IN JAIL IN HIS OWN CITY.

MAYOR GLEASON ATTENDS TO BUSINESS IN HIS CELL.

It is Not a Narrow Cell, and He Manages to Make a Mayor's Office Out of It—School Children Call and Present Him With Flowers—The Warden Carries the Cards of Visitors Up Stairs to Learn the Prisoner's Pleasure.

Near the outskirts of Long Island City, looming above the meadows, stands the county jail, and within its walls at the top of the building the Chief Magistrate of the community is a prisoner. Yesterday was the fourth day of Mayor Patrick J. Gleason's confinement, and to-day he will be a free man once more.

All that the law would permit a prisoner to have has been at his disposal from the day he entered the jail. His cell is the best in the building, and many a poor traveller might have put up at a worse room in a hotel. The double iron door and the iron bars which stretch coldly across the window, as well as a painful plainness of the furniture, however, deprive the apartment of desirability as a permanent abode. The cell is on the fourth tier, right below the roof. The keepers call it the "59-day" room from the fact that prisoners who have spent a day in the station house and the court room, and are sentenced to 60 days' imprisonment, are often confined here. It is 12 feet wide and 25 feet long, and it is nearly 14 feet from the floor to the ceiling. The walls are whitewashed and are as clean as snow.

The floor is of cement and makes the cell look hard and cold. A steam pipe runs along the walls about five feet from the floor. In one corner of the room is an iron sink with running water. An iron cot, a long wooden settee, and a couple of hard wooden chairs make up the regular furniture of the room. Through a big window, the sill of which is nearly nine feet from the floor, the cell is flooded with light, a luxury which not every room in a hotel possesses. If a person should climb up on the steam pipe and balance himself against the wall, he could look out into the meadows. In the distance he could see the laborers working on the new electric railway which is going to run to Calvary and Lutheran cemeteries, and which belongs to Patrick J. Gleason.

The Mayor did not go to bed until 1 o'clock yesterday morning. After eating a hearty supper, he invited Warden Chris White to take a chair and help him kill time. The Mayor can tell a very good story, and Chris is a splendid listener, and they got along wonderfully. One of the things the Mayor said in the course of the evening was this:

"I've been in this county now since '62. I have thumped and punched and been thumped and punched, but this is the first time that it has ever been brought before the bar. I never prosecuted any one for punching me. I have done that man Crowly many a good turn."

He told the Warden anecdotes of his impulsive career in Long Island politics, and they kept the gas burning until there came a single solemn stroke from a distant church spire, and then the Warden left his prisoner to his thoughts.

It is said that on the first night of his imprisonment a keeper going the rounds of the cells quietly slipped the panel covering a small aperture in the door and looked in. He saw the Mayor kneeling beside his bed in prayer. He awoke late yesterday morning, thoroughly refreshed after a good night's rest, and dressed himself with much care. He always dresses neatly. About half past 7 o'clock a boy brought him a tempting breakfast. During his imprisonment the Mayor's meals have been cooked at the house of Stephen O'Hara, the clerk of the Excise Board, who lives close by the jail. After breakfast, for which he had a hearty appetite, the Mayor announced that he was ready for business. It may strike some people as being very funny to think of a prisoner in a jail being ready for business, but ever since he set foot in the cell Mayor Gleason has done much more work than many city officials out of jail usually do. In the middle of his cell is a desk which has been put there for his use. The desk is covered with papers and letters and documents of all kinds. He sat down here in his shirt sleeves, taking up a pen and clipped it in the inkstand, and then said to the Warden, who had come into the room:

"Let them come up."

Presently a half dozen clerks engaged in the various municipal departments entered the cell. Each inquired how he had spent the night and shook hands with him, and then they told him of the occurrences of the previous day. He asked them various questions about affairs in their respective departments, made several suggestions, and then told them to call again to-day. Hardly had they left the cell when another batch of clerks entered, and the same thing was gone through again. Thus it continued for nearly an hour, in which time fully thirty-five clerks employed in the Excise, Health, and other departments reported to him for instructions or advice on various points. When they had all gone the Mayor picked up the numerous papers which had been brought into the cell and read them carefully. As he finished a paper he threw it behind his back on the floor, and by the time he had read them all through, as well as glanced through several magazines which had been brought to him, the cell looked something like a newspaper office.

Then his daily visitors began to arrive. Every visitor has to pass through the reception room on the ground floor. The Warden knew pretty well whom the Mayor wanted to see and whom he did not want to see. As the visitors came in he nodded to them with a cheery, "How are you? Walk right up stairs. He wants to see you." Their pockets were not searched, and no keeper with jingling keys preceded them as they walked up to the cell. All the doors were open and they could see the Mayor just as if he were in his own house. When a visitor was ushered into the cell the Warden took their cards up stairs just as a butler in a private house would do, and came down with the information whether the Mayor would see the caller or not. The only difference was that the "not at home" dodge could not be resorted to. In the course of the morning the city officials called and had a chat with the Mayor. Among them were Aldermen Horgan and Smith, Fire Commissioner Casey, Assessor Davis, Judge Cullen, Sheriff Carroll, Inspector Taylor. One of the callers was Jesse Johnson, Assistant United States District Attorney. Mr. Johnson remained with the Mayor for several hours. Mr. Gleason wrote a great many letters before noon. At 1 o'clock dinner was brought to him, and for several hours afterward there was a steady stream of callers. He had a box of fine cigars on his desk.

A little after 3 o'clock the bell at the prison door rang, and the Warden went out for perhaps the fiftieth time to see who it was. He heard a loud chatter of childish voices, and when he opened the big door he beheld a sight which fairly took his breath away. Before him were nearly fifty school children, boys and girls, ranging from 6 to 13 years, just come out of school, and carrying two big floral designs which they wanted to give to the Mayor. The children were accompanied by the janitor of the school, who carried a bouquet in his hand. A little fellow in knickerbockers, with a bundle of books under his arm, stepped forward and said to the astonished Warden:

"We're from the First ward school. Where's the Mayor?"

As we said before, the Warden knew the kind of persons the Mayor wanted to see, and so he said at once:

"Come in, children. I'll take you to him."

Then all the young ones flocked into the hall. They entered the Mayor's room unannounced. On hearing footsteps Mr. Gleason looked up from a letter he was writing, and almost fell from his chair in astonishment. As many as could do so entered the room. As it dawned on him what they were there for the Mayor was almost overcome by emotion. They scrambled over one another to shake his hand, talking all at once:

"Hello, Mr. Gleason. Hello, Mayor. Don't you know me? Look what we've brought you."

Then two happy children stepped forward and presented him with the floral offerings. One piece was a horseshoe of roses and violets, with the words, "To Our Friend," in pinks around the edge. The other was a pillow of white flowers, bearing the single word, "Gratitude." The flower bearers made no presentation speech. Then the prisoner stooped over, and, taking the two children, one in each arm, kissed them. One of them, a little girl with curls, put her arm confidingly around his head and looked down on her schoolmates and teacher. There was a chance on the part of the other little girls, who wanted to be kissed, too so the Mayor put his burden carefully on the floor and then kissed all who were within reach. Then he said:

"I'm sure that was very, very kind of you, and I will never forget it—never in my life."

Finally the children left, making a big noise as they ran down the stairs. Once yesterday the Mayor closed up a pair of field glasses which he had had with him from the first day, and climbing up on the steam pipe, looked through them over the meadows. He could see the men at work on his new electric railway. While he was there some one quietly opened the cell, one carrying a big basket of flowers, seeing the Mayor perched on the pipe, he spoke to the spokesman, who knew him, and said laughingly:

"What are your men at work?"

"Oh, they're all working in the same spirit, I guess, as you are, sir."

"Yes, I guess so, too, if they work."

"They don't seem to do all they work," the first speaker said, "for they have to work twice as hard when you get out."

Then they all laughed, and the Mayor got down and looked at the flowers. The speaker continued:

"I represent the Long Island City Carmen's Protective Association, Mayor, and we want to show our gratitude to you in your trouble."

He held out a basket full of roses and violets. On a card tied to the handle was written: "Our Mayor fears neither trust nor corporation, and has more friends to-day than ever."

The Mayor thanked them warmly and they withdrew. Several years ago these men were on strike against a corporation, and Mayor Gleason, who had been asked to act as arbitrator, decided in their favor.

After this a lot of more callers came, and a large number of bouquets and baskets of flowers were received. One was from New York, and on the accompanying card was written: "To his Honor, Mayor Gleason, from a host of friends." At 7 o'clock he ate supper, and the rest of the evening he spent in reading.

He will be released to-day on payment of the fine of $250 which was imposed upon him for assaulting Reporter Crowley, but the hour when he will leave the jail is not known. The power to release him lies with the Sheriff, and this individual refused to say just when the Mayor's term would expire. The fifth and last day of his sentence for the assault will expire about 4 o'clock, but he may be released before that on the ground that a fraction of a day counts as a day.

THE HERALD'S UP-TOWN SITE.

A 60-Years' Lease of the Old Armory Property, Broadway and Sixth Avenue.

If the plans already decided upon are carried out the *Herald* will be established uptown just a year from this date on the block bounded by Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, Sixth avenue and Broadway. Mr. James Gordon Bennett has leased the property for 60 years from the Manice estate. Mr. Richard V. Harnett negotiated the lease on behalf of the estate. The terms are private.

Mr. G. G. Howland, Mr. Bennett's manager, called upon Mr. Harnett last March, and told him that Mr. Bennett was anxious to find an up-town site for the *Herald*, somewhere on the line of upper Broadway. Mr. Harnett suggested the old Armory building. Mr. Howland cabled to Mr. Bennett Mr. Harnett's proposition. It was not until last July that the matter was finally settled and the lease signed to go into effect on August 1 last. Mr. Bennett does not go into actual possession until the first of next May, when the lease of the stores on the ground floor of the building expire.

As soon as the lease had been signed McKim, Mead & White, architects, were instructed to draw up plans for a building. These were sent to Paris for Mr. Bennett's approval, and have been accepted by him as originally prepared, with the exception of a few minor details. When the present building was erected by the Manice estate, eighteen years ago, two stories in height, it was with the idea of ultimately carrying it up higher for a hotel. The walls were accordingly built strongly with this in view, and the plans of the architects of the new *Herald* building contemplate the erection of additional stories upon the present structure. The building is of brick, and the two stories to be added will be of the same material. The presses are to be on the ground floor, in plain sight of the street, instead of in the basement. The building is to be devoted almost entirely to the uses of the *Herald*, and Mr. Harnett understands that the old building at Broadway and Ann street will still be utilized as the down-town bureau of the paper.

HERE'S THE CHAMPION SOCIALIST.

Delegate Wilshire of California Will Astonish the London Congress.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 24.—California has the champion Socialist. He is H. Gay Wilshire of Los Angeles, recently elected a delegate to the Socialist Congress in London. Wilshire is now in San Francisco enjoying himself preparatory to starting for Europe. He is not over 25 and is a howling swell. He inherited a fortune from his father and his income is about $10,000 a year. He wears the tallest of collars, gaudy pink shirts, loud neckties, and patent leather shoes. When he was elected delegate to the London Congress several women Socialists of Los Angeles waited on him and begged him to tone down his dress and discard pink shirts. They feared these garments might operate to "side-track" the cause. Wilshire regarded these appeals as a joke, and made no change in his attire. His idea of simple living is to rent a large hotel suite and have a valet to dress him. He hires a bright messenger boy to read him the morning papers while he lies in bed and smokes cigarettes.

Wilshire will probably become a Benedict in a few days. Mrs. Owens, an English woman, became Wilshire's friend before he left Los Angeles. A few days ago she appeared here and secured a divorce from her husband. The same evening she attended a reception with Wilshire, whom she calls Gay. It is said that she will accompany him to London.

Wilshire has real ability and thoroughly believes in theoretical socialism, although he doesn't imitate Tolstoi in practising what he preaches.

A PRECEDENT FROM CALVARY.

Cowie's Case Against Gibbs Rested on the McGuire Burial Case.

Judge Ingraham heard argument yesterday upon James A. Cowie's application for a mandamus to compel County Clerk Scully to certify him as the regular Republican nominee for Assembly from the Thirteenth District, instead of Frederick S. Gibbs. The arguments were the same as those presented to the County Clerk. Decision was reserved.

On the absence of any more definite authority for fixing the standing of his client, Cowie, Henry L. Sprague referred to the McGuire burial case. It was there decided that no one need belong to the Catholic Church unless he chose, but that once having joined it he must submit to its rulings or get out, and that the Church was its own authority. An organization, such as that in the Thirteenth district, he argued, must, lacking any higher authority, stand upon the same law. If that proposition was allowed then Gibbs, who had been cast out by his organization, must submit, having no higher tribunal to appeal to.

The argument on the other side was that Gibbs's certificate of nomination was regular, and had not been objected to before the County Clerk, and that there was nothing before the court. Decision was reserved.

The Court Won't Help Dudley.

Col. William W. Dudley's absence from this State, in the courts of which he is a suitor, has resulted in another unpleasant decision from a Supreme Court Justice. This time it is Justice Daniels of the General Term. The decision was rendered in Dudley's suit against the Press Publishing Company for the recovery of damages for alleged libel in connection with the publication of his "Blocks of Five" letter. An order had been issued for his examination before trial, the service of which he manages to avoid, and he asked the General Term to vacate it. Judge Daniels, in affirming the order, says:

"Under the circumstances of the case it is evident that the plaintiff, when he has visited New York, has been actuated with an intent to avoid service of the order, practically declining to obey the mandate of the Court. Under these circumstances the Court could not, with any just respect to its own proceedings, listen to his application to vacate its orders. * * * As long as he intentionally avoids the personal service of the order he must be contented to have the proceeding in the action suspended and practically stayed, and it may be that if this contumacious disposition to avoid service of the order for his examination shall be hereafter prolonged, that the Court will consider it its duty to dismiss his action."

A Religious Paper Sued for Libel.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 24.—A peculiar suit will soon be tried in the court here. Henry Walker, under the name of Harry Williams, runs a variety theatre here known as the Academy of Music. The theatre was recently damaged by fire in Williams's loss the *United Presbyterian*, a religious paper published here, seemed to find great satisfaction, which it frankly expressed, and hoped the fire might be serious enough to close the amusement house forever. The house was characterized as a low, immoral den, where the young men of the city were lured to take the first downward step to ruin. Williams entered a suit for $50,000 damage and also a criminal suit for libel. The editor has entered bail in both cases and will stand trial in court. In its current issue the paper peculiarly remarks that its readers have good cause for action against Williams for intimating that his business is damaged $50,000 by such publication in a religious weekly. The *Presbyterian Banner* and *Christian Advocate* have lent moral aid to the *United Presbyterian* by boldly attacking Williams for his suit.

Dentists Object to be Classed as Manufacturers.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 24.—The Dental Association of Baltimore is having a dispute with the Census Bureau, and the indications are that it will win. The trouble or grandeur when it was proposed to class the dentists as manufacturers, and questions were propounded regarding their business which they declined to answer. They made the point that dentistry was a profession and that the action of the Census Bureau was an implied indignity on the members in this city. For the reason they refused to answer the questions propounded and appealed to Washington. No definite answer has yet been received, but one of the members said to-day that he had received the assurance that the special agent here will be directed to recede from his position.

Last Day of Registration.

It rained a little yesterday and many voters didn't register. They should do so to-day, rain or no rain.

J. BLAKELEY CREIGHTON'S SUICIDE.

Legal Decisions in His Favor Announced in the Supreme Court Yesterday.

The body of J. Blakeley Creighton, who killed himself with morphine on Wednesday night, was removed yesterday afternoon to the Hotel Beresford, where he formerly lived with his wife. The funeral, which will be private will probably be on Sunday afternoon, and the burial at Greenwood.

A. Belmont Jones, who was associated with Creighton in the Kaolin Company, is in the directory as at 120 Broadway, the Equitable building. Here he is supposed to have room 44, but he is seldom in, and his neighbors said yesterday that they thought he had moved.

Creighton killed himself the day before a decision was handed down in his favor on one of the phases of the litigation arising out of his dealings with Jones. Creighton was defendant in three suits for the recovery of $16,500 on promissory notes. Two of these suits were by Archibald C. Haynes, and the other by Thomas Vernon. The notes in question were given to A. B. Jones, to be delivered to Charles T. Russell. Jones, it is alleged, applied $6,000 to the use for which it was intended and misappropriated the rest. Creighton had obtained orders for the examination of the plaintiff before trial, and on appeal these orders were affirmed yesterday by the General Term of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Creighton is known to have been subject to periods of melancholy and occasional illness. A club friend of his told a SUN reporter last night that it was nonsensical to suppose that financial affairs had caused his death. "I know," he continued, positively, "that such matters would be the last to distress him. I understand, however, that he had not been at home for several days preceding his suicide, and it has been known that he and his wife lived unhappily and frequently separated for brief intervals. He had not been at home for five days when I saw him last Saturday."

One evening, about three months ago, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a cab drove up to the police station in West Forty-seventh street, and from it alighted a man and woman. The man came first. He rushed hatless into the station, calling on Sergeant Boyle to lock him up. The woman clung to the man, sobbing:

"Oh, Jack! Jack! for God's sake don't!"

"I am J. Blakeley Creighton," shouted the man to the Sergeant, who had refused to put him a cell. Finally Creighton rushed behind the railing with his hand at his hip pocket. Capt. Killilea caught him by the collar and jerked him back. Then the woman pleaded earnestly with the man, who returned with her to the cab.

The cabman told an officer that he got the couple at the Hotel Marlborough, where Creighton often stopped. The cabman understood that Creighton's wife had called on him at the hotel, that loud words had ensued between them, and that with the threat, "I'll soon settle this," Creighton called the cab and ordered the driver to take them to the police station. In returning, the cabman left Mr. Creighton at the Marlborough and his wife at an address in Madison avenue.

SEEKING A SHORT CUT TO OBLIVION.

An English Ship Carpenter, Hungry and Penniless, Attempts Suicide in Broadway.

Half starved, soaked with rain, and robbed of every cent he had in the world, Samuel Hoff, a sturdy English ship carpenter, attempted suicide yesterday morning by cutting his throat with a razor at Broadway and Great Jones street. It was when the morning tide of pedestrians hurrying down town to work had begun that the watchman in the Adams Express Company's building looked out on Broadway and saw a man about 25 years old, in a dark suit, cutaway coat, and drab overcoat, stop under the awning and stand for a moment. He looked up and down Broadway. No one was near. Suddenly he whipped a razor out of his pocket and drew it twice across his throat. He dropped where he had stood.

A policeman called an ambulance, and the would-be suicide was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. He had cut into the windpipe, and was weak from loss of blood, so that he could not speak for half a day. He whispered his story to a reporter of THE SUN last evening.

"I must have been a bit crazy when I cut myself," he began, wearily. "It's pretty tough luck I've had in this country. I came here from Liverpool two weeks ago. My trade was that of ship carpenter, but I tired of it, and thought it would be easy to get work in New York. So, as I have no family, I gave for, I bought a steerage ticket on the Aranzic. I was in no hurry to hunt up work as I had some money, and I took occasion to see the town.

"On Tuesday night I fell asleep on a bench in Union Square, and when I awoke I found that $23, every cent I had, had been stolen. Since that time I haven't had anything to eat. Where to go I didn't know, and I couldn't bring myself to beg on the street. I suppose the hunger made me a bit out of my head."

Hoff will probably get well.

STRANGE LITTLE HIGHWAYMEN.

Instead of Going to School They Rob Smaller Children of Their Clothes.

Ellen and Hugh Monaghan, aged respectively 11 and 10, of Montclair, were sent to school on Monday morning, but they didn't go there. While wandering about the streets playing truant they met the three-year-old daughter of George De Long playing in front of her home in Willow street. They told her that if she would come with them they would give her some candy, and she toddled along. Down Claremont avenue they came to a small bridge. They took her beneath this and began to take off her clothes. She cried, but they took her shoes, coat, hat, and skirts and ran away, leaving her nearly naked.

In the meantime Mrs. DeLong had missed her children and began a search for them. She also notified the police, who joined in the hunt, until the missing girl was found at a residence on Claremont avenue. When the Monaghan children arrived home at the usual hour of returning from school they told their mother that a lady had met them in the street and presented them with the clothing they had, and she suspecting nothing believed them.

On the following day a four-year-old child of George A. Richards of Claremont avenue was made to suffer in a like way. It was found, after a search of two hours, partially disrobed in the woods near James street. Mr. Richards got a warrant, and after a prolonged search the culprits were traced and arrested at their house. They were Ellen and Hugh Monaghan. They had nothing to say in regard to their action. They were released upon bonds, and will be called up for examination next Monday afternoon.

Pinkerton Men Against the Striking Syracuse Tailors.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 24.—The merchant tailors of this city, who have been waging a fruitless battle against their journeymen for the past month, have now intrusted their interests to Pinkerton. William J. Looder, superintendent of the detective agency in New York, is relied upon to send men here to take the places of the strikers, who up to this time have succeeded in spiriting away all but two or three tailors who have been brought here from New York and elsewhere. One of the strikers said tonight:

"We were told by the first band of eleven that came here on Tuesday night from New York that they were locked up in rooms at the Hotel Candee, and the merchant tailors put the keys in their pockets. The bosses wanted to make the men sign contracts before they left New York, but some of them said they were not slaves and would not bind themselves until they had first looked into the field. Nearly all of the men left here on the belief that they were informed that there had been a strike here, but that it was now settled."

The Bridal Tour in a Balloon.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Oct. 24.—At the State Fair to-day Thomas J. Sims and Miss Gertrude Putman were married, and made a bridal tour in a balloon immediately after the ceremony. The balloon went up probably two miles, and sailed away to the south, a very light wind blowing at the time. They have not yet been heard from, and it is not known where they landed. Prof. Baldwin, who was in charge of the balloon, expected to make a landing after going thirty or forty miles. The bridegroom is only 21 and the bride is years of age, but they had plenty of nerve for the novel bridal tour.

A telegram from Helena, eighteen miles south of the city, says the balloon landed safely near that place at 6 o'clock. The young couple are unhurt and greatly enjoyed the ride, and intend to "do" Helena in style this night and hold a public reception to-morrow.

O'Brien Killed by Bartender McCaffrey.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Thomas McCaffrey, a bartender, shot and killed Robert O'Brien in Hand's saloon at 1,607 Wabash avenue, at 10:30 A. M. to-day. O'Brien visited the saloon in which McCaffrey was bartender, and the two men drank together. Then they crossed the street to Hand's where they quarreled, and McCaffrey started for the basement. O'Brien followed, picked up a heavy iron weight, and hurled it at McCaffrey. The latter drew his revolver and shot O'Brien in the head. O'Brien died almost instantly, and McCaffrey was arrested.

O'Brien was formerly connected with the advertising departments of several newspapers on the Pacific coast and the *Times-Democrat* and *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis. He had amassed a considerable fortune, which he had turned over to his wife.

OUR NEW PALACE OF JUSTICE

TO STAND BESIDE AND OVERSHADOW THE SOMBRE EGYPTIAN PILE.

Mayor Grant Will Lay To-day the Foundation Stone of a Criminal Court Building Which Will Meet the Demands of Judicial Proceedings and Will Be an Architectural Ornament to the Town.

Mayor Grant will lay the corner stone of the new criminal court building this afternoon. Recorder Frederick Smyth, presiding Justice of the Court of General Sessions, for the accommodation of which the building is mainly intended, will deliver the oration of the day. This ceremony has a particular interest for the citizens of this town. There is no other court building in the United States, architects say, that will bear comparison with the finished building, except the structure devoted to the housing of the courts in Pittsburgh, and even that will hardly equal it. Our new court building, they say, may be mentioned with satisfaction even in connection with the best of the Old World edifices devoted to a similar use.

The need of the new building has been urgent for years. The three parts of the Court of General Sessions dispose of upward of 4,000 criminals a year. The court has the highest original criminal jurisdiction—the power to try men for their lives—and it is the oldest court of record in the United States. Yet its enormous business is done in the brownstone building in the City Hall Park, which has about as satisfactory accommodations as a country Justice's court. Fully 150 officials are employed in the building, and more than five hundred grand jurors, petty jurors, witnesses, lawyers, and policemen, in addition, have business there daily. To lift these hundreds to the second and third floors, where Parts I. and II. are and where the Grand Jury work, there is but one tiny, shaky elevator. The prisoners to be tried or sentenced are escorted, handcuffed, up and down the stairways and through crowded corridors. In winter the court rooms are heated only by stoves, and the big corridors are not heated at all. Once upon a time, during the reign of Rollin M. Squire in the Department of Public Works, a Boston genius was permitted, at great cost to the city, to try his hand at running flues through the building. But the outcome of it all was that all the foul air of the cellar was circulated in the already poorly ventilated court rooms, and the flues were permanently closed.

Yet, no further back in this town's history than 1861 there was an imposing demonstration of the civic authorities and citizens upon the completion of this building, now deemed utterly inadequate and antiquated. Then and for many years after it was considered large enough to contain not only the General Sessions, consisting then of but one part, presided over by Recorder Tallmadge and the City Judge, the Grand Jury, and the District Attorney, but also the Supreme, Superior, and Common Pleas Courts, and even the Marine, now the City, Court. The Supreme Court Judges of that day were content to sit in a room not nearly so large nor by any means so fine as the private retiring room of any one of the Judges of to-day. Twenty years ago these civil courts outgrew their scanty accommodations. The Supreme, Superior, and Common Pleas Courts found lodgment in the marble pile known as the Tweed Court House, and the Marine Court was transferred to more commodious quarters on the opposite side of Chambers street. Two additional parts of the General Sessions have been created by the Legislature since then, and two more Judgeships also. Yet the volume of crime has steadily outstripped the growth of the court, and a fourth part of the court will be opened in the new court building. Nothing could better illustrate the change in New York's criminal law business than the experience of the late District Attorney John McKeon. When he was elected to the District Attorneyship in 1852 he was amazed to find that there was a small army of assistants and clerks in the District Attorney's office. "This will never do," he said. "I must see if I can't save some of the people's money for them. Why, thirty years ago I did the whole work of the District Attorney's office, with but one assistant and a clerk or two. I'll take everything into my own hands again for a while. He was a man of order that every case should be brought to his personal attention. He conscientiously stuck to his order for several months, and then he had to abandon it. But he was nearly 70 years of age, and the task that he had set himself shortened his life, and he died less than a year afterward.

The new Criminal Court building will cover the entire square bounded by Centre, Elm, Franklin, and White streets. It will extend 190 feet on Franklin and White streets, by 188 feet on Elm and Centre streets. The height will be 115 feet, comprising six stories, of which two will be mezzanine stories. The style of architecture chosen is the modern Renaissance. The main story will be built of gray granite, and the columns of the porticoes of the main entrances on Centre and Elm streets will be of polished granite. Above the main story the structural material will be buff-colored brick with trimmings of red sandstone. The roof will be of tiles. The entire building will be absolutely fireproof. Colossal marble figures of Liberty and Justice will occupy pedestals of granite at either side of the Centre street entrance.

The first or basement floor will be devoted to the use of the Board of Health and the Department of Street Cleaning, excepting the space taken up for the appliances for heating and ventilation, which will be of the latest character. On the first court story will be the Court of Special Sessions, the First District Police Court, both of which are now in the Tombs, with a room for their records, and Part IV. of the General Sessions. On the first mezzanine story will be the clerk's office of the General Sessions, inclusive of a fireproof record room, a lawyers' library, and the private rooms of the clerks and stenographers. On this floor also will be the District Attorney and Sheriff, with ample facilities for the custody of prisoners awaiting arraignment in the courts. They will be conveyed to the building from the Tombs over a covered iron bridge, and they will pass to and fro between the court rooms and the detention rooms by secret passageways, opening directly into the court rooms. This will do away with the present system of crowding twenty or twenty-five prisoners into a small waiting room in the rear of the court rooms.

In the second court story will be Parts I., II., and III. of the General Sessions, the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and the chambers of Recorder Smyth and Judges Cowing, Martine, and Fitzgerald of the General Sessions. The four court rooms will be in the rear of the building, and will be placed on the four corners of the building, on their respective floors, so that there will be an abundance of light and air. In the second mezzanine story will be the office of the District Attorney's assistants and clerks, with a storage room for the preservation of indictments and books of record. In the third main story will be the District Attorney's private office and library. The Grand Jury, the Commissioner of the Department of Street Cleaning, and the Coroners will also have accommodations there. The Coroners will have a spacious court room on this floor. The boards of the Board of Excise and the Civil Service Board will have quarters in the fourth main story.

The court rooms are to be, in the matters of light, ventilation, and decoration, the finest in the city. Each will be 42 by 64 feet and 28 feet high. They will be lighted from all sides, and at night both gas and electric light may be used. The woodwork will be of oak, and a pleasing effect will be obtained in the tinted plaster ornamentation of the walls and ceilings. The entire interior of the central arcade will be lined and ornamented with opal-tinted marble. The height from the tiled pavement of the ground floor to the dome will be 50 feet. The dome will be composed of glass. The stairway will be of bronze, with marble steps, and the railings on the several floors will also be of bronze.

The Centre street entrance will be 20 feet wide and 40 feet high. The ceiling will be in the Gothic style, with deep groined ribs. The floor, the stairway, and the columns will be of white marble. Upon either wall will be a marble tablet, inscribed with the names of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, and of the architects, Thomas Stoughton and Benjamin Ingle. What the statues of Justice and Mercy, on pedestals on either side of the head of the stairway, are to be has not yet been determined.

The Elm street vestibule will correspond with the Centre street entrance in dimensions. There the entire appearance of the stairway, leading to the main court floor, and the stairway itself will be of white marble, and the newly lamps and rails will be of bronze. Six elevators will give access to the upper floors of the building.

There had been so much talk about the impending collapse of the site, said Architect Wilson yesterday, that the subject of the foundation was very seriously considered, but we were confidently supposed. Instead of a bog which some persons had predicted we would encounter in laying the foundation we found the ground to contain chiefly of sand and gravel, so stubborn that the water was pure enough apparently to drink. There need be no fear, in my judgment, that the building will be unhealthful, even if it is built on the site of the old Collect pond. While we have heard so much about

"From March 18 when we began work 3,600 cubic yards of earth have been excavated, 2,142,000 bricks have been laid, underpinning and 1,620 feet of concrete have been put into the foundation. We have used 1,000 yards of concrete, 4,442 piles, and 20,000 feet of timber. We have a course 1,140 feet of beech piling to drive this month.

"The estimated cost of the building, exclusive of furniture, of course, was $1,400,000, but the final cost will probably amount to about $1,600,000 more. The building will not be completed until two years from March 18, as reduction from the working time must be made for Sundays, other holidays, and inclement weather."

Even conceding that the cost will be $1,600,000, a prominent city official said yesterday, the taxpayers will make money by having the finest court building in the New World. The interest on $1,600,000 at 6 per cent., at which rate the city can readily float its bonds, is $45,000 a year, but the city now pays out every year for rent for the different departments that will find room in the building, besides the Court of General Sessions, a great deal more than $45,000.

Invitations to the laying of the corner stone have been confined to the Judges of the courts of this city, the Board of Aldermen, heads of departments, and a few of the other higher city officials.

RUBBER AND BLUBBER.

Outbreak from a Rubber Company of Whom Mr. White Did Not Buy His Hose.

The *Evening Post* yesterday printed several columns of letters written by a concern known as the Mineralized Rubber Company to Mayor Grant, charging that the contract for hose for the Madison Square Garden was taken away from the company and given to another on account of the influence of the Fire Department, and that last spring the company offered to furnish the city with rubber bands for $1,100, and Supervisor Kenny refused the offer and paid $3,000 for the bands.

The reporters, of course, went to see Mayor Grant about this. The Mayor simply opened his letter book. The correspondence showed that Stanford White, who bought the hose for the Madison Square Garden, asked Chief Bonner's advice, and was guided by it in purchasing. The Fire Department knew nothing of the matter. The company wrote to Mr. White, too, charging him with being influenced by the Fire Department in his purchase, and Mr. White wrote to the Mayor denying the charge. Anyway, the purchase of hose was not a city matter. Anybody has a right to ask a fireman's advice, and buy where and of whom he chooses. As Mayor Grant expressed it:

"This is a free country, and the city has no right to prevent Mr. White buying his hose from the Mineralized Company's competitors if he wants to."

However, the Mayor directed Secretary Speer to send this letter to the disappointed rubber company yesterday:

DEAR SIR: By direction of the Mayor, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of Oct. 20th in regard to your charges against the Fire Department and the *City Record* Department. The Mayor requests that you will furnish him such sworn evidence in support of your charges as you may have in your possession, so that he may act promptly upon it. You must know that no official action which may permanently destroy the reputation of an official can or should be taken without proper sworn evidence in support of it. That evidence you have not yet furnished. The Mayor requests that you will promptly furnish it.

The Mayor has been writing to the company for a couple of months past to the same purport. The last letter was on Sept. 13, but the company has never replied.

As to the charge about the rubber bands, Supervisor Kenny advertised last March, and a representative of the company personally offered to supply some cheap bands instead of the ones required. The company did not make a bid, and of course could not have got the contract.

WONDERS UNDER A MARSH.

Evidences of Three Distinct Eras of Forest Growth—Traces of Primitive Man.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 24.—A remarkable discovery was recently made in the neighboring town of Oneonta, where a company is engaged in digging phosphates from the depths of a swamp. In one place the marsh is underlaid at a depth of twelve feet by an impervious stratum of blue clay, above which are found evidences of three successive and distinct eras of forest growths. The bottom layer is of deciduous trees that grow only on uplands, such as beech, oak, and maple. The second layer is of soft swamp woods, such as alder, basswood, and dogwood. The upper layer is of coniferous trees, such as pine, hemlock, and spruce. The puzzle to the naturalist is the finding of upland trees at the bottom of the marsh, with the trunks and larger limbs and abundant specimens of leaves and beechnuts in a good state of preservation.

Another wonder unearthed by the excavations is the finding of a point five feet below the surface and among the trunks of the coniferous trees of a flat stone about five feet square which had been utilized as a fireplace. The blackened stone, the large collection of ashes and cinders, and the bits of crumbling bones of animals indicate that long ages ago somebody cooked food there. That somebody must have been man in a strictly primitive and savage state, for no trace of any utensil or tool, not even a sharpened flint, has been found among the debris of the fire.

THE POTATO ROT IN NEW YORK.

Many Farmers Find Their Crop Almost a Total Failure.

SARATOGA, Oct. 24.—The extent of the potato rot in all this section is almost appalling, considering the dependence which was being placed upon this crop to even up the farmer's balance sheet of a thus far unfavorable year. Other crops have yielded poorly, and, except in isolated instances, the fruit crop has been light. Early potatoes were ruined by the drought, and yielded poor returns. The late crop, however, had promised fairly well, and generally well footed of the almost total failure of the crop in Michigan and other great potato sections, farmers looked for a fair yield and remunerative prices. The yield proves to have been largely in excess of expectations, but those dug early and housed were attacked by rot, and in many instances, upon resorting one-half were found worthless. The later digging, in many cases, has been abandoned, there not being a sufficient number of sound potatoes to pay for the labor. Some farmers, who ordinarily would have had hundreds of bushels to sell, will have hardly enough for their own use, and buyers are having carloads of potatoes returned to them as not being fit for market. The failure of this crop completes the record of another disastrous year.

Accused of Violating the Contract Labor Law.

BIRMINGHAM, Conn., Oct. 24.—The Whitcomb Metallic Bedstead Company of Shelton is defendant in a suit brought by United States Attorney Bill before the Circuit Court in Hartford for violation of the alien labor law. The company have just settled in this country, coming here from England. Last May, it is alleged, they sent to England for a man named Worley, asking him to come over and help them in the manufacture of these bedsteads. They promised him £2 a week and to pay his fare. He was to tell the emigration authorities at Castle Garden, if questioned, that he paid his own fare. Some time ago he was discharged, and he laid the letter before Attorney Bill. Walter O. Whitcomb of the company says the company being a new industry had a right to import workmen who understood the business. They brought two men here and hired forty local men, whom the Englishmen were to teach the business. This the old workmen refused to do, and were discharged, and the suit is brought out of revenge. The industry has never before been attempted in this country, and there is nothing like it outside of England.

Connecticut Politicians Light and Land in the Lockup.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 24.—A lively scrimmage took place last night in Heublein's café, a well-known resort for politicians, near the City Hall. The fight started over a political discussion, and while it lasted was very exciting. Eugenene McGann, the social clerk in the Town Agent's office, Thomas McMahon, Philip Maher, and John F. Vaughn, all politicians of Ansonia, and John F. Kaiper, a well-known politician and undertaker of the City, participated in the fight, which was not ended until the services of the police were called in and all those engaged were in the lockup, except McGann, who was so badly hurt he had to be carried home, and was taken to his home. Maher, Vaughn, M. Malone, and Carney were each fined $5 in the City Court this morning. McGann will be arrested as soon as he is able to be moved. One of the men arrested is the clerk of the Police Court in Ansonia.

Divorced and Married the Same Day.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 24.—In the Superior Court this afternoon a divorce was granted to Marie Orsino of this city from Andrew Orsino of Italy, for infidelity. They were married in December, 1885. Some four years ago Andrew deserted his wife and returned to Italy. There he married again, and although he was a bigamist there was no one in his native land to prosecute him. The deserted wife got news of her husband's infidelity a few months ago and immediately instituted proceedings for a divorce. Meanwhile she had met another son of Italy, and her had become engaged. It was arranged that on the very day the divorce was granted they should be married. The couple waited around the lobby of the Superior Court all the morning, and just as soon as the divorce was granted they rushed to the marriage license clerk and in fifteen minutes they were married. The name of the bridegroom in the marriage license read Pasquale Vota.

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**THE FABULOUS FORTUNES OF '49 REALI