WHISKEY AND SUGAR HIS RUIN.

MY RISE AND FALL IN WALL STREET.

BY HARRY G. TUNSTALL.

(Dictated by Mr. Tunstall to a reporter exclusively for The Evening World.)

METEORIC CAREER OF HENRY G. TUNSTALL.

Henry G. Tunstall, twenty-six years old, who lives at 299 Sterling place, Brooklyn, became a member of the New York Stock Exchange five years ago. Since that time he has made several fortunes.

He was formerly an office boy.

Last Monday he bought $2,000,000 worth of Sugar stock on credit.

If the Bank of the State of New York had certified his check for this amount he would have made a profit of $160,000.

Fellow members of the Exchange say that Tunstall's plunges on Sugar arose from alcoholic enthusiasm.

Tunstall denies this, but admits that he had partaken of several drinks when he bought $2,000,000 worth of stock.

He says he will regain his lost fortune.

HARRY G. TUNSTALL.
(From a photograph.)

I am called the latest plunger on Wall street. Perhaps I am. And they say I am broke. That's true, just at this moment.

My only asset is the seat in the Stock Exchange, worth, I presume, $30,000. But though I'm broke to-day I may be worth $1,000,000 to-morrow. Don't forget that.

Wall street is full of men who have made a fortune lost it and then made another. I'll do the same. You can't keep a good man down. I don't know just how I stand to-day, but I will make good, and will be on my feet in a mighty short time.

I'll tell you all about it. I'm twenty-six years old. I began in Wall street as an office boy when I was sixteen, in the office of Haven & Stout. When I was twenty-one my father bought me a seat on the Exchange. Hope Norton had nothing to do with this sale, for my father put up the money.

His Start in Life.

As soon as I became a member I entered into partnership with Mr. Norton under the firm name of Norton & Tunstall. That was in 1896, and the firm continued in business until three months ago, when the firm of Tunstall & Co. was formed, with offices at 52 Broadway.

My father was a member of the firm. At his death, a month ago, I took in Charles A. Wainwright, but he was a figurehead.

Let's get down to business. I made my principal winning in the panic last December. I plunged for fair. I sold Sugar at 127, and got it back at 119. I made over $130,000 in two days—not bad for a boy.

Since then I've sunk it in American Steel and Wire, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Burlington, Atchison and Southern Pacific preferred. I was a bear on the market. I held a bunch of the Steel and Wire and thought I had a good thing, but the directors of the concern got together and declared a dividend of 7 per cent. I was on the short side, you see, and the price of the stock ran up and I dropped $40,000 right after the announcement of that dividend. Pretty tough, eh?

Saw a Fortune in Sugar.

Last Monday I saw a chance in Sugar. It was the real stuff, I figured it. Just too sweet for anything.

I bought on the Exchange 14,200 shares, at prices ranging from 118 3-4 to 120. My idea was to get hold of 15,000 shares and run it up to 130, as I knew there were big short interests.

In working this deal I took obligations amounting to about $2,000,000, but that didn't feaze me, as I saw a clean profit of $160,000 in the game. That was my stake, and I'd have made good if it hadn't have been for a clique of about half a dozen brokers who were sore on me because of the business my firm was doing.

You see when I took on this obligation of $2,000,000, I went to my bank—the Bank of the State of New York—and asked them to certify my checks for the amount involved. But these half dozen brokers had been there before me and had queered my game.

Blames His Bank.

They had told the bank officials that I had been reckless and had plunged beyond my depth. They also said I was buying for James R. Keene and J. Overton Paine, but that was a lie. Anyhow, they cooked my goose, for the bank refused to certify my checks, and told me I had better close my account there and do business at some other stand.

The result of this action on the part of the bank was that brokers refused to deliver the Sugar stock I had contracted to buy, and the 14,200 shares were thrown back on the market and sold in a hurry. That meant a drop in the price, and I was out $20,000.

Now, I want you to understand one thing—there are no other brokers involved in my failure. I want that made plain and emphatic. I bought on my own account. I placed many of my orders with Hartwig N. Baruch, but he is amply guaranteed against any loss.

The Bank of the State of New York is responsible for my troubles, and you can't get away from that fact. It's bed rock. Why, other operators buy every day as I did, and by the banks certifying their checks they are able to clean up great profits on their transactions.

Says He Wasn't Drunk.

The story of my failure has been tremendously exaggerated. There are no eighty brokers involved, and my Sugar contracts are scattered among about twenty-five persons, and in each case the amount is small.

Oh, yes; they say I was drunk Monday, and plunged without knowing what I was doing. Say, that's where they fool themselves. What if I did have a drink or two? I guess I had, but I had not had any more drinks than lots of other fellows on the Exchange, and not as many as some of them. You can bet your life I knew what I was doing. I wasn't going it blind. If the bank had stood by me I'd have made a pile.

I didn't take too much sugar with my whiskey, and I didn't take too much whiskey with my sugar. The bank's to blame; not rye.

The story that I was on the Exchange yesterday in an intoxicated condition and did reckless bidding, is a lie. I made one bid for 10,000 shares of Sugar at 121, but I didn't get it, and there you are.

I'll be back on the street before long, and I'll make some of those fellows who did me at the bank look like a check marked in red ink "No Account." See if I don't.

Claims Against Tunstall.

Already several claims against Tunstall's seat on the Stock Exchange have been filed. The creditors are said to include furniture dealers, tailors, haberdashers and several smaller tradesmen.

An official of the Stock Exchange is authority for the statement that thus far nobody has made a complaint against the insolvent young plunger. While it is not admitted, it is nevertheless a fact that an unofficial investigation into the affairs of Tunstall & Co. are being made by the exchange.

WHAT TUNSTALL DRANK.

According to the Latest Returns He Had Thirteen Drinks of Whiskey and Cocktails.

Young Mr. Tunstall contracted $2,000,000 in debts last Monday.

Before the Exchange opened that morning he had:

Two Manhattan cocktails at Lipton's Cafe, 55 Broadway.

During the day he had:

Five drinks of rye whiskey, each of about three fingers, at the Hoffman House Cafe, Exchange place and New street.

Four drinks of rye whiskey at Lipton's Cafe, 55 Broadway, same finger measurement.

Two drinks of rye whiskey at Robbins's Cafe, 22 New street, fingers the same.

The returns are not all in.

There are other saloons near the Stock Exchange.

CHARITY BALL TO-NIGHT.

Function Will Be a Success and Several Thousand Dollars Will Be Raised.

The Charity Ball will be held to-night at the Waldorf-Astoria and promises to be a great success. It will doubtless net several thousand dollars for the benefit of the Nursery and Child's Hospital.

The affair has once more become a society function and will bring together to-night the leading representatives of all the various cliques of fashion. There will be pretty girls in profusion.

The managers hope to open the ball at 10 o'clock. After the grand march, which will be led by Alexander M. Hadden, Chairman of the Floor Committee, those in line will take part in the opening quadrille. Nearly all the boxes and many admission tickets have been sold in advance.

There will be dancing in the grand ballroom, the Astor gallery and the myrtle room. Except for palms and growing ferns no attempt will be made to decorate the rooms.

MARRIED HIS TYPEWRITER.

Joseph Loeder, 73, Weds a Tall Blonde Who Is 34.

Friends of Joseph oLeder, the aged furniture merchant, of 926-928 Fulton street, Brooklyn, were surprised to hear to-day of his sudden marriage to Lucy E. Silver, a tall, dashing blond Englishwoman who has been in this country but three weeks. She was his stenographer and typewriter.

Mr. Loeder is very wealthy, is seventy-three years old, and is well known both in Brooklyn, where he has been in business for a half century, and in Flatbush, where he lives. He was a witness in the famous Beecher-Tilton case nearly thirty years ago.

Mr. Loeder is chiefly known through his many matrimonial troubles which have been aired in newspapers and courts.

Recently he and his son quarreled and separated in business. It is said they patched it up later.

Less than three weeks ago Miss Silver, who is taller than Mr. Loeder, became his stenographer.

She is about thirty-four years old, but looks much younger. It was noticed in the store that the old man was very attentive to her from the start, but nothing was thought of it until to-day, when the pair, accompanied by Dr. Robert Boocock, who testified three weeks ago in the Molineux case to the effects of cyanide of mercury, appeared before Magistrate Steers in the Flatbush Police Court. They asked to be married.

The Magistrate, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, put the usual questions, which were answered satisfactorily, and he made them one.

Mr. Loeder was married for the first time more than a half century ago. His first wife died in 1894, leaving several grown children. He married his second wife a year later. She was much younger than he, and they lived together for only a year, during which he was sued for breach of promise by another woman named Rose Butler. Then Mrs. Loeder No. 2 left him and brought suit for divorce, alleging about every breach of the marital contract known to the law. It was all settled finally and Mrs. Loeder got a [illegible] with alimony.

HE BROKE INTO JAIL.

Magistrate Refused to Send Flannigan to the Island Till He Went and Got Arrested.

Thomas Flannigan, forty years old, who was formerly a prosperous lawyer, but who degenerated into vagrancy, asked Magistrate Meade in Yorkville Court this morning to commit him to the island for two months.

The Judge looked Flannigan over.

"You seem strong and hearty," he said, "and ought to go to work. I won't send you to the island."

Flannigan went outside and complained bitterly to a sympathetic listener that he was denied the privilege of even a "bum" in being refused the refuge of the island. The sympathizer bought him two drinks and then Flannigan made a bee-line for the East Sixty-seventh street station.

"I'm drunk," he shouted, "and want to be arrested." The Sergeant ordered him out, but he got abusive and was arrested and taken to court again.

"You wouldn't send me to the island," he said to Magistrate Meade, "so now I'm a prisoner. Now will you do it?"

"Yes, I'll give you two months, since you're so anxious," said the Judge.

BROTHER OFFICERS

A Story of Loyal Hearts.

By WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

This story is founded on the play of the same title now running at the Empire Theatre, and it is printed by permission of Charles Frohman.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

John Hinds, a sergeant in the British army, is promoted, for bravery, to a lieutenancy in the First Lancers, a crack regiment. He has saved the life of Capt. Lancer Pleydell, of the First Lancers, in India. The two become friends. Pleydell is in love with his cousin, Baroness Honor Roydon. Lady Margaret Pleydell, his mother, has educated Lancer on Honor's money. Lancer learns of this and refuses to take any more of it. Hinds arrives at the Lancers' barracks while Lady Margaret and Honor are spending the day there.

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CHAPTER II.

A Rough Diamond.

ALL eyes were turned toward the door.

On the threshold stood a slender, well-knit young man, his handsome face bronzed by tropic suns, his athletic figure suggesting the rigorous discipline of a ranker rather than the ease of an officer.

He was distinctly ill at ease.

"Why, hello, Hinds!" cried Lancer Pleydell, stepping forward eagerly to greet him. "Glad to see you. We've just been praising you to the skies. Didn't your ears burn?"

"They're blazing red now at all events," whispered Mrs. Hammond to Lady Margaret.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.
Leading man of the Empire Theatre Company.

LADY ROYDON SAVES THE LIEUTENANT.

(From Photograph of Scene in Act I. of "Brother Officers," at the Empire Theatre. William Faversham as Lieut. John Hinds; Margaret Anglin, the Baroness Roydon; Guy Standing, Lieut. Pleydell, and Blanche Burton, as Kate Johnson.)

"I PLEDGE JOHN HINDS—A BRAVE SOLDIER AND A GALLANT GENTLEMAN."

Pleydell cut short Hinds's stammered reply by introducing him to Honor.

Hinds bowed stiffly. The girl advanced with outstretched hands. She noted his agony of bashfulness and longed to set him at his ease.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Hinds," she said pleasantly. "My cousin, Capt. Pleydell, has sung your praises to me again and again."

"Mr.—Captain—that is—Pleydell makes too much of me, really, Miss—my lady—he"—

"How can he 'make too much of you' when he owes you his life?"

"Oh, that doesn't amount to anything, ma'am—my lady, I mean"—

"My mother," interrupted Pleydell, leading Lady Margaret forward.

"Proud to make your acquaintance, my lady," muttered Hinds bashfully.

"We must waive formalities, you and I, Mr. Hinds," said Lady Margaret, graciously. "I have longed so to thank you in person for your heroism in saving my boy's life."

Hinds shook Lady Margaret's hand spasmodically.

"The poor, dear man's purple. He'll have apoplexy if I say another word," thought Lady Margaret.

"If you'll excuse me for saying so, my Lady," said Hinds, "you're all making a lot too much of that little business about the tiger. It was really nothing."

"Lancer calls you the bravest man in the army, Mr. Hinds," broke in Honor. "It seems you're the most modest man as well."

"By the way," said Lady Margaret, putting on end to the embarrassing scene, "Lord Hunstanton wanted us to look over that new hunter of his. I see the groom has brought him to the door. Shall we go and see him?"

The suggestion was quickly followed, and they withdrew, leaving Hinds and Lancer Pleydell alone together.

"That was worse than leading a forlorn hope, while it lasted," sighed Hinds, looking after the departing group. "Look here, Pleydell. After that silly row with the tiger out in India you told me you would help me if the chance ever came your way."

"Well?"

"Well, the time has come."

"You've only to command me, you know, Hinds."

"It's this way. I want to be a gentleman. I want to avoid bad breaks. I want to learn how to behave in the presence of ladies."

"Good Lord, man!" ejaculated Pleydell.

"You think it can't be done? Perhaps you're right; perhaps not. Anyway, I mean to try—with your help. You see, I wouldn't have accepted this commission but for two things. In the first place, I won £3,000 in the Calcutta Lottery. That makes my finances easy. In the second place, I relied on you to coach me. I believe I've the making of a gentleman. I've educated myself. I'm susceptible to training. But you don't know all I have to fight against. Why, up to a month ago I had never spoken to an officer without first saluting. Until your cousin, Lady Royden, shook hands with me, five minutes ago, I had never touched a lady's hand. It seems easy to you. But remember your father was a nobleman. Mine was a third-rate bookmaker. I need polish. I may be a diamond, but I'm in the rough. You'll help me, Pleydell?"

"Why, certainly. But you're all right as you are."

"I'm not. But I mean to be—with your help."

"Whatever I can do for you I will. That is until I exchange into the West Indian regiment I'm trying for."

"Exchange?" echoed Hinds in dismay. "Why?"

"Usual reason. Broke. Dead broke. Cards and horses. Mostly cards."

"If you'll let me lend you"—

"Drop it, old man; drop it!"

"Pardon me. I only wanted"—

"I know. But it's out of the question. Thanks, just the same. Now, about this 'coaching' business. You'll find the First Lancers a good set of fellows and all eager to welcome a fighter such as you've proved yourself to be. Be natural and easy with them. That's all."

"They won't think it a liberty?"

"What rot! No. Just be genial and natural."

"Genial, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll try."

The Dean re-entered the ante-room at this moment. Pleydell, anxious to escape the old clergyman's platitudes, introduced the two men, pleaded an engagement and slipped from the room.

"It's a pleasure to meet so famous a soldier, Mr. Hinds," said the Dean.

"Now for the 'geniality' business," thought Hinds. "Here goes. That's all right, your—Your Deanship. Pleased to meet such a big gun of the Church. What'll Your Holiness rinse your throat with?"

"What! I don't quite understand."

"I mean it's a hot day—throats get dry—a wee drop of false comfort, eh?"

"False comfort?" repeated the Dean, hopelessly puzzled.

"Sure. Some of 'the stuff that killed father.' Do Your Deanship good on such a day."

"Is this Hindoostanee? I don't understand."

"No. Hindoostanee at all. Good, plain English, Your Holiness. To make it plainer, I asked you to join me in a whiskey and soda."

"Whiskey and soda!" gasped the clergyman.

"That's it. Here, waiter! Two whiskeys and soda."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Dean indignantly. "I am a dignity of the Church. I never take stimulants."

"But, man alive," cried Hinds, picking up one of the glasses of liquor the waiter brought in, "I can't have you chasing back to the Cathedral and telling all the other Deans and Deanesses that the First Lancers are a set of skirflints who send a guest away thirsty. Here's Success to the Church and Confusion to Heretics! Say!" he muttered to himself, "this geniality isn't half hard when one gets into the stride."

"I neither want it nor will I touch it," cried the irate Dean, refusing the glass the waiter offered him.

Hinds looked surprised. Before he could speak Kate Johnson and young Lord Hunstanton came in.

"Hallo, Hinds," said Hunstanton, crossing the room. "I haven't had the pleasure of welcoming you yet."

"Delighted. I'm sure," answered Hinds, airily. "What'll you drink?"

"Nothing, thanks," answered Hunstanton, surprised. "You see," he added fearing to offend the other, "I can't leave that lady all alone. May I introduce you?"

"Delighted. She won't mind, will she?"

"Miss Johnson" said Hunstanton, walking back with Hinds to where the girl sat. "Mr. Hinds is very anxious to meet you."

The girl started to speak, but Hinds, true to his campaign of geniality, broke in:

"Pleased to meet you, miss. May I offer you a little something to drink? A glass of champagne, you know. Just the thing for a hot day. I see His Deanship hasn't finished his whiskey and soda yet, but he'll join us in a little fizz, I know."

"Oh, no, thank you!" faltered the frightened girl.

"Nonsense! Waiter, a couple of bottles of champagne! Four glasses."

"No, no, Hinds. Don't," whispered Hunstanton. "They don't want it."

"The cub thinks I can't afford such extravagance," thought Hinds, angry at the idea, and determined to destroy it. "Now look here, old chap," he said aloud. "You can't tell me they don't want it. Every one wants fizz."

"I'm afraid the man's getting a bit beyond himself," growled Hunstanton to the Dean.

"His liquid hospitality is simply offensive," retorted that dignitary.

At this juncture Pleydell entered the room, with Honor and Mrs. Hammond, just as the mess waiter came in bearing a tray of glasses and two champagne bottles.

"What's all this? Champagne?" asked Lancer.

"That's what it is," answered Hinds in a whisper. "I'm being genial. Here, waiter, a glass for Lady Royden."

"No, thank you," replied Honor; "I'm not thirsty."

The others followed suit in refusing.

"Well" exclaimed Hinds, "Put it there on the table, waiter. Maybe they'll change their minds."

"Hinds must be losing his head," said Pleydell to Honor. "Lucky the Colonel isn't here. A thing like this would make him furious."

"What does this mean?" cried a gruff voice from the door. "Whose work is it?"

The Colonel was taking in the array of liquor at a glance. His face was crimson with anger.

"Gentlemen!" he thundered. "It is broad daylight. There are ladies here. Yet I find the place littered with bottles and glasses like any barroom."

"I beg pardon, sir," faltered Hinds. "I thought"—

"Didn't you know my wishes in such matters?" shouted the Colonel. It is a disgrace that ladies cannot visit us without"—

"I didn't know it was against rules, sir," stammered Hinds, praying that the floor might open and engulf him.

"Orders" snorted the Colonel. "It is not a case of orders. The first instincts of a gentleman should forbid a thing like that."

Hinds turned deathly white. Twice he opened his lips to speak, but shame gripped his tongue.

"Colonel!" interposed Honor, her silver voice breaking in sweetly upon the wordy wrangle, "may I ask a great favor?"

"Certainly!" exclaimed the Colonel, with an utter change of manner. "What is it?"

"I'm—I'm very thirsty indeed. May I change my mind and have some champagne?"

The Colonel glared in astonishment. Then recollecting himself he signalled the waiter to carry the tray of glasses to Lady Royden.

"Colonel," went on the girl, taking up a foaming glass, "I want to propose a toast. Won't you please let every one join me in it?"

The Colonel, after another amazed pause, signalled again to the waiter, who passed the tray to each guest.

"Your wishes are my commands, Lady Royden," said the Colonel in an angry effort at gallantry.

"Then," cried Honor, "I propose the health of my friend, Mr. Hinds! The health of a brave gentlman and a gallant soldier! I drink to our better acquaintance."

The glasses were raised, but Hinds's fell from his nerveless hand and was shattered on the polished floor.

Seizing Honor's hand he bent over it in an agony of gratitude, humility and adoration.

"Heaven bless you for this!" he murmured.

(To Be Continued.)

NEW PLAN FOR ELECTORS.

Republicans Will Have Them All Named by the State Conventions.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Secretary Dick, of the Republican National Committee, will inform the chairmen of State committees that it is deemed better that all the Presidential electors this year shall be nominated by State conventions, to avoid any possible legal complications.

Conventions for Congressional districts will be allowed to designate the Presidential electors as usual, but State conventions will be expected to ratify these nominations.

JOHN SWINTON ON SCOTCH CONFERENCE.

Trade Unionists Meet in Harmony with Other Organizations and Adopt a Comprehensive Programme.

There was deep interest in the "conference of workers" held the past month in the old Scotch city of Edinburgh.

It was especially interesting by reason of its magnitude, for there were as many as 226 delegates at it, and still more interesting for the reason that these delegates were the representatives of trades unions, co-operative societies, the Social Democratic Federation and the Independent Labor party, all of which bodies had united for the promotion of certain objects desired by each of them. There were no impracticable propositions, no wrangling, no bad blood or cranky heads.

At the opening of the conference the chairman remarked that the whole "working class interest of Scotland" was there represented. As Chairman of the Trades Union Congress he said the "trades unionists had felt for a considerable time that something required to be done to draw the various branches of the labor movement into closer touch and into harmony with each other."

He further said that "In every section of the working-class movement the feeling was growing stronger every day that it was absolutely necessary that there ought to be direct labor representation in the House of Commons, and every section felt that if the labor movement could be united on this question the time would soon arrive when labor would be really represented there. A great deal could now be done to stop the bickering which they had had in their own ranks, and to unite all sections of workers."

Every sentence of the chairman's speech along these lines was hailed with applause by the large body of delegates at the conference.

The first business was the introduction of the following resolution, which was promptly and unanimously adopted with an amendment applying its terms to all local administrative bodies:

> Recognizing that no real progress has been made with those important measures of social and industrial reform which are absolutely necessary for the well-being of the working classes, and further recognizing that neither of the two political parties can or will give effect to those reforms, this conference is of opinion that the only means by which such reforms can be obtained is by having direct independent working-class representation in the House of Commons, and hereby pledges itself to secure that end as a logical sequence to the possession of political power by the working classes.

Practical plans were adopted for carrying out the foregoing resolution, and an Elections Committee was unanimously chosen, consisting of four members from the trade unionists, four from the co-operators, two from the Independent Labor Party and two from the Social Democratic Federation.

The parliamentary programme which was adopted by the trades unions and their allies goes far beyond any project of American trades unionism. It relates to measures for a legal eight-hour day, for old-age pensions, for the cumulative taxation of all forms of unearned increment, for the organization by government of self-supporting industries, by which the right to work shall be secured by every one; for the fixing of a minimum wage by law, particularly in the "sweated" trades, and for ample provision for those disabled at their employment.

The purpose of the programme was to give the working people a hint as to the line the labor party will take.

I do not know that any organized body of British workers ever took more advanced ground. JOHN SWINTON.

LABOR NEWS.

The shortest labor meeting at which the usual matters were discussed was that which Delegate Pallas, of the Pattern-Makers' Union, conducted last night while acting as chairman of the Building Trades Section of the C. F. U. The meeting was called to order a little after 8 o'clock, and in less than ten minutes after it was adjourned. Delegate Pallas has a record of conducting short meetings, and not one of them has been reported to have passed without every matter brought up being discussed.

The invitation which the C. F. U. extended to unions of the building trades not now affiliated with them to join the body is having its reward. Many unions have come into the central body through this measure, and the latest body to ask admittance is the Machine Stone-Cutters' Union. In all probability they will send credentials to the next meeting, and as the Federation will accept them their delegates will be seated.

The body which is now known as the German Coppersmiths' Union will, after April 1, be known as the Coppersmiths' Union of New York and vicinity. The fore part of their title they dropped in order that all coppersmiths of the city may join their body, no matter of what national descent they are.

Progressive Varnishers' Union No. 1 is confident that they will not encounter much further trouble with their old enemies, the Amalgamated Painters and Decorators, for, according to their delegate, the painters have been quite unsuccessful in any strike they have declared against them, and only last week the varnishers won two victories over them.

Samuel Gompers, the President of the A. F. of L., who was granted a thirty-days' leave of absence to go to Cuba to investigate labor conditions there and to inquire as to the recent strike of the Havana workmen for a shorter working-day, left on the steamer Orizaba, of the Ward line, yesterday. He was accompanied by Gabriel Edmonston, of Washington, who bears the distinction of being the first President of the Brotherhood of Carpenters.

According to Eugene V. Debs, the well-known labor agitator, the Social Democratic Party, of which he is a member, will put up a ticket for the Presidency this year. Mr. Debs, who is making a lecturing tour in the South in the interests of labor, says that he will positively decline the nomination if it should be offered him.

Again a hall, which is some respects is said to be non-union, is being complained against. This time it is the place where the Board of Delegates of the Building Trades meets, and it has been complained against by the Brooklyn Cigarmakers' Union. During the past week the cigarmakers' Label Committee of that borough issued 180,500 labels for union-made cigars.

The demands which the Photo Engravers' Union made on a dozen commercial houses in this city about two months ago, and which subsequently developed a strike in all of the shops, has been most successfully carried on by the union. There are but three places now holding out and with the engravers' affiliated unions' aid they expect to win those shops over, too, very soon.

The recent advertisements for coppersmiths to go to California has resulted in the union of that craft in this city issuing an order to keep men from going out there. They say that the San Francisco union has notified them that they have many men out of work at present. A union of coppersmiths is to be organized in Buffalo.

German-American Typographical Union No. 274 has elected the following officers: A. Becker, President; F. Becher, Vice-President; M. Aron, Recording Secretary; A. Lazarus, Corresponding Secretary; W. Flugrath, Financial Secretary; A. Zimay, Treasurer; J. M. Quade, Business Manager; D. Klewansky, Librarian.

TERNINA'S NEW BRUNNHILDE.

Dominates a Third Performance of "Die Walkure."

"Die Walkure" was presented at the Opera-House last night for the third time this season. With two exceptions there was a change of cast as to principals. Ternina's Brunnhilde made the performance memorable. Her conception of the part is unlike that of either Nordica or Lehmann. She gives prominence to the womanliness and human tenderness of the character. In manner she is more youthful and in action less restrained. She is full of agile grace and suppleness. Her beautiful voice, so clear and round and full, was always a delight. In the more strenuous passages, however, it was somewhat forced and lacking in color.

Gadski, who essayed the part of Sieglinde, was in excellent voice. Her impersonation was a stirring and compelling one. In place of Van Dyck, indisposed, the ever ready Dippel, was Siegmund. A bit constrained in action, perhaps, but vocally his was a good performance. Muhlmann was substituted for Bertram as Wotan. He worked hard but was overweighted, and the second act was judiciously cut to relieve him. Schumann-Heink was again Fricka, repeating her remarkable impersonation and again delighting by her beautiful singing. Lampriere Pringle repeated his performance of Hunding.

Paur conducted with his accustomed earnestness, reading the score sympathetically and achieving excellent results. The house was only fairly occupied and decidedly cold.

HAMBOURG CHARMS A LARGE AUDIENCE.

Mark Hambourg, the Russian pianist, gave another recital at Mendelssohn Hall yesterday afternoon to a crowded house. He showed again his remarkable velocity and force and displayed much feeling in some of his selections. The enthusiasm of his hearers was unbounded, and when he declared that he was too tired to play any more they pursued him off the stage into his dressing-room.

CLARISSE AGNEW WEDS.

Vaudeville Actress Is Now the Wife of Daniel Green, a Chicago Merchant.

Clarisse Agnew, the vaudeville actress who has sent tremors through many a heart, has gone out of the indiscriminate thrilling business and is devotedly attending to one heart, her husband's.

She was married last week to Daniel Green, a wealthy merchant from Chicago. To prove it was a love match pure and simple, Mrs. Green is contented in a Harlem flat, where they have set up housekeeping.

Mr. Green is well-to-do, they say. His first wife died five months before he happened to see Miss Agnew in a local theatre. A kaleidoscopic courtship followed, ending with a quiet New Jersey marriage.

Detective Crorey Dead.

Detective James H. Crorey, of Inspector Thompson's staff, died last night at his home, 1386 Fulton avenue, Brooklyn. He caught cold at the Old Guard ball. He was thirty-six years old and leaves a widow and five children.

Shall we call it a "removal sale"?—expect to get out of the Leonard Street barn into the new store next week.

But, whatever it's called, it's a lucky happening for several hundred men wanting an overcoat.

Overcoats that mostly sold for $20, $25 and $28—some few fatter plums.

Now $15.

Young men's sizes, 32, 33 and 34—every other size up to 46 with a scattering few up to 52.

At all 3 stores.

ROGERS, PEET CO.

258 Broadway, cor. Leonard.
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