YES, STRANGERS WELCOME,

PLENTY OF CHURCHES OPEN TO WHOEVER IS athirst.

St. Bartholomew's Advertises it if St. Thomas's Doesn't, and a Host of Others Put the Invitation Variously Before the People—Some Entertaining Letters.

"We don't advertise in the papers, 'Strangers welcome,' as some churches do. Free salvation! Umph! If we were Methodists we might have our ushers standing at the door and go out and grab people and say: 'How are you, brother?' 'Glad to see you, sister. Come in and have some salvation.' But we are not that kind."

So Sexton Benjamin W. Williams of St. Thomas's Church at Fifth avenue and Fifty-third street said in the interview with him published in THE SUN last Thursday. And since then he has reaffirmed his statement that his church did not advertise "Strangers welcome," and declared that the chief concern of himself and his ushers was to see that strangers were kept out of the way of the pewholders. Yesterday's papers bore out Mr. Williams's utterance, for there was not to be found any conspicuously printed invitation to the people to attend at Mr. Williams's church. There were, however, many advertisements of the services in various churches to-day, advertisements that closed with the bidding to all who were athirst to come.

There was the advertisement of St. Bartholomew's, the church that ranks with St. Thomas's in point of wealth and fashion, announcing the several regular services, and closing with the behest, "Strangers welcome at every service." There was the advertisement of the aristocratic Church of the Incarnation, where the late Arthur Brooks is rector, an advertisement that ended with the words, "Strangers are cordially invited," and there was the announcement of Dr. Howard Crosby's Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, with "Strangers invited" as the closing line. The Church of the Saviour, Methodist Episcopal, made conspicuous the sentence, "A cordial welcome extended to strangers." The conservative Quakers want your presence, too, as the notice of the Friends' Meeting House, 144 East Twenty-first street, telling of meetings at 11 A. M. and 7:45 o'clock Sunday morning, "All are cordially invited to attend." It is to this faith that Mr. Williams has belonged.

The Old John Street Church says simply "Welcome" the North Presbyterian Church at Ninth avenue and Thirty-first street puts it, "Strangers Welcome," the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church at Eighty-sixth street announces, "Strangers are cordially invited." In the same way the Charles Street United Presbyterian Church expresses its desire for your presence, while the Rev. Waldo Messenger of the First Free Baptist Church proclaims, "Everybody Welcome." The Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal, the Union Reformed, the Scotch Presbyterian, the Zion, the Canal Street Presbyterian, the Bedford Street Methodist, the Spring Street Presbyterian, the Knox Presbyterian, all close their advertisements with the words, "Strangers Welcome."

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church at Thirty-first street, where the Rev. C. D. W. Bridgman preaches at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., says emphatically: "A cordial welcome to strangers and those without any church home." The Central Presbyterian Church, the Central Congregational Church, St. James's Church, at Madison avenue and Seventy-first street, the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal, the Ivreen Church at Bedford and Downing streets, the Twenty-fourth Street Methodist, and many others ask you to come in these terms: "Strangers cordially invited." "Seats free. Everybody welcome." "Strangers always welcome."

Despite the utterances of Sexton Williams, and notwithstanding there is no advertisement published as such, the rector of St. Thomas's Church and all his wardens and vestrymen have extended a welcome to all true worshippers to come and worship with them. "We will seat as many strangers as we can," says Dr. Brown.

THE PUBLIC ON SEXTON WILLIAMS.

A Pretty Ditch to Land in After What Christ has Taught.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have always considered THE SUN a serious paper, bringing to the discussion of public questions a philosophical and erudite spirit; but occasionally there slips into your columns an article from the pen of one of your quick-witted reporters which is exceedingly droll. One of the most amusing pieces of newspaper literature that I have ever read appears in your issue of Thursday. Like almost everything else in this world, it has, of course, its serious side, but it is the humorous one which is most noticeable. It purports to be an interview with a high-toned sexton of a fashionable church relative to the admission of strait-laced Philistines within its gilded circle. If I did not know that you held your reporters strictly to the line of truth in such cases, I would certainly have been inclined to consider the whole article an effort of a lively imagination; and that this church of St. Thomas's of which I had never before heard, this Rev. John Wesley Brown, of whose existence I was ignorant, and this portly and gurgulous old sexton, whose name I have already forgotten, were all creatures of a nimble fancy. Well, such a strange world as this I suppose this so-called apostolic church does really exist, this fashionable preacher is a solemn and well-fed human entity, and that this pompous and fussy old sexton, who for nearly thirty years has served in Christ's vineyard as expounded from the pulpit of St. Thomas's Church, does even now move and have a being, and is perhaps at this very moment pingling the silver in his breeches pockets!

And so, after 1,800 years' preaching of the most spiritual of all religions and the most democratic of all creeds, we have landed in this ditch! Souls are not wanted in this Christian temple, but money and fashion and gimcracks are welcome. The weary toiler, fighting for life with a cruel world, must stand at the gate let of this fastidious official and his four ushers before she can kneel at the altar of her God! Even if she has succeeded in slipping past them unobserved, whenever she is discovered her devotions are interrupted, and she is ordered to be gone in the most brutal manner unless she can produce her "coupon for the seat." Can you conceive of a more complete travesty of the religion of Him who called to His side "the weary and heavy laden, that He might give them rest," and who proclaimed in the simplest possible language that "His Kingdom was not of this world?" The Protestant clergy are, I believe, at present exercised because a large number of people will not go to church. The simple reason is because the vital spirit of true Christianity has died out of it; they are seeking for bread, and they are offered a stone! They can hear much better music at the opera for less money, and they can find much higher literature in the monthly magazines, and even in some of the Sunday papers. I am afraid if the great founder of Christianity, the noblest and gentlest figure in all history, were suddenly to return to earth and, attracted by the sound of the church bell, should enter the portals of such a temple as St. Thomas's, the portly sexton and his ushers would immediately rush at him and drive him ignominiously from the door. His simple robe would not be of the proper fashion, and he would be unable to produce a coupon for a seat. But I fear that over his grave, sweet countenance would flit a shadow of profound melancholy, and that we should again hear the indignant rebuke, "My house should be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." T. G.

The Sexton and the Church at Large.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The article in THE SUN of Thursday, the 14th inst., entitled: "No Free Salvation Here," is an absolute blow in the face of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, and for this reason: That whatever may be the explanation put upon Sexton Williams's dicta, there is underlying the reason for his assumption an actual basis of fact. Wardens, vestrymen, and clergyman need to disavow what is unfortunately very generally believed to be a truth, brusquely asserted by a discourteous subordinate devoid of tact or discretion, that "strangers are not wanted" in a fashionable Episcopal church. It is a bald fact that very many of our churches, without regard to denomination, are the meeting places, purely and simply, of religious or poetic clubs; and this applies more nearly to the Episcopal than to any others.

It is to bad that it should be so, but it is undeniable that the Protestant Episcopal Church throughout our land is especially esteemed to be the exclusive possession of the wealthier portion of the community, as their means of obtaining future salvation.

It was, perhaps, Elder Knapp, the well-known Baptist revivalist of thirty years ago, who said that the Methodists first carried the gospel to the frontier in the endeavor to lead souls to Christ; the Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians following in succession in their footsteps, while last of all when wealth had been accumulated and the result of civilization was seen in a well-ordered community, the Episcopal Church stepped in to reap the advantage and to gather the wealthy, exclusive, and aristocratic into its arms.

Unfortunately that church has given too much reason for the accusation that it is mainly for the rich, and the attitude of the sexton of St. Thomas's is, after all, only in accord with the traditions of the denomination in New York. Those of us who have attained but our sixth lustrum cannot but remember Brown of Grace Church, and how, through that officious sexton, the name of Episcopalian was made a scoff and a by-word throughout the whole country. It is little to say that much was done to retard and discredit Episcopalian growth thereby.

Sexton Williams of St. Thomas's follows only in the footsteps of Sexton Brown. His words and acts, spread as they will be by the press, will go far to neutralize the efforts of dozens of better men, who, scattered over our vast domain, are endeavoring to teach that the Protestant Episcopal Church is for the whole people, rich and poor. The personal action of a sexton may seem to some a slight matter, but St. Thomas's has the strongest and wealthiest congregation of the greatest city in the United States, and the most positive disavowal of his position is not only necessary to set the congregation of St. Thomas's right before the members of the Episcopal denomination, it also to set the denomination right before the people of the United States. CHURCH.

The fan Correctly Portrayed in the Report in The Sun.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As a free-born American citizen with an inherent contempt for "flunkeys," I cannot refrain from commenting on an article conspicuously displayed on the first page of THE SUN to-day, Thursday, entitled "No Free Salvation Here," the result of an interview with one Williams, the self-styled "superintendent of buildings and collector" of St. Thomas's Church.

From its arrogant, bullying, snobbish style I am entirely convinced that your reporter has correctly portrayed the man and his manners, and to those who know anything of

"B. W. WILLIAMS,
Sexton and Undertaker,"

it is a marvellously faithful picture of the man. It is but a few years since he was digging graves at $1 per day and the wild winds whistled through the rents in his raiment. As he waited for a "job" on the streets chance gave him a place as understrapper for the then sexton of St. Thomas's Church, and there, armed with scrubbing brush and "duster," he at once developed, like many others in like circumstances, into the unmitigated and disgusting snob and flunkey that you now see him. He for some time past has ignored the title of "sexton and undertaker," and orders the wholesale undertaker's wagon to meet him round the corner, not permitting any semblance of his trade to offend the sensitive nature of his aristocratic family by even passing his door; he won't allow communications mailed him to be enclosed in envelopes bearing the imprint of the coffin manufacturer, in order to pretend to be in some other business he has a little one-horse real estate office in his house or near it, and his son runs another in Forty-second street, near Sixth avenue, and advertises in the "take" journal, "Money to loan on furniture in use" in sums of $50 and less. The customer, if satisfactory, promises to pay $50 in three monthly installments, inside of three months, and gets $35 in cash. This church, in common with most others, is run by a Board of Trustees," who bear to it the relationship that a Board of Directors do to a bank or railroad. They transact all the business, Few rents, &c., are paid by check to order of Treasurer and a receipt sent by him to drawer. So you see the responsibility of these self-important drum majors of churches is all. In this city it seems a sexton must combine the vanity and style of a drum major, the snobbishness of an English flunkey, the manners of an hostler, and the bullying air of a Bowery bouncer. The ushers are usually selected from young men members of the church, leaving the sexton the agreeable task of airing his importance in the vestibule. Yours respectfully,

A DECENT SINNER.

A Man Who Says a Pewholder Told Him to Get Out.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I wish to say a word in defence of Sexton Williams of St. Thomas's Church.

From my personal experience, I believe that the interview reported in THE SUN of the 14th inst. reflects the views and opinions of Mr. Williams's employers quite as much as his own. Some months ago a lady from Buffalo, whose father was a leading vestryman of St. Paul's Church in that city, over which the Rev. John Wesley Brown, D. D., had recently presided, was spending the Sabbath at my house in this city, and, desiring to hear her former pastor preach, she prevailed upon my sister and myself to accompany her to St. Thomas's. I went reluctantly, well knowing that all visitors are regarded there as intruders, and always feeling a dread of exposing myself or any of my family to insult. After much delay in the vestibule, we were shown by one of the ushers into a vacant pew in the gallery. I then thought we were safe from the "bouncers," and I felt relieved. A moment later a man, whom I can locate if necessary, and a woman appeared at the pew door. I moved up toward my friends, but the woman hesitated to enter. I then stepped out of the pew. The woman entered without a glance at me as she passed, and I stepped back into the pew. Thereupon the man, still standing, addressed me, saying: "What business have you here? Get out of here; this pew belongs to me," and with his foot he kicked my hat into the aisle. Feeling conscious that according to the creed of St. Thomas's I was indeed a trespasser, and fearing that the "bouncers" might be called to throw me out, I left the pew. A gentleman in an adjoining pew noticing my discomfiture kindly offered me a seat, which I declined with thanks, thinking the safest thing to do was to get out. I therefore picked up my hat and departed. The ladies who were with me were not thereafter disturbed.

This, why I think, when one of the bouncers of St. Thomas's told the lady from Detroit to get out, he simply did, as Sexton Williams says, what he is hired to do.

No more St. Thomas's for me. OLD ST. PAUL.

An Opinion From a Gentleman Who, With His Wife, Was Insulted by the Sexton.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In an interview published in an evening paper yesterday, Sexton Williams of St. Thomas's Church pretends that he is a gentleman and a religious man. Please state for me that he is neither, one nor the other, but, in my opinion, is a great arrogant, conceited hypocrite. I have visited the church, seen the man, and know what I am writing about. This same man grossly insulted myself and wife one Sunday at church, simply because we had taken seats in an unoccupied pew at the rear of the church and if it had occurred at any other time or place I should have promptly knocked down this religious man. As it was, I could hardly restrain myself. We were well dressed, and am sure my neighbors in this village will vouch for my respectability. JAMES T. HAINSON.

Highland avenue, Sing Sing.

Hopes He Will Get Employment Elsewhere.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I congratulate and thank you for making public the notorious practice of that ruffian Williams, of St. Thomas's Church.

By keeping such a crank to deal with ladies and gentlemen (and the authorities of the church must know how he acts) they tacitly endorse his opinions and actions.

I have seen him time and time again insult people. He might make a fair usher at a common theatre, but he certainly is not fit for a position where he has decent people to deal with. He has no conception of wit, civil, decent language is, and I am in hopes the people of that church will have their eyes opened by your articles to such a degree that they will find it to their interest to get him to find employment in a more fitting business. BY ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED HIS INSULTS.

Two Ways of Looking at It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My mother read what Sexton Williams of St. Thomas's said to your reporter. She does not think there could be a hereafter warm enough for such a sinner. But if my mother finds any strangers in her pew in church next Sunday she is as cross as a bear all that day. H. N.

She Once Whipped Ben Harrison.

From the Philadelphia Times.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 12.—Earlhie morning a neatly dressed woman asked at the residence of a well-known lady of this city for work, and when told that her services were not required she appeared so much dissatisfied that the lady's sympathies were excited and she invited her in and insisted that she take something to eat before leaving. The lady then asked about her needs and were she was from, and elicited the following story:

She said her maiden name was Belle Williams, and that her early recollections were intimately connected with the resident elect. When about 9 years of age she was employed as nurse by Mrs. Col. Taylor, Harrison's aunt, and much of her time was spent the old Harrison homestead at North Bend. Harrison was then a lad, and as he attended three or four weeks at a time with his grandmother, he and the nurse girl were playmates.

"I remember Ben well," she said, "and he was the greatest tease that I ever saw. He was not afraid of anything, while, was very cowardly, and he was always trying to frighten me, especially at night. I remember one dark night that I was carrying some wood to Mrs. Taylor's room and had to pass through a long, narrow hall, and it was as dark as ink. Just as I got to the head of the stairs Ben jumped out of a closet, and I fell back down the stairway and scattered the wood in every direction. Ben's grandmother heard the fall and came running out to see what was the matter, and when she found what Ben had done she gave him a sound thrashing.

"It wasn't long before he tried it again, and that time I took a switch and whipped him myself, but he said he didn't care so I couldn't say anything to his grandmamma about it. Oh, he was the worst tease I ever saw, but I could not help liking him for all that."

HOW CAN MEN GET RICH?

WILL GAMBLING, LIQUELLING, OR SPECULATION HELPEM?

The Answers of Famous Yorkers who Have Made Money, ding Russell Sage, Abram S. Hewit Henry Clews.

"One has got to do a hing business nowadays to make a cent," he gray-haired representative of one of oldest banking houses in the town the other noon. Then he dwelt on the all-penetrating competition in financial, commercial, and ufacturing circles at the present time. ext referred incidentally to the old days the expenses of doing business were not ker to the capital now required to keep pushing, and when the heads of great ss did not have to slave like day laborers tain their prestige. This was said in the of Wall street. There are few youts this country who do not look upon street as a place for golden harvests true that some of the initiated in New, and perhaps a certain contingent of thing men in other cities, have had a taste of disappointments. But for all that the street and the people connected with it, the gbanking houses, the banks, and the well-n names are instinctively associated wiches easily acquired. One frequently remarks about the easy times of greatniers, and the comfortable lives of Jay d, Russell Sage, J. Pierpont Morgan, Sidillon, S. V. White, Henry Clews, and all the well-known men in Wall street. It is tishion for certain Knights of Labor to talist the golden flow that is constantly pour to the coffers of these Wall street men. ch is said and a great deal is believed ring the "picnics" that these men have.

All the great Wall street men smile at such things. The hours the in at their offices, the worriments, the eds of sources of trouble and exasperat their daily lives are doubtless beyond comprehension of the critics. Two or th the big Wall street men are on record ring intimated that they work more in a than any Knight of Labor in the country in a week. There are many who agree them. This is evidence of the compe referred to by the gray-haired banker.

The question aris ow shall an honest young man just st in life become rich? THE SUN, in order the views of some of New York's well-k men as to how an honest young man climb the golden ladder, presents a fe resting interviews on the subject. ssage is a man who with materialize $30,000,000, one hour's notice hat does not represent every cent his own, but does not represent his wealth in real Mr. Sage was philosophic in discuss the prospects of wealth for young men ew York. "I have frequently had the estion put to me," he said, and I always recalls the favorite remarks of ar ple when alluding to a rich man ar point to him and say, 'If I only ha opportunities for five years,' and th dwell on how much they years,' and th ive years. I tell you, you would reap in a hundred years or a could give son all the opportunities in the thousand years ould never be rich. There is world, and the to wealth-getting brains. one prime nec must be having. He must Then a young tient, respectful, and cautious industri should not speculate. The tions. Above ct for speculation ruins nine early devel en. He should have a legitimate busin ticed to it. I have frequently ask New York and go to the Frontier. ays say no. Why? Because, I want to make money, cause, he is money. The frontier is not stay where ere the opportunities that saw apt to give I mean by this that the sources York fam necessary to get wealth are not fathom ys be close to people with industry and increase your information dealing with them, and you will profit by to keep ne. Oh, yes; I notice that a good the exp that a liquor store is the only place many t. I often hear the remark down to get ha I'll start a liquor store." I say here, gave even a more philosophical Mr. views regarding the possibilities tirge ting by selling liquor. He thought in mo lle itself warped the owners of the that ves so that they were incapable of liquor higher opportunities for wealth. gras believed to be simply stupid. He proprietors to vaster enterprises. He late elieved it warped the intellect so far sai ting of great wealth was concerned, as I ever known a very rich liquor seller. Men moderately prosperous in no came within the ambitions of most men who desire to be rich. He was parto mention that his advice was for the young men who wish to become millionaires, and he said that there were just as opportunities for quick fortunes in New York as there ever were.

Henry Clews was asked how an honest man can become rich? By saving, by speculation in a small way, by growing with the country, he thinks Mr. Clews said: "Well, I have to say that life is not a lottery of speculation, but wholly a matter of fact. The best way, then, for one who starts to get rich is by starting life in an occupation for which he has an aptness, and he will generally find that the special position is a result of his education. When he has fully acquired a knowledge of the business in all its details he should take higher place, if he has not succeeded in making himself useful to his employers as to induce them to give him an interest in business, then, rather than set up for himself here, he should try another place. If attempts to go it alone he is placed at great disadvantage with those whom he will have to face in other cities, where there are other very large men with immense capital and perfected machinery, together with all the facilities that money can obtain. I cannot do better than to repeat to young men the advice of Mr. Horace Greeley, who by the way, I believe, should have had a good business training in New York before hand, start life on their own account with the best of prospects and develop and grow up in proportion to the town where they locate. If I had to start life again I would as soon try to fly as to meet the present herculean competition in every line of business in New York.

What advice do rich men give to poor young men in whom they are interested?" repeated Mr. Clews, "and do I think it would be a good scheme for a young man to start a liquor store?" Of all the different vocations that are open to young men to embark in, I know of none that I should advise people against would be the liquor sellers', as it is a demoralizing occupation, especially for a young man, and is apt to bring him in contact with convivial companions, and, from one step to another, is not unlikely to cause him to become his own best customer, in which event his doom is sealed."

"Why does not gambling or any immoral way of living pay if shrewdly carried out?" queried the author-banker.

"Because gambling is not only immoral, but it is a precarious business. Its ups and downs make such an occupation a mere chance. A man is rich one day and poor another, and the time covered in the latter usually predominates, so that the victim sooner or later is brought to a point where he pukes up his initial that luck is against him. Then desperation destroys him. Life, at the most, is too short to throw it away in any such fashion. In this great and prosperous country there is no need for any one to starve, or even to wish himself out of it. There is plenty of milk and honey to go round for those that seek it in the right way, and it is easy of attainment, too. All that young men need is to take care, first of all, of their health and morals; cultivate habits of industry, energy, perseverance, and industry, and, my word for it, they will meet with success. The young men of the land will do best for themselves to speculate less and calculate more. To speculate upon honor or expectation is a sin, and a sin that meets with punishment here, and with despair so far as the hereafter is concerned. In other words, I have to say to the young men of the country, work, but do not gamble. I know now, and have known, a great many men who had thousands and millions at their command. In every instance they were workers, not gamblers. They made by their work a place for themselves, and others had to come into the places they made as followers. The Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Garretts, the Astors have been workers, not drones. If some have failed, it is because these rules of action have not been vigorously followed. The circumstances are not always to blame. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings, said Cassius. I coincide with Cassius."

Mr. Eugene Kelly, the banker, said that all that was necessary for a young man to have was perfect habits, good moral principles, superior intellect, self-denial, good health, and strict economy. He must also forsake all ideas of speculation. "The young men of to-day," said Mr. Kelly, "should copy after good moral men, and follow their line of integrity and unremitting attention to business. They must be honorable in all their dealings. They must be honest even in thought."

"All the advice in the world," said the Hon. Abram Stevens Hewitt, "won't make a young man rich. If you want to know that I tell my children, I will say that I counsel them to tell the truth and work. The advice I give to my children I believe covers the situation.

The Hon. Thomas L. James stoved firmly that a young man should leave ercised city and go to the frontier. He believed that this broadened a young man an expanded his ideas of life. His incipient knowledge of the city and business of the metropolis was often of vast use to him. Besides, it man who has the grit to get out of a big city has generally the staying qualities to make a success in a new field of life. "Under n circumstances would I advise a young man to speculate," said Mr. James, "no matter in how small a way. It is a well-known fact that the big fish in speculative life invariably eat up the little fish. There are instances of luck, but luck without money and financial acumen to back it soon deserts a man." Mr. James did not think it was necessary in the pursuit of wealth for any young man to be mean, but he should live within his means, and always save a little, no matter if it was only a dollar a week. He spoke of the liquor traffic as a means for getting money, as a dead sea apple. He added that it was money that does not stick. It came compartively easy, and money got that way found easy channels of disbursement. It is the money that one has to work for, Mr. James contended, that is valuable money. As for gaining money by gambling or horse racing or any other illegitimate means, Mr. James had the same criticism. It was easy come and easy go.

Others spoken to on the subject of how a young man, honest from his hat to his heels, can become rich in New York agreed upon the need of rock-bound patience, discernment, modest habits, a close tongue, and an all-pervading and never-ending persistency. Even then, it was said, the young man might fail, but it was certain that he would never ask help from friends or be seen sneaking through the parks begging a few cents for a night's lodging. He may have to live in a single room all his life and be modest in every other respect, but he would at least have the respect of all who knew him, and that was to be considered a fortune in itself. It would not buy many diamonds or opera tickets, and would not pay for many trips to Europe, but it had its appreciators as well as the millions of others.

THE PINAFORE'S CAPTAIN DROWNED.

Malone Scuffled with Coffey and Both Fell Overboard—Coffey Fished Out.

Owen Malone, short and stout, and William Coffey, slim and wiry, were born in Sullivan county about twenty-seven years ago. They went to school together and tumbled up to manhood after the manner of hardy country boys. Six years ago they came to New York in search of employment and together endured every hardship waiting for the something that never turned up. They drifted over to Paterson, and, after doing all sorts of work there, settled down as boatmen. Prosperity seemed to be moving their way about six weeks ago when Malone was put in charge of a little lighter known as the "Pinafore," that was towed at irregular intervals between this city and New Jersey with freight to and from the West Shore Railroad. The lighter was owned by Ross Carpenter Smith of the railroad company, and Malone invited Coffey to live with him as boatman until he could become a Captain, too.

The Pinafore made its last journey to this city under Capt. Malone on Wednesday. It tied up at the foot of West Thirty-first street to wait for a load. On Friday afternoon Capt. Malone and his chum, Coffey, visited a friend, Robert Welch, who lives in Fifty-fourth street, near Tenth avenue. They started to return to the lighter about 8½ o'clock. They stopped in a saloon in Thirtieth street, near Eleventh avenue, for a drink, and remained there until nearly midnight. About 3 o'clock yesterday morning August Weisman, the night watchman on the Thirty-first street pier, heard the two men quarrelling on the deck of the Pinafore. Half an hour later he heard a cry for help, and, running to the end of the pier, saw a man struggling in the water. He pulled the man on shore by means of a rope and recognized him as Coffey. Malone could not be found on the lighter or in the water, and Coffey was locked up in the West Thirty-seventh street station on suspicion of having caused Malone's death. Coffey was still under the influence of liquor. He said that he and Malone had had a few angry words, which were succeeded by a scuffle, in the course of which both fell overboard. Coffey was remanded in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday to give the police a chance to investigate. Yesterday afternoon they were pretty well convinced that Coffey's story of Malone's death was true. Malone's body has not been recovered.

Coffey was pretty well sobered up when he was questioned by a SUN reporter.

"I don't remember anything," he said, "that happened after we left the Thirtieth street saloon and started for the lighter, until we were both struggling in the water. I know we tried to hold each other up, and I heard Owen say to me, 'Billy, save yourself; I can stand it no longer.' Just then I saw the rope that had been thrown towards us, and I yelled to him to hear us, that help was coming. He sank, and that is all I know about it. We were first-rate friends, and nobody can feel as sorry as I do."

A CATTLE STAMPEDE.

Two Young Men Trampled to Death on a Western Ranch.

RAWLINS, Wy. T., Feb. 16.—Independence Rock, the most noted landmark on the overland route to California, was the scene of a remarkable fatality three days ago. Daniel Stockwell came to the Territory from Ohio in August last and purchased a small ranch on Buffalo Creek, near the Rock. For four weeks Stockwell has had as guests Albert and George Avery, who live near Youngstown, Ohio. On last Thursday, while out hunting, on nearing Independence Rock they noticed some cattle forming a large circle, of which they were the centre.

Stockwell, fearing a stampede, counselled flight to Independence Rock, and told the young men to drop their guns and run for their lives. Stockwell rapidly got ahead of them, and on reaching the rock was horrified on looking back to see that the young men in their desperation had made a stand against the maddened cattle and discharged their firearms in the face of the foremost. The beasts in the lead attempted to change their course, but those behind forced them over the precipitous cliff, and the entire herd of at least 500 head trampled over the bodies of the Averys. The remains were wholly unrecognizable.

The List of Referees.

These referees were appointed in cases in the State courts in this city last week:

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge O'Brien.

Cases.	Referees.
Vinton agt. Vinton	F. V. S. Oliver.
Lamb agt. Lamb	Charles D. Metz.
Webber agt. Merritt	Hugh L. Cole.
Hughson agt. Merritt	Hugh L. Cole.
Brown agt. Hess	F. P. Forster.
Peterson agt. Springer	Charles A. Decker.
Hinman agt. Hinman	M. J. McKenna.
Stokes agt. Merritt (two cases)	Ernest Hall.
Lawson agt. Merritt	Rollin M. Morgan.
Washington Life Insurance Co. agt. Fettretch	David Keane.
Matter of Lynch	J. F. McIntyre.
Carlson agt. Carlson	S. C. O'Brien.
Short agt. Short	Sol. Hahn.
Morton agt. Morton	Moses Herman.
Cohen agt. Cohen	Daniel Wardall.
How agt. Union White Lead Co.	Robert W. Todd.
Wallach agt. Tonner	R. Duncan Harris.
Lockwood agt. Tonner	R. Duncan Harris.
Dunham agt. Dunham	Michael Norton.
Ruder agt. Waterloo Wagon Co.	Wm. H. Townley.
Knopp agt. Jackson	Wm. V. Leary.
Burkhalter agt. Cowles	James J. Neals.
Jackson agt. Coar	R. M. Nathan.
Stuyvesant agt. White	Chas. P. MacLean.
Potter agt. Potter	Alexander S. Bliss.
Nichols agt. Hull	L. G. Reed.
Haberman agt. Hughes	C. De G. Townsend.
Ely agt. Ingersoll	J. J. Sullivan.
Broadway Savings Inst. agt. Sullivan	S. L. H. Ward.
Sanborn agt. Sanborn	Max Marx.

Commissioners.

Matter of Mayor	Cyrus Edson, Edward Sheehy, J. J. Sullivan.

By Judge Barrett.

Cockefair agt. Cockefair	J. A. Davenport.
Brown agt. Dawson	Wm. H. Mills.

By Judge Brady.

Cohen agt. Lane	Royal S. Crane.
Roff agt. Roff	Leicester Holme.

By Judge Lawrence.

Prince Mfg. Co. agt. Prince M. Paint Co.	Wm. Lindsay.

By Judge Patterson.

Matter of Fearing	Hamilton Odell.

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge Freedman.

Blandy agt. Parker	H. C. Van Vorst.
Colender agt. DeForest	Alfred Erbs.

COMMON PLEAS.

By Chief Judge Larremore.

Schuyler agt. Thornton	C. A. Runk.
Matter of Martine	Chas. Matlewson.
Matter of Prichard	M. W. Platzek.

By Judge Daly.

Macy agt. Marshall	Wilbur Larremore.

By Judge Van Hoesen.

Carl agt. Carl	J. P. Solomon.

By Judge Allen.

Hinman agt. Hinman	W. Larremore.

The Georgetown College Centennial.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Georgetown College, at Georgetown, D. C., the first Catholic institution of learning established in the United States, will begin next Wednesday and last three days. Distinguished Catholics, lay and clerical, from all over the country will attend, and many public men, including President Cleveland and his cabinet, and United States Senators and Representatives, have promised to be present. Each day there will be Pontifical Mass, with an address by a Bishop or distinguished ecclesiastic. The alumni have had a medal struck off at the Philadelphia Mint, which they will wear during the celebration. The college authorities have had four large medals struck in gold, to be known as the faculty medals. One will be presented to the Pope, another to the cardinal of the diocese, a third to Cardinal Gibbons, and the fourth will be kept at the college as a perpetual memorial.

Among the priests who will attend from New York, besides the Jesuits, are Msgr. Preston and the Rev. Edward F. Slattery, President of the Fordham Alumni Association.

A project of founding Georgetown was proposed by Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore, the first Catholic Bishop in the United states, and himself a descendant. In November, 1786, it was opened in 1791. The Jesuits, being called in to teach philosophy, gradually assumed entire charge. In 1833 Gen. Jackson signed a grant for $25,000 worth of land, the only endowment Georgetown ever received. Georgetown now possesses the finest building the Jesuits have in this country.

MEN WHO ARE SPECIALISTS.

MOST CONGRESSMEN ARE VERSED IN ONLY ONE SUBJECT.

Committee Work Directs Their Study Along Particular Lines—Still There Are a Few Versatile Men—Crisp, Scott, Butterworth, and Grosvenor Among Them.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Few are the versatile men in the House. Nearly every member appears to be devoted to special work. Much of this is undoubtedly owing to membership in committees, where special subjects are under consideration. Versatility is choked by such studies. Major McKinley is a member of the Committee on Ways and Means; he never talks except upon matters affecting the tariff or the financial policy of the Government. William Walter Phelps is a shining light in the Committee on Foreign Affairs; he rarely speaks except when diplomatic relations are under discussion. John J. O'Neill is Chairman of the Committee on Labor; touch the nerve of labor and he will spring to the floor like a jumping jack. Gov. Dingley of Maine fills a niche in the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries; no man better understands the interests of American shipping. A squabble over army matters will pull Dick Townshend from his shell, and a sneer at the navy sends Mr. Herbert of Alabama to the front. Each has made a study of his specialty, and each is thoroughly conversant with the subject. Let the breeze of discussion set his way and in ten minutes each man's desk will be littered with books and public documents bearing on the point at issue. The most successful men usually familiarize themselves with solitary branches of legislation. Not one in fifty is versatile. Dick Townshend would as soon touch hot pitch as tackle Gov. Dingley upon maritime matters, and Phelps would rather discuss fore-ordination and predestination with a brass-mounted Calvinist than to slam against Herbert in a debate on naval affairs. The versatile man is a diamond of the first water. Of course there are scores who are ready to talk upon any subject, but not one in twenty gives vent to a new idea or crystallizes an argument. They seem to be impelled by a desire to fill the columns of the *Record*, and not by a desire to throw any new light upon the subject.

The truly versatile man is a born leader. Such is the Hon. Charles Frederick Crisp of Americus, Ga. He inherits his versatility. His father and his mother were versatile theatrical performers nearly forty years ago. Mr. Crisp frequently participates in discussion. He has a good voice, and indulges in compact lines of argument. His ideas are clear, and fly from under the hammer of debate like sparks from an anvil. He sifts every subject thoroughly, and there is no chaff in his intellectual bread. His mind blazes a path for his tongue, and his tongue never wanders from it. He readily talks upon every subject, and always elucidates points not touched by others. Indeed, he is an Admirable Crichton in legislation. Nature evidently intended him for a Democratic leader, and no man can better fill that rôle in the House. He has nerve, pluck, intuition, and ability. His boldness is checked by the proper quantity of cautiousness. He will never be drawn into an ambuscade nor tempted to assault an impregnable position. Mr. Crisp was born in Sheffield, England, forty-four years ago. He has an admirable physique, tempered with excellent health; his complexion, and his complexion remarkably clear. He wears a slight moustache, which does not conceal his white teeth. His forehead extends to the nape of his neck, and his head is as white and as polished as the ivory ball in billiards. Crisp came to this country in the year of his birth. He received a common school education in Savannah and in Macon. He went through the war as a Lieutenant in a Virginia regiment. Captured in one of the battles of the Wilderness, he spent a year in Fort Delaware as a prisoner of war. After Lee's surrender, he read law in Americus, and began practice at the bar in Ellaville, Ga. Six years afterward he was appointed Solicitor-General of the Southwestern Judicial Circuit. He held this office five years, and then became Judge of the Superior Court. He resigned that office to enter Congress. Six years has he served in the House, and he will undoubtedly remain there until he elects to be higher office. He is now Chairman of the Committee on Elections. This place he holds not by the appointment of the Speaker, but at the earnest solicitation of his party. He was chosen by a committee appointed in caucus. He has performed arduous labor in this committee, and has fought hard on behalf of the Democracy in all trying election contests.

Another versatile statesman is the Hon. William L. Scott of Erie, Pa. He is a good listener, and he rarely becomes interested in debate. Eminently practical in business, he is never theoretical in discussion. His mind is active, and his thoughts materialize apparently without effort. Scott can talk well upon almost any question. He is a man of good, but not liberal education, yet he more than holds his own with college-bred debaters. He stands intellectually head and shoulders above men whose parents were far more wealthy than his. He has the mental vigor of Voltaire and the aptness of Dickens. His arguments are slow, but their desperation had made a stand against the maddened cattle and discharged their firearms in the face of the foremost. The beasts in the lead attempted to change their course, but those behind forced them over the precipitous cliff, and the entire herd of at least 500 head trampled over the bodies of the Averys. The remains were wholly unrecognizable.

Gen. Grosvenor was born in Pomfret, Conn., over 55 years ago. Although not as old as William L. Scott, his face and head are whiter than sun-bleached linen. His father, Major Peter Grosvenor, served in the war of 1812, and his grandfather, Col. Thomas Grosvenor commanded the Second Connecticut Provincials. Old Pat's brigade in the Revolutionary War. It is said that his great-grandfather was killed in the old French war. Grosvenor himself won the star of a Brigadier under old Pap Thomas in the battle of Nashville. He has won higher honors, however, in his recent encounter with Tyre Alarcon Forsker. He was Speaker of the lower branch of the Ohio Legislature before his entry into Congress. He has spent four years in the House, and is a valuable as well as a versatile member.

A fourth man of versatility is Hon. Ben Butterworth of Ohio. He is modelled like an Apollo, and he talks as easily as one of Edison's graphophones. His speeches are always brilliant and interesting. They glitter like trees on an icy morn, or like a spring of wind-kissed dew in a community gay and jocund in its charming manner. His eyes are blue and his hair and whiskers iron gray. At repartee he is as bright as any man in the House. No one can be more out in the cold on a speaker and more adroit in answering such questions. He will on any question, but rarely talks unless thoroughly understanding his subject. On all important questions he usually has something to say. Butterworth is a native Buckeye, nearly 50 years old. He has been a State Senator, and has served eight years in Congress.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

Troubles of Travellers who Lacked Money or Didn't Have the Right Kind.

Explorers every now