INCREASING BUSINESS
15 CENTS A LINE.
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TRY WORLD "WANTS." NO EXTRA CHARGE ON SUNDAY.
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The EVENING EDITION World.

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PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1892. PRICE ONE CENT.

# EXTRA.

## 2 O'CLOCK.

# CLOSED AT 1 A. M.

### Dive-Keeper Kelly Disarmed at the Exposure of Its Den.

### Habitues Were Hustled Out with Force and Violence.

### "Honest" John Makes Dire Threats Against Investigators.

### He Raves and Bemoans the Financial Loss Consequent Upon a Forced Regard for Law.

To say that "Honest" John Kelly, who runs the notorious assignation house, and gambling hell at the corner of Thirty-first street and Sixth avenue, was surprised when his eye rested upon THE EVENING WORLD'S first page yesterday afternoon would be putting it very mildly.

It was the big black headline, "In Kelly's Dive," that first attracted his attention, and then he was startled to see the familiar scenes in and about his place, which had been so faithfully and graphically represented by THE EVENING WORLD artist, staring him in the face as he ran his eye along the columns.

It was the first time that the general public of the great city had been let into the inner workings, as it were, of his resort, the "delights" of which he had fondly hoped would never be known to any outside of his immediate circle of friends and acquaintances and the innocent and unsuspecting countrymen and gentlemen whom the latter might lure into the hidden dens of vice.

But "Honest" John was even more pained and shocked when he began to read the account of the alleged orgies in his place, and he was so overcome by his emotions that he was forced to retire to his private sanctum in the rear of his dive to complete the perusal of the story.

It was then early in the afternoon, but many of his friends and cronies had already heard of THE EVENING WORLD'S exposé. News of it had spread like wildfire through the Tenderloin Precinct, and habitues of the dive began to flock to Kelly's saloon to find out what it all meant.

"HONEST" JOHN OVERCOME BY THE SHOCK.

Mr. Kelly's substitutes behind the counter in the dingy barroom and upstairs in the gambling den could give them no satisfaction. They only knew that "Honest" John had been completely prostrated by the shock of the exposition, and had retired from view for a time to commune with his own feelings.

When he did appear he was about the saddest man in all New York. Knowing that he was surrounded by sympathizing friends, for the place by this time was crowded, he made no attempt to restrain his feelings, but unbended himself without reserve.

For a time the air in the immediate vicinity of Kelly's dive was pervaded with sulphurous odor and quivered from the force of frequent explosions of profanity.

His friends say that "Honest" John raved like a crazy man and made the most terrible threats of vengeance against those who had violated the "hospitality" of his private asylum for crooks, toughs and abandoned women, and exposed its iniquities to the gaze of the world.

"You've got it in the neck this time, John," observed one of his friends sympathetically.

"I have, have I," he roared. "Well, somebody else will get it in the same place before have done with them.

"I want it understood that I have a license to run this place, and I'm run on the dead square.

"What business have these reporters to come here and write me up in this style? I'd just like to catch any of them in here again," and Mr. Kelly glared about him as though he suspected there might be a newspaper man or two in the crowd which thronged the barroom and had spread out to the sidewalk on the corner.

"It is certainly the worst roasting that any one in this town ever got," remarked another sympathizer. "What are you going to do about it, John?"

WILL MAKE IT HOT FOR SOMEBODY.

"Do?" he yelled so loud that those outside could hear him. "What in —— can I do? I'm not going to do anything just now. But I wait and — I'll make it —— —— hot for somebody, and I don't make any mistake about it."

Mr. Kelly continued in this strain for some time, and his threats were serious threats seemed to make a profound impression upon his friends.

After "Honest" John had cooled down somewhat from the first outburst of indignation, a council of war was held in the private room of the recesses of the dive and a plan of campaign was mapped out.

It was evident that the times were getting too hot for the dive-keepers. Although they had received a warning in the shape of a raid which Billy McGlory and his friend Officer Wogan had met, he had continued to run his place up to last night in open defiance of the law.

The result of the conference was seen in the change which took place last evening in the method of operating the dive.

"Honest" John called together his most trusty pals and lieutenants and gave strict orders that every one should be watched closely. As he had a license, the police did not interfere with his keeping the place open and admitting whoever came along.

GUARDING THE GAMBLING ROOMS.

There was a strong advance guard stationed at the entrance of the gambling rooms on the stairs, however, and no one was admitted to the upper story until he had passed inspection and was known positively to be O. K.

Mr. Kelly himself was on hand, and kept a general supervision over his subordinates.

He could not, however, prevent the sounds from the upper regions reaching the ears of those on the floor below, and it was clear, from the occasional clicking of the ivory chips and the rattle of the roulette wheel, as well as the scraps of boisterous conversation that from time to time floated down the stairway, that the games was going in full blast.

Squads of men were continually passing up and down the stairs, and those that were admitted disappeared for a long time. It was New Year's Eve, and everybody was out to spend money.

THE OLD CROWD IN THE ASSIGNATION-ROOM.

Downstairs in the barroom and in the inner room of the dive behind the yellow curtains the crowd was bigger and more boisterous than ever.

The chairs about the little tables were filled with drunken men and women all the evening and hundreds were waiting around for a chance to grab them as soon as any one made a move to get out.

The air was thick with cigar smoke and charged with the fumes of liquor and stale beer.

It was a regular holiday night crowd for Kelly's, and so long as there were no violent rows or disturbances the proprietor felt that he was safe from molestation. The crowd was noisy and hilarious, but owing to the watchfulness of his heelers there was no slugging or other serious disorder last night.

Whenever the guests of the dive became too boisterous or quarrelsome they were escorted to the door by one of the bouncers, and fired into the street.

"Honest" John had given private orders that, even though it was New Year's Eve, the usual privileges accorded to his guests should be curtailed for a time.

The trio of colored musicians were there, and the usual programme of guitars, mandolin and banjo playing, and the singing of ribald songs was carried out. The sounds of the revelry, although more subdued than usual, could be heard by those who passed by on Thirty-first street, though the yellow curtains hid the crowd within from view.

THUGS WITH A GRIEVANCE.

In the barroom the regular habitues of the place congregated all the evening. They are a hard-looking lot, and number some of the smallest scamps. They had a grievance. THE EVENING WORLD was ruining their occupation, and they attacked the paper savagely.

Most of the men in the inner room, were, as usual, those who had come out to see the sight and take in the town. They were attracted there by the women who frequent the dive in droves to induce their half-drunken companions to spend their money recklessly, an occupation in which they are substantially encouraged by "Honest" John Kelly.

At midnight the dive was crowded to the doors. Mr. Kelly's most distinguished patrons usually begin to arrive about this hour and the place ordinarily does its heaviest business during the early hours of the morning.

HABITUES HUSTLED OUT AT 1 O'CLOCK.

"Honest" John had confided to only a few of his friends what he intended to do, so at 1 o'clock when he came into the concert hall and announced in a loud voice that the hour for closing had come and everybody must get out, there was great consternation.

Mr. Kelly was followed by a half dozen of his bouncers, and would listen to no protests.

"Come, get out of here," he shouted. "You can't stay any longer."

And the bouncers began to move about among the crowd shoving those who were standing towards the door, and hoisting the half-drunken occupants of the chairs about the tables out of their seats by main force and hustling them after the others.

There was a great outpouring for a few minutes as the noisy throng of men and women were pushed and shoved through the narrow doorway out into Thirty-first street.

A SURPRISE TO THE ROUNDERS.

The complaints at this treatment by "Honest" John were loud and bitter, and the chattering of the women and the noisy profanity of the men as they gathered on the sidewalk in front of the dive, and expressed uncomplimentary opinions of "Honest" John's hospitality, attracted the attention of the passing throngs, and they stopped to see what it was all about.

Several officers of the West Thirtieth street station was near the place at the time, and they had hard work to persuade the people to move on.

Apparently every one in the place had expected to "make a night of it," as usual, and such treatment on New Year's Eve above all others was "shameful and outrageous."

In less than five minutes Kelly had closed the place, and the lights inside were turned down.

KELLY TRIES TO EXPLAIN.

"Honest" John himself came out and tried to explain matters, but it was no use. They didn't want to hear explanations. They only wanted more beer and more whiskey.

Some of them cheered off to Maccomick's, another dive similar to Kelly's, in the same block, and were astonished to find that this also had been closed at 1 o'clock. No one was admitted, although the half-drunken crowd was clamorous to get in somewhere.

OTHER DIVES CLOSED AT THE SAME HOUR.

There are two or three more resorts in that neighborhood, but these, too, were closed and the lights out.

Such a thing had never been heard of before in the Tenderloin Precinct, and great was the indignation thereat.

Troops of staggering men and women were wandering along that part of Sixth avenue looking in vain for some place in which to continue their orgies, but it was no use. Everything was shut up tight.

It was a long time before the sidewalks were cleared of these inebriated squads of revellers, but they gradually drifted away and vanished in the side streets.

Two stalwart bouncers stood guard over the side entrance of Kelly's dive in Thirty-first street. Every body who came along and wanted to get in was told that the place was closed for the night, and they could see it for themselves.

Cab after cab drove up, and men and women would alight and make a rush for the door only to be turned away, and between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning there was a continuous stream of belated revellers pouring around from Sixth avenue and Broadway to Kelly's "family entrance," expecting to wind up the night's festivities in "Honest" John's resort.

BEMOANS HIS FINANCIAL LOSS.

Kelly himself came out and talked to some of his friends, when the crowd at the entrance became too noisy and advised them to go away.

"I have lost $500," he said, "by this night's business, but I had to close up after what they said about my place in THE EVENING WORLD.

"Somebody is going to be roasted for this though," he added, "and don't you forget it. I'll let them see that they can't interfere with me and break up my business without paying for it."

Just what Mr. Kelly implies by those ominous threats has not transpired up to the present time.

# POINTERS ON THE RACES.

### Innovation Stakes One of the Features at Guttenburg To-Day.

The feature of the card for the first day's racing in the New Year is the Innovation Stakes, for two-year-olds, at three furlongs.

In past years these races have always proved interesting and the winner has subsequently shown by his performances that his early racing did not harm him. To-day fourteen youngsters are named to go. Great tips have been flying about regarding the trials of the youngsters and every owner thinks he has a chance to win. The stake is not the only interesting event.

The handicap at six and a half furlongs containing Autocrat, Toano, Frances S., Rancocas and others will be a cracking good race. A mile and a half race is also a feature.

As this is the day that the Board of Control's resolution goes into effect, the size of the fields and the quality of horses entered is a significant reminder that horsemen do not intend to be dictated to. The track will be dry and fast.

The entries for the various events are as follows:

First Race.—Purse $400; selling allowances; five furlongs.

| | lbs. | | lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ma Belle | 113 | Sam Morse | 102 |
| Comet | 111 | Lost Star | 102 |
| Salisbury | 108 | Houston | 102 |
| Monsoon | 108 | Mike Watson | 102 |
| Zenobia | 107 | Maggie Beck | 101 |
| Chapman | 105 | Anomaly | 99 |
| Little Fred | 104 | Even Weight | 97 |
| Vint. Timedilly | 104 | | |

The opening event may be won by Zenobia, who seems to be the best of the lot.

Houston may be the runner up and Ma Belle may be third.

Second Race.—Purse $400, for three-year-olds; selling allowances; six furlongs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gambler | 117 | St. Pancras | 102 |
| G. P. B. | 114 | Kingdom | 102 |
| Adalisia colt | 110 | Mekcover | 101 |
| Alma T. | 109 | Magic | 99 |
| Vocalite | 109 | | |

St. Pancras may win this race. He is in at very easy weight and his performances last Summer make him outclass the others.

Kingdom may be the runner up and Gambler may beat the others.

Third Race.—Purse $500, for all ages; handicap; six and a half furlongs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Autocrat | 117 | Nina Archer | 99 |
| Toano | 114 | Mabel | 99 |
| Barcowa | 112 | Frances S. | 96 |
| Carlosa | 109 | Rayice | 96 |
| Bellarat | 107 | Lillian | 96 |

Autocrat ought to finish in front in this race, and Toano may be a good close second. Frances S. looks a good 1-2-3 play.

Fourth Race.—Innovation Stakes, for two-year-olds, with $1,000 added; three furlongs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Whitehead | 110 | Petty Filly | 107 |
| Postmaster | 110 | Volcano filly | 107 |
| Witch colt | 109 | Maud P. filly | 107 |
| Virgo colt | 110 | Emma Wilson f. | 107 |
| Forty | 110 | Bertha B. | 107 |
| Rankey Bill | 110 | Lady Gilmore f. | 107 |
| Money Box f. | 107 | Pet filly | 107 |

This race may go to the Money Box filly, who is credited with very fast work.

Whitehead may be second and Postmaster may be third.

Fifth Race.—Purse $700; selling allowances; mile and a half.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Justice | 109 | Benefit | 101 |
| Odette | 107 | Booster | 99 |
| Cassella | 106 | Telephone | 98 |
| Kempland | 104 | Sir Rae | 97 |
| Virgie | 104 | | |

This race may be won by Justice, who performed so well in his race the other day. He will go the distance easily enough.

Cassella may be second and Sir Rae third.

Sixth Race.—Purse $400; selling allowances; seven furlongs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sir George II | 110 | Pardon | 104 |
| Sparling | 107 | Richal | 104 |
| Duke John | 107 | Gyda | 104 |
| Prince Edward | 107 | Little Minnie | 104 |
| Bravo | 107 | Brooklyn | 89 |
| Firefly | 104 | | |

Firefly ought to win the last race, with Sparling and Duke John respectively second and third.

### Morning Papers' Selections.

First Race—Little Fred, Ma Belle.
Second Race—Gambler, Magic.
Third Race—Autocrat, Toano.
Fourth Race—Money Box filly, Postmaster.
Fifth Race—Sir Rae, Cassella.
Sixth Race—Firefly, Sparling.

First Race—Zenobia, Ma Belle.
Second Race—St. Pancras, Adalisia colt.
Third Race—Toano, Rancocas.
Fourth Race—Money Box filly, Whitehead.
Sixth Race—Firefly, Sparling.

First Race—Ma Belle, Zenobia.
Second Race—Gambler, G. P. B.
Third Race—Mabel, Autocrat.
Fourth Race—Money Box filly, Postmaster.
Fifth Race—Virgie, Kempland.
Sixth Race—Brooklyn, Firefly.

First Race—Little Fred, Ma Belle.
Second Race—Gambler, St. Pancras.
Third Race—Autocrat, Toano.
Fourth Race—Whitehead, the Virgo colt.
Fifth Race—Virgie, Justice.
Sixth Race—Firefly, Prince Edward.

First Race—Ma Belle, Little Fred.
Second Race—Magic, Gambler.
Third Race—Autocrat, Toano.
Fourth Race—Witch colt, Whitehead.
Fifth Race—Kempland, Sir Rae.
Sixth Race—Firefly, Sparling.

# CAUSED A WRECK AND FLED.

### Union Pacific Agent Responsible for a Fatal Collision.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

DENVER, Col., Jan. 1.—A disastrous wreck occurred yesterday on the joint track of the Denver, Texas and Fort Worth and the Union Pacific Railroad a few miles north of Graneros, Col.

This road has been blockaded by snow for the past two days, and when the blockade was raised this morning two double-header trains were started—one from the north and the other from the south.

The station agent failed to deliver the despatcher's orders to the north-bound train, and the consequence was that the two trains came together from opposite directions with a terrible crash. Fireman R. Grubb of Denver was instantly killed. Mail Clerks Wolcott and Erbert and Brakeman C. F. Evans were badly injured.

The trains were heavily laden with passengers, but as far as can be learned they escaped any serious injuries.

The four engines are in the ditch and badly wrecked. Four mail cars are a total loss, and the baggage car is nearly demolished. The station agent disappeared after the wreck occurred.

### A Bouquet for Justice McMahon.

A handsome nosegay of roses, the gift of the roundsmen and officers, greeted Justice McMahon's gaze as he stepped to the bench at the Tombs Police court this morning. It was an elegant bouquet in a tasefully ornamented vase.

# INAUGURATION DAY IN ALBANY.

### Gov. Hill Goes Out and Gov. Flower Comes In.

### Simple Programme Arranged for the Formal Exercises.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ALBANY, Jan. 1.—Inauguration Day is here and all Albany, as is customary, one year in three, varies its ordinary New Year observances to such degree as to admit of its seeing as much as possible of the formal induction into office of a new Governor.

GOV. ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

This year the programme has been at Gov.-elect Flower's own desires so laid out as to involve the least degree of pomp and expense in its following.

EX-GOV. DAVID B. HILL.

For the ceremony of escorting the Governor-elect from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol no extensive military parade has been arranged for. Various regimental applications for orders to turn out were denied, and so there will be only a small military and civic procession, made up of local and visiting bodies, as follows:

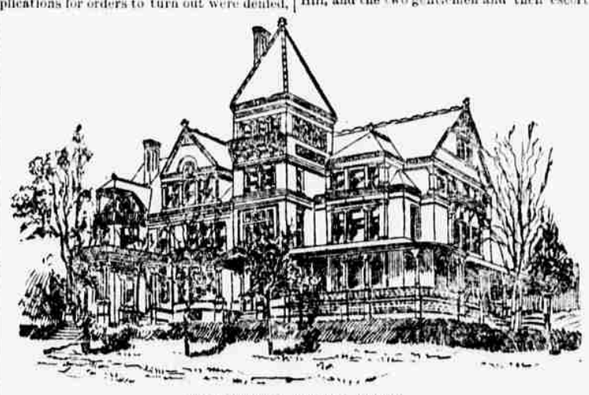
The Tenth Battalion, with Doring's Band; the Emmet Guards, and the Burgesses' Corps, with Gartland's Band; the Democratic Tigers of this city, the Queen City Democratic Legion of Buffalo, and delegations from Troy, Cohoes and other places in this vicinity, as well as from the big societies of New York City.

Gov. Flower's personal escort will include Mayor Manning, Erastus Corning, William T. Learned, M. N. Nolan, John Boyd Thacher, Anthony N. Brady, Frederick Townsend, Hamilton Harris, Robert C. Pruyn, J. Howard King and E. A. Durant, accompanied by Adjt.-Gen. Porter.

The other members of the new Governor's staff besides Gen. Porter will also appear with the escort. They are as follows:

Adjutant-General—Gen. Josiah Porter, of New York.
Inspector-General—Gen. McGrath, of Albany.
Judge Advocate General—A. F. Jenks, of Brooklyn.
Surgeon General—Dr. J. H. Bryant, of New York.
Chief of Engineers—Professor Palmer C. Ricketts, of Troy.
Chief of Artillery—General Ferdinand P. Earle, of New York.
Quartermaster General—William M. West, of Hamilton.
Paymaster General—Frederick E. Halsey, of New York.
Commissary General of Subsistence—Lieutenant Colonel George D. Sanford, of Peekskill.
Inspector of Rifle Practice (rank of General)—Benjamin F. Whitlock, of Staten Island.
Aides de Camp (with rank of Colonel)—Jacob Ruppert, jr., of New York, John McCoy, of Watkins, Thomas E. Sloan, of New York, Charles S. Rogers, of Hudson, Robert Crier Monroe and W. L. Davis, of New York.

Arriving at the Capitol shortly after noon the new Governor will be received by Gov. Hill, and the two gentlemen and their escort will proceed to the Assembly Chamber, where the inauguration ceremonies will take place.



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY.

Mayor Manning will preside temporarily in the Chamber; Bishop Doane will offer prayer; there will be brief addresses by the retiring and succeeding Governors, and finally the oath of office will be administered to Gov. Flower by the Secretary of State.

For an hour after the ceremonies the Governor will receive at the Executive Chamber of the Capitol. Later, with his wife, he will receive personal friends at the Executive Mansion.

In connection with the incoming State administration, the following appointments have been announced: Attorney-General-elect Simon W. Rosendale:

First Deputy Attorney-General—Isaac H. Maynard, of Stamford, Delaware County, (reappointed).

Second Deputy—John W. Hogan, of Watertown, (promoted from the third deputyship).

Third Deputy—John D. McMahon, of Rome.

Assistant to the Attorney-General, stationed in New York City—William J. Gardner (reappointed).

Clerks—William Ray Deland, M. R. Quirk, William H. Thomas, Walter S. Childs, John F. Handley (all reappointments).

# IS THE THIRTEENTH VICTIM.

### Editor Bagnall Swells the Hastings Horror Death Roll.

It was a sad home coming that of John R. Bagnall, editor of the Poughkeepsie *Evening Star*. He had started on Christmas Eve for his home to spend the holiday season there, and was a passenger on the ill-fated Niagara Express, which was crashed into by the St. Louis Express on the New York Central Railroad at Hastings, when eight were killed outright and many injured.

Bagnall was one of those who were dangerously hurt. Four of the injured died shortly after the collision, increasing the death-roll to twelve. Bagnall was the unlucky thirteenth.

He died late yesterday afternoon at St. John's Hospital, Yonkers, and his body was shipped to Poughkeepsie, where it was prepared for burial this morning. The home to which he had expected to bring joy was plunged into grief when his shattered corpse was received there.

Mrs. Baldwin, another sufferer by the collision, is still at the Yonkers Hospital. She is very low to-day and may prove to be the fourteenth victim of the disaster.

I—Thou—He, We—You—They.
Chew, cheech, chews, and we all chew NAGNA CHEWING TOBACCO. Leatherette pouches, 5c. ★

# BEGIN NEW OFFICIAL LIVES.

### Local Officers Who Assume Their Elective Positions To-Day.

While this is the first day of the term of several city and county officials elected last November, their taking of office in no instance was signalized by anything like inauguration ceremonies.

In fact, coroner John B. Shea was the only one of the new officials who was on duty.

He arrived at the Coroner's office, 124 Second avenue, at any early hour, and at once assumed the duties of his new position without fuss or ceremony and minus the usual presence of huge floral offerings from "admiring friends," "grateful constituencies," &c.

The other local officials whose terms begin to-day are judges, all of whom were chosen to fill positions of which they were already incumbent, so that the receptions usual on like occasions were dispensed with to-day.

The Court-House and City Hall, where they would otherwise have been held, were closed tighter than the proverbial drum.

The local officials who enter on their terms of office to-day are Justice of the Supreme Court George L. Ingraham, Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve, of the Superior Court; Judge Roger A. Pryor, of the court of Common Pleas, and Judges Simon M. Ehrich and John B. McGarthy, of the City Court, and Coroners Levy, Shea and Schultze.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1892.

# CAPT. RALPH WARREN ASTRAY.

### The Young Princeton Collegian Disappears in Washington.

### His Mind Affected by Hurts Received in the Yale Football Game.

A despatch from Washington this morning stated that Ralph H. Warren, the well-known Princeton College junior and football player, had mysteriously disappeared from the home of George S. Frazer, of 2013 Hillyer place, a college chum whose guest he had been since Monday.

CAPT. RALPH H. WARREN.

Young Warren had been ailing since Tuesday, and instead of attending the Princeton Glee Club concert he slept all evening. The following morning he arose at 7 o'clock and left the house, saying that he was going for a short walk. He did not return.

Detectives were set to work to ferret out the young man's whereabouts, but the only clue they discovered was information to the effect that he had been seen Wednesday afternoon wandering near the Zoological Gardens.

When he disappeared Warren had about $20 in his pockets. His friend Frazer is inclined to believe that Warren's mind has become affected as a result of worry over the fact that he was behind in his studies.

Young Warren, who is particularly remembered in this city as the handsome captain of the Tiger football team in their unsuccessful battle with Yale on the Polo grounds on Thanksgiving Day, lived with his father, Norman L. Warren, in the Cordova Flats, 170 West Fifty-third street.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter who called there this morning, a brother of the missing youth said that no intelligence had yet been received of the latter's whereabouts.

"Ralph," he said, "may be suffering from the effects of a severe blow received on the head in the Thanksgiving Day game. The injuries were not serious, but they seemed to affect his memory, which has since been a blank at times, and it is quite probable that he has strayed off in one of the spells.

"My father, an uncle, has gone to Washington for the purpose of finding him, and we hope soon to receive word that he has turned up all right."

Young Warren is in his twenty-first year and belongs to the Princeton class of '93. He graduated at Lawrenceville, where he won quite a name for himself as a football player. When he entered Princeton, Capt. "Snake" Adams, then in command of the Tiger eleven, put him on the right of the scrub team, and in the Harvard games at Cambridge in 1888 and at Berkeley Oval the following year he was a regular player, achieving special distinction in the latter game by his brilliant work.

On account of sickness he took no part in the early games of the season of 1890 but played in the Yale game on Thanksgiving Day of that year without performing especially good work.

Warren was elected captain of the Princeton team when Riggs resigned in October last, and was one of the principal Princeton players in the great game on Thanksgiving Day. He resigned, however, the next day and was succeeded by Philip King.

### Congressman Stewart Very Ill.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

JOLIET, Ill., Jan. 1.—Lewis Stewart, Congressman of this district, is lying dangerously ill at his home in Plano, Kendall County. He was taken suddenly ill Wednesday, just as he was preparing to go to Washington. His recovery is considered doubtful. His wife is also prostrate with two broken ribs and other injuries sustained by a fall in Chicago last week.

Brewed from Malt and Hops Only.
Hupfel Bwg. Co.'s Manhattan Beer. 229 E. 38th.

# HAD A ROUGH TRIP ACROSS.

### The City of Paris Encountered Gales and Foggy Weather.

### Adelina Patti One of Her Passengers and Glad to Get Ashore.

The Inman line steamship City of Paris arrived at her dock, foot of Christopher street, at 10 o'clock this morning, after the slowest passage she has ever made.

The City of Paris was due Wednesday, and as the hours passed and she was not sighted, the friends of the passengers on board became anxious, for it is so unusual for the big Inman liner to be longer than six days on the ocean that many thought she had surely met with an accident.

All day yesterday the clerks of the Inman line were besieged by inquirers worried over the delay. The clerks endeavored to allay the anxiety by saying that the City of Paris had left Liverpool a day late, and consequently was not more behind time than was to be expected at this season of the year.

But as the City of Paris was not sighted until 1.15 o'clock this morning there were hundreds who awoke at daylight with fear in their hearts, and when they learned that the Inman liner had at last arrived they made hasty toilets and hurried away to the dock.

The haste had been unnecessary, however, and they had a long wait before the vessel was docked.

As the City of Paris came up the river she did not bear any appearance of having passed through severe storms, and but for her brine-encrusted smokestacks, looked as though she had just come off the dry dock.

Madame Adelina Patti was one of the first passengers to disembark, and as she came over the gangplank she was saying to Manager Abbey:

"Oh it was a terrible voyage—so rough!"

Capt. Watkins himself said it was the roughest voyage the City of Paris had ever experienced. "But," he added, "she's so big and stanch that what would have been a severe strain for a smaller vessel was hardly felt by her.

"We were delayed twelve hours in Liverpool by the fog, and after we did get away we met a succession of gales and head winds which made the running very slow.

"The log showed that the first day out we ran only 310 miles, the second day 301, the third 341, the fourth 327, the fifth 357, the sixth 342, the seventh 301, and the last 200. We arrived at Quarantine at 3.20 o'clock this morning.

"The exact time of the voyage was 7 days, 10 hours and 30 minutes."

According to some of the passengers the strain was sufficient to spring the woodwork of the forward companion-way on the starboard side, and some small cracks were to be seen there, but otherwise the City of Paris bore no marks of the storms she passed through.

Even such an old sailor as Mme. Patti found it desirable to take some of her meals in her room, and there was only one day during the voyage—last Sunday—that it was possible for passengers to make their appearance on deck.

Mme. Patti was the only woman on board who was not ill during the seven days, and but few of the men can say as much.

Sig. Nicolini is a good sailor, too, and he and his beautiful wife appeared on deck when all the other passengers were confined to the saloons and their staterooms.

"Mme. Patti was as gay as a lark all the way over," said Purser Miller, "but the rolling of the ship made it impossible to have a concert or any other form of entertainment on this trip."

Manager Henry E. Abbey was at the dock to meet the great songstress, and as soon as he could get her off the vessel he hurried Mme. Patti and sig. Nicolini into a carriage and they were driven to the Windsor Hotel.

The City of Paris brought 137 first-class cabin passengers, 80 in the second cabin and 287 in the steerage.

Among the passengers, besides Mme. Patti and Sig. Nicolini, were Sig. Arditi and Signora Arditi, Sig. Franco Novara and Signora Novara, Mme. Fabbri and daughter, young Lord Romilly, whose father was burned to death last May in his London house through the upsetting of a paraffine lamp, Joseph Rothschild, William Baldwin, Lloyd Aspinwall, Miss Baumeister, R. R. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bedell.

### Burned a Horse and His Stable.

Fire at 7 o'clock this morning in a frame stable on Snediker avenue, near Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, destroyed the building and burned a horse. The animal was valued at $400, and the building at $6,000. The property was owned by William Rapelyea.

# EXTRA.

## 2 O'CLOCK.

# MAYOR BOODY OF BROOKLYN.

### The New Chief Magistrate Welcomed at City Hall.

### A Reception Attended by Many of Brooklyn's First Business Men.

The City of Brooklyn was the scene of a "peaceful revolution" to-day, and Mayor David A. Boody, who took the oath of office two weeks ago, was duly installed in his office at the City Hall by the leading men of the city.

A reception was held by the new Chief Magistrate in the large, roomy, handsome Mayor's office from 10.30 to 12 o'clock, and a constant stream of visitors came, paid the compliments of the season to Mayor Boody and departed.

MAYOR DAVID A. BOODY.

Hardly had Keeper Dunne opened the doors of the City Hall this morning when "Uncle Dan" Northup appeared, and in accordance with the custom which he had followed for twenty-five years, placed a splendid vase, filled with rare orchids upon the Mayor's desk.

He explained that the exotics came from the conservatories of Frederick Scholes, of Bedford avenue. The vase was a square one, panelled in an ebony frame, and bearing the arms of the City of Brooklyn on its front.

BROOKLYN CITY HALL.

Mayor Boody, dressed in a Prince Albert suit, arrived at 10.30, and his predecessor, who is also his successor in Congress, Alfred C. Chapin, arrived three minutes later.

Already Daniel Phillips, the Mayor's private secretary, was entertaining a score of citizens, and after an exchange of "Happy New Year" between the two Mayors they took their stand in the middle of the ample office, and there Mr. Boody took the hand of each citizen as he came up, receiving congratulations with a smiling face and a few appropriate words of reply.

Mr. Chapin introduced to his successor such citizens as had not already met him.

Mayor Boody, when asked to express himself as to his administrative policy, said briefly:

"I trust I shall, as Mayor, conduct the office in a manner that will retain the confidence which has been placed in me by the people."

Among those who paid their respects to the new Mayor were Senator John McCarty, Alderman Michael J. Coffey, Commissioner of Public Works John P. Adams, Deputy Commissioner James A. Murtha, Park Commissioner G. V. Brown, C. H. Luscomb and Morris Cross, Supervisor Edwin E. Frion, Congressman Coombs, Meat Inspector Major Alexander E. Orr, Police Inspector Reilly, Civil Justice Jacob Neu, Arthur G. Salmon, Adolph H. Goetting, Richard B. Greenwood, Thomas McDonnell, C. R. Abbott, Fred Jenkins, Thomas Carroll, Alden Swan, Assessors Wilson, Palmer and Ryan, ex-County Clerk W. J. Kaiser, Fire Commissioner Ennis, Hubert L. Smith, Aldermen McKee and Myers, William Voss, Richard Whelan, Sanatarian Dr. A. N. Bell, Frederick Bartech, John Green, J. B. Schoonmaker, W. B. Jones, Edward L. Graef, Charles Crosier, R. A. Bishop, W. B. Scully, Police Justice Walsh, Police Inspector P. H. McLaughlin, Supt. J. P. Herndman, of the Brooklyn and Bath Beach Railway; J. Casey, Health Commissioner John Griffin, Coroners Alexander B. Rooney and George H. Lindsay, Warden Peter Doyle, of Raymond Street Jail, and Sheriff Courtney, Surrogate George B. Abbot, the retiring Register, James Kane, and District-Attorney James Ridgway.

The throng of visitors to the new official gave the impression of solid, substantial citizenship.

The Society of Old Brooklynites, every man of whom was born and has resided in the City of Churches more than half a century, paid their compliments to the new Mayor in a body, headed by ex-Mayor John W. Hunter President of the Society. Each member wore a blue ribbon badge.

Register Thomas J. Kenna received his friends at the Hall of Records this afternoon, assisted by his predecessor, James Kane.

### Blaze in a Tenement Cellar.

Fire at 4.15 A. M. in the cellar of 344 Carmine street, a tenement house, was extinguished without frightening the tenants much damage.