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SIX PAGES.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1891.

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EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. BASEBALL'S DAY.

The National Game Expected to Boom Merrily from This On.

New York's Giants All Ready and Eager for the Fray.

They Open the Season at Home with the Sturdy Bostonese.

Two Ball-Playing Aggregations It Will Be Hard to Down.

New York Games at Home, 1891.

- APRIL—22, 23, 24, 25, with Boston; 29, 30, with Brooklyn. MAY—30 (two games), with Cleveland. JUNE—1, 2, with Cleveland; 3, 4, 5, with Cincinnati; 8, 9, 10, 11, with Pittsburgh; 12, 13, 14, 15, with Chicago; 17, 18, 19, 20, with Philadelphia; 21, 22, with Brooklyn; 23, 24, 25, with Boston.



PLAYERS AND MAGNATES—What will the harvest be?

fact, in those days he was one of the best known ball-players in that part of the country.

sure that a tally will be made if such a thing is within the bounds of possibility, when "Buck" reaches first.

O'Rourke is a remarkably fine looking man, and is likewise one of the heavy-weights.



JAMES MUTRIE.

The real baseball season opens to-day, when the National League clubs begin their championship games, and all the cranks seem to agree that it is to be the liveliest and most exciting season in the history of the National Game.

Last season's warfare has had a good effect upon the players themselves, and experts say that the professionals are now prepared to play harder and more conscientiously than they ever did under the old and loose methods of management.

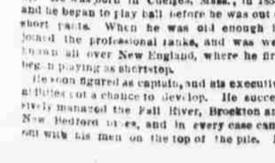
In no locality has this new-born enthusiasm been manifested more strongly than in New York. Gothamites are proud of their team, and they may well be.



TIM KEEFE.

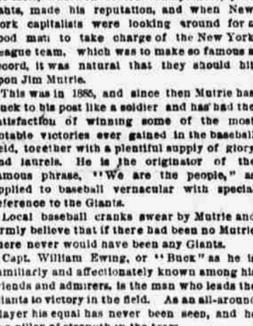
Keefe is thirty-one years old and is a native of Penitents, O., and is a player of staid proportions.

Another old and popular favorite is Smiling Micky Welch, who will share with Keefe the honor of upholding the reputation of the Giants in their stronghold, the pitcher's box.



ROGER CONNOR.

But although as one could brag him at out-fielding and fielding and pitching, his work behind the bat is of such a phenomenal order that he is easily ranked into playing the position almost exclusively.

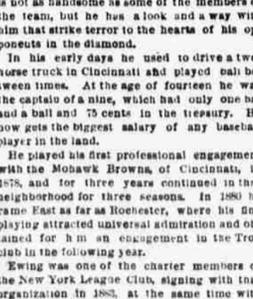


JACK GLASSCOCK.

Tim Keefe, the crack writer of the League, is one of the handsomest men on the New York team, as well as one of its strongest and most reliable players.

During the season of 1879 he pitched for the Utica, and in 1880 for the Albany and Troy clubs.

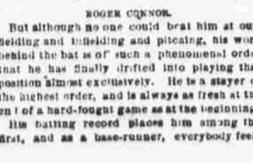
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AMOR RUSIE.

Everybody knows Micky by his smile, which has never failed to expand genially and pleasantly even under the most depressing circumstances.

Welch is short and stocky in build, standing about 5 feet 7 inches, and his weight in training is 155 pounds.



DANNY RICHARDSON.

Danny Richardson covets second base in a manner that cannot be beaten by any infielder in the country.



MICHAEL WELCH.

In Roger Connor the New Yorks can boast of one of the biggest and best baseball-players in the country.

After remaining in jail for about a year, Dowling has now returned to the city, and is expected to play for the New Yorks.

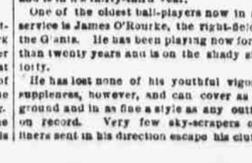
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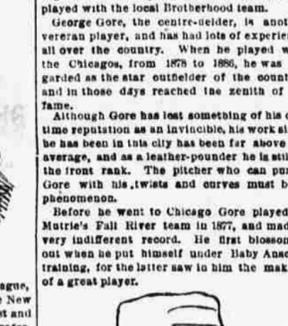
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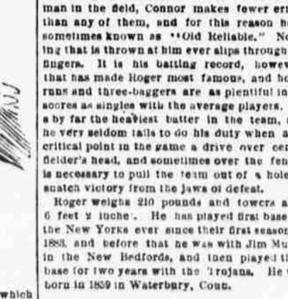


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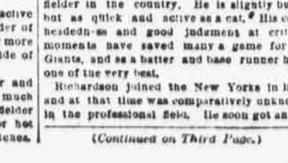
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HOW WILL IT END?

The Jere Dunn-Inspector Byrnes War Reaches an Acute Stage.

Byrnes Makes a Scornful Reply to Jere's Latest Charges.

An "Ex-Convict and Murderer's" Accusations Unworthy of Notice.

Jere Dunn comes forward with a defiant reply to the remarks of Chief Inspector Byrnes as given in yesterday's EVENING WORLD.

Dunn likens the Inspector to Judge Dowling, says he has more power than the Carr, and that it is silly to imagine that any man or men would fight against the life of an official in this section of the country.

Then he charges that an agent once left a copy of Byrnes's book at his house and called next day with a demand of \$10 for the book, and declares that the Chief lies, and knows he lies, when he calls Jere Dunn a thief.

This morning Chief Byrnes said to an EVENING WORLD reporter in regard to the charge that Dunn was an ex-convict and a murderer, beneath his dignity and the dignity of his official position to answer except in a court of justice.

Dunn's statement is as follows: "This attack upon me is like the old, old adage that howling made more than twenty years ago, when he represented the police power of New York in a great measure as does Inspector Byrnes to-day.

He stood in with all the crooks of New York, and has been known to send innocent men to State prison when the public clamored in order to obtain the real criminal who had given him his percentage, and the public were satisfied and believed were not for the zealous efforts of the good Judge Dowling neither their property nor their lives would be safe.

"The people arose in their wrath and the ring was broken, and Dowling's gas gave out, and his balloon went sailing, and he was left in the air and was heard of no more, and the city became better protected than it ever was during his regime.

"I fall to notice any lust of the great 'Judge' in any niche in the halls of justice, nor do I see his statue in any public park. His picture may be in the Police Headquarters building in Mulberry street. Whenever his name is mentioned by honest men and women it is execrated and abhorred.

"I had his death described to me as the most horrible ever witnessed. Hereof his own power and crooked revenues, his thoughts centered in himself, and he resorted to the bottle to drown his remorse.

"The specter of wronged spirits rising up before his maudlin imagination necessitated more frequent and deeper draughts of the alcohol, until a final attack of delirium tremens carried him off. He died crying out in the most horrible manner: 'Take them off! Take them off!' He was not assassinated.

"But to return to Dowling's accusation that I was going to assassinate him. It was made clearly for the purpose of inspiring the with fear and placing me in a position where I would not dare to defend myself if attacked.

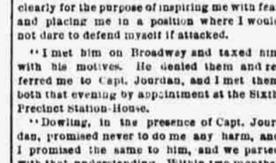
"I met him on Broadway and taxed him with his motives. He denied them and referred me to Capt. Jordan, and I met them both that evening by appointment at the Sixth Precinct station-house.

"Dowling, in the presence of Capt. Jordan, promised never to do me any harm, and he kept his word, and I have since parted with that understanding. Within two months, and without any warning, he sent James Logan, 'No. 2,' to assassinate me. Logan was the man who killed Rogers while robbing him, and who left the tail of his coat in the grasp of the dying man. In the pocket was a letter addressed to James Logan.

"Upon the receipt of this letter I created a carpenter of that name and exhausted all their evidence against him. He would have been convicted had not the strongest kind of an alibi been proven. Then they caught the real murderer, whom they called No. 2, but they had no evidence to bring against him which had not already been used against No. 1.

"After remaining in jail for about a year, Dowling has now returned to the city, and is expected to play for the New Yorks.

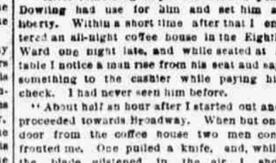
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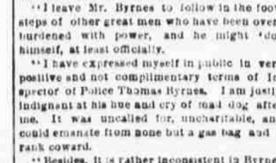
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BULLETS AT THE THEATRE.

A Bowery New London Customer Spills Blood for Drink.

He Shot Kate Dunsworth and Then Shot Himself.

The New London Theatre, on the Bowery, between Hester and Grand streets, which is nightly the scene of murder in G minor, was early this morning the scene of another tragedy, in which Albert Stoll, without warning and apparent motive, fired a bullet into Kate Dunsworth, one of the stage performers, and then attempted to kill himself.

The "New London Theatre" is one of those old-time Bowery concert resorts which still manage to exist, and into which unsuspecting strangers are inveigled under the belief that they are going to a real playhouse.

Stoll was crazy drunk when he staggered behind the stage and fired, rather than seated himself, at one of the tables.

Kate Dunsworth, who sings "Annie Rooney," "Down Went McGinty" and other of the latest and newest songs in a whisp-voiced, spied in Stall an easy victim.

She seated herself beside him, tapped him on the knee and asked him to "buy something." He said he would, another of the rappers was passing at the time, and the Dunsworth woman invited her to "sit down and have a drink with me and my friend."

Stoll paid the bill, and scarcely had he paid when the woman said: "Can't we have another?"

He nodded affirmatively. There was no waiter near, and she asked that Stoll would change his mind and seek her companion to order the drinks. The latter left the table, and had hardly turned her back when Stoll said to Kate Dunsworth: "Look there," pointing with his finger to the wall.

She turned her head and as she did so he pulled a revolver and fired at her. The bullet, fortunately of only 22 calibre, entered her mouth at the right side, ploughed its way through her teeth, scattering seven of them on the floor, and then lodged in a door.

There is an exit on Christie street, back of the stage, and Stoll made a break for it and fled.

But the door was barred, and finding escape cut off he placed the pistol to his own head and fired. The bullet made a small hole above the right ear, but has not been located yet.

Both Stoll and the woman were removed to Gouverneur hospital. The former was detained there as a patient and prisoner, his wounds being considered a severe one but not immediately dangerous to his life.

The latter, after having her wound dressed, was sent to the Eldridge street police station, her injury not being serious. This morning in the Essex Market Police Court she was committed as a witness to the House of Detention by Justice Ryan. Stoll will be charged with felonious assault and attempted suicide.

Kate Dunsworth this morning declined to see reporters. She consented, however, to talk through Messrs. Creeden, to whom she said she never saw Stoll in her life before last night. She had no quarrel with him. He shot her "without provocation and out of pure craziness."

The physicians would not allow Stoll to talk. He is a bookbinder, living at 29 Greenwich street. He had evidently been on a protracted spree.

The barkeeper at the "New London Theatre" said that the proprietor of the place is John Byrnes. The license is said to be in another name.

AS COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

New Scheme by Which Pool-Rooms Hope to Do Business.

The pool-rooms will recover very soon on a new system. The roads along which the pool-rooms keepers have had to travel have been very rough and rocky, but they seem to have reached a spot just now where there will be easy travelling for some time.

They have been doing business during the winter in which the game of common carriers. That is, they preferred to send the money to the race tracks, and they charged a commission for so doing. Of course no one ever supposed that the money really went to the track, but the pool-rooms keepers always asserted that it did.

A consultation between four great legal lights, Messrs. William F. Howe, Abner Hummel, ex-District Attorney John R. Feltus and ex-Surrogate Daniel G. Hoag, resulted in the agreement of a new scheme. The plan is to do business as commission merchants.

The better who wishes to back a horse at the gutterburg or any other race track will enter the "commission merchant's" office and fill out an order something like this:

JONES & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

As Commission Merchant, I ask you to send for me to Race Track at GUTTERBURG..... Dollars, to be there placed on.....

Horse..... Dollars.....

at track quotations, if such there can be obtained.

I now pay Ten cents your charge for executing this commission.

In return the "commission merchant's" office will send the keeper who will be an acknowledgment of the receipt of \$10 to be placed at a certain track on a certain horse.

To this receipt is a stub, which reads about the same way, and which the Commission agent will send.

The money thus received is to be bet on the race track. All the pool rooms will have telegraphic communication with the race track, and the moment an order is received it will be given to the race track. This is the plan the pool-rooms keepers have in view. How it will work is another matter.

CUTTENBURG ENTRIES.

Table with columns for Race, Horse Name, Jockey, and Odds. Includes entries for First Race, Second Race, Third Race, Fourth Race, Fifth Race, and Sixth Race.

To-Day's Baseball Schedules.

New York vs. Boston, at Boston. Philadelphia vs. Brooklyn, at Philadelphia. Pittsburgh vs. Chicago, at Pittsburgh. Boston vs. Atlanta, at Boston.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

LURED TO BE SHOT.

A Bogus Employer Tries to Murder Butcher Kraus in Rutherford Woods.

Enticed from Castle Garden to be Robbed and Killed.

His Wounds Not Fatal—Searching for the Would-Be Assassin.

Coroner Young and Borough Marshal Collins of Rutherford, N. J., are to-day investigating a dastardly crime.

The victim is a young German, twenty-one years old, named Heinrich Kraus, who is lying very ill at St. Joseph's Hospital in Paterson, from an ugly pistol shot wound in the back of the neck.

Shortly after 7 o'clock last night Henry Westler, a well-known farmer, was returning home from work through a wood near Delaware, two miles from this place and half a mile from the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad tracks.

Hearing groans, they began a search, soon finding a man lying in a pool of blood and bleeding profusely from wounds in the neck, right wrist and thumb.

The ground and grass about him were all torn up, giving evidence of his having engaged in a terrible struggle for his life.

They carried the wounded man to the house of John Kehoe, near by, and sent for Dr. Holter, Coroner Young and Marshal Collins. Dr. Holter pronounced the neck wound very serious, and Coroner Young took the man into a mortuary.

He said that he came from Kibron, Germany, July 18, 1888, and after working as a butcher for Leib Iron, 214 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, he started a butcher shop himself at 144 Elizabeth street.

He has recently sold his shop for a good price, and had advertised for a chance to go on a milk route farm, with the prospect of buying an interest if it suited him, and had applied at the employment bureau at Castle Garden for such a position.

While he was at Castle Garden yesterday afternoon a well-dressed stranger, apparently about twenty-five years old, with light mustache, and who spoke German much better than he did English, approached Kraus and told him he had just what he wanted in the dairy line.

An invitation to visit the stranger's farm in New Jersey was at once accepted by Kraus, who had no objection to his companion's name, but confidently followed him to Hookers, where the two took the 6.30 train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road. The stranger bought two tickets for Lyndhurst, where they left the train, the stranger saying that they would have to walk the rest of the way.

After walking up the track about a mile, the stranger turned off through the woods, remarking that it was a short cut to his farm. Kraus walked ahead.

After they had gotten into the woods Kraus suddenly heard a loud report and instantly fell to the ground, suffering excruciating pain from a wound in his neck. As he lay on his back, the stranger pulled a small butcher knife from a bundle that he was carrying, but he had no show to use the knife.

Again the assassin's pistol came into use, and Kraus had loosed his hold on his precious blade. He was unable to get up, and the stranger had pulled a small butcher knife from a bundle that he was carrying, but he had no show to use the knife.

When Kraus had been pierced with two more bullets, the assassin grabbed up his bundle and fled precipitately, leaving \$300 untouched in his victim's inside pocket. His desperate game had won him nothing but a bundle of clothing.

The wounded man was sent to the hospital in Paterson about midnight, and Coroner Young, Marshal Collins and a posse of deputies scoured the neighborhood for the would-be murderer.

Men were stationed at every railroad station within five miles, but the assassin succeeded in boarding a train at Passaic Bridge at 8 P. M., where he bought a ticket for Rutherford.

He did not leave the train, however, and is supposed to have feigned sleep, going on to Jersey City. His description was telegraphed to Inspector Byrnes, the Jersey City and to the Newark police.

The only new thing discovered this morning as the butcher knife used by Kraus to defend himself, which was picked up near the scene of the struggle.

Coroner Young is convinced that Kraus's assailant knew that he had money and that the object of the crime was robbery.

The scene of the crime is a gruesome place, far from any habitation. It is believed that the assassin is well acquainted with the locality.

An examination of Kraus's injuries by House Surgeon Scribner at the hospital, disclosed a dangerous wound in the back of Kraus's neck. On probing the Surgeon failed to locate the bullet.

That part of the left thumb above the first joint, which had been shot off, and the third bullet had penetrated the middle of the left forearm. This last bullet was extracted by Dr. Scribner.

Kraus's condition, on the whole, was not regarded dangerous, and Dr. Scribner said that he would recover.

An EVENING WORLD reporter saw Kraus this morning.

He told the reporter substantially the same story related above, with additional details, corroborating the facts learned at Castle Garden and detailed below.

"I do not know the man's name," he said.