ONE KIND OF NEWS BUREAU

MR. PHILLIPS THROWS LIGHT ON THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Two-thirds of Its So-called Members Have No Voice in Its Affairs—A Favored Inner Circle Exempt from Obligations Imposed on Others—Its Pretence of Mutual Benefit Is a Delusion—The Board of Directors Under the Control of Two Men.

Denver, Aug. 21.—The *Evening Post* says that Walter P. Phillips, general manager of the United Press, who is in town for a few days, talked freely with the editor of that paper yesterday as to the outlook of the United Press and the Chicago Associated Press. Mr. Phillips said:

"Everything looks well for the future of the United Press. Newspaper proprietors are beginning to see that they have been deceived by the misrepresentations of the Chicago Associated Press managers. Their whole scheme is against the best judgment of their wisest members. What they started out to do was to narrow rather than extend their membership. All of their plans contemplated, through a combination with the United Press, a union of the newspapers of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other Western cities having a population, say, of 150,000 people with the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Providence, and corresponding cities in the East whose population approximated or exceeded 150,000. There is no doubt in my mind that this was the only thing sought, and Mr. Lawson and his friends held to the same view through months of negotiation. But there were people on both sides who would refuse to bathe in the same ocean if they could avoid it, and we were unable to bring about the ideal arrangement which we had in mind. Also, there were those in the Western Associated Press who held that, if it were to take in everybody at any price they could get, it would be practicable to drive the United Press out of business and have a monopoly. But this was too big an undertaking, as you have seen.

"The advice of these men, however, finally prevailed, and within a day the Chicago Associated Press changed its ground, and came out as the advocate of the very thing it had been endeavoring to extirpate for a year previously—the town meeting plan of press organization government. That this scheme is a flat failure, full of dangers, involving expenditures that have already twice placed the organization in the position of a mendicant toward its members and clients, that it has led the management to a point from which their courage tends downward, while the United Press is on the up grade—all this is so obvious that he who runs may read. Personally I do not believe in the co-operative plan in any business, but you know there is no cooperation about the Chicago Associated Press, when you come right down to it. The whole thing reminds me of what the late Richard M. Hunt once said of a certain much-lauded and temporarily fashionable style of architecture. 'It is an imitation,' said Mr. Hunt, 'of a thing that is exceedingly undesirable in the original.'

"The specious argument upon which Messrs. Lawson and Stone appealed to newspaper publishers, as soon as they had changed their ground, was that they were seeking to establish a mutual benefit association, a cooperative organization in which all the papers in the country were to be united in a sort of brotherhood, and in which all should be on an equal footing, have an equal voice in the management, and gain equal advantages from the reorganization and from the spoils of their intended victim, the United Press. It was to be a sort of millennium for newspaperdom, with Lawson and Stone as the herald angels of the entertainment. This proposition caught a good many gudgeons. But after two years of these professions of mutual benefit and exact equality it is well to glance at the manner in which the dealings of the Chicago management have accorded with their pretensions.

"Are all the members of the Chicago Associated Press on the same footing in every respect? Are they on the same footing in any respect? For a negative answer to both of these questions one need seek no further than the annual reports of the Chicago managers themselves. An analysis of the complicated data therein contained shows everywhere inequality and discrimination.

"In the first place, is it true that each member has an equal voice in the management? The Chicago Associated Press is a stock company, and theoretically all the members are supposed to own the same amount of stock. So far is this from being the case that more than two-thirds of its members own no stock at all. The annual report for 1893 shows that the number of members who own stock is 506, while the number of those who own no stock is 994, in what sense are those who own no stock members of the association? By what stretch of language can they be said to be on an equal footing with those who do? There must be some explanation of the introduction of this inequality in an association where all are supposed to be equal, and it is right at hand. The by-laws of the association specifically provide that the directors of the association, to whom is intrusted the entire business, are to be chosen from among the stockholders. It is plain that the division of stock is made with a view to retaining control of affairs in the hands of the present dominating element, to be turned over by them to Messrs. Lawson and Stone. An analysis of the two lists of members, those who hold stock and those who do not, shows that the division of the shares proceeded on these lines: Parcels of it were first issued to members of the old Western Associated Press. When new papers were added in the East, stock was issued to them when Lawson and Stone found it necessary for the completion of the deal. Minor papers, which they could squeeze in without giving them the stock which could alone insure them that perfect equality that the Chicago managers boasted was their object, had to go without it. Nor did these papers at any future time acquire an interest, in the promised millennium save at the good pleasure of the managers. Nothing in the by-laws or in their contracts gives them the right to demand the issue to them of one solitary share of stock. They have been led up to the promised land only to see the gates shut in their faces.

"It might be supposed that at least among those who do hold stock in this cooperative company there would be no distinction. Here again, however, are discriminations. Theoretically each stockholder is supposed to own eight shares of stock, and a great majority of them do own that amount. But the Concord *Monitor* owns only four shares. The Albany *Press and Knickerbocker* owns only four shares. The Troy *Morning Telegram*, the Troy *Evening Standard*, the Worcester *Spy*, and the Bangor *Daily News* each but one share each. It is at once patent that the stockholders discriminated against are all in the East. The intention is apparent to keep the control of the organization in the hands of the Western papers and of a few in the East who are subservient to Lawson and Stone, and can at all times be counted upon to vote for their retention in power. This discriminating distribution of stock forms a curious commentary upon the pretence that every member of the association is to have the same voice in its management as every other member, especially when taken in conjunction with the fact that more than one-third of the so-called members hold no stock at all.

"Having illustrated the class of 'members' who have no stock and the class of stockholding members who hold less than the full quota, let us glance at the situation of those who are on the same footing, as far as their holdings are concerned. There is the inner circle, and here, if anywhere, we should expect to find exact equality. Yet, among these is the most vital disparity of all. About a year ago two notes were drawn by the managers of the Chicago Associated Press for the purpose of raising a part of the pressing expenses of their business. These notes were discounted at the Chicago National Bank of Chicago. Of these notes, of which Stone himself is President, the other at the Chicago bank of which George Schneider, the Treasurer of the Chicago Associated Press, is cashier. The only name upon the backs of these notes which gave them an actual and permanent value was that of Victor F. Lawson. A few days after the failure of Messrs. Stone, Lawson, and associates in their raid upon the United Press they decided to go to their constituents to renew and cancel these notes. In raising the money for this purpose a fresh discrimination was made. Of the 120 members holding a full quota of stock only three were called upon to sign under a guarantee which they had understood at the beginning of the fight with the United Press, that they would never be called upon for a cent of it.

"Not only was the control of the concern and the concentrated responsibility for its liabilities thus concentrated series of discriminations which, as far as we have gone, it appears that the same may be found in the contract relations which the various newspapers have been drawn and the conditions upon which they receive their news reports.

"Let us start with, it is a cardinal principle of the Chicago management that all news contracts shall be made for terms of ninety years. The new members have been informed that all must be on equal terms in this respect. How has this been carried out? In cases where newspaper proprietors have been sufficiently influential and sufficiently shrewd they make their own terms. It has not been carried out at all. While Lawson and Stone have been driving the majority of their converts into signing ninety-year contracts, on the ground that every one else was called upon to do the same, contracts were made with other papers for such terms as they would agree to. A contract was made with the New York *World* for one year, with the privilege of renewing for three years more. A contract was made with the Cincinnati *Enquirer* for fifteen years, and the Washington *Times* had one for two years. Some of the contracts held by members of the Western Associated Press were converted into agreements with the new Chicago Associated Press on the old basis.

"Again we find discrimination in the franchise relations of the different members. To such of them as could be secured only by making concessions the Chicago managers gave the right to veto the admission of new members in their towns or even in large surrounding territories specified in the contracts. To others who were in a less independent position no such privilege was given. And this distinction was made deliberately in negotiating for new business by the managers of a concern which is theoretically cooperative and in which all the members are supposed to be exactly equal.

"Once more, you will find discriminations in regard to increasing the price for service. The ordinary form of contract provides that the Chicago manager may arbitrarily increase the assessments by 50 per cent. Papers which were disposed to murmur at this condition had to be content with the assurance that it was a universal one. Yet many of the contracts with Eastern papers contain no such clause. They provide for a fixed assessment which cannot be increased by one cent. But the Chicago managers went further than this. Contracts were made with some papers containing the 50 per cent increase clause, and side agreements were entered into that the Board of Directors would not take advantage of this privilege. By such means as this the managers not only succeed in completing their deal, but they bind to themselves personally an ally who will always vote for their retention in power, because he knows that a new Board of Directors might or might not consider his side agreement binding upon them.

"We have seen that in this newspaper brotherhood, based upon exact equality, two-thirds of the so-called members have no voice or interest in its affairs; we have seen that of the actual stockholders a number of Eastern papers have been restricted in their holdings to one-half or one-eighth of the full quota of stock; we have seen that a still smaller minority have been called upon to relieve Lawson and Stone of financial obligations amounting to $100,000; we have seen that a select few have not been held to the ninety-year contract; we have seen that extensive veto power has been given to some members and none at all to others; we have seen that certain papers have been exempted from the obligation to meet a fifty per cent. increase in their assessment, and yet Lawson and Stone have the effrontery to maintain in all solemnity that in their association every man is a brother and has the same rights and the same privileges as any other.

"Such a showing as this, gleaned by analysis from the confusing mass of details contained in the reports of the managers, cannot fail to convince the most casual observer of the hollow irony of the claim with which Lawson and Stone have prevailed upon a number of newspaper publishers to intrust their interests to their care. It would be hard, indeed, to devise a plan of organization which should combine more distinctions and discriminations than that which the Chicago manoeuvers have evolved. Its pretence of mutual benefit is a sham. Its claim to being a co-operative is a sorry farce. Stripped of the complications of detail in which Lawson and Stone have attempted to cloud its true nature, it stands out clearly and simply as an effort to seize the control of the press-news business of the entire country and to turn it over to the Chicago newspapers and those associated with them, to pass from their hands into those of a few full holders of stock, to be by them committed unavoidably to a Board of Directors controlled absolutely by Lawson and Stone, to be again delegated to a committee of three, of which Lawson himself is one and the other two are in full accord with him, and finally to be left for its actual manipulation to Lawson, who has made himself its President, and to his business partner, Stone, whom he has made its salaried manager."

ARRESTED AS HE LEFT THE SHIP.

Accused of Getting His $3,000 by Mortgaging Other People's Farms in Sweden.

One of the first persons landed from the steamer Heckla yesterday morning was Wilhelm Johannsen. He presented a picturesque appearance. His attire, including a big cap, kilted coat, large cowhide shoes, and rubber overshoes, might be matched almost any day among the lodging houses for Scandinavian immigrants that abound in Greenwich street, but the man in the clothes is unique. He is more than six feet tall, is raw-boned and angular, and has hands and feet of impressive size. His baggage consisted of two huge bags and a small pouch. The pouch he had kept by him through all his waking and sleeping hours on the trip over, and this fact aroused considerable interest among his fellow passengers.

Johannsen was not expecting anybody to meet him on his arrival, but when he walked down the gangplank he found the Swedish Consul, Karl Woren, and Deputy Marshal Bernhard waiting for him. The Consul had received a cablegram from Sweden saying that Johannsen had raised considerable money by giving mortgages on property of which he was only part owner, and was supposed to have sailed away on the Heckla. The Consul was anxious to see the contents of Johannsen's precious wallet, and it was found to contain $3,000 worth of Swedish coin. Deputy Bernhard placed the man under arrest and took possession of the money. The prisoner was arraigned before United States Commissioner Alexander in the Federal building. He said that he was a farmer from Torp, Sweden. He denied the charge against him, and secured the services of a lawyer.

Johannsen was taken to Ludlow street jail yesterday afternoon. He is the only Swede in the prison, and is unable to talk with anybody. He hopes to learn German there, and perhaps pick up a few English phrases. He will pass some time in the jail, as the evidence in the case must be obtained from Sweden.

MRS. HOUSE SCARED A BURGLAR.

She Pointed a Child's Bank at Him, and He Scaled a Fence.

Mrs. Mary House of 74 Cottage street, Jersey City, has become a heroine, and her neighbors proudly tell the story of the manner in which she routed a burglar a couple of nights ago. Mrs. House thinks it was somewhere about midnight when she opened her eyes and saw a round disk of light on the wall opposite the window. As she looked the disk began to move slowly around, and Mrs. House surmised that a burglar with a bull's-eye lantern was at the window. She got out of bed and crept over to the bureau with the intention of getting her husband's revolver, but she was unable to find it. She did find a cylindrical savings bank in which the children had been saving nickels. Armed with that, she crept over to the window, and, as the burglar showed his face over the sill, pointed it at him. "Go away from there," she exclaimed, "or I'll shoot you!" In the darkness the polished metal bank looked like the barrel of a revolver, and the burglar dropped to the ground. The noise awakened Mr. House, who got to the window in time to see the burglar scaling the back fence.

Mr. House chided his wife for not calling him sooner, but she said it was all right, as she would rather see the burglar get away than have trouble.

LIGHTHALL'S LITTLE BILL.

It Is for Terrapin, Wine, and Cocktails, and His Earnings Are Not Exempt.

Judge Glegerich, in the Court of Common Pleas yesterday, handed down a decision denying the application made by Almerin H. Lighthall, a member of the Park Avenue Improvement Commission, for an order to vacate an injunction restraining the New York Central Railroad Company from paying him his fees of $10 a day. The trouble arose over a bill of $17.50 contracted by Lighthall one night last December at the Columbia Central Park. Part of the bill was: "Beer terrapin, $3.00; one pint of champagne, $1.50; one bottle of cocktail, $1.00. Supplies given to the coachman made up the rest of the bill. Frank H. Sexton brought suit for the bill and recovered a judgment for $20.60, including costs.

Lighthall contended that his earnings were necessary for the maintenance of his family and were exempt. Judge Glegerich decided that the Commissioners paid by the New York Central were not exempt, and denied the application.

SALOON KEEPER MATZ STABBED.

Cut While He Was Trying to Close at the Legal Hour.

Franz Klein of 345 East 115th street, who is accused of having stabbed Saloon Keeper Theodore F. Matz of 118th street and Pleasant avenue, was held in the Harlem Court yesterday to await the results of Matz's injuries.

There were some half a dozen men who work in a wire factory near by in the saloon at 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Matz asked them to get out, as it was time to close up. He had to eject some of them and was stabbed while he was doing so. The wound is dangerous.

A Chance for the Boys of Congressman Miner's District.

Congressman Henry C. Miner announces that there will be a competitive examination in the public and parochial schools of his, the Ninth, Congress district for the selection of a cadet to West Point, and he asks the teachers of these schools to send him the names of those they wish to compete for the appointment.

HENRY'S FATE JEOPARDED.

STENOGRAPHER NORTON'S NOTES NEEDED REVISION.

The Official Reporter of Justice Haggerty's Court Was Badly Rattled in His Report of the Henry Murder Case—His Notes a Jumble of Incoherency—"Bad" William Henry, the Accused, Before Justice Gaynor on Habeas Corpus Proceedings.

John J. Norton, the official stenographer in Police Justice Haggerty's court, Brooklyn, appeared before Justice Gaynor in the Supreme Court yesterday with his official minutes in the Henry murder examination, which was held before Magistrate Haggerty about two months ago. William Henry, the "bad" son, was held by Justice Haggerty at that time for the action of the Grand Jury on a charge of having murdered his father, Charles J. Henry, and Lawyer Foster L. Backus has instituted habeas corpus proceedings with a view to having Henry released from custody.

Interest in the proceedings yesterday centred on Stenographer Norton and his notes. Lawyer Backus applied to the stenographer two weeks ago for the minutes. Norton said that he had not finished transcribing his notes, and declared that he would not be hurried. Then Mr. Backus subpenaed him to produce the notes in court, but Norton appeared without them, saying that he had not had time to prepare the transcript. Justice Haggerty was ordered to compel his stenographer to furnish the minutes by a certain day, and Norton's transcript, covering nearly 300 typewritten pages, was finally delivered to Mr. Backus. The transcript contained so many apparent errors that Mr. Backus determined to place Norton on the stand.

He appeared before Justice Gaynor in the Supreme Court yesterday in a very nervous condition. Before he left the witness stand he was in a state of collapse. The original shorthand minutes which had been in the custody of the court were handed to him by Mr. Backus, who told him to turn to Capt. Kitzer's testimony and read such questions and answers as had been previously pointed out to him. The witness proceeded to read as follows:

Q.—Did the Superintendent of Police ask him if he had killed his father in self-defence? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did the Superintendent say that if he had killed his father in self-defence he had better say so? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did the Superintendent say the police understood and believed that he did? A.—No.

Q.—Did he say at the time that if he had killed his father with an axe he had better make a statement? Did he say he had killed his father with or had an axe? A.—After and he did.

Lawyer Backus asked the witness if he was sure that "yes" was the answer he had recorded in his notes.

Norton paused and said: "I want to get this thing straight."

"Take all the time you want," suggested Mr. Backus.

There was another long pause, but Norton had no explanation to volunteer. Justice Gaynor asked him if he had found an answer.

"I don't see it indeed here," said Norton. "I want to say in explanation that the testimony of the police the questions and answers were given very rapidly. I called attention to the fact, and in going over the testimony I had to examine my notes very carefully. I am reading my notes to the best of my ability. I am now somewhat confused and cannot read them as well. I can't see an answer here."

"If it's there you can see it," suggested Justice Gaynor.

"I don't see any answer now," was the reply.

"If it is there you could never will, unless you put it there," said Justice Gaynor with growing impatience.

"If it is there you could find it, and if it isn't you can't. The point is whether the answer is there."

"I find now as I read my notes that it says the inspector said that he had better make a statement, that if he killed his father it would be better for him," said the stenographer.

"But where is the answer to the other questions you have been talking about?" asked Mr. Backus.

"I can explain—" the witness began, but Justice Gaynor interrupted him by saying:

"We don't want any explanation."

Mr. Backus asked if the answer was in the notes, and the witness said that it was not. In answer to further questions Norton said that he had studied E. P. Lindsay's system of shorthand. Mr. Backus asked the witness to draw a line around the answer in which the stenographer had reported that Walter Henry had admitted to the Superintendent of Police that he had killed his father with an axe.

"As far as that is concerned," said District Attorney Ridgway, "if anything of that kind was reported as testimony it is a mistake. Nothing of that kind was testified to in court. I will concede that and it may be stricken out."

The witness admitted to Justice Gaynor that he had been a month preparing the testimony. A further examination of the stenographer's minutes resulted in Mr. Ridgway consenting to have more of the record stricken out, containing matter which had not been testified to in court.

"This is a most atrocious thing, that a stenographer should put in and leave out things that never occurred at all in court. When does the Grand Jury meet?" asked Justice Gaynor.

"Sept. 16," Mr. Ridgway replied.

This transcript from the stenographer's minutes was next read by Mr. Backus. He said the questions and answers were specimens of the hundreds of them in the minutes. He asked that the stenographer in the witness chair moved uneasily. The questions were on the examination of Detective Sergeant Delehanty before the Police Magistrate:

Q.—Where you assigned to the doors on other things in the Henry case? A.—Yes, sir, I was. Q.—Did you see Lawson and Superintendent McKelvey? A.—Yes, sir, I was. I know exactly what I said. Q.—Was it your superior officer? A.—He was my superior officer.

Q.—Who was your superior officer when you were on the Henry case? A.—Capt. Kitzer, inspector McLaughlin and Superintendent McKelvey.

Q.—Did you report to them? A.—Yes, sir, in their direction?

A.—Yes, and there was a time when you went up there and were in the position of a superintendent.

Q.—Have you any material on which would throw any light upon this crime except what you have already stated in your evidence? A.—Yes, and if you don't understand it you soon will.

Q.—Have you stated everything here that would throw any light upon the killing? A.—Anything that it may in the interests of justice? A.—I know what I know, and if you think what you know I might possibly state what I know.

Q.—Did the trunk form the subject of your knowledge up to the present time? A.—Yes, and as you are assuming me about the trunk let me ask you where the voyage of discovery went to, and if you know where I made a mark upon it the last time I saw it, and you know I saw it?

Q.—Have you kept separate account of all you saw and heard? A.—I think I have to the best of my knowledge. I let a-side. I have said a great deal about, but I knew all along what I was talking about.

Some samples of Stenographer Norton's idea of what happened when Capt. Kitzer was examined were read. The star questions and responses were as follows:

Q.—Did you make notes of what was said? A.—I simply made notes of what I said what I heard was where he had been through the week, and marked them.

Q.—Who was present? A.—Detective Delehanty.

Q.—Where did the trunk begin? A.—I don't know what it is a figure where I was.

Q.—Did you not make them stenographic? A.—No, I did not. I wished I was the man.

Q.—Why didn't you not be adequate for many? A.—Because when a stenographer hears such things he ought to be on removing his hat, it is time something should be done about it.

Q.—When you testified before the coroner's jury, had you consulted with anybody? A.—I had the opinion of an intimate friend of mine.

Q.—Would you mind telling who the party is and what is the name of that party? A.—I would as not if somebody would give certain information about some things.

Q.—Were there any spots in the trunk? A.—There was.

Q.—You had seen a hat on the defendant, had you not? A.—Some with congealed blood.

Q.—Are you using great care and caution in making statements in front of this defendant? A.—Sometimes, yes, I am, and I am stating I am using caution against the defendant.

Another peculiar part of the transcribed minutes when read created some laughter. When Detective Sergeant Delahanty at the preliminary examination was asked if it was possible for any person to have entered the Henry house by the back yard, he answered that he did not think, so for there were high weeds growing all over the yard. That is the recollection of THE SUN reporter who was present at the hearing. According to Mr. Norton's notes this was the question and answer on that point:

Q.—Did you see no faint? A.—I did not, and I did not see any one throw books out of the windows at the heads of people crowded in the weeds in the back yard.

The stenographer was allowed to leave the witness stand and Mr. Ridgway said that he would concede that there was no testimony about "a hat with congealed blood" having been found on the prisoner Henry.

Lawyer Backus argued that from the minutes as corrected there was nothing to show that William Henry was the murderer of his father, and he also argued that Justice Haggerty had no legal right to hold the prisoner. District Attorney Ridgway reviewed the evidence taken at the preliminary hearing and argued from it that the magistrate had reason to believe that William Henry had committed the crime.

"The facts in this case are remarkable," said Justice Gaynor. "There are three things in this case: the fact that the defendant was turned out of the house on the previous Saturday; his being seen coming from the house on the Thursday morning, and the blood upon his shirt. If there is any evidence to evoke the conclusion of probable guilt there is no one to the question of jurisdiction. Mr. Ridgway, I feel at liberty to say it would not have held the defendant, sitting as a magistrate, I confess I have grave doubt, but I will read the testimony."

Mr. Ridgway said that if the Court thought the evidence insufficient to hold the defendant he would be governed by that decision in future action in the case.

William Henry was then taken out of court, and his brother Walter and his mother went away with their lawyer.

IN AND ABOUT THE METROPOLIS.

"Some of the Western demands for phonograph cylinders," said a dealer in those articles, "are surprising, even to me. We send out the latest popular songs and marches on our cylinders, as a matter of course, and we make special cylinders for our customers. Topical songs go better than anything else on a cylinder. Several weeks ago I received a letter from southern California asking for a cylinder that would tell the story of Maria Barberi, the Italian murderess. The writer said that there was great interest in her case in his town, and if he could get a cylinder dealing with it he could make his fortune. I thought this a freak request, and I wrote back that it would be impossible to comply with his demand. To my astonishment I received a dozen similar requests from different parts of the West. What did I do about it? Why, I furnished the article, of course. A newspaper man wrote a dramatic story of the murder committed by this Italian girl and a little review of her trial. It was done in 1,000 words, so that I could get it on one cylinder. Then I engaged a professional elocutionist to recite it into the phonograph. Now, would you think such a thing as that would 'go?' Well it did, and I am receiving orders every week for Maria Barberi cylinders. Public taste is something that one can't safely guess at, and in my business I've given up trying."

"There are 75,000 people in my precinct," said Police Captain Thompson of the West 135th street station yesterday, "and I believe that it is as free from crime as any precinct in town."

The recent talk about West Point men going on the police force provoked some harsh criticism from regular army officers. Several of these critics were talking on this subject at the Grand Hotel one day last week, and a young officer present expressed the opinion that it was beneath the dignity of a West Point man to join the police force in the hope of promotion. Probably the majority of regular army officers would agree with this young man, and in connection with this Capt. Thompson's census is interesting. His responsibility is much greater than that of a lieutenant or even a Captain in the regular army, and at the present time his duties are not widely different. The army as well as the police force is maintained to preserve the peace, and there is many a young officer who has done police duty on a Western post. A Captain of police in this city commands more than does a Captain in the regular army, and in their way his duties are more exacting. They require a greater exercise of discretion. Promotion would be more rapid for a West Pointer in the police force as it is to-day than in the army. In European countries, where officers of the army are detailed as officers of police, the police title is considered honorable and desirable. The responsibility of protecting the lives and property of 75,000 people should be a source of honor, and the salary that goes with it may become a temptation to army officers who for one reason or another want to leave the service.

New York has a large floating population of young men who are ready to go into any wildcat scheme that promises them food and clothes. James G. McMurray, who was appointed a clerk in the Department of Taxes yesterday, stirred up a lot of these young men several years ago when this country and Chili had a little misunderstanding that some people expected to see provoke hostilities. Mr. McMurray has a fondness for the militia and for the things that pertain to it. He keeps, or did keep at that time, a peaceful stationery shop at 458 Fourth avenue. Mr. McMurray wanted to do something for his country, and he thought he could be of the most use as a Colonel. Accordingly, he determined to raise a regiment and go down and fight Chili. There was no rivalry between Mr. McMurray and the Naval Reserves, as the latter planned only a naval attack on Chili. Mr. McMurray issued a call for volunteers. He hung a placard outside of his stationery shop announcing that recruits were wanted to fight Chili. Strangely enough, several hundred young men offered their services. They didn't want to fight, of course, but they showed their eagerness to go. That such an invitation should be issued seriously and so seriously accepted was a surprise to many people in this town.

They were out in search of a day. He had taken her through a few dozen, to all of which she had found some objection; this one on account of insufficient light, that one because of the inartistic woodwork, but most of them because of what she termed "that stuffy smell." Their course, beginning in the Twenty streets, had been steadily upward until they got to the Sixties, for only near the region called the new Tenderloin, where one may guess at the character of a flat but may not know it aright until he has lived in it. At length they came to a house that seemed to meet all the requirements. The rooms were reasonable, the rooms pleasant, and the smell, if there was no other, only slightly, even faintly, stuffy. The walls are usually painted in flats, being clean and cheap. As they were coming down stairs the door of one apartment opened and closed again, the sound of a sobbing the already frightened young woman was heard about the house.

"I don't think I can live in a place where I can hear people sobbing through the walls," she remarked.

He had a chance to be generous and try for herself, asking her what other place she would like to see. A little smile, but it's a clean smile, flashed over her face.

"I guess we won't look any more in this house," she said, adding, with a little burst of small talk, "I don't like people who sob in sobbing. If people quarrel, it seems to me, it is enough to give one indigestion without listening."

And imagine what a lot more worse a husband that sobs would be! Different things was well-liked women who he found out that particular one.

Nowhere else in the city is there so extensive a trade in lagniappes as on the east side, and the poorer, the more crowded, and the more wretched the locality the greater is the business done in this line. Throughout the teeming tenement districts south of Grand street there are hundreds of street stands that deal in nothing that could by any possibility be called a necessary. In fact many of the wares are positively deleterious. To this category belongs much of the cheap and highly colored candy, sold at two, three, or four pieces for a cent, from stationary stands or by peddlers in the tenements and streets. Not only children, but men and women of all ages patronize the candy dealers. A few days ago a wandering candy peddler set down his little movable stand in the middle of Essex street's most crowded block and within twenty minutes had sold out his stock of bright hued confectionery. One of his customers was a middle-aged man whose feet stuck out from the ends of his shoes, and whose whole appearance was that of abject poverty. He bought a cent's worth at first, sat down on the curbstone and ate and ate and then bought another cent, hanging long over the amount of candy given him. Fruit wagons also abound on the east side, but the contents of many of them are an offence and a menace to the public health. At the intersection of corners are the combination stands which sell soda water, cheap cigars, cigarettes, slices of watermelon and pineapple, and sometimes fruit of a much better quality than that to be found in the hush carts. These stands make money, and before Mr. Lexow's committee some of the proprietors testified that even after paying levies of from $6 to $8 a week to the police they made a comfortable living.

Dr. Egan, the Western novelist and poet, who has been honored by the Catholic University of America, in which he will soon enter upon his duties as Professor of English literature, was congratulated by his New York friends a few days ago, when he came here to take ship for Europe, where he has gone to study the new Oxford curriculum in literature. Dr. Egan is a scholarly-looking man, in the prime of life, with marked features, a genial countenance, a well-set figure, and a direct manner of address. He is at once frank and dignified, and the familiar phrase, a "scholar and a gentleman," is descriptive of his character. He is a professor of literature, who has made himself a place in literature. Love and faith are in his poetry, heroism and virtue are in his prose. His numerous friends in the Catholic priesthood and among the laity are sure that he will honor the chair to which he has been chosen, and the university which has honored him.

Among the thousands of Chinese in this city it is hard to find one who is able to speak the American language. Many of them have been here for twenty years or more without learning a dozen words of the speech of the community in which they live and wash. They are too busy to spend time over the "Melican, even if they could utter the sounds of it. On the other hand, nearly all the Japanese who live here can speak the language of the country. A few can find days who are almost perfect in it, and who can also write it with grammatical accuracy. Some of them learned it before they came here and others have come here. Of all the Europeans who immigrate to New York, the Jewish Russians are the most eager to gain a knowledge of the common speech, and both the young and the old among them take the right means to acquire it. As for the Italians, not one in ten of them, even after years of residence here, can speak the "Americanese." Lots and lots of the German immigrants also are negligent in this matter, and they suffer all the business and social disadvantages of their inexplicable negligence.

HOEBER DENOUNCES HOWE.

TELLS HIM HE HATES HIM AND ORDERS HIM OUT OF COURT.

Appeals Also to the District Attorney's Office—The Lawyer with His Stenographer and Client Sticks Fast, and Talks of Beginning Proceedings to Inquire into the Little Coroner's Sanity.

All was quiet and peaceful in the Coroner's court. Coroner Hoeber sat on a high chair behind his desk. He had at hand two dictionaries and a German Bible, and as he brushed his whiskers he purred softly with contentment. The clock struck 10. A flash of light shot through the further doorway, almost blinding the Coroner, who dodged down behind his desk. Another flash followed, and still another, until in the midst of an exuberant aurora of scintillations Lawyer William F. Howe, bedecked with all his diamonds, floated with the ease and grace of his 357½ pounds into the room and tested the carrying capacity of a rear seat to its utmost. With him came John Lambritus, who is charged with running over and killing little John Tracy in Washington Park on Aug. 14. Lambritus's case was set down for yesterday.

Cautiously Coroner Hoeber raised his head above the desk and inquired in tones of considerable asperity:

"What do you here?"

"I appear for Mr. John Lambritus," responded Mr. Howe.

"Who wants you should appear?" demanded Hoeber. "I don't want you should appear. I want you should disappear."

"I can't do that, Mr. Coroner," said the lawyer. "I'm not nike you, you see. I couldn't shrink two inches and vanish off the face of the earth."

"You go off the face of my court," exclaimed the Coroner. "You won't? No? Here, here, clerk. You go to the District Attorney's office and tell him that man Howe is here."

Away went the clerk to the District Attorney's office, only to return with the information that the District Attorney was not in.

"I will go myself," exclaimed Hoeber, and he went. Mr. Howe followed him. While the Coroner went inside the lawyer remained in the corridor talking to a clerk. Presently Hoeber emerged.

"You are still here?" he shouted, moving close up under the big lawyer. "You are still here? I don't like you. Go away."

Mr. Howe peeped over the curve of his waistcoat and beheld the Coroner, agitated with anger.

"Look here," he said, "don't you try to climb on my watch chain."

"You go away, then," cried the Coroner. "I will not have you in my court. I hate you. You are a shyster."

"And you're a lunatic," returned the lawyer. "If you ever had a normal brain it has become twisted by your many eccentricities since you began to make the Coroner's office ridiculous."

This was too much for Coroner Hoeber. Such a fiery glance flashed from his eyes that the lawyer's diamonds paled before it. The Coroner shouted out something in German which Mr. Howe feels quite sure was not a benediction. Mr. Howe called loudly for an interpreter, but there wasn't one at hand, so he followed the Coroner back to court and sent for his stenographer. Thus equipped, he was ready for whatever might come, although he was quite sure it wouldn't come very soon, for the Coroner had stopped before entering the court room and said:

"I will punish you. I will make you see what you may do and may not cause comes last."

So the lawyer sat and waited and the stenographer sat and waited with him. Until noon the Court amused the spectators by calling witnesses after witness to establish the identity of a drowned man about whose identity there had been no question. At noon the Lawyer Howe arose, jogged his stenographer in the ribs for a warning, and said, addressing Assistant District Attorney Unger:

"Mr. District Attorney, it is now noon and I will ask you to shorten this case. All the testimony that should be given has been given."

"I will not be insulted," interrupted Coroner Hoeber. "Why don't you talk to me if you have got something to say? Don't you dare talk to me!"

"I was not talking to you, sir," retorted Mr. Howe, adding in a swift aside to the stenographer, "Did you get that?" and getting a "Yes" in reply.

"Well, then, what you do it for?" vociferated the Coroner. "I want everybody in this court room to know I have the power to commit anybody, no matter how contemptible anybody is."

When the audience heard this exposition of legal principle only Lawyer Howe maintained his gravity. He eagerly asked his stenographer:

"Did you get that?"

"No," replied the young man. "Make him go slower. I can't do his clink-blank Dutch dialect in shorthand. I have to write it all out."

Lawyer Howe then dictated to his stenographer, then alone and expounded to the Court the reasons why his case should be called forthwith, concluding with a brief autobiographical sketch of his career as a lawyer. This Assistant District Attorney Oliver followed up with a long argument of the case, in response to which Coroner Hoeber that he consented to name a day for Mr. Howe's case to suit that gentleman. Friday was named. Mr. Howe withdrew his stenographer and sent him to the office to make out a report of the matters in typewriter. Later the lawyer said that proceedings would be instituted probably to inquire into Coroner Hoeber's sanity.

"His insanity is perfectly apparent," he said. "No one who has ever come in contact with him can believe him to be of sound mind. Why, Coroner Dodd said to me just now, 'Hoeber is crazy without any doubt.' Now, insanity is incompetency, and if we can prove him insane he will be removed and the important office of Coroner will be relieved of its farcical incumbent. No, I can't say who will take the first step in the matter, but it is under consultation now."

OUDERMEULEN—MANNING.

Marriage of the Daughter of the Late Daniel Manning.

ALBANY, Aug. 21.—All Saints Cathedral was to-day the scene of a quiet wedding, that of Miss Mary Elizabeth Manning to Mr. Jules Cornelius Van der Oudermeulen of The Hague, Holland. Miss Manning is the youngest child of the late secretary of the Treasury, Daniel Manning. The wedding was celebrated by the Rev. Thomas L. Fulcher, canon of the cathedral, at high noon. The ushers were Mr. William A. Van Antwerp and Mr. Charles Herrick of this city, and the best man Mr. Frederick C. Manning, brother of the bride. The maid of honor was Miss Katherine M. Delehanty, and the bride was given away by her elder brother, ex-Mayor James Hillhouse Manning.

Directly after the ceremony, the bridal party and guests were driven to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Delahanty, sister and brother-in-law of the bride. After the reception and wedding breakfast, Mr. Oudermeulen and his wife left for New York city, and on Saturday will sail for Southampton. After remaining two weeks in London, they will go to The Hague, where they will be the guests of Mr. Oudermeulen's father, the private secretary of the Queen-Regent Emma of Holland. On arrival at The Hague a civil ceremony will be performed by the Burgomaster. The young American bride will be presented at court in the autumn, and in November Mr. Oudermeulen and his wife will leave Holland for an extended tour of the Continent.

Owing to the absence of many of Mr. Oudermeulen's relatives, the number of invited guests was very small. Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Andrews of New York city, Mrs. H. L. Thomas of Far Hills, N. J., Mr. John B. Manning and Miss Manning of Buffalo, Mrs. Fryer of Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Daniel Manning, Justice and Mrs. D. Cady Herrick and family, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Van Antwerp, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Fort, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Delahanty, Mr. and Mrs. James Hilton Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Manning, Miss Margaret Delahanty, Master Raymond Delahanty, Master Daniel P. Manning and Miss Esther Manning of this city.

A Sneak Thief with a Record.

Three indictments for grand larceny were filed by the Grand Jury yesterday against Lawrence Macy, a hotel and boarding house sneak thief. On Aug. 3 he stole a quantity of jewelry from Emma Lloyd and Julius C. Thurnauer of 645 Madison avenue. On July 19 he stole jewelry and clothing from the rooms of Edward F. Milliken at 416 West Twenteth street, and on July 23 he robbed the house of Cecil de Landa at 49 Madison avenue. Macy has served terms of imprisonment under the aliases of Benjamin C. Coombs and Clifford Rossmere.

Run Down by the Survey Steamer Blake.

CHATHAM, Mass., Aug. 21.—The United States survey steamer Blake ran into and sank the cathoat Hector of Chatham on the shoals yesterday. The Hector was lobstering and had been becalmed, making it impossible for her to get out of the steamer's track. The crew saved their lives by grasping the chains of the steamer and climbing aboard. The Hector is a total loss.

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