared at the Coroner's office at 425 E. 4th st., and, as told in THE EVENING WORLD, was called in the sum of \$25,000 by Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Director Joseph Park surrendered himself and was bailed by his son, Horat J. Park, while President Charles P. Clark, of the New Haven road, also surrendered himself, although somewhat prematurely.

No warrant had been issued for Mr. Clark's arrest, but, learning that the Coroner was getting out warrants by wholesale, the New Haven President went to the Coroner's office with Lawyer Taft and began to make inquiries.

He suggested that there would be no trouble whatever about securing the Directors who live in Connecticut, without the formality of procuring requisitions.

"I have no doubt that what you say is true," replied Coroner Levy pleasantly, "and I have no fears that any one will run away."

"Way, of course not," replied President Clark in a "this-ness-it" tone of voice.

"By the way, Mr. Clark, have you a bondsman with you?" Mandly inquired the Coroner.

"THE TRUTH DAWNED ON MR. CLARK. It suddenly occurred to Mr. Clark that there was not so much freedom in the atmosphere of the Coroner's office as there had been a day or two previously, and he breathed a trifle easier when Frank Tilford arrived at his door and went on his road."

When Coroner Levy resumed his gathering-in of railroad magnates this morning, these of-ficers and directors were to be heard from: E. K. Towerbridge, Edward M. Reed, Wm. L. Kingle, New Haven; W. D. Bishop, Nathaniel Wheeler, Bridgeport; Henry C. Robinson, Leverett Brainard, Hartford; and Henry S. Lee, Springfield.

At 10 o'clock Director William Rockefeller telephoned that he would appear at the Coroner's office with his bondsman at 10 o'clock this afternoon.

DIRECTOR HUNT SURRENDERED. At 10:30 Director HUNT SURRENDERED. He came in his private carriage, and brought a bondsman with him.

Mr. Hunt said he resided at the Clarendon House, 175 West 27th street, and introduced Alexander T. Van Ness, of 51 West Fifty-seventh street, who promptly qualified in the required amount for the \$25,000 bond.

Mr. Hunt is an elderly man, and it was arranged yesterday that he and Director George N. Miller, New Haven, and Alexander T. Van Ness, of 51 West Fifty-seventh street, who promptly qualified in the required amount for the \$25,000 bond.

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JUSTICE—Why not abolish it altogether?



SADIE M'MULLEN IS INSANE.

The Akron Child Murderess to Go to an Asylum.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BUFFALO, March 7.—Judge Lewis began his charge to the jury immediately after court opened, to-day, in seventeen-year-old, Sadie McMullen's trial for murder, and talked for a full hour and a half.

Director Joseph Park surrendered himself and was bailed by his son, Horat J. Park, while President Charles P. Clark, of the New Haven road, also surrendered himself, although somewhat prematurely.

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CITY NEWS TERSELY TOLD.

To-Day's Record of Minor Happenings About Town.

Caught a Stone Thrower.

William Crawford, of 42 Spring street, was seen at 15 in the Tombs this morning for assaulting a woman through Mrs. Dobson's store windows at 54 Spring street. One stone went through the window last night and struck Mrs. Dobson's young daughter, severely injuring her.

Dropped Dead in the Gleezy House.

Word was sent from the Gleezy House to the Coroner's office to-day that J. J. Jackson, a guest at the hotel, had died suddenly. Mr. Jackson is from Lockport, N. Y., and had been staying at the Gleezy House two days. He dropped dead at 10 o'clock last night, as he was entering his room. Apoplexy killed him.

Paquinella Again in Court.

Paquinella Lobertelli, the young Italian woman who shot her lover, Nicola Piro, last Monday in Spring street, was arraigned before Coroner Levy this morning and committed to the Tombs pending the inquest, which will be held next Tuesday.

Left the Gas Turned On.

Clear Johnson was overcome by gas, which was accidentally left open in his room, at 65 Bowery, this morning. He was taken to General Hospital.

Run Over on Fourteenth Street.

Adam Wood, of 50 East Sixty-second street, was knocked down on Fourteenth street by a second avenue car to-day and taken to Bellevue. Jere Mullane, the driver, was arrested.

Flames in a Flat.

Clothes catching fire from a lighted candle caused a dangerous fire in Casper Jacob's apartment at 226 East Seventeenth street this morning.

Visited by an English Alderman.

Ernest Colard, member of the London, Eng., County Council, stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel temporarily, called at the City Hall to pay his respects to Mayor Grant to-day.

Bad Man to Help Move.

Peter W. Engel was held at the Harlem Police Court this morning charged with stealing a pocket-book containing \$10 from the apartments of Mrs. Bertha Hernandez, 1018 Avenue B, whose household effects he was carrying a truckman to move yesterday.

Run Down Two Burglars.

The Twelfth Brooklyn Precinct, about at three men were breaking into Jacob Hahn's butcher shop on Fulton street, at 11 o'clock this morning, and captured two.

LAST EDITION. STOCK REPORTS.

The Share Market Again Weak and Prices Lower.

Unfavorable News from South America the Cause.

Loss in the Bank Reserve Also Has a Bad Effect.

Stocks were weak and lower again this morning, prices falling 1/4 to 1 1/2 per cent. New England, St. Paul and Lackawanna scoring the heaviest losses.

The market continues to be influenced by the unfavorable news from South America. Argentine cablegrams to London say the situation is bad. The stoppage of the payment of Buenos Ayres loans is inevitable and a fresh currency issue is certain.

The loss in the bank reserve also affected the share speculation unfavorably, but in the final dealings there was some grabbing for short contracts, and Rock Island rallied 1 per cent. and the general list 1/4 to 1/2.

Railway officials say there is nothing in the railway situation to cause any alarm and that the weakness in the stock market is due entirely to the foreign financial troubles.

The bank statement shows a loss in reserve of \$2,749,000, and the banks now hold \$13,000,000 above legal requirements.

The following are the comparative figures:

Table with columns: American Sugar Ref., Am. Tobacco, Am. Cotton, etc. and rows: Open, High, Low, Close.

The Closing Quotations.

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The following are the closing quotations of new stocks at the Consolidated Exchange to-day:

Table with columns: American Sugar Ref., Am. Tobacco, Am. Cotton, etc. and rows: Bid, Asked.

JAMES BASCOM MANAGER.

Successor to Capt. Conner at the St. James Hotel.

Capt. William M. Conner, who has acted in that capacity since "Pinger" Walton retired, was succeeded on the first of the present month by George J. Bascom.

Mr. Bascom is junior member of the firm of Tyson & Co., the news and theatrical ticket agents.

Capt. Conner, who sold his stable of the horses last week, leaves to-day to-morrow for the first springs for the benefit of his health.

After a stay at the Springs it is said he has intention to spend the summer in Europe.

BROKER NICHOLS FAILS.

Over 2,000 Shares Bought and Sold for His Account.

The failure of A. E. Nichols, a member of the Consolidated Board, was announced this morning.

Over two thousand shares of stock were bought and sold for his account.

A Hold Bank Robbery.

The Postoffice (P. O.) Bank was robbed on the night of March 5 by a party who has been named in the press as the perpetrator of the vault door. In this vault the bank's cash and securities were stored.

This is another illustration of the folly of keeping securities and valuables in bank vaults, which are not as safe as they are supposed to be. Many people are lulled into a false sense of security by the fact that