

**A Page of Devils as World Artists See Them.**  
AN ORIGINAL COLLECTION OF PERSONAL IDEAS OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

**Ward McAllister on Society Reporting.**  
AN ENTERTAINING DISCUSSION OF THE CUSTOM OF PRINTING DOINGS OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.

**SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.**

# The Evening Edition of The World.

**Sons and Daughters of New York's Politicians.**  
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED IN A MOST INTERESTING WAY.

**The Story of the Life of a Pretty Girl.**  
A NEW YORK GIRL WHO WOULD HAVE HER OWN WAY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

**SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.**

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## ONE OF "THE EVENING WORLD'S" SEVEN CHRISTMAS TREES---GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.



### CHRISTMAS JOY.

**More than 30,000 Youngsters Receive Gifts.**

**Real Happiners at "The Evening World's" Seven Trees.**

**Tons of Candy and Cartloads of Toys Distributed.**

always when some important event is anticipated. There were we-faced, hollow-eyed, overworked mothers with babes in arms and toddling little ones tugging at their skirts. There were grim visaged men with the defiant glare of bitter poverty in their eyes, hunching their proud hearts, and leading or carrying the babes for whom they had not the means to buy even a modicum of Christmas cheer. There were big, honest faced boys, leading their little brothers and tiny sisters, and little chaps that hurried along alone or in groups, and all chattering like magpies of the joys that were in store for them at the great Christmas festival to which they had been invited by THE EVENING WORLD.

Of course THE EVENING WORLD didn't have time to count all these children, but it counted the tickets issued to them and the number of gifts that were distributed, and it knows that there were over 32,000 children served with the bounty provided by the readers of THE EVENING WORLD.

Although THE EVENING WORLD Christmas Tree festival is an established institution, tickets for the trees were issued on a conservative estimate of the number of children that would be provided for.

But there were thousands of substantial gifts sent to the storehouse at 74 Fifth avenue at the last moment, making an all-night job for the good ladies and gentlemen who gave their services to the work of assorting and parceling them up for the seven trees, and thousands of children who had no tickets of admission were let in after those who had tickets had been served, and a grand aggregate of more than 32,000 children got something to remind them that old St. Nick loved them though their little lives were full of woe.

Let us consider what "32,000 children" means.

Thirty-two thousand is a greater number than the standing army of the United States of America counts!

It is more than three times as great as the number of enlisted men in the militia of the proud State of New York--the Empire State!

It would fill the Madison Square Garden from pit to dome, and all the boxes and seats at the Metropolitan Opera-house, the Grand Opera-house, People's Theatre, Carnegie Music Hall and Academy of Music, Union Square, Palmer's and the Standard Theatre, and still there would be enough left to make two big audiences.

WHAT "32,000 CHILDREN" MEANS.

That is no number greater than the population of the city of Birmingham or Auburn or Elmira or Oswego.

Enough children to fill all the seats in the twelve largest public school houses in New York, and ten times as great as the attendance at the City Normal College and the College of the City of New York combined.

Why, if these little ones were given seats in the Elevated Railway cars it would take a train of 640 cars to accommodate them!

That is the sort of an enterprise which its readers entered into with THE EVENING WORLD.

If there is anybody in Christendom who ought to be able to resume the routine of every-day work today with a comfortable, self-gratulatory feeling in his heart of hearts, it is the kindly reader who contributed his mite to the joy of these neglected thousands.

There were a hundred and more sweet women and gentle-hearted men who went to bed last night with a weariness that had no dreadfulness in it--the good people who worked all through the night before Christmas, planting the Christmas trees and deciding their gifts for the hundreds of children, and labored like men mowing and women washing, distributing old Kris Kringle's bounty for three hours in the Christmas morning while selfish people lounged at home.

There was a score of them who had worked during all their spare time for ten days in preparing the contributions as they came in from the myriad givers.

Some of those who helped.

Among these was Miss Marguerite St. John, the beautiful young English actress, whose heart is as tender to these strays of fortune as the mother's to her babe.

At the headquarters, 74 Fifth avenue, a large store, the use of which was given by H. Saylor Anderson, Manager George M. Wood, who has a capacity for work only equaled by an all-embracing philanthropy, was doing forty things at once for weeks.

It was aided, materially, by Miss St. John and those other selfless-spirited people, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Royal Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Maxwell and Master Johnny McKiver, Albert G. Thiels, Miss Louise Gerard, Mrs. Shannon, Miss Elsie Shannon, Miss Winnie Shannon, Natalie and Ernestine Lambert, Mr. Augustus Whitting and Master Henry Levy.

These volunteers apportioned the gifts, packing them in cases for the gifts of clothing, candy, fruit and toys.

Of course the gifts purchased with the money subscribed by the readers to the fund were delivered as desired by the dealers to the respective halls.

A careful estimate of the work done by the united and combined efforts of all the people engaged in this glorious charity from its inception down to its execution would equal the work of one person for nearly sixteen months.

In New York, the points of distribution were the Grand Opera-house, at West Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue; the Recital Hall of the Carnegie Music Hall, at Broadway and Fifty-seventh street; Miner's

well-known People's Theatre, on the Bowery, Nissim Hall, in Fifteenth street, near Third avenue, and the Harlem Theatre, in East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Third avenue. In Jersey City, the Opera Hall was the scene of interest. In Elizabeth, Everett Hall, open doors on bridge street received the throngs of childish applicants.

The Christmas Trees of 1891 have been a great, a proud, a splendid success. To all who helped to make them so THE EVENING WORLD makes its best holiday bow and extends its wishes for long continued blessings and many returns of this glorious anniversary.

### JOY AT CARNEGIE HALL.

**Noll Nelson Writes of the Happenings at One Christmas Tree.**

If the Andrew Carnegie Temple of Music endures "till the stars fall and the sun grows cold," it will never witness a sweeter, grander success than the children's Christmas party held in Recital Hall yesterday.

There were close to 2,000 little girls and as many small boys present, and the men and women who helped them to be merry had a splendid time of it, and to witness their unspeakable happiness, and to think that a very little individual outlay of money it took to provoke it all.

The day was filled with incidents--little ones of all them, but most touching.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who was in charge of the entertainment, cried all morning, and no one tried to stop her, although her tears took the crisp and starch out of several wigs and gowns worn by prize-doll babies.

And you would have wept, too, if you had been there and heard and seen the things she heard and saw. The baby, the blind, the crippled, the sick and the strong were there, helpless, barefoot and breathless in all manner of childish misery, and every variety of patches, rags and raiment. They came from all sections of the neighborhood between the North and East Rivers, and they were just as impressed delight.

They began coming as early as 7 a. m., and at 2 p. m. they were still tripping and bounding towards the hall.

One frail child, a boy of nine, came stamping along on a crutch from his wretched home in West Thirtieth street. He wore a cotton cap, a threadbare suit of clothes, one boot and a slipper.

Mrs. Ayer gave him a book, a game and a mouth organ; she went down on her knees before the poor little creature and kissed one cheek with one hand and the other with raising the pinned tucks in his shirt, bound to hold the big apple; she fastened the box of candy to a button on his jacket; she put a ginger cake the size of a saucer in one hand and forced a spig of holy into the other, between the crutch and the delicate fingers. The boy had not a word to say to all this. But his eyes spoke a language that the

(Continued on Second Page.)

### GOULD A PRISONER.

**Held Without Bail as a Witness to the Wogan Murder.**

**Sent to the House of Detention With His Dive-Tenders.**

Tom Gould, keeper of the notorious basement dive at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, where Joe Selling shot and killed John J. Wogan, the reputed proprietor of the dive, Christmas morning, woke up in a cell at Capt. Holly's station-house in West Thirtieth street this morning, and realized for about the first time in his life that the laws are sometimes enforced.

He had been there all night, in fact had eaten his Christmas dinner there. He was arrested yesterday afternoon at Coroner Messinger's order and held without bail as a witness to the shooting.

Howard Reynolds, a cab-driver; James Cook, a barkeeper in the dive; "Red" Millsbaugh, who says he was "manager" of the dive for "proprietor" Wogan; James O'Connor, the headwaiter, and Ida Adams, of 229 West Fortieth street, a frequenter of the place, were also arrested and held as witnesses.

Detectives Brett and Hayes took them all down to the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning and arraigned them before Justice Hogan, who said:

"Who did you bring them here? The Coroner ordered their arrest, you say? Then take them before him."

Then up spoke Tom Gould, in spite of his heart's longing on a board in a cell, was looking as dapper as ever, his silk tie and heavy red mustache alike glossy and resplendent, and his big eight-carat diamond gleaming like the head-light or an engine in the murky atmosphere of the courtroom.

"Your Honor," he said, advancing to the platform for witnesses, "I wish to say to you that three of these parties here, to my personal knowledge, did not see this affair and know nothing whatever about it. I think they should be discharged."

"Well, if the Coroner wants to discharge any one it's for him to say so and not me," interrupted Justice Hogan, and he motioned the dive-keeper away.

There was a marked depression in Gould's breathing apparatus as he bowed himself out of the judicial presence with meek dignity, and, with his benchmen, accompanied the detectives to the Coroner's office.

The three parties whom Gould wished released were his employees, Cook, O'Connor and Millsbaugh. All three denied to an

### LAST EDITION.

**Will Not Let Them Fight.**

**Supt. Murray Spoils Corbett and Mitchell's Plans.**

**There Can Be No Slugging at the Dempsey-Maher Mill, Either.**

Supt. Murray stated this morning at Police Headquarters that he had been informed of an attempt on the part of prominent pugilists to re-establish the prize-ring in New York, and that he wanted the public to understand that he would not permit anything of the sort.

"I hear," he said, "that Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett are advertising to fight at Madison Square Garden early in February, and that a slugging match has been arranged between Peter Maher and Jack Dempsey for Jan. 12 at the same place.

"I want to say that these people will not be allowed to fight, and that the public will be deceived if it buys tickets for these shows in the expectation of witnessing a prize-fight.

"Of course, if they most simply for a sporting exhibition, I cannot prevent it, but if there is any slugging or fighting, I will arrest all of them. I will not have it."

Supt. Murray said he was going to inform the men and the managers of the Garden what his views were on the subject, and if the pugilists were unwilling to withdraw from the show they would do it at their own risk. The show would be stopped at the first exhibition of any slugging tendency.

**Rudyard Kipling to Marry an American Novelist's Sister.**

London, Dec. 25.--Rudyard Kipling, the popular story writer, is engaged to be married to the sister of Wolcott Balestier, the young American novelist, who died at Dresden recently.

Field Still Silent and Starving. Edward M. Field's condition was reported to-day at Ludlow Street Jail to be practically unchanged. He continues to refuse food and will talk to no one. It is not known how soon he will be taken to an asylum.

**Abe Conkley Stay Holds as Yet.** Argument on the stay of proceedings granted by Judge Pratt, of Brooklyn, in favor of Abe Conkley, convicted of grand larceny, set for to-day was postponed until 10 a. m. Monday.

"Y. & S." Stick Licenses. Unquestionably the leading brand. All druggists.

### SELLING REFUSES TO TALK.

Selling, who shot Wogan, is still locked up at Jefferson Market Prison, awaiting his examination Tuesday morning.

As yet he has secured no counsel, so far as could be learned, and he positively refused to talk of the tragedy to reporters this morning.

He said yesterday that he had written to Mr. L. M. Horathal, of the wholesale clothing firm of Horathal, Whitehead, Weissman & Co., at Broadway and Broadway street, who was the executor of his father's estate, to secure him a lawyer.

"Joe's father was David Selling, who was a prominent New York merchant about twenty years ago. He has been dead for years.

"While Joe is a gambler, he has always been considered square, so far as I know. He has been married, but is separated from his wife. While I know little of his private life, he was generally considered a 'crack' for his father's estate, and his father's, but it was all settled up a year ago and Joe received his share.

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"This is in direct contradiction to Gould's statement that Selling is an ex-convict, because, so far as I know, he is not.

"Wogan's dead body lay in an ice-box in the Coroner's vault room at 1209 Broadway this morning awaiting an autopsy.

"This morning crowds of flabby-armed sporting men and women flocked into the place to get a glimpse of the dead 'gamester's' face. Among those who called was a father's old friend, the colored woman.

For the first time since it was opened, the Gould-Wogan dive was tightly closed last night and to-day. This morning, however, the card labelled "closed on account of death in the family" had been removed.

**To Double Man's Pleasures.** Manufacturers have long completed, and Napan Chewinko tobacco wins the prize, pouches, etc.

SHADY-CROFTS will relieve any headaches.



JOHN JOSEPH WOGAN.  
(The Murdered Man.)

came to the room and dragged him upstairs, threatening to kill him, said this morning.

"I was in the toilet-room at the time and didn't see Selling or the man Koolier, who he says was with him. I never saw either one of them, that I know of."

"NO ONE SAW IT BUT ME," SAYS GOULD.

"There was no one saw the shooting but me," put the story to rest, and its truthfulness lapsed into sudden silence. "You see it was on the stairs where the shooting took place, and I saw it all."

"Where was Koolier, Selling's friend, all this time?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know. Perhaps he went out. I don't remember to have seen him in the place at all though," he added, upon further reflection.

"You're sure there was no quarrel between Selling and Wogan?"

"I know Joe, but I was standing right in the middle of the floor and saw and heard everything. If there had been any row I certainly should have heard it," and the dive-keeper waved his hand as if the matter was effectually disposed of.

While this statement may appear remarkable, it is in no way extraordinary, for the Coroner ordered that the books and diaries of the establishment's books and didn't see any row or even heated bidding.

"While Gould was waiting to be arraigned, a big, heavy, bearded man, with gray hair and a mustache called on him in the stillness-room and had a earnest conversation with him. He was said to be 'MAY' Adams, the well-known sporting man, who was held for Gould when he was arrested last September for beating one of his waiters, James H. Wright.

SAYS AIDER'S WOGAN'S WIDOW.

As the aiders were leaving the courtroom for the Coroner's office a pretty, dusky-haired young woman, dressed in black, stepped up to a court officer in the back of the room, and, bursting into tears, asked where the officers were taking Gould.

"To the Coroner's office," replied the officer.

This occasioned a fresh outbreak of tears from the young woman, who asked where the Coroner's office was and hurried to Eighth street, where she took a cross-town car.

She told the officer that she was Wogan's widow, who is the same woman who called at the Thirtieth street police station last night and to-day, and was refused permission to see Gould.

Detectives Brett and Hayes reached the