SHACKLED AND SCOURGED

Made Men Scream in Agony and Excruciating Pain in the Torture Chamber.

MUSIC IN BROCKWAY'S TRAINED EAR.

Blows That Rendered the Victim Incapable of Yelling Were Not at All Severe!

INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE IN ALBANY.

The Superintendent Will Go On the Stand To-Day and Tell How Convicts Were Tickled to Death.

(Special to The World.)

ALBANY, Feb. 13.—Nearly every Senator and Assemblyman has been following the evidence in the Elmira Reformatory investigation so as to keep well informed. The almost unanimous opinion is, that apart from all other testimony, Brockway has been convicted by the words he himself spoke under oath. He will make his second appearance as a witness to-morrow. What he is going to add to the long and remarkable explanation he gave early in the investigation as to his barbaric methods of "physical culture" it is hard to prophesy, unless it be that he will explain that convicts who die from blows are tickled to death. He will now have to face and answer the condemning facts and contradictions of himself and each other which his own witnesses have put upon the records.

Brockway was not here to-day, or if he was he kept himself carefully concealed. He has not attended any hearings outside of the reformatory building. But he will be here to-morrow, and he will be heard from. So, too, during the course of the sessions which started to-day will be Oscar Hoppe, the ex-convict who for years has been Brockway's confidential adviser, and who, acting as his representative at this investigation, has practically become his master.

Another interesting witness will be young Dr. Wey, the reformatory physician and the son of the venerable President of its Board of Trustees.

He may have something to say as to how boys can die in their cells without medical attendance after a servant without medical knowledge has given them "something to make them sleep." He may be able to tell how it is that the reformatory record can truthfully show that a boy died in bed in the hospital while two reputable physicians whom Brockway put on the stand have sworn that he died alone in his cell. Then, too, he may be called upon to tell how it was that he, a physician, would allow such brutal use of the paddle by Brockway as would result in the crippling and rupturing of boys, and even would not interfere in their behalf when Brockway continued to paddle those whom he had thus terribly afflicted. He may be able to explain just what it was in the life at the reformatory that made it possible for young fellows to go there healthy and strong only to become drivelling idiots.

The session to-day was held in the office of the State Board of Charities, in the Capitol. Commissioner Litchfield, of Brooklyn, presided. Ex-Judge Gilbert continued to act as the Judge-Advocate on the special appointment of the Attorney-General. Brockway was again represented by Lawyers Babcock and Stanchfield. The latter took an active interest in the investigation until a short time ago, but now he does not seem to think it worth his while to listen to more than a bit of the testimony now and then.

COUNSEL AND WITNESS.

Lawyer Babcock is suggesting the questions that are put to Brockway's witnesses, and he is also suggesting no small share of the answers, perhaps impulsively and unintentionally, but suggesting them just the same. He has not been sworn yet, but he is a continual witness. When a prison keeper from the reformatory is testifying as to the punishment given a boy in the bathroom, Babcock will ask: "Where did Brockway strike this boy?" As he asks the question he will in the most innocent manner imaginable vigorously rub his hands up and down his buttocks, and the obedient reformatory officer will promptly answer, "Struck him on the buttocks."

"Where did the blood come from?" he will ask a prison officer, who has been forced to admit that he saw Brockway strike a boy over the head or face with such force as to draw blood. As Babcock asks the question he will rub his hand across his nose two or three times, perhaps quite involuntarily, and the obedient prison officer, instead of telling the truth and saying that the blood came from the victim's mouth, or from a cut which the blow had caused, will promptly answer "From the nose."

These are only examples of Babcock's great habit of giving pantomimic aid to witnesses. But he does not confine himself to pantomime. To-day, when a Brockway witness had admitted that he had seen boys come out from the bathroom, where they had been paddled, with their eyes all red, Babcock, in an aside, interrupted him with: "Might have been crying." "Oh, certainly, only crying," replied the witness.

William H. Stewart, of New York, who was recently chosen President of the State Board of Charities in place of Oscar Craig, deceased, was an interested listener at the session to-day for an hour or two. Dr. E. O. Stoddard, of Rochester, a member of the board, was also present. C. M. Howe, of the South Dakota Board of Charities and Correction, and Judge John T. Joyce, who has charge of the pardons and extraditions in the Executive Chamber, sat throughout the afternoon session.

The greater part of the testimony to-day was of the negative character that burdens the report of the defense. Keepers who have assisted Brockway in the tortures of the bathroom were put on the stand to simply deny everything that they could deny "to the best of their recollections," and to forget absolutely everything on which they had positive knowledge that would have supported the charges.

GENERAL DENIALS.

This entire line of questioning has been of a most exasperating character, in that men have been put on the stand armed with a few general statements, such as "Brockway never knocked an inmate down with his fist or kicked an inmate, or used profane language to an inmate." Under the lash of these leading propositions they have been permitted to deny in detail each story of cruelty that inmates have told.

The idiocy of such a line of defense and the waste of such testimony is shown by the fact that these witnesses will admit that they saw Brockway beat a boy only once or twice, while the reformatory records will show that the boy was beaten by Brockway six, a dozen or twenty times.

Head Keeper Robert D. Sample, who is perhaps the champion denyer for Brockway, was the first witness. He remembered an inmate, Samuel Cox, and was in the bathroom on an occasion when Brockway had punished the lad. He denied that Brockway had punished him on the head and kicked him in the face, as Cox has had testified. In fact he made Cox's punishment quite a picturesque and charming affair. Now Cox is a gibbering idiot. Sample said he did not know why Cox was crippled. Sample remembered being in the bathroom only once when Cox was punished. The reformatory record showed that Brockway had abused the lad a dozen times.

Sample denied that he had punched William Facey into an almost unconscious state. Facey is the boy who was beaten again and again, until he made charges of licentiousness against a lot of other inmates, on which they were transferred to Auburn to serve the full term of years which the law fixes as a penalty for the crime they originally committed. He has since, with tears in his eyes, testified before the investigating committee that the charges were false, and that he had been tortured into making them.

"Was not Facey punished to make him testify against other inmates?" Judge Gilbert asked Sample.

"I do not know about that," answered Sample in a surly way.

Sample went on denying the stories told by Brockway's victims, although he had to confess that he had not seen them punished as a rule one half as many times as the reformatory records showed that they had been punished. He admitted to bloody noses, black eyes and "discolored spots" on the bodies of the inmates as the results of the beatings in the bathroom, and frankly confessed that when men became obstinate in the bathroom or resisted it was the custom of himself and of Brockway's other assistants to subdue them by punching them and knocking them down on the floor. He denied that the men were ever kicked, though.

"Have you ever seen an inmate strung up until his feet were twelve inches from the floor?" asked Judge Gilbert. "I never have," he answered, "but I have seen them in a few instances with their feet off the floor as they hung by their wrists."

This caused such a scowl to appear on the faces of Lawyers Babcock and Stanchfield that Sample hastened to add: "I mean that their feet were clear of the floor because they drew themselves up."

CORNERED.

"You have testified," said Judge Gilbert, "that when you were strung up as an experiment the pain was so great that you got all you could stand of it in twelve seconds. Now, if it is true that the pain of being hung up by the wrists is so great how can you account for the fact that these men whom you saw with their feet clear of the floor while strung up put themselves to that pain by voluntarily drawing up their feet?"

"I cannot account for it," answered the cornered Sample.

Sample was asked about inmate Pierce, who swears that he partly lost his hearing from a blow which Brockway gave him over the head with the paddle. He admitted that Pierce was not deaf before he was paddled and that he is now.

As for Inmate Murray, who was paddled while suffering from an abscess under his left arm, which ultimately caused his death, Sample said he had seen him paddled, but did not see any abscess or bunch at the time. Inmate Lahey, Sample said, was such a little fellow that they did not have to "subdue" him by throwing him down and punching him when they paddled him. They had to strap him up because he would not stand up and let Brockway paddle him. He kept sinking down to the floor, but Sample said it was not from exhaustion. Asked how he knew that the boy did not fall from exhaustion and pain, he said he did not know. He only remembered that the boy was paddled four times. The reformatory record showed that he had been paddled twenty times.

Sample was, after a lot of skirmishing, forced to admit that the officers who assisted in the bathroom horrors used often to discuss the severity of the punishment administered there. Asked if it was not the desire to learn whether the pain inflicted by the paddle was really as severe as the observations they had made of the apparent sufferings of the men in the bathroom indicated, he said: "Oh, yes; I guess it was that."

"Did you ever see a case of paddling in the bathroom that you considered cruel?" he was asked.

"Never, never," was his answer.

"How do you reconcile that statement with your testimony that when you and Keeper Winnie experimented by striking each other with the paddle you had all you could stand in six blows, and yet you have seen Brockway give as high as twenty blows?"

"Oh, I guess we hit each other harder than Brockway ever hit."

CAUGHT AGAIN.

"You think you did, do you?" asked Judge Gilbert sharply. "Were you black and blue after it? Was your skin broken from the blows? Did the blood run, or did you fall on the floor in a exhausted condition?"

"No," answerd the witness sheepishly.

Just why James W. Davison, a builder and architect of Bath, should have been paid a 50-cent fee and mileage to come here and testify for Brockway was not evident. He has for a long time been a paid employee of Brockway's in the capacity of a general superintendent over inmates engaged in building around the institute. He said he had never witnessed any of the scenes in the bathroom. Brockway was, to his mind, all that was good. None of the inmates had ever complained to him of the treatment they received from Brockway. He admitted that there was no particular reason why any one should have done so. He had seen inmates coming out of the bathroom with their eyes all red. They might have been crying, said Lawyer Babcock in an undertone, but the witness took this one aside and of course they had been crying. He said he had never seen anything indicating that it was the policy of the reformatory to keep men there longer than was necessary simply for the purpose of having the benefit of their labor when they happened to be skilled.

AN OVER-ZEALOUS WITNESS.

James W. Lazenby, a keeper at the reformatory, better known the country over as "Jim the Tough," was one of the most remarkable witnesses that has yet been put on in Brockway's behalf. In his anxiety to help the case of his master he denied anything and everything that has been testified to by former inmates. The time and testimony was to testify specifically in denial of the various stories of abuse told by inmates, but he contradicted himself and other Brockway witnesses with such utter disregard that his examination was worse than worthless.

Asked what was the longest time he had known inmates to be continuously chained up in the "solitary," he answered five or six days, so far as he knew they were never released at any time during that period.

The usual method of chaining inmates, he said, was by the wrist to a ring in the floor. This was in direct contradiction to other keepers' testimony and to the testimony of Brockway, which set forth that the usual methods of chaining men up was to a ring on a sliding bar on the side of the dungeon, which gave them much more opportunity to move around than they had when chained to a ring in the floor. In fact, the witness said a man who had his wrist chained to a floor ring could move only as much as the four-inch chain of the handcuffs would permit, and this without release for five or six days.

Lazenby said that Brockway was always kind and considerate in the treatment of inmates. From April, 1888, until September, 1889, at which latter date paddling had been stopped by the commander of the reformatory, he had assisted Brockway at the "matinees" in the bathroom. He had probably seen Brockway paddle 200 men. Of these probably twenty had been struck over the head or face with the paddle. Blood had probably been drawn on four or five.

"And yet you say that Brockway's treatment of the inmates was fatherly and kind?" "Yes, I used to be treated that way by my father."

"Why were inmates struck across the face and head?" "Because they did not keep their heads turned the way Brockway told them to, but," added the witness insinuatingly, "they were just little slaps, you know—just little slaps with the paddle."

Witness said he never saw Sam Gross, a ruptured man, punished. He had not been so severely paddled that Keeper Sample had asked Brockway to desist. He could give no details of the shortless paddling, except that he said it was in June, 1893. The reformatory records showed it was in February, 1893.

"Did you ever see an inmate strung up until his feet were twelve inches off the floor?" "No, I don't think I ever saw a man strung up so high that he could not touch the floor with his toes if he stretched his feet down."

"Did the majority stretch their feet down? Were their feet on the floor or off?" "Some used to draw their feet up."

"And so inflict pain upon themselves?" "Yes."

"H-m-m-m," said Commissioner Litchfield.

The witness flatly testified that he had never struck a man in the bathroom and that he had never seen others do so except Brockway with the paddle. His attention was called to the fact that Keepers Sample, Halpin and Winnie had acknowledged that if a man resisted it was common to "subdue" him by striking and throwing him down without much regard to where the blows struck. He was asked if he wanted his statement to stand as a contradiction of all the others, and he said he told the truth.

Lazenby said that in all the paddlings he had witnessed the portion of the men struck had simply looked a little red.

"If you were told that keepers who have seen five times as many paddlings as you have testified that in almost all instances the blows left discolored spots on the flesh of a brownish, bruised color, would you still stick to your statement?" asked Commissioner Litchfield. The witness could not give a satisfactory answer.

He had a manner of scratching his head and looking indifferent when asked questions as to whether he had ever seen men with blackened eyes, &c. To these questions he would answer perfunctorily: "Oh yes, one or two times."

"Have you heard men and boys cry out for mercy when they were being paddled?" he was asked. "Yes, I have."

"And when a man turned his head and cried for mercy he was struck over the head with the paddle?" "No," was the answer.

CONTRADICTED BROCKWAY.

This raised a laugh, as it was in direct contradiction to Brockway's own testimony and to the testimony of all the other keepers. "In those cases invariably Brockway let him go."

"When you were in the bathroom with Sample and a man had to be strung up who pulled the rope?"

"I did, invariably."

"Sample says that when he was in the bathroom with you and a man had to be strung up he invariably pulled the rope. What have you to say to that?" The witness could not answer.

George B. Wood, a policeman in Elmira, who used to be watchman in the reformatory, testified that Brockway was a kind man. He was obliged to admit that since he left the institution, and while employed as a city policeman, he had acted as transfer officer for the reformatory and had received $20 in payment. Wood did not want to testify, but, like many other Elmira men who have been made to speak for Brockway, he had to. The Elmira men who sit on the Board of Trustees are such a moneyed and political power in that city that it is not wise for any poor men whom they ask to be a witness to refuse to do so.

William T. Coleman, at present storeroom keeper at the Reformatory, was the next witness called. He had been in Brockway's employ only since March, 1893. He was present in the bathroom on half a dozen occasions when the cruel and inhuman paddle was engaged in torturing the poor, unfortunate inmates. Coleman had to acknowledge that Brockway had struck boys with the paddle across the face. Coleman, it appeared from his testimony upon direct examination, was called by the paddler to tell what a kind man his employer was. Never, said Coleman, had an inmate come to him and complained of the treatment he had received at Brockway's hands, "and," said Coleman, "I used to see nearly all the inmates every day."

FELL INTO A TRAP.

Judge Gilbert laid a nice little trap for the witness, and it was not very long before he tumbled into it. "Don't you know," asked Judge Gilbert, "that it is against the rules of the reformatory for an officer to converse with inmates except upon matters relative to their respective duties in the shops or elsewhere?"

"Yes, I know that," replied Coleman.

"And you disobey rules by talking to inmates?" Coleman hesitated a few moments. Then he tried to crawl out of the hole by stating that nobody had ever spoken to him about the manner Brockway had treated the inmates. When asked how many inmates Brockway ever had paddled on one occasion, Coleman said he counted ten.

"Were you present at the time Brockway paddled these ten men?" "No."

"Then how do you know they were paddled?" "I could tell from their looks when they came out. Some were holding their pants."

Coleman said on that particular day about twenty-two inmates had been taken to the bathroom. Ten only had received what Brockway calls "physical treatment."

After Coleman had left the room William Frazer was sworn. He helped to build the reformatory and is a stone-cutter by occupation. He is just now instructor in one of the trade schools. He said that he had seen Brockway treat the boys kindly. "The same as he would treat his own boys," was the way the witness characterized the paddle treatment towards inmates.

Among other things Frazer was to tell that on many occasions men had received bruises and other injuries while at work.

"You have seen a good many of these cases?" asked Judge Gilbert. "Only one, sir," replied the witness.

"And you have been there twenty-one years?" inquired Judge Gilbert in astonishment. "Yes, sir; that's right."

Frazer said he had no idea whatever of what had happened in the cellars of the bathroom.

"Had you seen Brockway strike the inmates with the paddle would you have considered that humane and kind treatment?" was asked. "I never did. No, sir."

Oscar Thomsen, who has charge of the repairs of the buildings at the reformatory, was the next one from Elmira to say a kind word for Brockway. The witness had never seen a man come from the bathroom, nor had he ever been present when the paddler punished the poor boys.

Keeper Thomas Murphy, of the college on the hill, where he has been employed during the past five years, was another witness. He had not he had conducted men to and from the bathroom and had confined men in the solitary cells. Murphy said, as a rule Brockway looked angry while he was in the bathroom. This Murphy believes to be partly owing to the fact that he was not angry. "Well, I don't swear that he was not angry," said the witness. "He might have been angry in every case." Murphy said he had been in the bathroom and personally assisted in striking the men. He had seen Brockway paddle men from "the hole" in the bathroom.

"Yes, these men had black-and-blue marks on their faces," acknowledged Murphy. The hearing will adjourn to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

ELMIRA, Feb. 13.—James Reilly, a convict, twenty-five years old, died to-day at the Elmira Reformatory of pulmonary consumption. The remains will be interred in St. Peter and Paul's Cemetery.

CHARACTERS IN THE ELMIRA INVESTIGATION.

GUARDED HIS DEAD WIFE.

Police Break Into the Barred Rooms of Morgan Phillips, "The Gypsy of Cherry Hill."

NEIGHBORS HAD COMPLAINED.

He Stood Over the Body, Pleaded to Be Let Alone, and Finally His Wish Was Granted.

The "Gypsy of Cherry Hill" lost his wife yesterday morning. Then he doubly bolted the doors of his squalid rooms at No. 33 Cherry street and jealously guarded the corpse until midnight, when the police broke down the doors.

Morgan Phillips is seventy-six years old. He is almost bent double with age, and had become famous throughout Cherry Hill for his strange manner of living in a tent all summer across the street from No. 33. There he mended pushcarts and tinkered. His beard was unkempt and his clothes odd. He seldom spoke of his past, but when he did he told stories of how he had once been more than a wandering tinker.

Little by little his life's history leaked out, and it was so strange that the denizens of Cherry Hill regarded him with awe. The neighbors for blocks around would come and watch him at work and try to learn more of how he had taken one of the first circuses through the West in the early fifties and other experiences.

His wife Clarissa, a year older than himself, was living with a daughter up in Seneca Falls until a few weeks ago, when she came down to the city. The cold had driven the "gypsy," as he was called, into the tenement opposite. The neighbors have seen the couple seldom. They remained in their rooms, which were on the third floor, back. Once a day the man would go over to his tent in the lot.

A tenant heard Phillips moaning yesterday morning. Knocking and receiving no response, the tenant peered through a small window that lighted the inner room from the hallway. There was Phillips on his hands and knees beside the body of his wife, which was stretched on the floor, gently stroking her hair and kissing her features, cold in death. When he saw a face at the window he became excited, and frightened the neighbor away. Throughout the day Phillips kept his lonely watch. Every few minutes there would be another strange face at the window which, when detected, would awaken Phillips from the lethargy he would relapse into, until he would scare the curious one away.

Strangely the case was not reported at the Oak street station around the corner until nearly midnight. Then Officer O'Connor hurried in and asked Sergeant Bell if he had the right to break in the door of a man's apartment who had refused to open it when he ordered him to. He said the neighbors suspected murder from the man's strange actions, although no marks of violence were visible on the corpse.

Roundsman Wilber and Officer Bowen hurried around with Officer O'Connor. The tenants were standing on the stairway afraid to go to sleep.

"Open the door!" commanded the police. There was no response, and a shower of knocks from the clubs followed. Then the "gypsy" called out:

"Leave me alone with my dead!"

The policemen put their shoulders to the door and strained every muscle. It withstood until the combined efforts of the three almost tore it from the hinges.

The door flew open, and Phillips began to abuse the police roundly. He dared them to break the other door. Again the stalwart officers threw their weight against the inner door. The scene presented was intensely dramatic. There was Phillips, standing across his wife's body and guarding it from the police.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

The police started to arrest him, when a remarkable change happened in his manner. Where a moment before he had been defiant he was now cringing.

"There's nothing wrong," he pleaded. "I couldn't get an undertaker until to-morrow."

Finally the man said his wife had died from pneumonia and that she had had medical attendance. He could not remember the name of the doctors or show a death certificate. The police decided, however, that it was best not to remove the man, and withdrew and notified the Coroner. Officer O'Connor stood on guard for into the night in case Phillips should become violent again. The neighbors were even then afraid, and many they could sleep not all night.

"SAY---OLD MAN!

I shall be as hoarse as a crow before the Senate settles this Tariff business," amiably remarked a distinguished gentleman from the wild and woolly West to a New York Congressman the other day in Washington.

"I always prevent that by the use of

RIKER'S EXPECTORANT,

calmly replied the sage. "In fact I've told it to everyone, from Reed and a lot of other lies that it is the very best remedy I ever tried for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, or any sort of Cough or Cold."

The Western man pondered this as things deeply in his heart, and now he too has gone to sell the cattle of him who swears by RIKER'S EXPECTORANT. Only 50 cents a bottle, at your druggist, or at

RIKER'S,

6TH AVE., COR. 22D ST.

MAYOR GILROY GETS AN IRISH CAT.

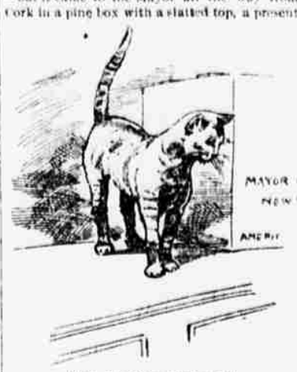
Commander Dickens Sent It as a Present from Cork's Chief Magistrate.

Mayor Gilroy is the proud owner of an Irish cat. The animal isn't much to look at—a small brown feline, with darker stripe, a diminutive representative of the Tammany tiger—but it came to the Mayor all the way from Cork in a pine box with a slatted top, a present from the Mayor of Cork to the Mayor of New York, and with a lot of accompanying documents and was sent by Commander Dickens, who piloted the Duke of Veragua through this country. There were several verses sent, written by Mrs. Franklin Meed, of Boston, of which this is one:

God speed to you, Capt. Dickens
On your voyage across the sea!
Bear to Gilroy, Mayor of New York,
The warmest of greetings from me.
From Ireland here to the Irish there
Good luck and comfort and peace!
May they never forget their country
In their homes across the seas.

CHORUS.

The home land!
The heart land!
Though their homes are there
Their hearts we share,
Hurrah for the auld countrie!
New York, ahoy!
Here's to Mayor Gilroy,
To Roche and the
Irish cat!



THE MAYOR'S IRISH CAT.

The Mayor sent the cat home for the little Gilroys to play with. It was christened Bridget Cork.

THE BRIDGE CABLE COLLAPSED.

Power-House Machinery Broke and Mayor Schieren and Other Trustees Were Caught in a Car.

The balance car in the power-house at the Brooklyn end of the bridge broke at 8 o'clock last night, causing an instant stoppage of the cable and leaving ten trains full of passengers stuck at various points between the two cities. The travellers took the mishap good naturedly and, leaving the cars, finished their journey on foot. The men helped the women to the footpath, and then locomotives shoved the empty cars to the New York or to the Brooklyn end of the road, according to the track whereon they had been left.

Among those who had to get out and walk near the New York end were Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn; Seth L. Keeney and George O. Skinner, three bridge trustees, who had been aboard a train, examining a car lighted by gas.

No trains were run for thirty minutes after the accident occurred, yet the employees of the New York entrance to the bridge cars continued to sell tickets for almost an hour after it happened. The platform on the New York side became choked with people, and the sale of tickets had to be stopped finally because no more people could get through the gates. Then a shuttle train began running on five minutes' headway on the south track, and the crowd was finally carried across to Brooklyn.

The cable had not been repaired at an early hour this morning. The same balance car broke about a year ago and caused a delay of several hours then.

Yesterday morning there was another delay on the bridge road between 7.30 and 8.15 o'clock due to the snow which had choked up the cable-way.

FATHER THOMAS J. TOOMEY DEAD.

The Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Newark, Succumbs to Dropsy.

Father Thomas J. Toomey, of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Newark, died yesterday. Since 1876 he had worked successfully for the welfare of his parish. He was less than forty-four years old. He had been ill nearly a year, and his nearest relatives and friends were prepared for the event. He died at 1 A. M. yesterday, after Dr. Wendel had informed the household that dissolution was a matter of hours, not days.

Father Toomey was everywhere respected. Born in New York City in 1850, Father Toomey's early education was obtained at the Jesuit's College, Jersey City; then he attended St. Charles's College, in Maryland, and finished his studies for the priesthood at Seton Hall, in South Orange, and was ordained in 1872. After supplying a mission at Milburn, he was transferred to the Cathedral in Newark, and on the death of Father Dalton, in 1876, succeeded to the parish of St. Joseph's. The present house of worship, costing $115,000, was his work, and the former church was transformed into a school.

He was attacked with dropsy nearly a year ago. Friends and physicians advised rest and a trip abroad, and on Christmas a purse of $1,000 was made up for him to follow such advice. But he refused to leave his charge.

The church will be appropriately draped, and the body will lie in state in the centre aisle on Thursday. It will probably be consigned to the vault underneath the altar instead of to the Cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre. Meetings of the Father Matthew T. A. B. Society, Dalton Council, C. B. L.; the Holy Name and St. Vincent de Paul societies have been called to take appropriate action.

POLICY AND THE POLICE.

Two Jersey City Officers Accused of Accepting Bribes.

The Hudson County Grand Jury has been investigating the policy business at their last two sittings. One of the stories told is to the effect that two members of the police force have been indicted. A New York firm, seeing a chance, sent Salmon and Lyons, two writers, to Jersey City. They frequented Shield's saloon, on Halliday street and Communipaw avenue, and for a time had a monopoly of the Lafayette policy players.

Two members of the police force were sent out to arrest policy writers. Having settled themselves as to what was going on, it is alleged they made overtures to the writers which resulted in the promise that the latter would be protected for $50 a month. The money was divided monthly in an envelope and left in the saloon and one of the officers called for it. This continued for months. Then the go-between began to hold back some under the excuse that books were getting small. This led to protest at donning, it is said, and at last the story reached Capt. Mekalay.

Some months ago the matter came before the Grand Jury. Lyons, one of the writers, it is said, was formerly employed by Vice-Chancellor Van Fleet.

Lewis Solomon was arrested at No. 251 Wayne street last night while distributing slips. He was locked up on a charge of maintaining a lottery.

WHAT FAMILIES USE LIQUOR?

Watessing W. C. T. U. Women Go from House to House to Find Out.

(Special to The World.)

BLOOMFIELD, Feb. 13.—Much talk is occasioned in Watessing by a peculiar census now being taken. A house to house canvass is made by a committee from the Women's Christian Temperance Union in order to find what families use intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

The names of such families are taken by the committee and reported to the union, and they are made a special object of prayer on the part of the union. In the future efforts will be made to have these families give up the use of alcoholic liquors.

FOR THE GREAT BENEFIT.

A Wonderful Operatic Programme to Be Presented by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's Artists.

SUCH A FINE ARRAY OF TALENT!

Melba, Eamos, Nordica, Lassalle, the De Reszkes and Others Will Be Heard on This Occasion.

The final arrangements for the grand opera benefit performance to be given at the Metropolitan Opera-House to-morrow for the poor of New York have been completed, the last seats and boxes sold, and now nothing remains but

MME. MELBA.

to wait patiently for the greatest artistic, social and charitable event of many seasons. Its success from every standpoint is already assured and is due to the excellent management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, and Jean de Reszke and the hearty co-operation of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera-House and M. de Reszke's fellow artists, all of whom have entered heart and soul into the enterprise.

EDOUARD DE RESZKE.

While the warm-hearted singer is bearing the brunt of the artistic burden, and is giving up by far the largest amount of money—for his income for each performance is greater than that of any other member of the company—the largest pecuniary sacrifice is being made by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, for so great an artistic event as that of to-morrow necessarily affects the receipts of all the performances during the week.

Many people who had intended to enjoy "Rigoletto," "Faust" or "Semiramide" this week have preferred to pay an advanced price and see part of each of these productions, together with acts of "Aida" and "Romeo et Juliette"—to enjoy the work of all the great artists in one evening.

The audience to-morrow night will hear more good opera than has ever been given in New York on a single occasion, and will enjoy a production the expense of which—were not the services of all the artists rendered gratuitously—no management could ever afford. It will be by far the highest-priced performance, speaking not in outlay but of worth, that has ever been enjoyed here.

In starting the movement for this grand entertainment Jean de Reszke but followed a generous impulse which had done immeasurable good for the poor of other cities in past seasons. In London, Paris and St. Petersburg he has contributed largely to the relief of the unfortunate by his generous efforts, and in his native town of Warsaw he and his brother Edouard gave a series of four performances of "Romeo et Juliette," "Lohengrin," "Faust" and "Carmen," the entire proceeds of which were given to the poor.

In 1890, when the French nation wished to erect a statue to the memory of Bizet, the composer of "Carmen," Jean de Reszke proposed a grand production of the opera, in which he sang the role of Don Jose, Melba the Micaela, while the title role was sung by the woman who had created it years before, Mme. Galli-Marie. The performance netted over $200,000 francs, or $40,000.

The sale of admission tickets for to-morrow's performance will not begin till 6 P. M. on that day. The general admission will be $2; admission to family circle $1.

On account of the number of principals who will participate in the performance it took the greatest ingenuity on the part of the managers and good nature on the part of the artists to arrange for proper distribution of dressing-rooms. M. Grau's private office will be fitted up for Mme. Melba and Nordica and Fames will share the Prima donna's room.

MR. BENNETT'S SUDDEN DEATH

The Well-Known Tea Importer Expired on His Way to His Home.

Edward Bennett, the well-known tea importer, dropped dead in front of No. 2192 Seventh avenue at 5.30 P. M. yesterday while returning to his home, No. 46 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, from downtown. His body was removed to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street police station, where Coroner Shultze took it. It was afterwards taken to Mr. Bennett's home. Heart failure was the cause of death.

Mr. Bennett was over seventy years of age. He had been in business forty years, and at one time had more than a dozen stores, the chief one being that of the city. He was born in a house which stood where the Metropolitan Hotel now is. He was a wealthy man, owning a large amount of real estate in Harlem. He leaves a widow and four children.

GEORGE W. CAVE KILLED.

The White Plains Contractor Meets Death in an Accident While Sleigh-Riding.

George W. Cave, a well-known contractor of White Plains, was thrown from his sleigh and killed yesterday. Cave, in company with Deputy Sheriff Frederick Underhill, drove from White Plains to Tarrytown. On Broadway in the latter place the horses became unmanageable and dashed down the crowded Broadway. A collision followed, and both men were thrown violently to the ground. Cave died in a few moments, and Underhill received severe injuries. Cave's wife died three weeks ago. He leaves a family of six small children. He was an old Fellow, member and a member of Hope Engine Company.

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None can possibly form any idea of the wonderful currents produced by these body batteries without examining; therefore, if you can, call at our office and see and test one; if not, our illustrated book will be sent free, sealed, by mail, upon application to inventor and manufacturer.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, N. Y.
OFFICE HOURS, 8 to 6. SUNDAYS, 10 to 1.

The World's Best January

Average Circulation for January, 1882,
17,604 PER DAY.

FOR JANUARY, 1894,
427,997
PER DAY.

CAPT. WATKINS'S SOULFUL EYES.

It Was the Pleading in Her Orbs that Won Prince Galitzin Over to the Salvation Army.

Several newspapers in this city have stated that Prince Galitzin, who joined the Salvation Army a few days ago, was a bogus prince, who has been in this country several years, trying his best to get into society, but without much success. That The World printed exclusively the story of his joining the army is undoubtedly what caused the publication of these statements. As a matter of fact there was a man who represented himself as Prince "Galatzin," and who has since dropped out of sight. He was a blond young German, who tried to cut a dash at Long Branch two years ago. "Galatzin" and Prince Galitzin are two entirely distinct types, as those who saw them assert. Newspaper correspondents and officials in Washington vouch for the identity of the prince, and he exhibited in this city his commission from the Russian Court prior to his departure for Europe on Saturday.

The sudden conversion of the Prince and the abandonment of his plans of travel and research were mainly due to the influence exercised over him by Staff Capt. Patty Watkins. Miss Watkins is a soulful worker in the army. She is not pretty as pretty faces go, but there is a charm of fervor in her eyes that is quite irresistible. She is a Welsh woman. Some years ago when the famous "singing brigade" went through the country, she was an active member of it. In Washington she attended society receptions and explained the methods of the army, as Mrs. Ballington Booth sometimes does in this city. When Capt. Watkins came here to take charge of the Fourth avenue, the Prince quickly followed, and his conversion was completed.

PRINCE GALITZIN

CAPT. PATTY WATKINS.

MYSTERY ABOUT CADET TUCKER.

His Parents Were Told He Was on the Seguranca, and Later That He Had Been Left in Quarantine in Vera Cruz.

Frank Tucker, nineteen years old, of Ozone Park, L. I., got a berth as cadet on the Ward line steamship Seguranca just before she made her last trip to Havana and Mexican ports. The steamer sailed from here about Jan. 1, and from Havana a week later. A letter was received by Tucker's parents, in which he said all was well. A few days later, when news came that the Seguranca was at Vera Cruz, in quarantine, with nearly all her people sick with smallpox, Frank's father, who is employed in the Custom-House, went to the office of the Ward line company and was told that his son had escaped the scourge and would come home with the steamer. The ship arrived here Monday, twelve days overdue.

On the pier Tucker's anxious father and mother learned that their boy was not on board.

All they could learn from the crew was that Frank had been left behind. The officers of the ship refused to give any information. The anxious parents came to this city in the hope that they might be reunited