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"New York,
"March 3, 1894.

"After a thorough examination of the circulation books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper companies' bills for amount of paper furnished, orders from news companies and newsdealers, we find that the circulation of THE WORLD *(morning and evening editions) for the months of January and February, 1894, averaged 433,167 copies per day, and so certify."*

J. Edward Simmons, Chairman.
Thomas L. James, Secretary.
A. B. Hepburn,
E. W. Bloomingdale,
Henry Clews,
Charles W. Dayton.

Baseball gossip becomes daily more impressive.

Palm Sunday bore the palm for fine weather, also.

Murphyism is responsible for the latest fall of Troy.

The Senate didn't have sand enough for the Sugar Trust.

In yesterday's sunshine there was hope for the Easter bonnet brigade.

Municipal reform means taking city politics out of the hands of professional politicians.

The Bland bill reaches the President to-day. It will probably never reach the statute books.

Who would have dreamed that the price of whiskey might come to depend on Senatorial courtesy.

New York is expecting great progress with the Chamber of Commerce Rapid Transit bill at Albany this week.

A little prompt attention to that New York and New Jersey Bridge bill will not come amiss in Washington, this week.

The distribution of party patronage in the Second District may never again be looked upon as a declaration of Dividends.

United States Senators have the opportunity to do much for their country, or much for the Trusts, this week. Which will they do?

Colorado's Governor has discovered that there are good men in his commonwealth who yet will not give up to Waite and murmur not.

If Whiskey Trust plans go through, for a tax increase of ten cents on a gallon, there's millions in it for the ring. Is it true that there are Senators in it, too?

Lord Rosebery's Home Rule speech at Edinburgh had the effect of a hot Scotch on some friends of the cause who had taken a chill from that misunderstood sentence lately addressed to the Lords.

Admiral Benham helped the British merchant captains get water in Rio harbor. British redcoats assisted in preserving the peace at Bluefields by request of the American Consul. Honors are easy.

La Bretagne's passengers had every reason to be dissatisfied at the time with the bit of shore which the steamship discovered unexpectedly in last night's fog. But they got off very comfortably, after all, and may laugh at their adventure to-day.

If the Tariff bill isn't reported to the Senate to-morrow, after the reporting of the bill has been practically promised—well, in the light of previous experiences with Senatorial promises, it won't be the altogether unexpected which will have happened.

If several policemen had been killed in "Little Italy" yesterday, before aid could reach them, the Police Commissioners, who have failed to supply the Department with a signal and patrol wagon service, would have been morally responsible.

While two or three policemen were struggling with a murderous mob in "Little Italy" yesterday, it struck a citizen that it would be a good plan to let the other officers at the station-house know of their comrades' peril. To carry out his idea he had to run from First avenue and East One Hundred and Thirteenth street to a point in East One Hundred and Fourth street just beyond Third avenue. Then the policemen, to get to the scene of trouble, had to go up Third avenue to One Hundred and Sixth street, take an "L" train to One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and run from the station two avenue blocks and three street blocks. All these operations could not have consumed less than twenty-five minutes. They probably took nearer half an hour. In the mean time the officers originally in danger might have been murdered several times. Had the city been provided, as it should be, with a police signal and patrol wagon service, many of these precious moments would have been saved. It is already a scandal and a disgrace that New York hasn't such a service. Another incident like that in "Little Italy" may make it something worse.

NEWSPAPER SENSATIONALISM.

A very erroneous idea prevails in many minds as to what is "sensationalism" in the daily press.

Brute Brockway calls the exposure of the saveage cruelties practised on the young prisoners in the Elmira Reformatory a "newspaper sensation," designed to "sell papers."

Well, there is certainly something "sensational" in the story of young convicts being confined in dark cells, dragged out with hot iron hooks, tied up by the thumbs, beaten with a paddle, and knocked down and kicked when they prayed for mercy. There is something horrible in it, too.

But if these revolting scenes and inhuman acts had not been described and denounced in the press the torturer, Brockway, would still have been at his inhuman work, and his victims would have been still suffering from his savage cruelty without a protest being heard against it or a voice being raised in their behalf.

Boss McKane declares that he was sacrificed to the same newspaper "sensationalism."

Well, there was sensationalism in the description of the political doings of the Gravesend chief; of his bold frauds on the ballot-box; of his insolent defiance of Supreme Court orders and Supreme Court judges; of the work of the gangs of thugs and ruffians who held possession of Coney Island and drove off every man who went there armed with the authority of the law to serve legal processes; of their seizure of the fraudulent poll lists, and their refusal to let them be seen; of their subornation of the police justices and the police force to their criminal purposes.

But if the press had not branded these acts as felonies and demanded their punishment McKane would not now be behind prison bars and Sutherland would not be a fugitive from justice.

Carlyle Harris pronounced himself the victim of this newspaper grasping for sensationalism.

The tragedy in which he figured as the murderer of a beautiful young schoolgirl, stealing his way into her confidence, making her his wife, and then, like a coward, administering to her with his own hands a deadly poison, was "sensational" enough, heavens knows. But if it had not been dragged to light in all its terrible reality Carlyle Harris would still have been living to betray and murder more innocent and confiding young girls.

These criminals do not pause to reflect that the "sensationalism" is in their own acts not in the exposure of them; that they and not the newspapers are the "sensationalists!"

It is the duty of an honest and fearless press to drag these crimes to light and to demand their punishment. The more "sensational" the guilty acts are, the greater is their degree and the greater necessity there is for their exposure.

"The Evening World" is one of the newspapers that in its faithful service to the people, in its fearless determination to make war on all criminals and frauds and shams and corruptionists, will never neglect this duty.

It now demands a speedy disposal of the case of Brute Brockway by the Legislature and the Governor.

A SOCK-WEARER'S SOCKDOLAGERS.

That unequalled upper-cutter and genial injector of sleep into the systems of other prize-fighters, Signor James J. Corbett, announces without a lilt of his eyelashes and with as delightful sangfroid as one ever saw or read about, that after he punches what few laurels there are on Herr Peter Jackson's brow off it he is going to quit the prize ring, give the fistic drama the shake and become an active and earnest rival of Tommaso Salvini, Henry Irving, Walker Whiteside, James Owen O'Connor and other high-class interpreters of legitimate plays.

Casting aside all $10,000 a month baseball offers and the multitudinous chances that would come to him to make pulp out of other pugilists, he will invest the usufruct of his knuckles in dimming the memory of Macready and making the public forever forget Forrest and John McCullough. Signor Jim will, he recklessly promises, appear in the roles of Samson, Spartacus, Jack Cade, Metamora, Julius Caesar and Virginius, and although he cannot lift a flat car loaded with coal on his chest, or make the muscles of his back do a skirt dance, or fillip 1,000-pound dumb-bells like mint julep straws, he expects to throw so much bone and sinew and half-arm blow into his performances that the audience will go wild over the gristle and never think of the missing mental pabulum.

Signor Jim ought to make a great gladiatorial duck in a heroic drama, but we think he will imperil his popularity and prestige if as Virginius he doesn't biff his daughter on the point of the jaw, instead of using a shoemaker's knife on her, or if in the role of Julius Caesar he falls ingloriously at the base of Pompey's statue without larding viciously several times on Brutus's nose.

FITCH WILL ASSIST.

Will Help Senators Hill and Murphy in Their Tariff Bill Fight.

Comptroller Fitch proposes to furnish Senators Hill and Murphy some ammunition for their fight against the Tariff bill. He is preparing a statement to be sent to the New York Senators, in which he points out that the income-tax provision would entail a double burden of taxation in this State on collateral inheritance incomes, which are already taxed by the State.

Miner Fatally Assaulted.

(By Associated Press.)

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 19.—Andrew Becher, a miner, of Smithville, a village near this city, was found unconscious and suffering from a wound in the back of the head near the boarding-house kept by himself and wife, last Saturday night. A watch and money in his pocket had not been touched, and the motive for the assault is a mystery. He died yesterday, without regaining consciousness.

Death of Washington Townsend.

(By Associated Press.)

WEST CHESTER, Pa., March 19.—Ex-Congressman Washington Townsend died at his residence here Sunday of paralysis of the brain, aged eighty-two years. He was elected to Congress from this district in 1858, after a bitter fight, in which the present Minister to Italy, Wayne MacVeagh, was his opponent, and served eight years. His opposition to the unit rule in the National Republican Convention, when the late Don Cameron was aspiring to the Presidency, won considerable notoriety.

NORTH RIVER CRASH.

Ferryboats Communipaw and Fanwood Meet at the Slip.

Railings and Posts Carried Away and Glass Broken.

Passengers Badly Frightened, but No One Seriously Hurt.

Passengers on the ferry-boat Communipaw, of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, received a bad scare a few minutes before 10 o'clock this morning. As the Communipaw was going into her slip on the New York side she crashed into the Fanwood, of the same line.

There was the usual big morning crowd on board, and for a few minutes there was great excitement among the passengers.

The Fanwood had not gotten clear of her slip at the foot of Liberty street when she encountered the Communipaw. Both boats were going slowly or the accident might have been much worse.

The Communipaw was headed for the slip just below the one which the Fanwood was leaving. Many of her passengers were standing out in front on the port quarter deck, which was the men's side of the boat. This had the effect of weighting down that side of the boat. To this and to the surmise that the tide may have carried the Communipaw up the river, the accident is attributed.

Ordinarily when two ferry-boats come in contact near the slips the gunwales meet and the boats veer off. In this case, however, acording to a passenger on the Communipaw, the gunwale of that boat went under that of the Fanwood.

"For nearly a minute," said this passenger, "the boats tore into each other. As soon as possible the Communipaw was stopped and backed out into the river. The Fanwood was thus released and continued her trip to the Jersey side.

"Both boats were considerably damaged, but the Communipaw was perhaps the greater sufferer. Her railing was carried away, the posts which held the shed under which passengers stand were cut down as if with a knife, the swinging doors of the cabin were smashed in and several panes of glass in the cabin windows broken.

"Part of the Fanwood's railing and shed were torn down and the glass in the cabin doors broken. Neither of the boats was apparently injured below decks."

The Fanwood was in charge of Capt. Hutton and the Communipaw under Capt. Cubberly. The captains say the accident was due to a sudden and violent eddy in the river, which made the Communipaw for a moment uncontrollable.

In his report to the Superintendent Capt. Hutton says the Fanwood was just leaving her dock when the accident occurred. He noticed that Capt. Cubberly and the pilot were doing all in their power to make the Communipaw respond to her helm, but to no purpose. There were no injuries, as far as known, to any of the passengers, although it is said that a Chinaman on the Communipaw had his nose cut.

The Fanwood is still running. The Communipaw went back to Jersey City for repairs.

SIX BURIED WITH A TRAIN.

Great Northern Freight Overwhelmed by an Avalanche.

Swept Over a Precipice by a Snow Slide.

(By Associated Press.)

SEATTLE, Wash., March 19.—A report was received last night that the Great Northern freight train which left Snohomish on Saturday night was struck by a snow slide near that city and swept over an embankment 150 feet high. Six men are said to have perished. The train is said to have gone entirely out of sight under the slide in the valley.

The local officers of the road claim to know nothing of it, and they express doubt as to the truth of the report. The west-bound passenger train was delayed by a snow slide and boulders on the track near Wellington. The boulders were so large that they had to be blasted away, and the train will not reach here before 5:40 this morning.

All attempts to get information by wire from near the scene of the wreck have failed.

FIRE AMONG MANY MILLS.

Nearly $500,000 Damage by Flames in Philadelphia.

(By Associated Press.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 19.—Fire this morning destroyed the big mill property owned by Frederick Rump & Bros., manufacturers of tablecloths and counterpanes, fronting on Huntingdon street and extending from Palethorpe to Hancock street, in the heart of the Kensington mill district. The total loss is estimated at $240,000. The building was five stories high and comprised three separate mills. The fire originated in the drying-room of the knit goods mill of Brown Bros. & Aberle. This firm sustains a loss of $40,000 on stock and machinery.

The machinery in J. H. A. Klauder & Co.'s stocklust mill, which has been shut down for a year, was damaged to the extent of $30,000. Rump & Bros. owned the building. They lose $100,000 on building and $50,000 on stock and machinery. Nearly four hundred people are thrown out of employment.

STRUCK BY A BIG ROCK.

It Weighed 100 Pounds, but Moran May Recover.

John Moran, twenty-eight years old, a laborer, of 202 Hester street, while engaged in tearing down a building at 200 Mercer street this morning was struck by a block of stone weighing 100 pounds, which fell from the first floor.

He was struck on the left side of the head and the shoulder.

He was taken in an ambulance to St. Vincent's Hospital. It is believed he will recover.

CAUGHT THEIR BURGLAR.

Easton, Conn., Farmers Run Down a Noted Crook.

(By Associated Press.)

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 19.—When George Gregory and George Beers, Easton farmers, returned from church yesterday, with their families, they found that their homes had been entered and $200 worth of silverware taken. The thief also took a horse and carriage.

The horse had a peculiar gait, and the farmers followed the trail to Westport, where they overtook the thief, a well-known crook, named Geaton, and bound him after a fierce fight. Geaton belongs in New York, and has long been wanted by the local police.

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

This Week Is Devoid of Any Theatrical Novelty.

"Uncle Million" Known Under Another Name in England.

Not a single theatrical novelty will be offered at the metropolitan theatres to-night. The combination houses will, of course, have their usual changed bills, but there will be nothing striking at any of them. Holy Week is not good for theatrical managers, and it is considered very bad policy to present a new play during that period. Business is rarely good and the greatest attractions fail to crowd the houses. A good many companies lay off, and this year they will be doubtless very glad of this excuse. Business can scarcely be worse out of town during Holy Week than it has been since the season began. Several managers of travelling attractions ended their season virtually Saturday night, for the Holy Week rest will be extended, and it is not likely that they will go out again. With the end of Holy Week, however, the dying season will flicker up with a new flame that will burn until the end of April. This is the lifful life that precedes the end. A few organizations will take advantage of it, and will start out on Easter Monday—a day that is remarkably popular with theatre-goers. There are regular "snaps" that begin Easter Monday and last until the end of the season, six weeks later. As far as New York goes the season is pretty nearly extinct. The production of "Topsy, Limited," at the Broadway Theatre next Monday night is about all that remains.

* * *

The "new" American comedy by James Mortimer, called "Uncle Million," that will be presented April 5 at the Garden Theatre for a benefit, was once produced in London under the title of "The Alderman." It ran for twelve weeks. Mr. Mortimer, the author, enjoys the proud distinction of his friends claim, of having made the first English adaptation of "La Dame Aux Camelias"—that we know as "Camille."

* * *

The Bostonians ended their long engagement at the Broadway Theatre, Saturday night, and this week play in Washington. They may try "The Maid of Plymouth" and "The Ogallalas" again, while they are on the road, but they will not devote much time to these novelties. Why should they? "Robin Hood" still seems to be all the caper.

* * *

Miss Isabel Reddick, who has been touring the English provinces as the Princess Zara in the latest Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Utopia, Limited," has been engaged by D'Oyly Carte for the New York engagement, and arrived here on the Campania yesterday. It is to be hoped that Miss Reddick is not the sort of comic opera lady who generally tours the English provinces. New York is quite as particular as London. By the bye, "Utopia, Limited," is to be burlesqued in London, and the skit is to bear the name of "Oh, You Topsy!" Isn't that funny. Edward Solomon, who was once Lillian Russell's, has written the music for it.

* * *

The old-timers are still circulating about the Star Theatre. At the Saturday matinee of "Rosedale" a gray-haired man approached Manager Dexter, and showed a crumpled satin programme of the one hundredth performance in 1864. He was there at the time, he said. He would like to tell Mr. Dexter all about it. It was so interesting. The manager, however—strange to say—had very pressing business to attend to. Some other time, though, he would be very pleased—and so on.

* * *

"I have been playing the part of Francesca, the persecuted heroine, in 'The Galley-Slave,'" said Miss Loduski Young yesterday, "and you may be interested to know that I didn't wear a black dress. I was persecuted in purple." Thanks, Miss Young, for this most graceful unconventionality.

NEED A NEW RESOLUTION.

Advice to the Aldermen About the Eighth Avenue Road.

Clerk Michael F. Blake, of the Board of Aldermen, received Corporation Counsel Clark's reply to-day to the Board's resolution of March 6, inquiring whether the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company can be compelled to run through cars and at stated intervals under a resolution of the Board passed in 1864. By that resolution the Company was required to run cars regularly to and from Eighty-fourth street at least every ten minutes.

The Corporation Counsel writes:

In view of the changed circumstances, and especially as the resolution is slightly ambiguous, I strongly recommend that your Honorable Board should, after proper investigation as to the needs of the public and consequent duties of the Railroad Company, pass an entirely new resolution, setting definately the question as to the headway upon which cars should be run, both by day and night, and also calling the attention of the Railroad Company to its ability to run cars without change from one terminal to another.

In 1864 the road was not completed above Eighty-fourth street.

POLL OFFICERS TO BE PAID.

They Are After Money Due Them Since Jan. 30 Last.

The inspectors and poll clerks who officiated at the special election for Congressmen in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Districts on Jan. 30 last want their money. They have written letters to "The Evening World" and to Comptroller Fitch complaining about the long delay, and they have succeeded in hurrying the matter along.

Comptroller Fitch said this morning: "These people will get their money at once. I have concluded not to wait for the Mayor's return. I am arranging for a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to be held to-morrow for the purpose of approving the special election pay-roll.

"As soon as the pay-roll is approved and signed City Paymaster Timmerman will pay out the cash.

Says He Didn't Steal the Stove.

James Dooley, of 347 Tenth avenue, was held for trial in Jefferson Market Court to-day. Dooley, with the aid of an unknown colored man, who escaped, was seen carrying a stove worth about $8 along Thirty-sixth street last night. It was found later that the stove had been used in Christian Lahm's oven in front of his store, 446 Ninth avenue. Dooley claimed the colored man engaged him to help carry the stove to Thirty-fifth street and Seventh avenue for 25 cents.

State Democracy Committee.

The Sub-Committee on Permanent organization of the State Democracy will meet at the rooms of the Reform Club this evening to discuss a plan for perfecting organization of the Grace-Fairchild forces.

Coming Events.

Miss Eliza Missler's exhibition of paintings this afternoon at Madison Square Garden Concert Hall.

Fair of the Hungaria Ladies' Aid Society this afternoon and evening, Arlington Hall, 19-21 St. Mark's place.

Commencement exercises of the American Veterinary College's graduating class to-morrow evening at Chickering Hall.

Fancy dress ball and barn dance of the Sebewan Association of Haymakers this evening at the Atalanta Casino, Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street.

Review of the First Naval Battalion by Major Gen. Josiah Porter to-morrow evening on board the United States ship New Hampshire, foot of East Twenty-eighth street.

Entertainment and reception of the Arlington Club in aid of the Lebanon Hospital at Lexington Avenue Opera-House, Fifty-eighth street, near Third avenue, Wednesday evening.

Lecture on "Greece," illustrated by seventy-five stereopticon views, by J. P. Leotsakos, of the University of Athens, to-morrow afternoon at the Berkeley Lyceum, 19 West Forty-fourth street.

SPORTING NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The N. A. A. O. a Power in Its Respective Line of Sport.

A Hemorrhage Stops the Champion High Diver.

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen probably has more backbone and more authority in the sport over which it assumes control than any of the other amateur organizations which govern or pretend to govern has over its respective line. A case in point is the rule of the N. A. A. O. which prohibits an oarsman from representing in competition a club located farther than fifty miles from that oarsman's residence.

Take a man like George Grau, of the New York Athletic Club, for instance. He lives in Canada and is the champion amateur shot-putter. Yet, according to the laws of the A. A. U., he can come to New York and win honors for a local organization although not living in the United States. The N. A. A. O. does not permit that sort of thing. Strange to say, it fails to see the fairness of a man representing a club when he lives several hundred miles away. The N. A. A. O. has just completed arrangements with the Amateur Rowing Association of London and the Union des Societes des Francais de Sports Athletiques, whereby the associations agree to protect each other in their efforts to keep the sport clean. Secretary Fortmeyer, of the N. A. A. O., forwarded contracts to this effect to the French and English rowing organizations last week. Thus it will be a difficult matter for any oarsman to go from one side of the water to the other and compete as an amateur when he is not eligible to do so.

* * *

Word comes from San Francisco that Joseph Louvenmark, the champion high diver of the world, will probably never take another header. Yesterday, as he was about to make a seventy-foot jump from a tower at Cliff House Beach, he was seized with a severe hemorrhage of the stomach. He had a hemorrhage two days ago, but insisted that it was nothing, and though looking pale as a corpse, he ascended the tower yesterday and prepared to take the leap. Suddenly he wavered, and fell into the arms of his attendants. It was given out to the crowd that it was merely a fainting fit, but the doctor is doubtful of his recovery. He made his great record of eighty-two feet in Chicago.

* * *

Peter Jackson is now taking his turn at making the public the confidant of his woes. The latest from Peter is this: "I am disappointed, of course, that Corbett refuses to meet me in June, but I will bide my time and endeavor to get the match brought off as soon as possible." "Peter has set his heart on meeting Corbett," adds "Parson" Davies, "and he feels pretty badly the fact that the fight has been postponed and may be put off entirely. We had intended to close our season in St. Louis, and Peter was to go into training at once."

* * *

A Brockton (Mass.) despatch says that officers Appleton, Kingman and Ashport at an early hour yesterday morning ran across a crowd of sports engaged in a cockfight in a lot on Portland street, near Elkins Park. The crowd, which numbered nearly one hundred, was taken completely by surprise, and the officers succeeded in capturing seven of the men, five teams and eighteen cocks, the latter valued at $300.

* * *

One of the hardest fights that ever took place in the West was fought at El Paso yesterday between Australian Billy Smith and Billy Lewis, of Butte. The fight was for $500. Smith weighed in at 152 and Lewis at 145 pounds. Lewis was knocked out in the fourteenth round.

QUIET IN CRIPPLE CREEK.

Miners Inform Military Officers that They Won't Resist Arrests.

(By Associated Press.)

CRIPPLE CREEK, Col., March 19.—At the conference between the military officers and a committee of the Miners' Union last night, the latter gave assurances that no resistance would be offered to the serving of warrants upon any of the miners. No member of the Union, they say, had anything to do with arresting the deputy at Altman Friday night. If any mistake had been made it was by the authorities at Altman, and the miners were in no manner responsible.

The miners requested Gen. Tarsney to withdraw the troops, but he replied he could not do so, as the Sheriff insisted they were needed.

The five deputy sheriffs arrived in town last night from Victor, with Walter Russell, President of the Victor Miners' Union. He was arrested on the charge of contempt of court. At Victor all the saloons were closed about 2 o'clock yesterday by order of the Sheriff.

DENVER, Col., March 19.—Gov. Waite issued an order to-night to Adjt.-Gen. Tarsney, in command of the troops at Cripple Creek, that the soldiers must not be used as a guard to enable the mine owners to resume work on the nine-hour basis, but only to preserve the peace in the event of a conflict.

THAT LENOX AVENUE ROAD.

Metropolitan Traction Company Asks for a Permit.

On the ground that the Metropolitan Traction Company is anxious to give work to the unemployed the Company urges Commissioner of Public Works Daly to give it permission to take up the pavement in Lenox avenue above One Hundred and Tenth street to lay tracks there and run cars as an extension of the Sixth avenue line.

Commissioner Daly has submitted the matter to Corporation Counsel Clark for an opinion, as the important question of the right of the Traction Company to build a road in Lenox avenue is involved.

The Sixth Avenue Company claims Lenox avenue is an extension of Sixth avenue, and as its charter gives it the right to construct a railroad the entire length of Sixth avenue, it has the legal authority to lay tracks there.

IN THE FIELD OF LABOR.

Lawrence Roesch has been elected Corresponding Secretary of Journeymen Brewers' Union No. 15.

Local Assembly 2,588, K. of L., painters, will elect a walking delegate at its regular meeting to-night.

Entertainment for the benefit of Latteman's striking shoemakers at Clarendon Hall this evening.

The cabers of Brooklyn are to be reorganized by the Knights of Labor at Carroll Hall, Columbia and Carroll streets, next Wednesday evening.

The Telephone' is the subject of a lecture to be delivered by J. Carty at room 24, Cooper Institute, under the auspices of Electrical Builds Workers' Union No. 2, this evening.

The Central Labor Unions of this city and Brooklyn yesterday indorsed the protest of the Cigar-Makers' International Union against the proposition to increase the tax upon cigars.

Forty-seven members signed the roll of the Shoe-Workers' Union, which was organized at the Labor Lyceum, 64 East Fourth street, last Saturday. Delegates of the new Union were admitted to the Central Labor Federation yesterday.

The per capita tax of the Brooklyn Central Labor Federation is to be raised to two cents per month. All unions whose members voted upon the proposition, with the exception of the Williamsburg Framers' Union, are favoring the measure.

Union labels, furnished by Bakers' Union No. 70, were distributed among the delegates of the Brooklyn Central Labor Federation and the Socialist Labor Federation yesterday, with a request to insist that the members of their organizations purchase none but bread bearing union labels.

Texas Recruits for Coxey's Army.

(By Associated Press.)

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 19.—A delegation of sixty unemployed working men, who have been here for several months subsisting on the charity of the Relief Society, have left here on a Southern Pacific freight train for Los Angeles, Cal., to join the Industrial Army. They will be followed in a few days by another large delegation from this place.

THIEF REILLY FREE.

Escaped from an East Twenty-second Street Station Cell.

Scaled a Fence and Fled Through an Adjoining Store.

Mystery as to How He Managed to Lift a Bolt.

James Reilly, alias Hogan, who is believed to be a brother of Kid Hogan, who was killed two weeks ago, escaped from the East Twenty-second street police station at 6:15 o'clock this morning.

Detective James Farrell and Policemen Wren and Henry have been hunting for him all morning, but without success.

According to the story of Sergt. Kelly, who was in charge of the station at the time, Reilly reached through the bars of his cell door, lifted the iron bolt and walked out into the corridor between the cells. He passed through a door in the rear leading to the yard, jumped the fence and made his escape through one of the adjoining stores.

Sergt. Kelly said it would have been impossible for Reilly to have raised the bolt on the cell door, if the door had been locked. He is positive Reilly had no key or other instrument which could have been used to force the lock.

James Golden, turnkey, says he locked all the cell doors and has no explanation to offer. Reilly got out while Golden was getting coal for the corridor stove.

Sergt. Kelly didn't care to comment on the turnkey's statement, further than to say that Reilly's escape would unquestionably be made the subject of an investigation by the Police Commissioners.

Reilly is sixteen years old, slender, dark complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes and a rather tough expression of countenance. He was arrested in company with James Burke, at 7 o'clock last night, for attempting to break into the wholesale liquor-store of Carl Albert, at 159 Third avenue. The boys had been playing a losing game of craps at Fifteenth street and Third avenue, and hoped to recoup by making away with some of Mr. Albert's goods.

Burke was held in Yorkville Police Court this morning in $1,500 bail for examination Wednesday.

TRINITY'S CLOCK STRIKES.

Not In Accordance with Its Duties, but Against Them.

The clock in old Trinity's steeple is again giving trouble. This time, although it was wound up last Friday, and at that time showed no signs of crankiness, the clock stopped short at 9:55 o'clock last night and has refused to do duty ever since.

This is the first time in two years that the old timekeeper, which has grown to be a landmark in this city, has stopped.

About three months ago, it got a little unruly, and for a whole day kept on chiming entirely out of season.

Sexton Gobert got Sperry & Co., the clockmakers, to set it in order, and ever since its hands went around with indefatigable industry until last night.

The clockmakers were to-day again summoned to attend to the horologic invalid, and it was hoped that before dusk this evening, the time-honored hands would again be seen bestirring themselves in their particular line of duty.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BURGLAR.

Dennis Drew Accused of Trying to Break Into a Factory.

Worked Three Hours on a Wall With a Pickaxe.

Dennis Drew is an innocent-looking boy of eleven years, with twinkling blue eyes, hair the hue of brickdust, and just eyes and hair the hue of brickdust. He is just about as high as the horns of a Kenmare goat. And for all his diminutiveness Dennis Drew, on the police records of the East Twenty-second street station, figures as a bold, bad burglar. He lives at 309 East Nineteenth street, with his mother, who is sorely distressed at the many misdeeds of her sorrel-crowned offspring.

DENNIS DREW, THE BOY BURGLAR.

Policeman John Dunn brough Dennis to the Yorkville Court to-day on a charge of attempt at burglary on the premises of the East River Lead Company, at 517 East Nineteenth street. Hahn Bros. & Co. are the proprietors, and Joseph Emanuel is one of the firm. The latter summoned Policeman Dunn yesterday to arrest a couple of youngsters who were breaking through the rear walls of the factory. Drew was one of the two, and as the officer approached they both scampered away like squirrels. Drew stumbled and fell, and Dunn had him clinched in a jiffy.

Emanuel told the policeman a real old-fashioned yarn, how Drew and his desperate pal worked for three hours at the wall and foundation of the factory, and had just about knocked away the last brick which would give them an easy entrance, when he discovered the burglars.

They had been ripping up the wall, he said, with a huge pickaxe and a crowbar. When Emanuel found that one of the burglars was enmeshed he was feverish in his desire to see the severest penalty of the law administered.

To-day he outgrew his fever to the extent that he did not appear at all in court. Judge Koch, however, thought the case demanded examination, and he handed Dennis over to the agents of the Gerry Society.

Will Employ Girls No More.

(By Associated Press.)

WOBURN, Mass., March 19.—The George A. Simonds shoe factory started this morning, after a brief shutdown following the strike of the girl employees, and the managers announce that in the future girls will not be employed there. The girls struck because of a 10 per cent. reduction in wages.

Stabbed with a Meat Knife.

Philip Martin, a laborer, of 517 East Seventeenth street, is in Presbyterian Hospital, the result of a quarrel last night with John O'Brien, of the same address. O'Brien seized a meat knife and gave his adversary two slight knife wounds in the back. O'Brien was locked up.

Stabbed in the Back.

John Keller, twenty-six, of 1112 Second avenue, is at Flower Hospital suffering from a serious stab wound in the back inflicted by James Burns, of 213 East Fifty-sixth street, in a fight last night. Burns was not arrested.

HOUSE AND HOME

Our Girls Need Cooking Lessons.

Mr. Jacob Riis, in his "Work Among Children," says "that one-half, if not more, of the drunkenness that wrecks the lives of the poor and insures lifelong suffering and misery to the growing child is due to waste and bad cooking at home. The saloon-keeper knows better than the average wife. He hires the best cook he can get, sets out his free lunch of appetizing, wholesome foods in a clean, comfortable room and catches the man and his wages."

In the Latest Style.

Here is a costume made in the fashionable covert coating. The coat is arranged according to the latest dictates of fashion, with strapped outside pockets and very full sleeves

Devilled Eggs.

Boil five eggs hard. When taken from the hot water, cover with cold water to prevent the whites from turning dark. When cool, remove the shells and cut in two. Take out the yolks and rub smooth with one tablespoonful of olive oil. Add salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar to taste. When well mixed, fill the whites with the mixture, rounding it over on top. Serve on watercress or lettuce leaves, dressed with French dressing. Or serve with watercress or lettuce sandwiches.

Can't Dress the Hair on $10 a Year.

That alleged "young housekeeper" who wrote of "dressing on $10 a year," must be a joker in pantaloons. Ten dollars a year would not keep a family in hair and tooth brushes, and every housekeeper in the land knows it.

Strap Seams on Jackets.

A novelty in the coat and jacket line is strap seams. The seams are stitched with all the work on the outside of the garment. Then they are pressed flat and covered with strips of the cloth, cut the width of tape. The edges are left raw, as on a man's driving coat, and the two rows of stitching make a pretty finish. It takes the most skilful tailoring to "get up" any sort of wrap with strap seams. The straps, which are bias, require a mathematical eye to cut and stitch. The strap seams are put on linen and duck as well as cloth jackets.

Breakfast Ten in Bed.

A New York lady born in the purple and educated in Japan, has a cup of tea in bed every morning of her life. This "bracer," as she calls it, is seasoned with a slice of lemon and sweetened to taste. The drinker has the complexion of a peach, skin as smooth as satin, and health that is positively fragrant.

Catching Cold.

Very severe colds are caught indoors, the result of indigestion or foul air. A cold is frequently brought on by eating a hearty dinner, becoming mentally absorbed for two or three hours immediately afterwards and retiring to a warm close room. The food is not digested, the temperature of the body is raised by the exertions of the stomach, the sleep is broken and the individual rises chilled and ill. Had relaxation followed the dinner and the room been supplied with refreshing air everything would have been different.

New York Women and Cobblers.

The cobblers of New York have a sad time trying to get a living. People don't have their shoes half-soled and more, and even invisible patches are not to be mentioned. First-class shoe merchants, who handle fine goods, warrant them; if they don't give satisfaction the fair thing is done by the customer. When shoes or boots get shabby or go out of style and the exquisite has the $5 or $7 to spare for a new pair she waltzes into a dry-goods store and gets a pair of tide-overs from the bargain counter for $2.39.

Lunch for the Envelope-Addressers.

French Roll.

Pint of Hot Milk.

Nuts. Salt.

NOTE.—Tear out the middle of the roll and eat the crust. It will amuse the nervous little woman to convert the soft bread into bullets and fire them into the waste basket; the indigestibility of dough may dawn upon her later. This lunch has economy and wholesomeness to recommend it. The girl who eats it will feel like going to work; she will have a good appetite for her dinner and feel well the next day.

A Popular Jacket.

On of the ugliest and yet most prevalent ways of wearing fur this closing season has been the Zouave jacket in astrachan or sealskin, usually made up with sleeves of another material. They are bungling and ill-fitting; their one merit seems to be that they require comparatively little stuff to make them, and can be "cut over" from a partially worn larger wrap.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Husbands for Shop Girls.

To the Editor:

In the name of all that is truly sad and unjust to the view of an unsophisticated young man of observation, can nothing be done to supply good mates for the myriads of poor but honest shop girls of New York? Unnumbered thousands sigh for recognition and passionately yearn for communion with some young man of kindred feelings and aspirations. Who that appreciates and realizes the sad destiny of many of these girls shall say there is not some young man, somewhere in this great city, just longing to meet a girl as timid, unfortunate, and, maybe, as unattractive as they? Oh for the genius that could suggest a practical plan whereby the faint-hearted of both sexes could be brought together and made to realize that for all of them some sweet hope lies ready with a common purpose to seek the goal which young ambition will rear! How many souls, otherwise radiant with power, teeming with life and brilliant in their quiet sadness, have not vindicated to us the missing link in the chain of their hopes? Do we not see in the stirring expression of a thousand beaming faces, in the illuminating gleam of a thousand sad eyes the something beyond which betrays the unsatisfied yearning—the unfilled blank? Ye gods! in the name of all that is mysterious, solve this problem, which cries loudly for aid from the original thinkers and geniuses who sincerely have at heart the happiness of all God's children.

J. D. L.

The Limitless Human Mind.

To the Editor:

"Scepticus" may be convinced that "Theosophy may be briefly defined as an attempt on the part of the human mind to transcend its own conditions," but this seems to me illogical, if not presumptuous. Are there limits to the human mind? While the Bible says, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," who is there proven competent to limit the scope of the human mind? We have a Huxley, a Darwin and a Drummond, and there are thousands of clodhoppers unable to state the difference between the problem X plus Y equals O and the moon. There is a vast difference between the two classes of men, and we find all grades between them. If Huxley, Darwin and Drummond are so far above the clodhopper, can we presume that they have reached the highest stage possible in mental development? Must we not recognize the possibility that a few years hence they will have passed far beyond their present views? Admitting this, can we consistently fix any bounds to the human mind? I doubt it. As we advance, year by year, our mental capacities increase pro rata, and a hundred years hence the scientist will look back with disdain upon the most advanced theories of this age. And as Theosophy advances no theories that are not provable, logically, Theosophy cannot be as "Scepticus" would have us believe.

G. D. O. Y.

Puzzled About His Sweetheart.

To the Editor:

I would like to have the unprejudiced opinion of not the young readers of "The Evening World," but of the mothers and matrons of experience and wisdom. I am, although not necessary to tell it, in love with a young and a rather handsome girl. She pretends to love me desperately. Sometimes I find that business keeps me from her a few minutes, or possibly an hour, after the time at which I have arranged to meet her, and she does not like it. She does not hesitate, however, in going out upon the streets for a wal