HAVE YOU MONEY TO INVEST?
1,481 REAL ESTATE FOR SALE ADS IN THE WORLD DURING THE FIRST SIXTEEN DAYS OF 1892.
1,321 SAME DAYS LAST YEAR.
AN INCREASE OF OVER 12%

The EVENING EDITION World.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.
IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY, ADVERTISE IN THE WORLD.
25c. A LINE 25c.
(ON SUNDAYS 5c. A LINE EXTRA.)
OVER 300,000 COPIES PER DAY

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1892. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.

TWO STILL OPEN.

But the Proprietors of These Dens Are Weakening.

The Police Still Collecting Evidence Against the Dives.

Supt. Murray Says All the Outlaws Will Be Taken In.

What "The Evening World" Has Done and Is Doing in the Public Service.

NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

[A Table Subject to Daily Change.]

BILLY McGLORY..In the Penitentiary.
TOM GOULD.
Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.
CAREY WELCH.
Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.
AUGUST GUIDON.
Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.
FRANK STEVENSON.
In Hiding, Dive Closed for Good.
ALFRED DAVIS.
Dive Closed for Good.
LOUIS WALTHERS.
Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.
JOHN KELLY.
Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.
THOMAS McCORMICK.
Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.
DANIEL SCRIBNER.
Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.
J. H. McGURK.
Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.
PAUL McCARTHY.
Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.
JOHN J. McALEER.
Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.
CHARLES SMITH.
Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.
JIM SULLIVAN.....Dive Annex Closed.
JOHN J. MURPHY.
Dive Annex Closed.
JOHN WULFERS...Dive Annex Closed.
KEEPER OF THE LENOX.
Dive Annex Closed.
SIMON BUTTNER..Dive Annex Closed.
LOUIS STAJER.....Dive Wide Open.
IGNATZ BUTTNER....Dive Wide Open.

The reports which the police authorities were requested to make to the Excise Board on the dives exposed by THE EVENING WORLD in the service of the public are almost ready to be handed in. When they have been received the Excise Board will resume the work of revoking licenses for these places.

In anticipation of a police raid last night, very few of the habitues of those places visited the dens kept by Louis Stajer and Ignatz Buttner on the Bowery. Those of them who were bold enough to venture into the dens did not stay long, and the business done by the proprietors was consequently very light.

Two policemen in citizen's clothes were seen sitting at one of the tables in Stajer's place, and later in the night the same men were observed in Buttner's dive. That these officers had been detailed to obtain evidence against the dives and their proprietors there seems very little reason to doubt.

The police and the attaches of the District-Attorney's office, it is reported, are quietly at work on the dive cases. It is evidently the policy of the authorities to secure evidence of a sort that will render conviction certain when the other outlaws against whom indictments have been found are arrested and arraigned for trial.

With those first arrested the case was different. The police found the places to be just as represented in THE EVENING WORLD'S expose. Since the indictments against a round dozen of the outlaws by the Grand Jury as a result of THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade, the rest of the crew have "trimmed" so as to avoid arrest.

In conversation recently with an EVENING WORLD reporter Police Supt. William Murray remarked: "You can't go hunting dives with brass bands, you know." The police have adopted the tactics of the outlaws themselves, and are conducting a secret inquisition into the secret lawlessness of the dives that still exist.

The reform wave set in motion in the public service by THE EVENING WORLD is destined to make a clean sweep. All of the outlaws will be overwhelmed. Some of them have gone, others are going, and the rest will go.

TWO OTHERS TRIM FOR SAFETY.

Ignatz Buttner and Louis Stajer Show Signs of Weakening.

Never before since the first dive was opened on the Bowery has business been so quiet in them as it was last night. While the weather undoubtedly had its effect upon the attendance at Mr. Ignatz Buttner's "Orpheum" at 204 Bowery and Mr. Louis Stajer's "Concert hall" at 255 Bowery, it is a noteworthy fact that since THE EVENING WORLD'S search light has been turned on these two dens there has been a gradual but steady decrease in the number of lambs who have flocked there to be fleeced by the pack of wolves that nightly lie in wait for fresh victims.

The public has learned from THE EVENING WORLD'S exposures the difference between the dives to which they are liable to be assaulted and robbed and the reputable concert halls where enjoyment is to be secured without bulldozing, and where reirestling beverages are served instead of drugged drinks.

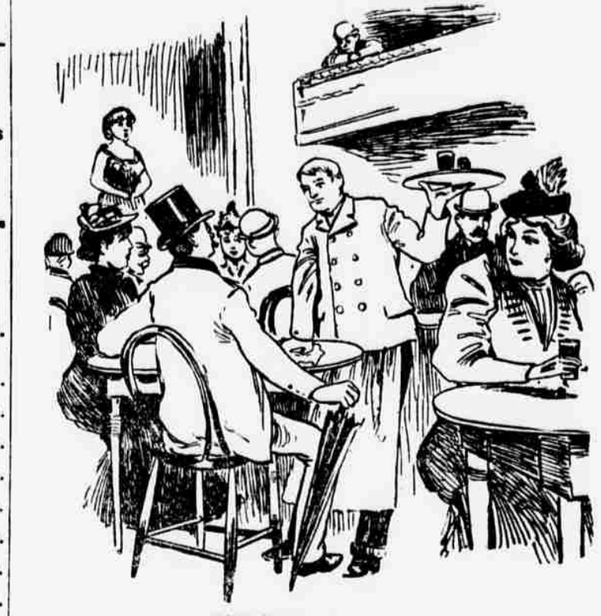
Gorbassy, Mr. Ignatz Buttner's brother, who "runs" the "Orpheum," and Mr. Louis Stajer are both beginning to realize what the crusade means, but they still persist in admitting to their dens the very creatures whose presence imperils their safety.

To be sure the can-can and other hilarious amusements are no longer permitted in the "Orpheum" or in Stajer's, and through this loophole both outlaws hope to escape.

Both dens have recently been under police surveillance, however, at the request of the Board of Excise, and the reports of the investigators can hardly fail of producing prompt and decisive results.

The very fact that the performances given in these two dens are now quasi-respectable increases their power for evil, for under the belief that he is entering an honest resort the victim lured from the street goes there unprepared for the barefaced and unexpected robbery that almost invariably awaits him.

It is not the stage performances at either the "Orpheum" or Stajer's that is in itself objectionable, although that is still bad enough from either a musical, a moral or a vaudeville point of view. It is the crew of criminals and their female accomplices, who hesitate at nothing to secure money. These constitute the real danger in Stajer's and the "Orpheum."



SCENE INSIDE THE ODEON.

That police investigation is being made of Buttner's and Stajer's dens has been very evident during the last few nights. EVENING WORLD investigators who have the outlaws' dens under constant surveillance noticed in Stajer's last night two men whose actions plainly indicated that they were not there for amusement, but for business.

The same men were out Saturday and Sunday nights, and not only dropped into Stajer's, but also paid Mr. Gombossy-Buttner's "Orpheum" a call a little later.

They quietly but firmly repelled the advances of Gombossy's maidens, who appeared wonderfully thirsty for persons who drink at least every five minutes, and the attention they paid to the fat serio-comic, whose voice ranges from a buzz-saw bass to a falsetto shriek, was plainly forced.

Perhaps they recognized in the serio-comic a former Coney Island queen whose admirers last Summer used to send beer over the footlights to her instead of bouquets.

Last Summer the songstress's hair was a beautiful blonde, but now it is raven black, and it is said that the climate didn't change the color either. Even she couldn't induce these two men to buy a drink for any one but themselves, and Mr. Gombossy grew suspicious and nervous.

But he couldn't put them out as they were orderly, respectable and good "producers." Occasionally they would carelessly look around and make mental note of the tough characters in the place. Mr. Gombossy's mysterious guests were evidently policemen in disguise.

At Stajer's these men pursued similar tactics, and Stajer himself was puzzled and evidently not a little disturbed.

Last night there was only a sparse attendance of crooks and a greater dearth of victims in both places, and the investigators were satisfied with only a brief stay.

AROUND THE DESERTED DIVES.

Walthers's Den Added to the List of Those Permanently Closed.

The dismal downpour that saturated New Yorkers who dared to go out on the streets last night made the metropolis a rather cheerless looking city, and there were no more gloomy and unattractive spots in it than the deserted dives of New York's retired outlaws.

The few people who were out were generally impelled by business matters that could not well be postponed. Not many persons voluntarily sought the streets, for it was no night for sight-seeing or other amusements. Even the thugs, toughs and street brigands kept closely under cover.

A few of their female accomplices wandered forth, however, and with little rivulets running from their dripping umbrellas hung about corners and in doorways, beseeching passers-by almost piteously to drop into their nets.

In consequence, those outlaws who are still keeping their barrooms open for the accommodation principally of the whiskey-loving crooks who used to feed upon their dive-annexes did a much poorer business than usual. Some of them gave up in disgust and entirely closed their dens for the night as early as 10 o'clock.

THESE DENS NO LONGER POPULAR OR PROFITABLE.

Along upper Broadway there was a little life last night on account of the theatres and an opera at the Metropolitan. But all was dead in that "eminently respectable" resort, the "Pickwick," kept by Mr. Daniel Scribner. The bevies of brazen beauties that formerly swarmed into his back room with lambs captured from the throngs of theatre-goers were absent and nowhere to be seen. The side door was locked, the back room dark and empty, and only an occasional male customer dropped into the barroom.

Mr. McCormick's, at 528 Sixth avenue, was still more lonely. "Mac" left the place early and the "barkeep" himself grew disgusted at 10 and shut up shop. Mr. "Honest" John Kelly's, at 520 Sixth avenue, was little better, but there was an occasional bar patron strolled in there at intervals frequent enough to keep the bartender awake. But there were no women patrons and the dive annex was tightly closed.

The barroom of Mr. John Wulfers's "Universe," at 72 University place, was ablaze with light last evening, but it was a wasteful extravagance, and the bar receipts hardly more than paid expenses. The back room was tightly closed, and the only female to be discovered in the neighborhood established her headquarters on the sidewalk in the shadows near the side entrance.

Mr. Jim Sullivan's "Farley's Hotel," at 78 Third avenue, was quite as deserted and quiet as Mr. Tom McCormick's.

TIMES DULL IN BOWERY DENS ALSO.

Down on the Bowery and adjacent streets the outlaws who kept their saloons open, but their dive annexes closed, did very little business over the bars, owing in large part to THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade and in a certain degree to the terribly inclement weather.

Such places were Mr. Charles Smith's, Mr. John H. McGurk's, the Lenox, Mr. John J. McAleer's, Mr. Simon Buttner's and Mr. Paul McCarthy's, at 197, 253, 271, 299, 304 and 327 Bowery respectively; Mr. John J. Murphy's, of 34 Bond street, and Mr. Frank Stevenson's at West Third and Sullivan streets.

In all these places the habitues who now find "business" so "dead quiet" gathered in little groups and cursed THE EVENING WORLD, whose active, persistant crusade has caused such a startling transformation of the usual night scenes along the Bowery and other dive-infested districts.

And yet they eagerly grabbed any copies of THE EVENING WORLD that could be secured and as eagerly devoured its contents, to learn what new developments had taken place in dive-circles as a result of its crusade.

For the most part these light-fingered gentlemen have been educated more especially in mathematics—that is to say, in subtraction and division—rather than in reading, writing and spelling, and the favorite custom, therefore, was to have the "scholar" of the lot do the reading while the others crowded around him, peered over his shoulders at the pictures and interrupted the reader with various exclamations, most of which were, of course, disparaging to the newspaper and its investigators.

When an investigator dropped into Mr. John H. McGurk's place at 10 o'clock he found that worthy gazing contemplatively through his open windows as he smoked a strong, black cigar and allowed his surging thoughts to burn holes in the atmosphere. His big cat blinked lazily near by. Not another soul was present, and the back room was dark and deserted.

WALTHERS'S PERMANENTLY CLOSED.

Mr. Louis Walthers has kept his stuffy little barroom and dive-annex tightly closed now since last Friday night, and by common consent it seems as if he should be credited with a place in the roll of the five other outlaws whose dens have been permanently closed.

These deserted dens are Mr. Carey Welch's "Hole in the Wall," at 117 Fourth avenue; Mr. Alfred Davis's "Excise Exchange," at 336 Bowery; Mr. Frank Stevenson's "Slide," at 210 Bleecker street; Mr. August Guidon's "French Hotel," at 235 Sullivan street, and Mr. Tom Gould's underground dive at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street.

All these dives which were formerly the most notorious and malodorous of all New York's dens of vice, were still tightly closed last night. There were no signs of life in any of them with the exception of Guidon's, where the shades were drawn and several men were sitting about the stove in the brightly lighted barroom. One man was lounging on an old sofa, the head of which was up against the front doors, but so far as could be learned, no liquor was being sold nor was admittance granted to any of the former patrons of the place. The loungers it was said, were Guidon's boarders, who now use the abandoned saloon as a lounging-room.

So far, the only outlaw who has removed the furniture and fixings from his abandoned dive is Mr. Frank Stevenson, who has stripped the "Slide" of all its former furniture. Messrs. Tom Gould, Guidon, Davis, Welch and Walthers are still keeping their old dives intact, in the vain hope that they can again, after a season, resume business at their old stands.

If there is any significance in the remarks emanating from the District-Attorney's office the outlaws will not find Blackwell's Island a congenial place for dive-keepers.

THE FIGHT IS STILL ON.

Supt. Murray Says All the Outlaws Will Be Brought to Justice.

Superintendent Murray is still intent upon uprooting the evil of the dives and the dens of outlawry exposed by THE EVENING WORLD, and the fight against those resorts of infamy is going persistently on.

"With the assistance of THE EVENING WORLD," said the Superintendent this morning, "we have been enabled to accomplish some exceedingly gratifying results.

"Through the evidence which we have collected we have had twelve of the most notorious of these dive-keepers indicted, and their places are closed, and in three instances the Board of Excise has revoked the license held by these parties.

"Vigilance on the part of the Police Department will not be relaxed, and all violations of the law will be detected and the offenders be speedily brought to justice.

"I expect that from time to time we shall find other places which deserve our attention just as much as those which have already been closed, and the cases will be dealt with vigorously as they arise.

"In this work we appreciate the co-operation and assistance of the press, and THE EVENING WORLD has been an invaluable aid in accomplishing the results which have already been attained.

"I hope it will go ahead and wage its warfare against all vicious and disreputable resorts in this city as fearlessly and persistently as it has in the past."

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Horses That Will Run for Purses at Guttenburg To-Day.

Five of the six races at Guttenburg to-day are selling affairs. These events, however, generally produce the best contests, and as the entries to-day are liberal some very good sport should be witnessed at the hilltop track.

The third event, with Prince Howard, Repeater, Irene H., Sam Morse and Smuggler named to go, should prove the best race of the day.

The mile and a quarter race, with Sir Rae, Telephone, Long Ten and other good ones named to start should furnish an excellent contest.

The track will be heavy and holding. The entries for the various events are as follows:

First Race.—Purse $400; selling allowances; four and a half furlongs.

	lbs.		lbs.
Tioga	104	Lost Star	102
Hawkeye	108	Battle Cry	98
Crab Cider	108	Endora	98
Harry Russell	108	Jno. Lackland	95
Silver Mint	107		

Tioga certainly looks the best of this lot, and at the distance ought to have no difficulty in winning easily. Hawkeye may be the runner up and Silver Mint may be third.

Second Race.—Purse $400, for maidens; five furlongs.

Grand Duke	120	Gold Digger	104
Torchlight colt	116	Onager	104
Catherine colt	116	Mart	101
Montreal	116	Rebe	101
Happy George	113	Excellenza filly	101
Van Dyke	113	Black Hussar	101
Martha Wash'n	113	Darius	101
Amulet colt	104		

Picking a winner out of this lot seems a hard task. Darius has performed better than any of the others and he may win. Mart may be second and the Excellenza filly third.

Third Race.—Purse $400; selling allowances; six furlongs.

Prince Howard	116	Sam Morse	100
Repeater	105	Irene H	96
Marie Lovell	103	Smuggler	94
Bias	100		

This race may go to Irene H. She won so easily yesterday that the writer believes she can repeat that performance to-day. Prince Howard may be the runner up and Marie Lovell may be third.

Fourth Race.—Purse $400; selling allowances; four and a half furlongs.

Comet	114	Wendaway	104
Objection	108	Sir Launcelot	102
Censor	108	Lomax	102
Bill Barnes	105	Kitty	99
Go Lucky	105	*Veranda	89

*Veranda (formerly Vera filly).

Censor certainly looks the best of this lot, and he ought to have no trouble in disposing of his competitors. Go Lucky may be the place horse and Comet may not be worse than third.

Fifth Race.—Purse $500; selling allowances; mile and a quarter.

La Grippe	106	Iceberg	100
Sir Rae	104	Bonnie King	97
Telephone	103	Rushlight	95
Long Ten	101		

Sir Rae has beaten the horses in this race time and time again, and there is no reason why he should not win to-day. Long Ten ought to be second and Iceberg third.

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

Boyle Rhodes	118	Gladstone	115
Prodigal	118	Kingdom	112
Oro	115	Corinne	101
Neptunus	115	Under Cover	97
Dalesman	115		

The last race may go to Prodigal, with Neptunus second and Kingdom third.

Morning Papers' Selections.

First Race—Tioga, Hawkeye.
Second Race—Happy George, Gold Digger.
Third Race—Irene H., Smuggler.
Fourth Race—Objection, Sir Launcelot.
Fifth Race—Sir Rae, La Grippe.
Sixth Race—Prodigal, Under Cover.

First Race—Hawkeye, Tioga.
Second Race—Mart, Black Hussar.
Third Race—Smuggler, Irene H.
Fourth Race—Objection, Censor.
Fifth Race—Sir Rae, Bonnie King.
Sixth Race—Prodigal, Neptunus.

First Race—Tioga, Silver Mint.
Second Race—Excellenza filly, Mart.
Third Race—Prince Howard, Irene H.
Fourth Race—Comet, Go Lucky.
Fifth Race—Sir Rae, Bonnie King.
Sixth Race—Neptunus, Under Cover.

First Race—Tioga, Hawkeye.
Second Race—Onager, Van Dyke.
Third Race—Marie Lovell, Smuggler.
Fourth Race—Comet, Wendaway.
Fifth Race—Bonnie King, Long Ten.
Sixth Race—Prodigal, Under Cover.

First Race—Tioga, Hawkeye.
Second Race—Darius, Mart.
Third Race—Prince Howard, Marie Lovell.
Fourth Race—Censor, Comet.
Fifth Race—Long Ten, Sir Rae.
Sixth Race—Prodigal, Neptunus.

RESCUED FROM EAST RIVER.

A Soldier's Life Saved by a New York Policeman.

John Colgan, a soldier belonging to the garrison at West Point, accidentally fell into East River from the pier at Twenty-third street at 6.30 this morning. He was rescued by Policeman William S. Coleman, of the East Twenty-second street squad, and taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Colgan is twenty-nine years old. He was very badly chilled, but will probably recover.

Severe Snowstorm in Illinois.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—Advices from many points in Illinois show that a hard snowstorm is prevailing throughout the State. In Hillsboro the snow is about two feet deep on a level, at Vandalia the snow has reached a depth of fifteen inches, and points along the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from Beardstown to Shawneetown report the snow from fifteen to twenty-two inches deep on a level. In many places the snow is drifting and travel is greatly impeded.

"Y. & S." Stick Licorice
For years the standard of excellence. Druggists.*,*

Smoke Cent's Half Dime
all tobacco. The best 5 cent cigarette made. *,*

DEATH AMID FIRE.

Mrs. Hogan Dead and Her Little Daughter Nellie Dying.

Exciting Tenement Fire on Upper Third Avenue.

Woman and Child Lay in Their Beds Forgotten by All.

One woman dead, suffocated in her bedchamber by smoke, and a little girl of twelve years probably dying in the Harlem Hospital of her burns, is the result of a fire with the elements of incendiarism, which broke out about 5.40 o'clock this morning in the cellar of the three-story frame house 2777 Third avenue.

Mrs. Ellen Hogan, a widow fifty-three years old, occupying the top floor of the dwelling, was suffocated in her own bed, and her youngest child, Nellie, twelve years old, who shared the same couch, was rescued barely in time to snatch her from death's embrace, and even now she lies in an extremely critical condition in the Harlem Hospital.

Only the two upper stories of the building are used for housekeeping. The ground floor is utilized by Marcus Flanter as a clothing and hat store. Flanter and his son Martin sleep in a small room in the rear of the store, which is separated from their bedroom by a thin paper-covered partition.

At 5.45 this morning Policeman William Keuhne, of the Morrisania Precinct, was on his way to the station-house in citizen's clothes when he discovered smoke rolling out in great banks from the basement beneath Flanter's store.

Keuhne ran at once to Engine 41's house, a block north on Third avenue, and gave the alarm. When the firemen reached the burning dwelling the flames were crackling briskly in the basement, and it threatened to give the firemen a lively siege, as the house was built entirely of wood and dry as tinder from age.

Presently a bystander shouted in horror-stricken tones: "My God! Old man Flanter and his boy are asleep in that back room."

Keuhne ran to the rear of the store, which extends to Courtlandt avenue, and smashed in the windows with his nightstick.

At the same time the elder Flanter rushed frantically from his place through the front door followed a moment later by his son Marcus.

Neither had time to dress themselves and they were clad only in their undergarments.

In the meanwhile but little attention was given to the occupants of the upper floors.

The firemen had quickly mastered the flames in the basement, and they did not extend beyond that point. But the dense, choking smoke filled the hallway and rose to the highest elevation in the house.

There were no open skylights for the smoke to pass out and upwards to the clouds. The night was rainy and every window was closed.

Old Mrs. Hogan and her child slept in a middle room, a sort of blind room, between the front and the rear of the house.

She opened the bedroom door which led to the sitting-room to ventilate her chamber. Through that door poured the smoke, which soon rendered Mrs. Hogan unconscious and unable to make an outcry.

Little Nellie tossed restlessly and moaned painfully.

In a side room, off the sitting-room, was Mrs. Hogan's son Michael and a boarder named William Murphy. They were aroused by the pulling of the engines and the screams of a woman on the floor below, a Mrs. Schneider, a widow.

She had been aroused by the smoke, and rushing to the window shouted for help.

In their excitement Michael Hogan and the boarder Murphy, in their nightclothes, ran down the stairs and into the street without waiting to see if Mrs. Hogan or Nellie were safe.

Not finding them on the sidewalk Michael Hogan exclaimed to a group of firemen "Good God! my mother and sister are in bed on the top floor."

Firemen Honan and Lanihan, of Engine 41, rushed upstairs and into the smoke-filled chamber.

Mrs. Hogan was insensible on the bed and Nellie was on the verge of unconsciousness.

The firemen carried the inanimate forms to the windows facing on Cortlandt avenue, and throwing them open, thrust their heads out in the vain effort to revive them. It was useless, and the firemen shouted to ring for an ambulance.

Mrs. Hogan and Nellie were carried to the sidewalk on Cortlandt avenue and the ambulance carried only one to the Harlem Hospital. That was Nellie.

Before the ambulance reached the spot Mrs. Hogan had breathed her last.

The fire lasted not more than half an hour, and after it was over the body of Mrs. Hogan was taken back to the smoke-begrimed chamber.

In the basement where the fire started and where it was confined a lot of packing boxes and light, inflammable pine boards were piled promiscuously. The cellar is used by Flanter. There was no stove or furnace of any kind there, nor was there any lighted gas jet or lamp, said Flanter.

When an EVENING WORLD reporter examined the cellar this morning, however, there was an almost overpowering odor of kerosene. Possibly there might have been a lamp exploded, or perhaps it was something even more serious.

Flanter was down-town at his insurance broker's soon after 9 o'clock this morning. His loss will not extend beyond a few hundred dollars, and he is amply covered.

IS REBEL GARZA CORNERED?

Report that He Has Been Located at Loma Prieto.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LAREDO, Tex., Jan. 19.—From private sources a reporter learns that Garza and five or six followers have been located at a point called Loma Prieto (Black Hill), near the line of Encanal and Duval counties, and if the authorities get down to business he will probably be captured there.

Canada's Aged Portrait Artist Dead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 19.—George Theodore Berthon, the oldest of Canadian portrait painters, died yesterday from bronchial trouble. He painted all the gubernatorial portraits in the Government House and portraits of all eminent Ontario judges. He was eighty-six years of age.

Pavonia Arrives with a Broken Shaft.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—The Cunard line steamer Pavonia, Capt. McKay, which sailed from Liverpool Jan. 7 for Boston, was towed to an anchorage below at 1 o'clock this morning by an unknown steamer, which has also anchored. The Pavonia's shaft is broken.

Tar, Licorice and Tolu Wafers.
Best remedy for throat troubles. Y. & S. Mfrs.*,*

SEARVANT'S SHAMEFUL TALE.

His Alleged Justification for Shooting Mrs. Chapman.

The Trained Nurse Testifies in His Own Behalf.

The sensational trial of Nurse Herbert Searvant for twice shooting Mrs. Cora Chapman, the wife of his insane patient, Nov. 23 last in her bedroom, was continued before bluff Judge Moore and a Brooklyn jury in the Kings County Court of Sessions to-day. Lawyer J. Grattan McMahon, who, while practising in New Orleans, saved the lives of the Italian assassins of Chief Hennessey to be sacrificed by the Clay Statue mob of incensed citizens, was gloomy over the prospect for his client, Searvant, this morning.

Mrs. Chapman, entirely and almost miraculously recovered from the bullet wound through her left lung, told her story of the shooting in a straightforward way.

SEARVANT TELLING HIS STORY.

Searvant had promised that he would furnish a sensation in the development of the story of the complicated lives of the three principals in the family—G. Hawley Chapman, the rich young husband, under treatment as a paretic; Mrs. Chapman, his young and pretty wife, and Searvant, the nurse engaged to look after Hawley Chapman.

The nurse had talked vaguely about certain letters in his possession that would throw a flood of light on the character of Cora Clifford Chapman and her unnatural relations with her husband and with Searvant. There had been talk about kodak photographs that would make a sensation.

It was on these hints that Mr. McMahon seemed to be working while cross-examining Mrs. Chapman. It was a cross-examination more severe than was ever before witnessed in a Brooklyn court.

The cross-examiner sought to make Mrs. Chapman testify that she, her husband and Nurse Searvant had maintained an intimacy that would imply criminality upon her part. The latter Mrs. Chapman denied. Questions regarding her husband she seemed not to understand at all, and to the whispered explanation of them by the gray old Judge she faintly murmured her denials, her face burning with the fire of humiliated modesty.

"Such suggestions are infamous," declared the woman, fire flashing from her eyes.

"How did your husband get into the condition which required the attendance of a trained nurse?" asked the lawyer.

"Dr. Mann said it was blood clots in the brain," replied Mrs. Chapman.

"He is very much better now than he was before you went to the hospital in November, is he not?"

"Very much; he is almost recovered," replied Mrs. Chapman, brightening up with a smile, apparently of pleasure, at the thought.

Lawyer McMahon said this morning that he knew of no kodak photographs in the case, and he should not offer the letters of which so much had been said. He declared solemnly that he believed Searvant's story.

He thought he should be able to prove this by the colored servant girl, Mary Jackson. But the girl denied it all to a representative of THE EVENING WORLD.

CASE OF THE DEFENSE.

D. Luke Stapleton opened the case for the defense to-day. His outline indicated that the defense would be that Searvant was irresponsible Nov. 23, as the result of excesses.

Dr. Cameron, the Seney Hospital ambulance surgeon, was the first witness for the defense. He testified that Searvant was incoherent when received at the hospital an hour after the shooting and suffering from narcotic poisoning.

District-Attorney Ridgway asked no questions in cross-examination.

Searvant himself next took the stand.

Searvant told where he had been employed for the past few years. He had been employed as a nurse in Long Island Hospital, as a servant in several families and in various capacities by several athletic and social clubs.

"When did you enter the employ of the Chapman's?" asked Mr. Stapleton.

"In August last. I was with them four or five days when we went to the Catskill Mountains—Mr. and Mrs. Hawley Chapman, Mary Jackson and myself.

"We had two rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman slept in one room and my room was a smaller one adjoining. The door between was left open that I might be within call."

"What happened the second night you were at the Catskills?" asked Mr. Stapleton.

MR. RIDGWAY PROTESTS.

Prosecutor Ridgway protested indignantly and vigorously.

"This is but an attempt to blacken the character of Mrs. Cora Chapman without the faintest hope that it will have any effect on this jury," said Mr. Ridgway.

Mr. Stapleton said it was leading up to proof that Searvant was insane on the day of the shooting, and the examination went on, Searvant telling a tale too filthy for belief.

Judge Moore stopped the recital and, addressing the dense crowd that filled the chamber to the very doors and included a score of women with more curiosity than good sense, said:

WOMEN ORDERED OUT.

This testimony is of a character unfit for the ears of any decent woman. Women in this court room not obliged to be here as witnesses in this case—Women here in other cases or out of morbid curiosity—had best leave the room if they are decent women."

There had already begun a flutter among the women, and in the silence that followed the score of females, all crimson with blush s and struggling frantically to hide their faces, hurried out into the corridor.

Mrs. Chapman and her husband were not in Court.

Searvant, who has not a reassuring face, went on with his recital, charging Mrs. Chapman with unspeakable things.

The story took no more than ten minutes in the telling and then the lawyer said: "That's all," and after a moment Judge Moore admonished the District-Attorney bluntly to "Cross-examine."

Searvant shrunk involuntarily in his chair. There was a dead silence in the court-room as Mr. Ridgway turned up towards the Judge a face saturated with the expression of disgust and he said:

"Not a question."

Searvant hastily shrunk away to his place against the big white Corinthian pillar as if glad to escape so easily.

CROWDS AT HARRIS'S TRIAL.

Charges of Poisoning His Bride Presented to the Jury.

The Case of the Prosecution Opened and Testimony Begun.

A line of men and women extending the entire length of the corridor in the Criminal Court Building, clamored this morning for admission to Part III. of the Court of General Sessions to listen to the trial of Medical Student Carlyle W. Harris for poisoning his young and beautiful wife, Helen Neilson Potts, at the Comstock School for Young Ladies Feb. 1 last.

The jury was completed yesterday. The interest of the public in the trial—the most important, District-Attorney Nicoll says, that has taken place in New York in thirty-two years—was great, but only a few of the hundreds who attempted to get in succeeded.

When Recorder Smyth took his seat on the bench the court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. The most eager to hear the testimony were women, who elbowed their way boldly through the throng of men.

Only four women who were not connected with the case were fortunate enough or had "pull" enough, as one man inelegantly expressed it, to get in where they could hear and witness the proceedings. They sat just inside the rail of the inclosure reserved for lawyers.

Among the first to arrive was Mrs. Potts, mother of the dead girl. She was accompanied by another woman. They sat in a corner to the right of Recorder Smyth, facing the prisoner, who was surrounded by his two brothers and his lawyers, W. Travers Jerome, John A. Taylor and Charles E. Davison. Harris's devoted mother did not occupy her accustomed seat by his side.

Over the court-room, in a private room, several of the girl pupils in the Comstock school were waiting to be called as witnesses. They preferred not to enter the court-room.

The last juror selected was Joseph Bell, of 104 East One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, and Albert Field, of 71 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street was then substituted for Juror Higginson. The other jurors are:

Samuel B. W. McKee, foreman; Benjamin F. Stranahan, Harvey G. Brown, Charles B. Hinds, John Crane, Francis D. Jackson, Samuel P. Mapes, Daniel H. Heidburgh, Henry Rudolph and Crawford Mason.

In his opening statement Assistant District-Attorney Wellman reviewed the history of the remarkable case at bar.

He asked for a fair, unprejudiced verdict on the facts he would present, and warned the jury against being misled by interruptions of counsel, which were usually made in such cases to divert the thread of the testimony, but, he added, he did not believe counsel in this case would resort to such methods.

EARL SUCCEEDS JUDGE RUGER

Deputy Attorney-General Maynard to the Appellate Bench.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

ALBANY, Jan. 19.—In the Senate to-day the private secretary of Gov. Flower brought in the nomination of Robert Earl, of Herkimer County, to be Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

On motion of Senator Roesch the nomination was unanimously confirmed.

The nomination of Deputy Attorney-General I. H. Maynard to be Judge of the Court of Appeals in place of Judge Earl was also received and confirmed by a party vote, Senator Edwards voting with the Democrats.

CHILIAN MAIL STEAMER LOST.

Rescued Refugees May Fall Into the Government's Hands.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's mail steamer John Elder, from Valparaiso for Liverpool, has been wrecked on Caranza Rock, in the Straits of Magellan. All the passengers and the crew of the steamer were saved, but the vessel itself, it is expected, will be a total loss.

A despatch to the *Times* from Santiago de Chili says that the news of the wreck of the John Elder is causing much excitement in that city, as it is generally believed that it was by this steamer that a number of the refugees who had sought safety at the American Legation had left the country. It is reported that passage was secured for them under false names, and that the Government is highly elated at the prospet of their now falling into its hands.

The passengers are proceeding to Concepcion, a Chilian port, 270 miles southwest of Santiago de Chili. The local authorities at that place have received orders to arrest all the refugees who are found among the shipwrecked people.

All the mails on board the steamer have been lost.

TAKEN OFF A SINKING SHIP.

Eighteen Sailors Rescued from the Frederick Faetting.

Capt. Cann, of the English ship Stalwart, which arrived at this port this morning from Liverpool, reports that Jan. 8, in latitude 45.17, longitude 42.40, he fell in with the Norwegian ship Frederick Faetting, in distress.

The Norwegian was dismasted, leaking and breaking up, having encountered a series of severe gales. She was bound from St. John, N. B., timber laden, to Liverpool.

Her crew, comprising eighteen men all told, were taken on board the Stalwart and their ship abandoned. The next day the English steamship Burdon, from Baltimore to Rotterdam, was met, and the crew of the Frederick Faetting were transshipped.

The Stalwart made the passage from Cork, where she touched, to Sandy Hook, in eighteen days.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.

FOR PEACE, OR WAR?

Events Driving Congress to a Choice in the Chilian Affair.

President's Message Probably to Be Sent In To-Morrow.

Leading Minds in the House Still Hope to Avoid Armed Hostilities.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—On the document which the Cabinet is understood to have for its special subject of consideration to-day, and upon the mass of correspondence which will accompany it when it is presented to Congress, may depend the decision as to whether it is to be peace or war between the United States and Chili.

The document is the President's special message on the Chilian affair the correspondence includes all the diplomatic despatches which have passed between the two nations concerned. Congress, it is expected, will receive all this matter to-morrow noon.

Leading minds in the House of Representatives are still against war. It is confidently asserted, however, that the message and the correspondence contain such matters as will turn the prevailing sentiment for peace into at least a majority for war.

The message of the President will contain a review of the causes leading up to the existing complications.

It will call the attention of Congress to the conduct of Chili and her policy of delay. Her action is characterized as unsatisfactory and disrespectful. The duty of the Government is pointed out to be a maintenance of the National honor, in which the question of commercial interests, or even of the shedding of blood, should not be permitted to deter necessary action.

The fact that Chili was just emerging from a revolution and that she is a smaller power, which has been urged as a reason why the United States should overlook the killing of American sailors, is not regarded by the President as a just excuse. The question involved is one of right, in which the size of the nation does not figure.

With regard to the report that an ultimatum has been sent to Chili, Congress will be informed that none has yet been sent, but it will be asked to empower the President to send such an ultimatum that the rejection of it or a refusal to answer it will be considered a declaration of war on the part of Chili. Thus the responsibility of declaring war will really be placed upon the South American Republic.

If the worst should come the United States will, thanks to the emergency preparations which have been going on for weeks, be fairly well prepared, and should the still-cherished hopes for peace be realized it will still be a comfortable thing to know that the country's facilities for putting itself on a war footing are not a matter of doubt.

The greatest difficulty which is foreseen in the event of hostilities with Chili is the fact that all supplies will have to be sent by water nearly seven thousand miles. The base of supplies in this country will be San Francisco.

Never having anticipated a naval conflict in the waters of the Pacific this Government is inadequately prepared to conduct war operations from the Western coast. This deficiency the Navy Department is endeavoring to supply.

Within the past week the Navy Department made a qualified denial that coal was to be shipped from the United States to South Pacific ports, but it is learned to-day that extensive contracts have been made for the transportation of fuel.

Three vessels have been engaged, the aggregate capacity of which will be 12,000 tons of steamer coal. This will be shipped from San Francisco to points not now known, but conveniently accessible for any fleet that it may be necessary to send into Chilian waters. These 12,000 tons will be en route before the end of the week.

Negotiations are now in progress with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for the shipping of 8,000 tons more. With 20,000 tons of coal on hand it will be possible to keep up an adequate supply, no matter how much may be needed hereafter.

There is one officer who is said to be extremely anxious to fire the first shell into Valparaiso. This officer is Commander Evans, of the Yorktown. It will be recalled that his gig was recently stoned by a Ch