OUR COLONY OF BANDITS.

THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE FINDS THE MAFIA HERE.

Counterfeiting Its Latest Crime—Making "Images" of Silver Cuts Is a Regular Industry, Like Peanut Selling—Sicilian Murderers and Sicilian Crimes in Plenty.

When Signor Sebastiano Lanza was introduced to the office of Chief Drummond, of the United States Secret Service on Saturday last he was somewhat surprised to see among the mural ornaments of the room a number of very showy posters, which bore this inscription:

> Second Annual Ball
> of the
> S. LANZA ASSOCIATION,
> Clarendon Hall, on Thursday, Nov. 3, 1887.
> Music by Prof. D. St. Lawrence.

Signor Lanza's visit to the Secret Service chief's office was made in company with Signor Michaele Sisto, and both the Signori were accompanied by detectives, who had them under arrest for passing counterfeit money.

Signor Lanza was the proprietor of a bar in the basement of 95 Thompson street, and Signor Sisto there labored in the capacity of barkeeper. Signor Lanza enjoyed a good deal of influence among the Italians of the neighborhood, so much so that there was formed the "Sebastiano Lanza Association" in his honor. Among those who have been regular and almost daily visitors to Signor Lanza's place of business for several months past are two detectives from the Government Secret Service office. These gentlemen had not announced their official character, and were, in fact, regarded by Signor Lanza with especial favor, as being, in his opinion, the very cream of the group of rascals with whom the genial Signor was fond of surrounding himself. To them Signor Lanza gave copies of the Lanza Association posters, with the request that they be posted up where Italians are wont to congregate. Inasmuch as a very large percentage of Chief Drummond's involuntary visitors are gentlemen from sunny Italy, whose artistic instincts have been so stirred by admiration for the coin of Uncle Samuel's realm that they have been unable to withstand the impulse to produce great numbers of imitations of it, the detectives thought no better place than the office could be found to announce to Signor Lanza's countrymen the proposed celebration in the signor's honor. So there they displayed the posters, and these they hung when Signor Lanza himself was summoned before the gentleman who is so enthusiastic a collector of copyists of the official coin masters that very few even of the most obscure artists in that line escape his attention. Lanza and Sisto were held in $2,500 bail each to await examination.

"We have been watching the Lanza dive since July last," said an official high in the secret service yesterday. "We watched unfortunate people who were going to be discovered of which we did not have sufficient proof. Lanza was a wholesale dealer in counterfeit coin, his specialty being imitations of the silver dollar. He purchased in large quantities, had a secret hiding place in his cellar for his goods, and sold at the rate of so much on the dozen to a group of customers whom he gradually and cautiously drew around him. There being not the slightest notion of honor among these thieves, Lanza's depository of spurious dollars was robbed on one occasion. Prof. D. St. Lawrence, whose name figures on the Lanza Association posters as a musician, suspected that the robbery (it was only one brother was one of the thieves, and when we made the descent upon the Lanza place we found upon Prof. St. Lawrence's person a terrific slungshot with which he had proposed to smash his brother's head, should he appear.

"Lanza's principal customers were his own countrymen, but he had extended his business so that he had a number of negroes and even some mere children, who bought his counterfeit money and passed it or attempted to pass it. The detectives worked long and patiently and succeeded in getting the confidence of Lanza and an intimate friend of the latter. They found time to time bought counterfeit money of him, but did not succeed in learning Lanza's source of supply. When customers called for the money they were frequently told to come in a little later. Lanza always got it for them from some place or other. He was doing a thriving business.

"It is only within the past five or six years that we have been infested with these Italian counterfeiters. Many of the Italians who come here are skilful in the use of plaster of Paris, making images and the like as a nominal occupation, but more frequently using their skill to make images of the silver coin. The metal they commonly use is an alloy of tin and antimony. Sometimes they run in a little copper. Their work is fairly good, yet the best of it is easily enough detected. The number of Italians who are engaged in this 'image business,' as they call it, is astonishing. A friend met an Italian in Brooklyn the other day who had been in a scrape or two for this business, and I said to him:

"'Hello, John; where is your brother Tony?'

"'Oh, he gotta arrest.'

"'What did he get arrested for?'

"'Oh, he make image. He make image trade dolla.'

"It is a perfectly legitimate industry, in their estimation, though they know perfectly well the inconveniences of getting caught. They usually pass their money upon their own countrymen who are unsophisticated; upon drunken men, and upon a child or woman or whoever they think they can impose upon. A well-dressed man who appears in any way wide awake may trade with them for months and they will make no attempt on him. A great number of the fruit stand dealers are engaged in this business, and Italian barber shops are great places. We have got on the track of a great many gangs by watching the barber shops. You will see a shop where not 30 cents worth of legitimate barber business is done in a day. Yet Italians will be constantly coming and going to it. You can be pretty sure then that that shop is doing the same kind of business Lanza was doing. We shadow it, and we shadow the Italians who go from it, and we see where they go. Sometimes they go off to Boston or some other city, and we follow them there, and generally catch them dropping their spurious coin.

"It is by no means, however, the insignificant barbers and peanut sellers who are in the business. It has ramifications which are astonishing. Very often it is traced to men who have high standing in many of the Italian societies, and are not dreamed of as being engaged regularly in a criminal traffic.

"It is a curious fact, but yet it is a fact, that 95 per cent. of all the counterfeiting that is done in this country to-day is done by Italians. They have monopolized the business as they have monopolized the fruit and peanut business. It is one of the side industries upon which they regularly rely for a revenue. It is frequently very difficult to convict them. They retreat behind either a real or an affected ignorance of English and swear by all the saints that they did not know the coin they passed or attempted to pass was counterfeit—that they had no silver coin in their own country and were unused to it and had been imposed upon. A jury not long ago acquitted a rascal on that absurd lie and we had over twenty distinct instances of his passing counterfeit money clearly proven against him.

"The development of counterfeiting among the Italians has given me a pretty intimate knowledge of the criminals of that race who come to this country, and I want to say that, if it were generally known what a bloodthirsty, remorseless, villainous crew of knaves they are, there would be such an outcry as would force the Government to take some measures restricting their immigration. In the matter of crime among themselves they are practically beyond the reach of the law. They murder, maim, and rob one another with almost perfect immunity from any other punishment than the individual revenge of the person injured or his friends. For one Italian to inform against another, to testify against another, is for him simply to sign his own death warrant. He is as certain to be assassinated as the sun is to rise. It may be done by a stranger or it may be by some one whom he regards as his friend. The devious ways in which the secret societies of these people goes is utterly beyond the comprehension of a man, no matter how great a ruffian, whose mind runs in ordinarily straight lines. I venture to say that eight out of ten of those murders over games of cards, the alleged outgrowth of hot blood and a sudden quarrel, are deliberately planned murders, that the man who is to do the killing is picked out in advance, and that all the arrangements to save him from capture and punishment are carefully and skilfully made. The assassin's confederates are the only ones who see the affray; they are all ready to swear that the murdered man began it, and to put a partially discharged revolver or a knife in his dead hand to prove it. Then nobody knows who did the shooting; if the evidence becomes at all conclusive they befog it with a sudden ignorance of English, which is always their last resort in close quarters. In the rare cases where the attempts to kill are unsuccessful, and the victim is only wounded, he will hardly ever accuse the man who did him up. Even though the moment after the affray he has told the police who shot him or who stabbed him, and the assassin is arrested, he will, if he thinks he is going to recover, solemnly recant his accusation and swear that the man he accused is a man he did not know, and had never seen. He knows that unless he does this his life will not be worth a farthing when he goes about his business again. He takes his revenge in another way. He bides his time until he sees a chance to murder the man who tried to murder him.

"It is because they know revenge is certain if they fail in an attempt to kill that so few of those attempts fail. It is for this reason that they carry such terrific weapons—knives with blades a foot long and pistols into the muzzle of which you could drop a ten cent piece. I arrested an Italian not long ago who had on him a pistol made out of the barrel of a shotgun cut off until it was about a foot in length and then fitted to a pistol handle. It was loaded with thirteen leaden slugs. I asked him why he didn't get a nice, convenient revolver.

"'Ah,' he said, 'revolva not big enough. When Italian man shoota Italian man he wants him never come back. I killa him or he killa me.'

"As a rule they are afraid to attack Americans. They know if they kill an American they are pretty sure to be hunted down and hanged; but in regard to their own killings it is every man to look out for himself and nobody to peach on pain of death. Ignorant, treacherous, possessed of a deep-laid cunning, conscienceless and pitiless as rattlesnakes, they live among us, governed only by a law of assassination and revenge. This seems hardly credible, but I assure you it is a fact. We have just such a community here in New York, and it is every day growing in size and in desperation. Look at the numbers of cuttings and shootings and other deadly crimes committed by Italians which are reported every day, and the night that Policeman Barrett's son was murdered there were three other murderous assaults by Italians within a short distance of the scene of the attack upon the boy, who was defending his sister from insult.

"There is firmly planted in this country the society of assassination called the Mafia. It had its origin in Sicily, whence the greater part of our Italian population comes. It is strong here in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in St. Paul and in San Francisco. Curiously enough, it has no strength in Philadelphia. For some reason the Italians do not take to Philadelphia. This Mafia is the old society of the Sicilian brigands, and it is recruited here principally from men who belonged to it at home, and whose fathers before them belonged to it. It corresponds somewhat to the Molly Maguires, except that the Mollies directed their assassinations to a particular line and a particular object. The object of the Mafia order is simply promiscuous crime and mutual protection to its members in crime. It has not, so far as I know, regular meetings or meeting places, but it has its captains and its lieutenants and its collectors. It is a society of assassination and robbery. It superintends the murder of informers and others who have incurred its enmity, and it looks out that its agents secure immunity from punishment. The collector, when one of the assassins is caught, goes about from station to station demanding, not asking, contributions to enable the prisoner to pay lawyers and witnesses and secure a strong defence. It is not only to the members of the order of the Mafia that the delegate goes. He goes to every Italian he can see, and no one is too high for him to approach and demands money for the criminal's defence. They refuse it at their peril. It was only a short time ago that an Italian came to me for protection. He did not belong to the Mafia, and he had refused to pay money to help some villain get clear or help him out of the country after the commission of the kind. Within a very short time an attempt was made on his life, and he barely succeeded in getting away. Such things are of constant occurrence, but are kept deep in the dark.

"The appalling character of some of these Sicilian villains is almost beyond belief. I have one in my mind now the marvel of whose crimes is enough to freeze a man's blood. In New Orleans he burned a house and was sent to the penitentiary for arson. While in the prison he got up a conspiracy to break out, and then secured his own freedom by betraying his fellow conspirators. He murdered a man in St. Louis and got away. In Chicago he conceived an enmity toward one of his fellow countrymen, and invited him to the saloon he was then keeping. When in the saloon he asked the man, who suspected nothing, to step upon a chair and hand him down a bottle. When the man got upon the chair he drove a knife into his back and left it sticking there, and fled as the man fell dying to the floor. He came to this city and engaged in dealing in counterfeit money. He initiated a fellow countryman into the business, and the pupil did so much better than his master that the latter determined upon revenge. It was a comprehensive plot he formed. He arranged to set fire to his house, have his pupil sent to the penitentiary for perjury, recover $2,500 from an insurance company, murder his wife, and go back to Italy and settle down as a country gentleman of leisure. He set fire to his store, and then came upon the insurance company for the insurance on his stock, and procured forward the man he meant to land in the penitentiary as a witness to swear that he was in the store at a time when it could easily be shown he was not. But the insurance company did not pay the money, and so he changed his plan, and instead of sending his friend to the penitentiary determined to maim him. He invited him to his house, and, on the plea that it was warm, induced him to take off his coat and waistcoat. This was to see if he was armed. Then he handed him a glass of beer, and as the other was drinking it, he suddenly lunged a keen-bladed shoemaker's knife into his forehead, and, with a slash, drew it clean to the chin, laying open the entire face. The victim told who did this, and the man was arrested. Nine weeks afterward, when the victim got out of the hospital, he said that his first accusation was false, and that he did not know who had done it. Both these men are now in the penitentiary for passing counterfeit money, but they will soon be out. It is only a question then, which will kill the other.

"Now, I have no more prejudice against Italians as such than I have against any foreigners. But I speak from an intimate knowledge of the subject when I say that the importation of these Italian criminals is a serious matter and demands serious attention. They are a danger and a curse to the community, just as any gang of robbers and assassins would be. They not only do criminal acts themselves, but especially in this counterfeiting business, they spread crime among those about them. It is a great game with them to get hold of young German boys or Irish boys or even girls and get them to shoving off the counterfeit coins they are producing incessantly. It is a subject which the press should take up and which the people should fully understand. I am not speaking against Italians as a nation. I am speaking against the criminals of Italy, for it is from the criminal classes, the brigands, cutthroats, thieves, and promiscuous villains of all grades, that too much of our Italian immigration is drawn. It should be quickly and vigilantly restricted."

CHRIST PREACHED BEFORE JOSS.

A Curious Double Dedicatory Service in the New Pagan Shrine.

One of the most novel as well as the most unique dedication services that ever happened in New York or elsewhere was the one held last evening at 18 Mott street, the Lun Gee Tong Society rooms, occupying the entire second floor of the largest building in China. It has been the headquarters of New York Chinese for the past six years, but recently the members, some 5,000 in number, were dissatisfied with the appearance of the rooms and the general insignificance of the "joss shrine" or temple attached to them. A liberal subscription brought forth thousands of glittering coins. A commission went to Hong Kong, China, where a few weeks ago it not only secured appropriate furniture and other gorgeous Oriental ornaments, but also a brand-new but fearful-looking joss, with joss house and all, the canopy around and on top of the joss house, some 15 feet high by 12 wide, being most ingeniously and fantastically carved upon a species of hard wood inlaid with various shades of pure gold, the figures upon this representing various sacred emblems, such as the dragons, cranes, and the sacred Fihi, the 28th in the birth-hour companion of Confucius, as well as the managers and angels of the "other region."

In front of this gorgeous heap was the magnificent altar, said to have cost over $1,000. On top of this altar were the immense urns and vases of solid silver, some to take the place of candlesticks, while others were for the burning of incenses. The rooms were richly papered and carpeted, while from the walls and ceilings hung lanterns and other Oriental ornaments.

The dedication, as originally intended, was to be purely Oriental in all its details, but almost at the very last moment some Christianized Chinamen, who were members of the Lun Gee Tong Society, made objections to the committee and insisted that as members they have just as much to say in its dedication as their heathen brethren. Led by Mr. Show Shin, a leading Chinese missionary, who has been preaching for the past few weeks in the rooms of 18 to his fellow countrymen of Jesus Christ and his saving powers, the committee was finally made to consent to a double dedication—that is, both Christian preaching and joss stick burning, both at the same time and in the same place. Mr. Show Shin preached Christianity to about 200 members of the Lun Gee Tong, while Dr. Young Tye Hing led the joss stick burning procession toward the shrine of Kwan Goon. The first preached long and loud upon the peculiar saving power of Jesus Christ. The latter simply burned a bunch or two of perfumed joss sticks and nearly half a ton of counterfeited Chinese paper money as a thanksgiving offering to the mighty joss for his many mercies toward them, financially and otherwise, and especially protecting from the assaults of Kearnyism.

Mr. Show Shin, the missionary, thinks of preaching in the temple every Sunday.

WONG CHIN FOO.

Highway Robbery at Fordham.

Thomas, alias Buck, Ryan, aged 19 years, of 183d street and Jerome avenue, and Edward Shaughnessy, aged 20 years, of South Fordham, were held in $1,500 each by Justice White in the Harlem Court yesterday, for trial for robbing Arthur Schubergey of the Union Hotel, White Plains, of a valuable watch. Schubergey went to Fordham at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning and hired the prisoners to drive him to White Plains. He offered them $10. At a lonely spot on Jerome avenue, near Fordham Landing road, they demanded the $10 and when it was refused they seized Schubergey and took his watch away. He had $100, which they did not discover. Policeman Moran of the High Bridge squad went to Schubergey's rescue and arrested Ryan. The watch was not found. Shaughnessy was caught.

A Colt Sold for $1,600.

LEXINGTON, Oct. 23.—Mrs. R. Patterson of this city has sold to E. R. Madden of Philadelphia, Sigfus, a roan colt, 3 years, by Egbert, dam by Mambrino Patchen, for $1,600.

A REBELLION OF MARINES.

THEY ESCAPE OVER THE NAVY YARD WALL TO GET CHEAPER BEER.

When They Get Back There is a Row, and a Sergeant Cuts Two of Them with his Sword—The Story of Two Deserters.

The Brooklyn Navy Yard was rudely awakened on Saturday morning, Oct. 15, by a conflict between some recruits and their superior officers. The scene of the disturbance was that part of the barracks called Castle Garden, which is occupied by recruits who have not yet been assigned to companies. The following version of the riot and its causes was given to a SUN reporter by two of the principals, James B. McCoy and E. G. Graham, who are deserters from the garrison. Col. N. Burns runs the Canteen, or, in other words, sells beer and provisions to the marines. A man could get drunk in the barracks and he would be well cared for. But if he got liquor outside he was put in the brig (guard house) for forty-eight hours and restricted for an indefinite time. On an average 350 men contributed $8 out of their $13 salary to the "Canteen." When a recruit came he was told by Col. Hayward, the two deserters said, to get his kit, as it is called. He went to Col. Burns and received his kit, for which he was obliged to sign a check for $2. The kit could be bought outside for 75 cents. He was not allowed to do his own washing, but was obliged to give it to the Sergeant and pay him $1 per month to have it done. The Sergeant made about $100 per month out of this arrangement.

Friday, Oct. 14, was pay day, and the men said they would stand the oppression no longer, so thirty-three of them jumped the ten-foot fence when the patrol was not near. At the 11 P. M. roll call Sergeant Maher, with a guard of eight men, took the blankets of the fugitive thirty-three and locked them in the guard house. When the men returned, about 2 o'clock in the morning, the Sergeant ordered all of them to get up. Farley, McCormick, and Kelly said they would not get up. Then Sergeant Maher, without provocation, the two deserters said, drew his sword and split the skulls of Jones and Farley. The former, they said, was likely to die. Graham was knocked down, and was sent to the brig for forty-eight hours, but he stayed three days. The cells in the brig are 9x6 feet, and are always damp, as they are flushed twice a day. The first night the men could not get blankets, and slept on the cold floor, with boots for pillows. The second night, after much begging, they secured two blankets for five of them. The third night they had two blankets for three.

A very different story is told by the officers. In the first place, the name of the man who runs the "Canteen" is Edion and not Burns. Col. Hayward said the Canteen was under the supervision of three commissioned officers besides himself. Every three months the department was hauled over, the accounts inspected, and a scale of prices established. It was true that the prices charged were slightly higher than outside the barracks, because the men were all trusted up to half their pension, and frequently they skipped without paying. No man was obliged to spend a cent in the barracks unless he chose. No whiskey was sold within the walls. The Canteen was open twice daily, from 11 A. M. to 12½ P. M. and from 3 to 4½ P. M. Each man was allowed to purchase two glasses of beer every time the canteen was open. There was a Sergeant there to see that he bought no more. Consequently no man could become drunk unless he got whiskey outside and smuggled it in. Whiskey was found on both the deserters. Both skipped their canteen bills. When a man entered the garrison drunk he was locked up.

Sergeant Maher, Corporal Donohue, and others tell the following story of the disturbance:

"On Friday night several of the recruits, as is customary with them on pay day, skipped the fence, and came back the worse for wear. Several of the privates were in a group talking, when one of the truants, Harrigan, began to dance a jig for the amusement of his companions. Acting Corporal Callahan asked him to stop, as at 9:20, when the bugle sounds, all noise and even conversation must cease. Harrigan used insulting language to Callahan, who attempted to take him to the guard house. Somebody then started to club Callahan with a musket. The noise awoke Corporal Donohue, who has charge of Castle Garden, and he ran to the rescue of Callahan, who was grappling with Private Farley. Finally Donohue separated them, and he was struck over the eye by Farley and in the back of the head by somebody else. It was getting pretty warm for the corporals, when Room-Orderly Dempsey called to Sergeant Maher for assistance.

"Maher, with six men, went to one door and sent Corporal Walker, with six more, to the other. Just as Maher entered the room he saw Farley strike Donohue. He was then struck from behind, and, turning around, he saw a marine named Jones behind him. He dodged the blow, and cut Jones in the head, in self-defence.

"He also found it necessary to strike Farley. Both wounds were slight, and the men are on duty again. The men were placed in the guard house, as described by the deserters, but the blankets were not withheld, and the cells were dry and in good condition for comfortable."

Marines who were not participants in the disturbance corroborate the foregoing statements of Maher and Donohue.

Farley was found in his bunk by a reporter last night. He said he did not know whether he struck anybody or not. He admitted being drunk, but he would not say whether he got his liquor. He denied jumping the fence. He says he has no complaints to make of the treatment received at the hands of his superiors. The marines spoke highly of Maher, Callahan, and Donohue, and expressed great respect for Col. Heyward. The deserter McCoy had been in the garrison only a week.

PASTOR WHITEHURST'S RESIGNATION

Trouble Arises in an East New York Church Over a Matter of $50.

At the close of yesterday's morning service in the First Baptist Church of East New York the Rev. Jacob Whitehurst, the pastor, requested the members of the congregation to remain in their seats. Clerk Dayton read a letter addressed by the pastor to the officers of the church. The letter was to the effect that inasmuch as some of the officers and members of the church were unwilling to guide the affairs of the church in accordance with the principles of the word of God, and had not only withheld their sympathy and good will from him, but in some cases had withdrawn their subscriptions, thus producing discord and schism, he therefore tendered his resignation. It was moved that the matter be laid upon the table until Friday night. John Anderson thought the issue did not warrant such strong words as Mr. Whitehurst had used. He expressed a strong confidence in the pastor's views and integrity. He was interrupted by a loud call for the question. Several other adherents of the pastor spoke briefly. Some thought the trouble could be adjusted, while others thought it better, in view of the elements of discord in the church, to accept the resignation. The motion to lay over was passed, and the meeting adjourned abruptly.

The church has been accustomed to contribute $50 yearly to the support of Long Island missions. This was raised formerly by a committee of ladies. A year ago the ladies' committee dissolved after having raised only $15. This was increased by subscription to $25. It was then proposed to take the rest of the $50, to be raised from the church funds. The proposition was vigorously opposed on the ground that the church debt were not yet paid and the new organ not bought. The money, however, was paid, and considerable bitter feeling was aroused. The pastor took no part in the discussion except to declare against the money being raised by fairs. Some months later in a sermon he mentioned the payment of this money as an example of generosity before the church. This gave rise to an attack upon him in a business meeting by the faction which voted to make the payment. It virtually placed him upon one side of the question, although he made every effort to remain neutral. The discord flamed up a few weeks ago when the time for this year's payment of the $50 subscription came around. Besides the year's running expenses and $130 interest money an indebtedness of $307 remained from last year. Nevertheless the faction which had prevailed the year before insisted this fall on paying the $50 from the church funds. The church funds were $90, and of this the contribution was paid. This was the last hair. The other faction said the church debts should be paid before missions were thought of. It was impossible now for Mr. Whitehurst to avoid taking sides. He did so, and it is said vigorously protested against making the contribution. He declines to say anything on the subject other than that he did not resign in a spirit of bitterness, but because his usefulness had been destroyed.

Dedication of the West Harlem Methodist Church.

The West Harlem Methodist Episcopal Church, which was begun two years ago, was dedicated last evening. The church is at the corner of Seventh avenue and 129th street. After the performance of an organ voluntary by W. R. Dikeman, and prayer by the Rev. Dr. John M. Reid, a baritone solo was sung by Chas. W. Demarest. The sermon by Dr. H. A. Buttz preached the sermon, and Mr. William A. Martin, Chairman of the Building Committee, gave a description of the building since its inception, and the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Elias S. Osborn, completed the services with the benediction.

THE NEWPORT MANŒUVRES.

Various Lessons Taught by the Practice Operations of Admiral Luce's Vessels.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—A mixture of good and ill fortune has attended the varied and interesting practice carried on during the last fortnight at Coaster's Harbor Island by the joint forces of the North Atlantic squadron and the Naval War College. The squadron is now relied on as a regular summer attraction at the fashionable resorts of Newport and Bar Harbor, and perhaps also to a somewhat less extent at Halifax and other Dominion ports, to which it betakes itself during the hottest of the hot weather, under guise of visiting the fisheries. Last summer's effort of Admiral Luce to comfort and protect the American toilers of the sea in that region was so little satisfactory to Secretary Whitney that this part of the year's work of the squadron may not be renewed next year. But Mount Desert and Newport will always welcome it with its picturesque demonstrations of landing the naval brigade and other performances, and Secretary Whitney has paid a compliment to the commanding officer for his skill in handling the squadron.

But the late performances at Coaster's Harbor Island have by no means been intended for the diversion of the residents. They have had the special and commendable purpose of giving a practical cast to the instruction at the new naval college at that place, whose curriculum has naturally been at the start somewhat uncertain, consisting for the most part of lectures. The experiments of the present month, in illustrating the lectures by simultaneous practical operations of vessels and their crews assembled for the purpose, must do much to give the new institution a status as a school of application. It will also furnish one of the best practical arguments for retaining the college at its present site instead of removing it to Annapolis, as some have wished to do, thus making it an adjunct and post-graduate course of the Naval Academy there.

The manœuvres this season, as thus far conducted, have included an attack by torpedo boats; the defence of a cruiser, the Atlanta, against such attacks; the landing of the naval brigade, and an assault by it upon field fortifications; practice with the Gatling guns; illustrations of the tactics of ramming; stripping ship for battle; practice with small arms, and in the landing of heavy guns. This last exercise was the one which properly caused chagrin by its failure. The dumping, of a nine-inch Dahlgren to the bottom, in the effort to transport it and its carriage to Rose Island, as the chief feature of a heavy gun battery to be established there, was certainly a bungling performance. But the accident was no doubt due to the international limiting of facilities for transporting the gun to such as could always be furnished on board a war vessel. It was hard luck that, after the gun had been safely hoisted over the side of the Admiral's flagship and upon the platform which rested upon the two launches intended to carry it ashore, the spars of which the platform was built, should have given way, causing one boat to fill, capsizing the other, and sending the gun to the bottom. But perhaps even this mortifying incident may have its good fruits in teaching the officers to provide a more stable structure for such landings in actual warfare. With this exception the operations in general may fairly be considered successful, so far as concerns the purpose for which they were undertaken.

Yet the chief thing taught by the exercises has been the lack of proper naval appliances and the defects in those that already exist. One officer found that some of the new steam launches are remarkably wanting in towing power. A second reported that the ammunition of the Gatlings could not be properly fed into the guns, either because the cartridges were too short or, from some other cause, so that the guns were jammed. A third reported that three of his rifles were injured by defects in blank cartridges, which rendered the rifles so useless that the fire of his force had to be suspended before the ammunition was exhausted; while the armorer of the Saratoga reported that every rifle returned to him had been disabled. Besides these unpardonable defects, the shortcomings of navy torpedo warfare were illustrated by the fact that an unarmored cruiser was able, under the rules of the sham battle, to defeat and throw out of combat the entire flotilla of attacking boats. It is no wonder that this result occurred, since there was not a single torpedo boat among their number, and the Atlanta, of high speed, while even had they been able to get within range for effective work they would have had nothing to work with but the old-fashioned apparatus of a torpedo stuck on the end of a spar. But, after all, even the victor in this queer contest developed only less important shortcomings, which have been pointed out, she had no wire netting, such as is provided in the foreign navies for defence against self-moving torpedoes. In the generally creditable share operations of the naval brigade some of the sailors showed a little lack of familiarity with skirmishing. The business was somewhat new to them, and there was a lack of actual bullets from the intrenchments, such as would no doubt have taught them to take advantage of cover and of inequalities of the ground in advancing, even without previous instruction.

The tactical and gunnery exercises, on the whole, have been very useful. They have revealed the needs of the navy, and have given practice and instruction of a kind that should bear fruits. The Dolphin appears about to take her turn in being tested during the coming week, as she will not only be speeded over the measured mile and tried to determine in how small a circle she can turn, but also be made the object of another torpedo attack. The boats will have a better chance in this second encounter, since the Dolphin has only one electric search light, while the Atlanta had two.

WARREN WHIPPED SIDDONS.

The Vanquished Man Loses Several Teeth as Well as the Fight.

DULUTH, Oct. 23.—The parlor rink was well filled last evening to witness the eight-round contest between Tommy Warren of Los Angeles, Cal., champion feather weight of America, and George Siddons, champion feather weight of Illinois. Both men were in the pink of condition. Prof. Conley seconded Siddons, and J. W. Moriarty seconded Warren. F. Barnett was referee, and John P. Clow and Frank Foss timekeepers.

FIRST ROUND.—Warren feinted and led with his right, following with his left, which landed heavily on Siddons's neck; recovered, and landed with his left on Siddons's face twice. At the close of the round Warren sent in a fusillade of blows on Siddons, who avoided him. Siddons, at the close of the round, got in one right-hander on Warren's shoulder.

The second round opened with a left-hander by Warren which fell short. Siddons ran around the ring during the rest of the round, and Warren dropped his hands, exclaiming, "You'll get tired of running around, won't you?"

THIRD ROUND.—Siddons was very nervous, but got in a right-hander on Warren's breadbasket. The men clinched, and on the break Warren got in a right-hander on Siddons's neck, who became groggy, but recovered and got in two body blows on Warren. Siddons was badly winded at the close.

FOURTH ROUND.—Siddons got in two light body blows on Warren, who responded with a terrific right-hander, sending Siddons against the ropes. The round closed with three right-handers by Warren on Siddons's jugular. First blood for Warren.

FIFTH ROUND.—Siddons opened with a weak hit on Warren's face, and the round was taken up with exchanges of blows at close quarters, Warren's work being very effective. Siddons got in a swinging right-hander, which staggered Warren, who brought him to his knees with a left-hander on the shoulder. Siddons was badly winded.

SIXTH ROUND.—Siddons was groggy at the opening, and received a left-handed smasher on the nose from Warren which sent him to the floor. Siddons got in his left on Warren, who again hit with his left, knocking out one of Siddons's teeth.

SEVENTH ROUND.—Siddons reached Warren's face with a good left-hander for the first time, but with no apparent effect, and received a heavy cut from Warren's right in return. Siddons was very groggy.

EIGHTH ROUND.—Siddons led, and for half of the round acted on the defensive, but went to the floor from Warren's swinging left. He recovered in time, and avoided Warren for the rest of the round.

The referee decided the fight in favor of Warren at the close. Siddons's face was like a puff ball. One eye was closed and several teeth were gone.

Trotting at Fleetwood.

Among the trials of speed by the trotters at Fleetwood Park during the past week were some interesting events. John Murphy drove the brown gelding St. Louis a mile in harness in 2:28, and repeated in 2:25. This is the fastest time St. Louis has ever shown on a track. H. G. Smith drove the young black stallion Idol Gift a half a mile in harness in 1:16½. J. H. Swan sent the chestnut mare Hazel Queen a mile in harness in 2:22. Mr. F. O. Bonnell drove the black mare Idlie C. a mile to a top road wagon in 2:33½. Then Hiram Smith sent the chestnut stallion Cypress, by Kentucky Prince, a mile and repeat in 2:29½, 2:27. Mr. H. M. Day drove the gray gelding Wonder, Jr., to the half-mile polete a top road wagon in 1:11½. H. Smith sent the bay gelding Col. Wood a mile in harness in the fast time of 2:26.

Sporting Notes.

Sebastian Miller is ready to accept the challenge of August Schmidt to wrestle, Graeco-Roman style, for $500 and may be found ready with his money at 25 Stanton street.

A large number of robins are now in the woods around Stapleton, Staten Island, brought there by the heavy northwest wind. The bare made by the gunners are something enormous. Yesterday the averages was 150 birds to each gun. The birds sell in the market for seventy-five cents to one dollar a dozen.

Richard K. Fox writes that Kilrain personally selected Mitchell to act as his trainer and manager, and that Kilrain will be seconds in the actual fight by a well-known Irishman. This he thinks should dispose of the reports that Kilrain is under British influences that damage his chances in the fight

END OF THE BALL SEASON.

THE INDIANS WIN AN EASY VICTORY FROM BROOKLYN.

Pretty Work by the Detroits in the World Championship Series—They Outplay the Browns at Every Point—Gossip.

The Brooklyn and Metropolitan clubs played the final game of the season at Ridgewood yesterday. Porter pitched for the Indians and bothered the Brooklyns, while Toole was batted hard and often. The score:

BROOKLYN.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.	METROPOLITAN.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pinkney, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	2	O'Brien, l. f.	0	1	4	0	1
McClellan, 2d b.	1	2	2	1	0	Orr, 1b.	1	4	14	0	1
Peoples, r. f.	1	2	0	0	0	Jones, c. f.	2	2	1	0	0
McTamany, c. f.	0	2	3	2	0	Hankinson, 3b.	3	3	2	3	1
Terry, 1st b.	0	0	4	0	1	Knowles, 2d b.	1	3	1	5	0
Greer, l. f.	0	0	0	0	2	Cross, s. s.	2	1	0	2	1
Clark, c.	1	1	8	2	2	Kinslow, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Toole, p.	0	1	0	2	1	Donohue, c.	0	0	1	0	1
Otterson, s. s.	0	0	2	3	1	Porter, p.	1	0	1	4	0
Totals	3	7	21	10	12	Totals	10	14	21	15	4

Brooklyn	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	—	3
Metropolitan	4	5	0	1	0	0	0	—	10

Runs earned—Brooklyn, 0; Metropolitan, 5. First base on errors—Brooklyn, 3; Metropolitan, 4. Left on bases—Brooklyn, 6; Metropolitan, 8. Base on balls—Orr, 1; McClellan, 1. Struck out—Kinslow, 1. Home run—Hankinson. Three-base hits—Hankinson, 1. Two-base hits—Orr, 1; Peoples, 1; Toole, 1. Hit by pitcher—Cross, 1. Double play—McTamany and Clark. Passed balls—Donohue, 1. Umpire—Connelly. Time—1:45.

RECORDS OF THE CHAMPIONS.

The records of the two champion clubs in their first twelve games show that the Detroit men did the better work throughout. They outbatted and outfielded the Association men, and in base running stole nearly two bases to the Browns's one. The records are as follows:

DETROIT—BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	Games.	At Bat.	Runs.	B. H.	Ave.
Richardson	12	54	11	11	.204
Ganzel	11	50	5	14	.280
Rowe	12	53	9	17	.321
Thompson	12	49	7	19	.388
White	12	49	8	10	.204
Dunlap	10	38	5	6	.158
Bennett	11	45	6	15	.333
Hanlon	12	46	4	13	.287
Conway	4	12	0	0	.000
Getzein	5	20	4	9	.450
Baldwin	3	12	1	1	.083
Twitchell	4	13	3	4	.307
Brouthers	1	3	0	2	.667

ST. LOUIS—BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	Games.	At Bat.	Runs.	B. H.	Ave.
Latham	12	55	7	20	.364
Gleason	11	46	3	11	.239
O'Neill	12	53	5	12	.226
Comiskey	12	51	8	15	.294
Foutz	12	50	3	11	.220
Welch	12	47	6	12	.255
Robinson	12	46	2	18	.391
Boyle	3	22	1	2	.091
Kilroy	3	10	0	1	.100
Caruthers	9	40	3	13	.325
Bushong	7	26	1	7	.269
Lyons	1	3	0	1	.250

DETROIT—FIELDING AVERAGES.

Name.	Games.	P. O.	A.	E.	Total ch'ces.	Per ct. acc'pt.
Richardson, l. f. & 2 b.	12	21	15	4	40	.900
Ganzel, 1st b. & c.	11	87	8	7	112	.938
Rowe, s. s.	12	23	29	3	65	.954
Thompson, r. f.	12	16	2	1	21	.923
White, 3d b. & 1st b.	12	31	38	6	74	.921
Dunlap, 2d b.	10	24	29	2	60	.967
Bennett, c. & 1st b.	11	61	11	4	76	.947
Hanlon, c. f.	12	28	1	1	30	.967
Conway, p.	4	1	13	0	14	1.000
Getzein, c.	5	23	2	2	27	.926
Baldwin, p.	3	1	11	2	14	.