The World

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Postscriptum—Latest—Still Booming!

OVER 460,000 PER DAY.

"March 1, 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 460,929 copies per day, and so certify."

EDWARD SIMMONS, Chairman.
THOMAS L. JAMES, Secretary.
J. F. PYFBURN.
J. H. BLOOMINGDALE.
HENRY CLEWS.
CHARLES H. DAYTON.

THE WORLD'S Average Circulation for

March, 1891. 312,570 Per Day.
March, 1893. 403,333 Per Day.
March, 1894. 460,929 Per Day.

A Gain of 57,596 Per Day in One Year.
A Gain of 148,359 Per Day in Three Years.

Five firebugs in a bunch made a good catch for Inspector McLaughlin's detectives.

It is not a pleasant May party that Coxey has gathered at the country's capital city.

To get a sight at the pennant, it is necessary for a baseball team to get its eye on the ball.

While servants of the people are in collusion with them the trusts have no need to break in and steal.

Death is calling quite a roll in the United States Senate. Now it is Stockbridge, of Michigan, who has answered.

Let Gov. Flower hear enough to-morrow about those New York reform bills to lead him promptly to sign them.

Mr. Croker has relapsed from the self-interviewing stage into absolute silence. He is less interesting. But he is infinitely safer.

Gov. Flower devotes all of to-morrow to hearings on the New York bills which are pending before him. Don't let him misunderstand the situation here.

Tammany's strength is in organization. Its weakness is in corruption. Its downfall must be brought about by organization strengthened by purity of purpose.

It is not reported that New York's Police Justices, in conclave yesterday, offered mutual congratulations on the death of the Police Court reform bills at Albany.

The Trusts have a real foe in Attorney-General Moloney, of Illinois. But what need they care? They have as real an ally in Attorney-General Olney, of the United States.

Dr. Parkhurst ate a good dinner, by invitation of the City Vigilance League, last night. That feast was nothing, however, to the one he expects to have when the Tammany tiger is roasted to his liking.

Remarks on the solid and enduring work of the builder of good old days continue to be punctuated by the sound of falling chunks of stone and masonry in New York's ancient and dishonored Custom-House.

Remember this, Governor. Everybody knows that in the matter of those New York bills your choice lies absolutely between dutifully obeying the popular will and shamefully bowing to Tammany dictation. There is no middle course.

Ugly Tip, the Central Park elephant, who already has a death-list of eight victims, broke out again yesterday and nearly added No. 9 to his string. Will the Park authorities recognize the advisability of getting rid of this treacherous brute before he kills another man or two?

Now doubts are expressed whether the battleship Texas can ever be made strong enough to safely go to sea. She has been five years building, thus far, and at the same rate of progress could hardly be completed in five years to come. Surely, her structural defects cannot be laid to haste. They must, therefore, be due to ignorance, or recklessness, or negligence that might become criminal. Which is it?

Senator Turpie, of Indiana, called Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, three times a liar yesterday in open session. Having stretched Senatorial courtesy so far, the gentleman from Hoosierdom might profitably have gone a little further and told a whole, big truth which is very plain to those who care to see it, namely, that the Senate as a body is living a daily lie in the presence of the States which it pretends to represent. In effect, it has promised everything. In fact, it has accomplished nothing. And the situation grows worse instead of better. Compromise swallows up conscience, demagogism overshadows dignity, division on the lines of personal and party prejudices displaces devotion to real duty. How long are such things to last? How much worse can they get to be?

SETTLE THE QUESTION.

There is talk at Washington of a compromise on the Tariff bill on which all Democrats can agree and which will settle the Tariff question by concessions on all sides in details, but on the broad, statesmanlike foundation of the complete overthrow of McKinley high and discriminating protection for favored interests and a fair trial of a tax on incomes over four or five thousand dollars a year.

Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle favors the compromise and urges its adoption and indorsement by all the Democratic Senators and Representatives. What he says, however, represents his own views alone and is not prompted by any conference or negotiation with others of the party.

This is plain, practical common sense. Tariff legislation always has been and always must be the outcome of a compromise. It necessitates a yielding on all sides. Its honesty and patriotism are measured by the concessions willingly made by those whose personal interests are supposed to be injuriously affected by the proposed law.

What the country now most needs is action. The stagnation of business, the paralysis of trade, and the want of employment are all due to uncertainty. Some final, definite settlement of the Tariff and Tax questions is what the interests of the country need and must have.

The depression and suffering now felt all over the land are due to the fact that Congress does nothing, and that it is not known what it will do. They will never be relieved until Congress does something.

The Senate is now most responsible for the unfortunate condition of affairs. Surely, a compromise on details is better than continued inaction!

SUPPOSED TO BE HARMLESS, BUT—

A crank, supposed to be harmless, rang Mr. John D. Rockefeller's street door bell yesterday and demanded to see that well-fed member of the Standard Oil combine, as he had a message for him.

On being told that Mr. Rockefeller was not in, the visitor concluded that he could afford to wait a short time, as his message came from the Lord in heaven and related to his own share of the sixty-five million dollars Mr. R. is supposed to have stored up for a rainy day.

The man was not inviting in appearance as a caller at a millionaire's residence. He looked as if he might be a Coxey warrior without his kettle. His clothes looked as if they, if not their owner, had been well into oil. He quietly took his seat on the front stoop and signified his intention to await Mr. Rockefeller's return. He might have done so if the butler had not called a policeman and if the policeman had not invited the visitor round to the station.

It is possible this crank may be harmless. But there is no knowing how soon such men may become dangerous. At all events, it is as well to lock him up on the island, as the messenger from heaven will know where to find him if he should have any further communications for him.

THE FLITSOME FIRST OF MAY.

This is moving day. A lot of homes are on wheels at this time every year. The man of family lifts his head from one spot in the morning, and lays it down among the debris of his household on another spot at night. His lares and penates, after having been hustled into a moving van and rattled over the granite paves, cuddle themselves up on cold and cheerless hearths and fall asleep wondering how the bread-winner of the domestic band can afford to pay so big a rent for so small a place.

A change is often good. Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illos. Times change, and we change with them—change our wardrobes, our sweethearts, our money, our flats and the colors of our hair. We are all looking to the improvement of our conditions. We want the best we can get for the least possible money. That is why we tear our pretty home to pieces and put up with the annoyances of walking on stray carpet tacks and being unable to find our blacking brushes, stovelifters and last year's yellow shoes for several weeks after the new dove-cot is established.

And some of us do improve our home conditions by May moving. Some fall into the hands of soft-voiced landlords and agreeable janitors, and find pleasant neighbors who don't keep their ears forever at the keyholes of fellow-tenants' doors. Many get into joyous flats and heavenly dwelling-houses at this beautiful mezzanine May-time, but all the same the head of the family suffers by the miscellaniety of discomforts which moving day brings him, and is a ranting, raging, domestic Anarchist until things resume their normal satisfactoriliness.

Are "L" road rules established for verbal effect or for enforcement? This is a good question to be put to legal test by the young woman whose dress was set afire by a drunken man's cigar on a Ninth avenue train. The rules say plainly that no lighted cigar nor cigarette shall be carried into any of the Company's cars. Another rule should be to keep drunken men from the trains also.

It was at least kind of the Senate not to keep the Sugar Trust in suspense. As long as the several members of that deserving aggregation know about what to expect in the way of tariff legislation, the waiting and uncertainty that fall upon some 65,000,000 other people in the Republic will not matter so much.

WORLDLINGS.

The medicine known as metallic gallium is worth $100,000 a pound.

An ordinary teacup holds about six ounces of fluid and a tumbler about ten.

The frigate bird, the fastest of all fowl in flight, can cut the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

The jungle fowl of Australia builds a nest that is about twenty feet in diameter and fifteen feet high.

It has been shown that the color yellow, both vegetable and animal, is more permanent than any other hue.

If Jupiter is inhabited the people there must be of an average height of 60 feet, according to the scientists.

The East India Company, the most powerful corporation that ever was, came into existence the last day of the year 1600.

SHOT HIMSELF AT SEA

Harrison Price Committed Suicide Aboard the Saale.

Was an American on His Way Home from England.

Found Dead in His Berth with a Bullet in His Brain.

Capt. Ringk, of the North German Lloyd steamer Saale, which arrived from Southampton this morning, reported that on the morning of April 24 Harrison Price, who was on his way home from England to see his aged mother, was found dead in his berth in the second cabin. A bullet wound in his left temple told the story. In his right hand he clutched a revolver.

Price, who was fifty-two years old, went to England several years ago and engaged in the glass business. His aged mother and two brothers live at 87 Summit avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Mrs. Price received a letter from her son about two weeks ago stating that he would arrive home on the steamer Saale to-day. She is very old and is in delicate health, and was anxious to see her absent son, who was her favorite.

James C. Price, a brother of the dead man, was at the pier to meet him this morning. He had not learned of his brother's sad end. After waiting about the pier patiently for some time, he went aboard the vessel to look for him. Upon inquiry, one of the officers broke the news to him. Price was nearly crazed with grief.

An "Evening World" reporter reached the pier just as James C. Price was leaving.

"I don't know what I shall do," said he. "My mother has been expecting to see my brother, and I am afraid the shock will kill her.

"I know of no reason for his act. He appeared to be in good spirits when he last wrote to us, and spoke of his anxiety to see mother again. I do not know of any trouble he had."

Mr. Price then went home to tell his mother the sad news. He is a clerk in a big house in Jersey City, and his other brother, Augustus, is in the glass business.

From what could be learned from the other passengers on board the Saale, Price was very quiet, and did not mingle with them. On the morning of April 24 he did not go to breakfast, and a steward was sent to look for him. Repeated knockings elicited no answer, and the door was broken open. Price was found cold in death. He had apparently shot himself hours before.

The body was buried at sea the same day.

BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

Dreyer Preferred Death to Being Dispossessed.

Otto Dreyer, an instructor on the zither, committed suicide some time between 11 o'clock last night and 8 o'clock this morning at his late home, 156 West Twenty-eighth street, by shooting himself in the left temple with a 44-calibre revolver. He was despondent over the loss of work and feared he was about to be dispossessed for the non-payment of rent, the agent having told him he would have to get out to-day if he did not pay his rent.

Dreyer was thirty-five years old. He left two messages. One of them was to M. T. Scheul, 162 East Thirty-fifth street, and the other to G. Pohl, of 76 Seventh avenue. They were written on postal cards and contained merely the words "Good-by."

Mr. Pohl had known Dreyer in Berlin ten years ago. Dreyer came to this country in 1884. He was an expert tinsmith and easily secured a good position. About six months ago he lost his employment, and being a good zither player, began giving lessons to pupils.

The proceeds from teaching were insufficient to support him, and he endeavored in vain to secure employment at his trade again. He was a bachelor.

John Haslipp, the house agent, said this morning he was only fooling Dreyer when he told him he would put him out if his rent were not paid.

FOUND HANGING IN HIS ROOM.

Bloss Is Thought to Have Committed Suicide Saturday.

Gabriel Bloss, a German, fifty years old, was found dead in his room, at 234 East Eighth street, at 7.30 this morning. He had committed suicide by hanging himself with a leather strap from a spike driven into the wall. The body was rigid when cut down, and life had evidently been extinct for at least forty-eight hours.

Bloss had until recently, it is said, been employed as a watchman in Havemeyer's sugar refinery, in Brooklyn. He lost his position, and being unable to pay for the little furnished room he occupied became despondent.

He was last seen Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Mager, the landlady, who met him on the stairs as he was going to his room. It is supposed that he hanged himself that evening.

A nephew of the landlady broke in the door this morning and saw the corpse hanging from the wall.

Little was known about Bloss. It is believed he was a bachelor and had no relatives in this country.

The body will probably be sent to the Morgue.

WAS TIRED OF LIFE.

Out of Work and Despondent, Jacob Egolf Hanged Himself.

Tired of life, and despondent over the loss of his situation, Jacob Egolf, sixty-six years old, of 18 Lewis avenue, Brooklyn, committed suicide early this morning by hanging himself from a bed-post in his room on the second floor at the above address.

Egolf was heard moving around in his room at 1 o'clock. At 6 o'clock this morning his son, Ernest, went into his father's room to awaken him, and he found the old man's body suspended by a rope.

CABLE-CAR VICTIM, PERHAPS.

Senator Stockbridge Never Recovered from Last Summer's Accident.

(By Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, May 1.—Many of the friends of the late Senator Stockbridge, who expired suddenly in Chicago yesterday, ascribe his death to the Chicago cable cars. Last Summer, while attending the World's Fair, the Senator was knocked down by a cable car and dragged along some distance over the rough paving stones. The apparent injuries were not serious, but the nervous shock to a man of the Senator's years and habit of life was very severe.

Even after he was able to get about and resume his Senatorial duties, he suffered and complained of the effects of the shock, and it is believed that it must have weakened and interfered with the heart action, thereby, at least, precipitating the end which came yesterday.

"The World's" New Uptown Office.

"The World's" Uptown Office has moved into its new quarters at the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue, at Thirty-second street. There are eight entrances, two on Broadway, two on Sixth avenue and four on Thirty-second street.

BAD DAYS FOR STRAY DOGS.

Venturesome Cats Are Also Liable to Be Impounded.

Rush for Licenses at the S. P. C. A.'s Office Continuous.

The rush to secure dog licenses still continues at the offices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at 10 East Twenty-second street. This morning, by noon, over 3,500 licenses at $2 apiece had been issued, and the line of applicants reached half way down the block from the Society's rooms.

Three covered express wagons and nine agents started out his morning to corral stray dogs and cats. Agents have been instructed not to be too zealous for a few days, in order to give full opportunity for owners to protect their animals by taking out licenses.

The dogs and cats gathered in will be taken to the Society's Shelter, 111 East Twenty-second street, and if not rescued by owners within a day or two will then be taken to the larger reception rooms of the Society at the old pound, One Hundred and Second street and the East River. This place, the old pound, has been entirely remodelled. It is 25 feet by 100 in dimensions, is built of corrugated iron and divided into kennels and stalls.

President Haines this morning received twenty-five letters inquiring about lost dogs. He has not yet sorted out his collection to see if it contains any of the missing ones. One inquirer described his dog fully and asked that if a license was taken out for it that the applicant be at once arrested.

There was a marked increase to-day in the published advertisements for lost dogs. President Haines denied quite seriously that there was a combination between the advertising departments of the newspapers and the Society's agents to not miss a possible catch of any wandering dog. He also denied that the new dog catchers would be educated in their work by illustrated lectures on "How to grab a cat and the best way to tackle a dog." Mr. Haines firmly believes that any one by using gentle words can lay hands on any wandering dog or cat.

All the dog licenses expire to-day, and as it is not generally known this class of license is no longer issued by the Mayor's Marshal, the attaches in the latter's office were kept busy this morning informing applicants that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had charge of dog licenses now. All applicants were told to go to 10 East Twenty-second street.

Most of the callers were women, and many of them carried their pets in their arms.

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DIDN'T KNOW ROCKEFELLER.

Yet Crank Reinhardt Wanted to Strike Him for a Few Millions.

Camille Reinhardt, jr., the crank, who rang John D. Rockefeller's doorbell yesterday, was committed for examination as to his sanity by Justice Voorhis in Yorkville Court this morning.

Reinhardt went to John D. Rockefeller's residence at 4 West Fifty-fourth street yesterday afternoon and rang the doorbell. He was poorly dressed, and he waved his arms excitedly. Christopher Allson, Mr. Rockefeller's butler, who opened the door, saw at a glance that the man was crazy. Reinhardt demanded to see Mr. Rockefeller or the lady of the house.

"Mr. Rockefeller is not in," said the butler, and hastily shut the door in the visitor's face. Reinhardt waited in the neighborhood for a while, and then went over and again rang Mr. Rockefeller's bell.

He began to talk as soon as Butler Allson opened the door. He declared that he had a friend in heaven, who had informed him that the end of the world was at hand, and for that reason he wanted to ask Mr. Rockefeller to give him a few of his millions, which he knew the latter would not need at all after a short time, and which would keep Reinhardt in very comfortable circumstances.

Allson talked calmly to the man, and without any further protest, he departed.

Soon after Mr. Rockefeller returned home, and the man, unconscious of the fact, rang the doorbell again. Mr. Rockefeller saw him through the half-opened door, and sent a servant for an officer to have him arrested.

EICHLER PARDONED.

Gov. Flower Releases the Convicted Lawyer from the Penitentiary.

Residents in the vicinity of Eighth street and Avenue A were not a little surprised to see Lawyer John Eichler again in the neighborhood.

Eichler was the first lawyer in New York City to be convicted of blackmail. Jan. 25 last he entered upon an eighteen months' term of sentence in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, but it was learned only this morning that Gov. Flower had pardoned him two days ago. So quietly were the efforts for his release made that few New Yorkers knew of them.

Eichler was convicted July 12, 1892, by a General Sessions jury, before Judge Fitzgerald, of blackmailing Druggist Otto Doepfner, of 237 Third avenue. Doepfner, who had been accused of assault by George Meyer, Eichler's client, alleged that the lawyer threatened him with criminal prosecution unless he made a money settlement of the case.

The General Term affirmed Eichler's conviction Jan. 29, 1894. Three days later a motion for a stay was argued before Justice Barrett. Jan. 25, he denied the motion and issued a bench warrant for Eichler's arrest. It was not served, however, as Eichler's counsel surrendered him.

JULIAN O. DAVIDSON DEAD.

Well-Known Artist a Victim of Heart Disease and Dropsy.

(By Associated Press.)

NYACK, N. Y., May 1.—Julian O. Davidson, the well-known artist, died at his home in Nyack last night of heart disease and dropsy. He had been sick for several months, and, although unable to go about the room, he continued almost up to the last to sketch and paint as best his failing powers would permit.

Mr. Davidson's marine work in art ranked among the best done in this country. For several years he was in the employ of Harper Bros., of New York City. Many of his large paintings have attracted the favorable attention of art critics. Mr. Davidson had also acquired some renown as an author, having contributed to Century and other well-known periodicals. He leaves a widow, but no children.

Funeral of Mrs. Homer C. Blake.

The funeral of Mary Flanagan Blake, widow of the late Commodore Homer C. Blake, of the United States Navy, took place at the Church of the Epiphany, Thirty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, at 10 o'clock this morning. The Rev. John Yantis and the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Duffy officiated. There were very few present besides the immediate members of the family. Interment was in Woodlawn Cemetery.

WOULD NOT ACCEPT BAIL.

Justice Taintor Remands the Alleged Stable Burners.

Their Brutal Schemes to Defraud Insurance Companies.

Five prisoners were arraigned before Justice Taintor, in the Tombs Police Court this morning, charged with the serious crime of arson. Their names were Patrick Mullins, thirty-seven years old, a laborer, 601 West Forty-seventh street; John Sharkey, fifty-three years old, laborer 544 West Fiftieth street; Bernard Kiernan, fifty-three years old, boss truckman, 518 West Fifty-sixth street; Peter Donnelly, thirty-five years old, contractor, 544 West Thirty-sixth; Timothy Rafferty, twenty-eight years old, cotractor, 544 West Thirty-sixth street.

These men had been arrested by Inspector McLaughlin's assistants, Detectives Sergts. Murphy, McGinnis and Nugent, on Sunday and last night, and they are charged with setting fire to at least a half dozen stables in the upper west side and across the Hudson in Jersey.

Mullins was arrested almost red-handed at 1 A. M. Sunday as he emerged from a stable at One Hundred and Sixty-first street and Eleventh avenue. His subsequent appearance at Police Headquarters, where he was subjected to the famous "third degree," resulted in the arrest of his four alleged companions in crime last night.

The detectives explained to the Court that Inspector McLaughlin was unable to proceed with the examination, and the five defendants were remanded back to Police Headquarters until to-morrow morning.

Rafferty, who is accredited by the police with being the leader of the gang, was represented by Attorney Felix T. Murphy, who demanded that his client be liberated on bail. He said the prisoner could supply bonds to any reasonable amount.

Justice Taintor remarked that in view of the seriousness of the charge if he bailed the man at all it would be under a heavy amount.

"How much?" asked Lawyer Murphy.

"Three thousand dollars," answered the Judge.

"We are prepared to furnish it," said Rafferty's lawyer confidently.

"I'll remand the prisoner," concluded Justice Taintor.

One of the detectives said the prisoners grew feverish in their anxiety to tell the entire story of their systematic burning of stables after they got to Police Headquarters. When they all had had their innings at confessing, it was learned that their scheme was a brutally heartless and reckless one to defraud insurance companies.

It was their plan to rent a stable, put in all the necessary appurtenances, in the way of fine stock and trucks borrowed from some persons unknown, secure insurance policies on the same for several thousands of dollars, then remove the valuable animals and substitute regular "wind-blown skates" and fire the place.

LICENSES EXPIRE TO-DAY.

Mayor Issues Sixty-one to Theatres and Concert Halls.

All the theatrical and concert hall licenses expired to-day and were renewed by Mayor Gilroy.

Thirty-six theatres and about twenty-five concert licenses were issued. The money from these licenses is divided among the Actors' Fund and other charities.

HELD AS HORSE-THIEVES.

The Accused Said They Were Stopping a Runaway.

George Schaffer, of 996 East One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street; Thomas Smith, of 112 East One Hundred and Eighth street, and Christopher O'Connor, of 357 Pearl street, were held in $1,000 bail each by Justice Voorhis, in Yorkville Police Court, to-day charged with stealing a horse and wagon from Fred Lubren, a butcher, of 11 Madison street.

The prisoners, who are all about twenty-five years old, were arrested on Eleventh avenue, near Sixtieth street, last night by Policeman McCormick. The wagon was upset. Smith was holding the horse by the head, and O'Connor was trying to raise the wagon when McCormick appeared.

He helped him right the wagon, and as he raised it up Schaffer was found under it, bruised and bleeding.

In court the men said that the horse was running across a lot in the neighborhood when they stopped it. No one was in charge, and they meant to take it to a police station when it was upset. Schaffer said he fell under it while trying to lift it up.

INSURANCE ACCOUNTS SHORT

U. S. Life Company's Rochester Office in New Hands.

(By Associated Press.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 1.—The Rochester office of the United States Life Insurance Company, has been temporarily transferred to the management of E. R. Hyatt, of New York, it is alleged, as the result of the discovery of an extensive shortage in accounts.

William and Charles E. Manning, father and son, who have been in charge of the office for nineteen years, have severed their connection with the Company, their contract having been cancelled by President Burford.

Mr. Hyatt says the Mannings collected premiums on policies in some cases even before they were due. In many instances the Company's receipt was not given, nor was the money turned over to the home office. The exact amount of the alleged shortage has not yet been ascertained.

BOY ACCUSED OF THEFT.

Charged with Writing that He Stole to Get Even.

Joseph Houghton, a precocious boy of sixteen, was held in $300 bail by Justice Voorhis in Yorkville Court this morning, on a charge of larceny.

Thomas Dempsey, of 418 West Fifty-seventh street, with whom the boy made his home, charged that his wife had given the boy a $10 bill to get changed, and that he had not returned with it.

Next day they received a postal card from the boy, saying he had kept the money to get even with Dempsey and his wife. The boy denied the charge, or that he had written the postal card.

Counterfeiters for Kansas City.

(By Associated Press.)

KANSAS CITY, May 1.—The United States authorities have discovered another gang of counterfeiters in a room of a well-known office building in this city. Moulds and spurious coin were found, but the gang had fled.

Robbed in a 'Frisco Street Car.

(By Associated Press.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 1.—Shortly before 5 o'clock last evening three men robbed Mrs. Rose Dawes, of Tacoma, of $500 in a street car. Two of the men were captured.

You Read The Evening World! Do You Read The Sunday World?

SAVED BY A FIREMAN

Foreman Reilly Takes Mrs. Wright from a Burning Building.

Claim that the Flames Started in an Ice-Box.

May Seem Ridiculous, but It Is the Fire Fighters' Statement.

There was a fire early this morning in the three-story brick tenement at 401 West street. It caused great excitement in the neighborhood, gave an opportunity to a fireman to prove himself a hero and did $3,000 damage. The firemen insist that the flames started in an ice-box in the saloon of John J. Keenan on the ground floor.

The place was closed at 12.30 o'clock this morning. Just thirty-six minutes after that the fire was discovered by Policeman Owen Burns. The flames were of that peculiar blue that arises from burning alcohol. There was but little smoke, the flames darting in a thousand little tongues from every part of the store.

Burns turned in an alarm and then started to wake up the tenants. The first floor is occupied by two families, James Powers, a truckman, with his wife, and Michael Keating, a car driver, with his wife and two children. The policeman was forced to break in the door of Keating's rooms.

It took so long to arouse the people that the flames had burned through into the hallway and filled the house with smoke before they were ready to flee.

When Keating started down the stairs with one of his children in his arms, the rest followed like a flock of sheep.

Terrified by flames and smoke, they got blocked on the stairs, and if it had not been for the firemen they might have been suffocated.

On the top floor Policeman Burns had even more trouble than he had on the other. There are also two families there—Patrick Feeney, with his wife and two children, and Dennis Wright, with his wife and one child. Both men work longshore.

When the policeman broke into Feeney's room Mrs. Feeney thought he was a burglar. She uttered a piercing shriek, and clutched her husband by the hair. Feeney broke away from his wife, jumped from his bed, and reached for a heavy club, which was in one corner of the room. The policeman ran into the hall with Feeney after him. The policeman yelled "Fire!" once. Feeney saw the smoke and understood the situation.

The wild cries of the Feeney family awoke Wright. Soon the Feeneys and Wrights were scurrying downstairs in their night dresses. When the street was reached it was discovered that Mrs. Wright, who is ill, had been forgotten. Wright wanted to return to his rooms, but was prevented by the firemen. The entrance to the building was at this time all ablaze, smoke poured from the first-story windows, and the flames were eating their way from the ground floor upward.

The front of the building was lost to sight by reason of the smoke. Suddenly a gust of wind swept it clear for an instant. Then Mrs. Wright was seen standing before a window of the third floor.

Foreman Reilly, who had arrived with the first truck, ordered a thirty-five-foot ladder put up to the window, at the same time yelling to the woman to remain where she was.

Lines had been run into the building and the saloon floor was being flooded. The alarm had also called the two fireboats. They had steamed into the slip at the foot of Charles street, and their crews were busy getting out their lines.

When the ladder had been raised, and before it was fairly placed, Foreman Reilly was on it. Up he went, two rungs at a time, until he was opposite the window at which Mrs. Wright stood.

Mrs. Wright is a large woman, and was not only ill, but very much frightened. She wanted to argue with the fireman. But Reilly had no time to talk. He grasped the woman about the waist, lifted her bodily from the window out onto the ladder and descended through the curling smoke.

In half an hour the flames were extinguished. When the firemen reached the building they found the flames burning fiercest near Keenan's ice box in the rear of his place. From that they judged the fire had started there.

"The World's" New Uptown Office.

"The World's" Uptown Office has moved into its new quarters at the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue, at Thirty-second street. There are eight entrances, two on Broadway, two on Sixth avenue and four on Thirty-second street.

SET FIRE TO HER GOWN.

A Drunken Man's Cigar Creates a Panic on an "L" Train.

A drunken man with a burning cigar butt boarded a Ninth avenue "L" train at One Hundred and Sixteenth street on Sunday evening, and sat down ext to a pretty young lady. He went to sleep, and his cigar fell from his hand upon the young woman's dress and set it afire.

It smouldered for some time before it was discovered, and then it suddenly burst into a blaze, and for a few moments there was almost a panic in the car. The girl was badly burned on the arm and neck before the fire could be put out by her escort. She refused to give her name. The drunken man woke up and escaped during the excitement which occurred, and his identity is unknown.

$5,000 BAIL FOR ITALIA.

The Alleged Counterfeiter Goes to Ludlow Street Jail.

Antonio Italia, who was arrested yesterday on a charge of counterfeiting, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields this morning and held in $5,000 bail for the United States Grand Jury. In default of bail he was taken to Ludlow Street Jail.

Richard Bunnazzi, the Secret Service agent, who worked up the case against Italia, testified that he bought twenty counterfeit $5 bills from Italia July 13, 1893, and May 8 he got fifty counterfeit silver dollars for $10 in cash.

Italia, when asked about the transactions with Bunnazzi, said:

"There is a mistake. I don't know the man. This is the first time I ever saw him in my life."

Thomas J. Callaghan, a Secret Service agent, said that he had known Italia for about three years. He was present when Bunnazzi bought the counterfeit money.

Italia denied that he had ever seen Callaghan before. He was emphatic in his statements that a mistake had been made, and that the wrong man had been arrested.

IOWA MURDERER LYNCHED.

Burglar Who Shot a City Marshal Hanged by a Mob.

(By Associated Press.)

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., May 1.—Burglar Johnson, who shot the Town Marshal at Missouri Valley, was lynched this morning.

A mob went to the jail shortly after 2 o'clock, broke in the doors, took Johnson out and hanged him.

You Read The Evening World! Do You Read The Sunday World?

HOUSE AND HOME

Aesthetic Coal Scuttles.

Dealers and manufacturers of mantel furniture are continually getting out novelties for club-houses, college-quarters and private residences. The crane with hooks for pot and toddy-kettle, never goes out of style, and copies of early English and colonial andirons bring better prices than the antiques.

Orders from college men and lately college women, while not the largest, are numerically so. One design that has caught the fancy of the students, is a black cauldron for coal or sawed wood, and a pair of wrought-iron nippers.

To Make a Simple Mayonnaise.

Put the yolk of a raw egg in a soup plate with a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard. Turn the oil in at first, drop by drop, then in a thin stream, stirring all the time with a fork. If it gets too thick, pour in a few drops of tarragon vinegar to thin it. The yolk of one egg will use up half a pint of oil.

For Roller Towels.

If you live in the city where a towel roller can be bought for 25 cents you will not need this suggestion, but for people who live in the country or who wish to furnish Summer cottages for a song, it is one of the little inventions that it is well to know about. Saw off an old broom handle a few inches longer than the width of the towel—twenty-two inches is about right; sandpaper the ends smooth and stain and varnish it; about two inches from each end bore a hole and make a small wooden peg to fit it. Hang the roller with two pieces of wire, each sixteen inches long, bent into the shape of a ring, with a loop at the end of a short projection. Screw this loop to the door, slip in the roller, put the pegs in place, and if you have first put on a clean towel the contrivance is complete.

Oil of Eggs.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the substance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and the oil may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, &c.

Sleeves.

The newest sleeves for evening wear are either formed of two puffs, one overlapping and the other caught up on the outside of the arm to form a bow, or are made of a series of frills, one over the other.

Currant Sponge.

Cover half a box of gelatin with half a cup of cold water, soak half an hour and pour over it half a pint of boiling water, add a small cup of sugar, half a pint of currant juice, and strain into a bowl; set this in a cold place and stir until cold and thick. It is best to do this in a cellar or milk-house; add the whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth, and turn into the mould. Use custard sauce or cream with it. Strawberries, blackberries, oranges, lemons and raspberries may all be used in the same way, addding more or less juice, and more or less sugar, according as the juice is of a very acid or mild flavor.

Home Lunch.

Scrambled Eggs.
Delicate Toast.
Stewed Oyster Plant.
Fried Dough.
Dried Apple Sauce.
Tea or Milk.

Training German Housewives.

It is a part of the domestic system of Germany that every girl should, on leaving school, go through with a regular course of domestic training, by which she learns in practical detail every part of housekeeping. German ladies sometimes advertise that they will take into their families five or six young girls to whom they will impart a complete curriculum of domestic teaching. This includes housework, marketing, cleaning, silver laundering, laying table and waiting. Wouldn't such a home here be a benefit for future housewives? Not for servants, but for prospective mistresses. One-half the poor service we are forced to endure is the fault of ignorant heads of the house, not alone ignorant hands in the kitchen.

Household Hints.

Continual worrying, as well as giving way to paroxysms of anger, will permanently injure the health.

Mix fine sawdust with glue to a stiff paste for filling nail-holes or cracks, and the patch will hardly be discernible, especially if the sawdust is of the same wood that is mended.

The simplest icing for cake is made of the unbeaten white of the eggs mixed with a cup of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon. It is a mistake to beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth for this purpose, as is so frequently done.

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.]

A Brooklyn Mother-in-Law.

To the Editor:

We are informed by "The Hermit of Sleepy Hollow" that a man should, in the interest of his own happiness, welcome the small-pox in preference to his mother-in-law. On this point he will find many to disagree with him. For nine years one of his so-called unwelcome visitors has assisted in my household duties, acting in the double capacity of cook and disciplinarian. She has entire charge of the children, a heavy burden, as any parent can attest. "Winter and Summer, night and day her tongue works without intermission," says the degenerate hermit. What a marvellous organ it must be! I would like a few table boarders capable of "chewing the rag," à la perpetual motion. Such light eaters would be very profitable. Is this your own bewailing, Old Hayseed, or are you "roasting" one of your neighbors? In my estimation, a man who cannot keep his mother-in-law under his thumb lacks the "horse sense" required to manage a buck goat harnessed to a toy express wagon.

HAPPY CRANK, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Sweet-Scented Senator.

To the Editor:

It's nice to be a senator with a big supply of "rocks,"
To "hold up" legislation and speculate in stocks.
"Just buy ten thousand Sugar, around eighty-four,
"Then, as the price advances, buy ten thousand more."
The sly and foxy gambler is loaded now for "bar,"
While he quietly works the wires and Sugar shoots to "par."
Yes, tax the toiling millions, why should he care,
He's a highly protected multi-millionaire
The Senatorial toga, he purchased at great price,
Don't hide this greedy wretch! Well, 'twouldn't be nice
To name him. Just read the Capitol news
And you'll see half a column of his daily interviews

EN SUCRE.

Good Books and Chemistry.

To the Editor:

To the list of good books furnished by another correspondent, the following on chemistry should be added: Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," Appleton's "Beginners' Hand-Book," and Cooke's "The New Chemistry." These books are for somewhat mature readers. The subject is treated in a popular style, without technicalities, and makes delightful reading. No intelligent person can nowadays ignore the fundamental principals of chemistry and lay claim to an ordinary education. The uninitiated will be introduced into a useful, elevating, fascinating sphere, which they will enter with astonishment, followed by the supremest delight, on reading the books I have named. Many will be led to probe further, attaining higher altitudes and profounder comprehension that "the thoughts of God are the laws of nature."

FERRUM, Hoboken, N. J.

An Oklahoma Housewife.

To the Editor:

Those ladies who lie in bed and let their husband's build the fire and make coffee, I should think would be too strong to drink the coffee. They must have been born with gold spoons in their mouths. I think if they had gone to the opening of Oklahoma, in 1889, and cooked on a camp fire, or rode a couple of Indian ponies and exercised their nerves, they would be able to build a fire. If my husband would even attempt to build a fire while I was well and strong, I would leave him and call back to Oklahoma and get a divorce in thirty days. And I would want him to do the same by me if I should ask him to build a fire. Now, you bandbox beauties, go West and eat hoe cakes, seasoned with sand and ashes; ride a race with the cowboys, and get a touch of high life in general, and when you are through the mill I'll bet the laziness will be gone—to good old O. T., where gunshots answer for gaslights. My advice is, go West and enjoy life. I've been there before.

A CHEROKEE.

How to Be a Sailor.

To the Editor:

For "W. T. O.:" If you are determined to go to sea in order to become a through sailor, seek an interview with some good sea captain sailing out of New York, and state your case to him, and I am certain your endeavor will meet with success. Do not go into the navy, as there is but little sailoring to be learned aboard our modern warships. Any one can pass as seaman for the navy who can wield the paint-brush and the holystone, while the merchant service will teach you, from the most simple lesson in seamanship to navigation in its most perfect form. But take the advice of an old tar and remain a landsman. Perhaps you have been reading