WAYS OF TREATING VICE.

THE PARIS AND LONDON SYSTEMS OF DEALING WITH IT.

Gay and Slandered Paris Much Purer than Hypocritical London—The Poet Laureate's Sole Qualification for His Post—Thirty-five Miles an Hour at Sea.

LONDON, March 20.—In a recent sermon preached at Plymouth Church upon "The Social Evil," the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott affirmed that London and New York, under the policy of non-recognition or prohibition, enjoyed a higher degree of social purity than Paris and Vienna under a regulation or license system. It would be interesting to know upon what authority or information Dr. Abbott based this dogmatic assertion. Certainly it does not agree, as far as the European cities which he named are concerned, with the observation of impartial students of this vexatious problem. The idea still obtains in the United States apparently that Paris is a city of gay and irresponsible vice, and that London is a place of severe and guileless virtue. Why is it, one wonders, that many people, especially the descendants of the Calvinists, persist in assuming that beauty, lightheartedness, happiness are the mask of vice, while repulsiveness, heaviness, and severity are the cloak of virtue? Take Paris and London. The superficial observer, tainted in advance with the prejudices I have mentioned, might possibly visit the two cities and go away with the delusion which Dr. Abbott has proclaimed anew.

It is true that in Paris vice is gay and usually in its most attractive guise, while in London it is cold and common. But in Paris it rarely obtrudes itself; it must be deliberately sought out. Nowhere in the world, on the other hand, is vice so brazen, so insistent, as in London. It flaunts itself in all the highways, it flings itself in your path at every corner. It is a nuisance. If the advocates of the London system should argue that the most effective way to make vice untempting and loathsome was to parade it constantly in its commonest shape in public places, then it would be possible to understand their attitude. But they do not do this. On the contrary, they affirm that the nominal ban of the law which rests upon vice must in some mysterious way minimize and restrain it if it does not suppress it, while legal recognition of the evil in any form whatever must encourage and propagate it.

It is not my business to deal with the morals and ethics of this disagreeable question. It is my duty to point out the serious perversion of facts and conditions contained in such statements as that made by Dr. Abbott in Plymouth Church pulpit. Three or four years ago I discussed somewhat exhaustively in THE SUN this subject of vice in modern London. I said that the degradation of woman is more common in London than in any other great city; that nowhere else is poverty so poor and vice so vicious as in this the proudest and richest metropolis the world has known. To-day the situation if anything is worse. In the mean time London has been through the agonies of an anti-vice or purist crusade, and the last state of the metropolis is worse than the first.

Another proof of the folly of driving vice from its private haunts into the most public places has just been furnished. The crusaders who closed most of the music hall promenades in London two years ago, and who were most active in insisting that the only way to fight vice in a great city was to blink it, came, many of them, from Liverpool. They boasted that they had purified the big city on the Mersey by their methods, and they were encouraged thereby to undertake the regeneration of the modern Babylon. They practically admitted their failure here by neglecting to appear at the last licensing session of the County Council. And now comes information from Liverpool which shows that even there their efforts have met with worse than failure; that the victims and votaries of vice have, in fact, shown a lamentable increase in numbers. The Head Constable of Liverpool, corresponding to the Chief of Police of an American city, in his annual report says:

"The number of houses of ill fame has considerably decreased, but on the other hand the number of women of ill repute shows a marked increase."

The Liverpool reformers, no doubt, console themselves with the reflection that none of the guilt of this thing is upon their shoulders. Some persons, however, take a different view of the proper seat of the responsibility. At all events, facts are facts, and the object of these comments is to protest against the misrepresentation of them.

It is important to add that there has been marked improvement within a few years in the public morals of gay and slandered Paris. The political morals of France have been growing steadily worse, as witnessed the rapid succession of scandals involving the honor of scores of public men; but with respect to carnal vice, the French capital has improved. Few, if any, of the dens of eccentric debauchery which existed a few years ago with full knowledge of the authorities now remain. The streets of Paris by day and by night are freer from the traffic of vice than those of most large American cities. Paris gains the greater condemnation probably because she is gloriously wicked, while London, far more guilty, is hypocritical, vile, and sordid in her wickedness.

It is high time that somebody came to the defence of the Poet Laureate, if only for pity's sake. The shafts of criticism, ridicule, and derision showered upon him ever since he tuned the first note of his official lyre would have overwhelmed anybody but Mr. Alfred Austin himself. The secret of his selection by Lord Salisbury is beginning to appear. He possesses alone perhaps of all the verse makers in England the most essential quality in a successor of Lord Tennyson. His *amour propre* or intellectual epidermis is of that sort which one of the freaks in a local museum describes as "an iron skin." The jeers of an unappreciative public are but proof to him of the sublimity of his genius. Nothing silences him, not even the political sensitiveness of his blunder in putting forth his doggerel praise of the freebooter Jameson. Now, as a mere labor of love, he has indited these lines to be put upon the tombstone of Capern, "the postman poet":

O lark-like Poet! carol on,
Lost in dim light, an unseen trill!
We, in the heaven where you are gone,
Find you no more, but hear you still.

Even these pitiful lines have not escaped the jibes of the critics. They are described as a poor paraphrase of William Watson's homage to Tennyson at his death:

Who, far beyond our vision and our hail,
Is heard forever and is seen no more.

And they are compared with the Laureate's predecessor's lines for the cenotaph of Sir John Franklin:

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

The response of *Truth* to Austin's feeble quatrain is this:

TO MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

O hack-like Poet! sad to state
Your muse has not "an unseen trill."
Though you have soared so high of late,
'Tis our sad lot to hear you still.

Medical attendance in England is at the same time the cheapest and the most expensive in the world. The great men of the profession charge very high fees and grow rapidly rich. They work very hard, they have no time which they can call their own, they are most generous as a rule to those in distress, and they deserve their reward. Their humbler brethren have a hard time. The profession is badly overcrowded, but there is none in the world of which it is more true that there is plenty of room at the top.

The ignorance and unskillfulness of the average English practitioner as turned out of the medical colleges are something appalling. I have attended two or three clinics in the principal London hospitals for the purpose of comparing them, from a layman's point of view, with Bellevue, the Massachusetts General, and other American institutions. The methods of instructing the students are of course practically the same in both countries. What most impressed me was the low grade of intelligence, the dense stupidity in fact, of many of the young men to whose care the ills of humanity in these islands were about to be confided. I have in mind particularly a class of young men about to pass their final examinations previous to beginning practice. I watched them undertake, one by one, to diagnose a long series of cases in the out-patient department of a great hospital. It is no self-conceit to say that with only a layman's knowledge I should have come nearer the mark in half the cases. Their book knowledge may be as complete as their diplomas will certify, but the practical application of it, the native intelligence which makes it valuable, was sadly deficient.

The whole medical profession is in rebellion just now against such of these young men who have found themselves driven to undertake contract medical service. Medical attendance among the lower working classes is obtained either free at the hospitals or by the club or contract system. Medical clubs for this purpose have become very common and very cheap. They undertake to supply members with all necessary medical attendance for a fixed annual fee which in many cases is as low as 62 cents. It will readily be seen that the service which a professional man can render for such a pittance is nominal rather than real. A doctor must have some thousands of patients on his list in order to make a bare living. It would, of course, be physically impossible for him to do much more than put in a very brief appearance at the actual deathbeds of his subscribers. His presence at any less pressing emergency would be quite out of the question, and so it has proved according to the testimony at various coroners' inquests. Medical men of all classes are taking up the question, and contract medical service at present rates is being severely discountenanced.

The indignant Britisher has found his revenge against the publishers who resort to the latest cheap advertising trick. When he receives a postal card saying:

DEAR R.: Have you seen the March number of the ——? Is it true? I sincerely hope so. Yours, E.

He at once sits down and indites this reply, which he mails to the editor of the magazine in a sealed but unstamped envelope:

DEAR E.: I have seen one previous number of the ——, and I hope never to see another. This is quite true. Yours, R.

This precious missive costs the enterprising editor, according to the English postal rules, just four cents, on account of unprepaid postage.

England has not yet recovered from the national surprise at the astonishing victory over conservatism in Parliament last week on the question of opening the national museums on Sunday. The old-fashioned Sabbatarians are so paralyzed that they have not yet rallied in protest, but they are sure to be heard from shortly. But the progressives are promptly pressing for the fruits of their victory and ere long they will be gained. There is still the dead inertia of several official Boards to be overcome. Even the supreme behest of Parliament will not at once override the abhorrence of change which is always dominant in the English official mind. There are a thousand examples of this every year. Sometimes it is frankly confessed by high authority and then one can have some respect for it.

Lord Thurlow, for instance, once received a deputation of Nonconformists who had a long list of grievances against the Established Church which they wished to have righted. Lord Thurlow listened rather impatiently for a time, and then interrupted with: "Gentlemen, I am against you. I am an upholder of the Established Church. Not that I care for the Established Church, but I uphold it because it is the Established Church. Get your damned sect established in its place. Then I will uphold that. I wish you good morning, gentlemen."

The thirty-knot speed goal for water travel has at last been reached. The new torpedo boat destroyer Desperate, at her preliminary trial trip this week, covered four consecutive miles at a speed of more than thirty-one knots, or over thirty-five miles per hour. Her official trial will take place in a few days, and then the British Government will come into possession of the fastest craft that floats or ever did float. The Desperate, which has been built by Messrs. Thorneycroft, at Chiswick, on the Thames, is the largest of this class of boats yet constructed. She is 210 feet long, 19½ feet beam, and 7 feet draught. Her engines, of course, are triple expansion, but with the low-pressure cylinder divided into two. She is equipped with the latest form of water-tube boilers, which will raise steam in fifteen minutes. She will carry six quick-firing guns. The contract requires that she shall maintain an average speed of thirty knots for three consecutive hours. Five more boats of the same class are under construction.

The complaints of the unpaid or the underpaid British juryman is a perennial grievance. Appeals and protests have been in vain on his behalf, and now a strike is seriously proposed. This is the proposition and the argument in support of it:

"We are told that we owe a duty to our country. What on earth interest have I, or my country in, say, a gambling dispute between two sharpers, or in deciding whether So and So has been unfaithful to his marriage vows, or whether some old crotchety person of whose existence I was in complete ignorance was in a sane mood when he made his will? These are of no importance to me, and if my time is wasted in trying them I am entitled to be paid for it. We are quite willing to work in the law courts if we are recompensed, the same as other gentlemen who are there. Every attempt to redress our grievances has collapsed. Let us try another course. If other means fail, let us strike. Some will say, 'But you can't, because if you do not answer the summons you will be fined.' I know that. But though you take a horse to the water you cannot make him drink. They may compel our attendance in the courts, but they cannot make us return verdicts. If jurymen manifest a disposition to disagree on principle, perhaps our grievances will be treated with more respect and redress given to us. In criminal cases it is different, because these jurymen in convicting guilty people are benefiting the commonwealth, but that we should be called upon to sacrifice our livelihood to suit the convenience of, often, wealthy litigants is a monstrous injustice. Let us put an end to it." H. R. C.

ARRESTED FOR ARSON.

A Troy Saloon Keeper Charged with Setting Fire to His Saloon.

TROY, March 29.—A daring attempt at incendiarism was discovered this morning and two persons are under arrest charged with arson. They are Capt. John Dunn and Catherine Devins. Capt. Dunn, who is well known in political and sporting circles, occupied a portion of the ground floor of the large frame building at Third and Congress streets as a saloon. Mrs. Devins kept a boarding house up stairs, and the other portions of the upper stories were let as furnished rooms, mainly to women. There were over thirty people sleeping there when at 2 o'clock a fire was seen in Dunn's saloon. This was quickly followed by an explosion, and the flames spread so rapidly that the occupants escaped with difficulty. Two were carried out in their night robes.

The fire was soon under control, and then the Chief Engineer made an investigation. He found a barrel of kerosene under the bar. Sawdust saturated with oil had been placed about the fixtures under and behind the bar and between cigar boxes, while on empty casks and barrels in the cellar was an abundance of straw and shavings soaked with oil. Dunn's explanation was so unsatisfactory and defiant that he was arrested, and as he claimed to have been with Mrs. Devins for hours, she also was taken into custody. The premises were well insured. There is a report that the fire underwriters propose to cancel much of the insurance on saloons in this part of the State.

A Fresco Painter Kills Himself.

John Hawkins, a fresco painter, of 252 West 115th street, lost his job about a month ago and couldn't get another. On Saturday afternoon he took his razor and went to a bathroom, telling his aged mother that he would shave himself before supper.

When she went to call him an hour later he was leaning unconscious over the bathtub, with the blood running from a deep gash in his right wrist.

Hawkins was too weak to be removed to an hospital, and he died at his home yesterday morning.

LOCKED UP WITH HIS DOGS.

THEY WANDERED INTO JANITOR WALL'S PREMISES.

Wall Confiscated Them and Had Napestek Arrested for Theft—Both Awarded to Napestek by Crane, but Wall, by a Polite Blunder, Got the $300 Dog.

Anthony Napestek, 34 years old, a real estate dealer, with an office at 322 East Seventy-first street and a residence at 322 West Fortieth street, spent Saturday night in a cell in the West Thirtieth street station house with two valuable dogs which, he says, he is the owner of. One of the dogs is a rough-coated St. Bernard named Beauty. The other is an Irish setter named Prime. Beauty is seven months old, has something of a pedigree, and is valued at $100. Prime is also a puppy with a pedigree, and is valued at $300.

With the two dogs Napestek started out late on Saturday afternoon for an airing. He walked east on Fortieth street, and, in passing the house at 101, the St. Bernard and the setter saw a smaller dog rush into the basement of a flat house at that number. Both dogs were ahead of Napestek, and he paid no attention to them when they ran after the smaller one.

When he reached the house at 101 West Fortieth street he looked in the areaway, expecting to see his two dogs. They were not there, and hearing them in the basement of the house, Napestek tried to enter. The area gate was locked, and the real estate man pulled the bell of the janitor, who lived in the basement. It was quickly answered, and Napestek demanded his dogs.

"Your dogs," repeated the man on the inside of the gate. "I guess you're crazy."

"My dogs ran in a few minutes ago," explained Napestek.

"Are you sure they did?" asked the other man.

"Positive," said Napestek, "and you have them in your hall. I hear them."

"Now I'm sure you're crazy," said the janitor. "They are not your dogs."

"I guess I know what I'm talking about. My two dogs, one a St. Bernard and the other an Irish setter, ran into your areaway, and now they are locked in your house. Now, if you don't let them out I'll call a policeman," said the real estate man.

The janitor had slammed the gate shut by this time and was standing inside of it. He looked at Napestek in silence for a moment, and then said to him:

"Those dogs are mine. They were stolen from me a week ago."

"What's that?" shouted Napestek.

"That's right," said a shrill female voice, which came from a window that had suddenly been raised in the basement. "The dogs belong to us. They were stolen two weeks ago."

The real estate agent protested that the dogs were his. The man and the woman said they were theirs. Napestek tried to get into the janitor's apartments through the upraised window, but the janitor's wife stood in his way.

Seeing that it was futile to argue with the couple, Napestek called a policeman, thinking that he would soon settle the ownership of the dogs. He was mistaken. When both sides laid their claims before Policeman Robertson the bluecoat said:

"Well, you both can't own the dogs. As long as you can't settle who does, you will have to go to the station house."

"All right," said Napestek. "I'm willing."

"So are we," said the janitor, nodding to his wife.

Husband and wife put on their hats and coats, while Napestek and the policeman waited in the areaway. The janitor and his wife started to leave the house without the disputed dogs.

"That won't do," said Policeman Robertson. "Bring the dogs, too."

The door leading into the lower hall was opened, and the setter and the St. Bernard bounded out into the street. The procession proceeded slowly to the West Thirtieth street station house. Progress was necessarily slow on account of the dogs. They ran in all directions, and seemed bent on exploring every area on the way.

When the dogs were taken into the station house they started off on an exploring tour. While they were trying to see what the inside of a police station looked like, the two men who claimed them were laying their claims before the Sergeant who was on duty. The janitor gave his name as Frank Wall. Wall said he could prove that he owned the dogs by producing their licenses.

"Then you go and get the licenses," said the Sergeant.

When the janitor and his wife left for their home to get the licenses, Napestek was detained at the station house. Wall did not return to the police station for over an hour, and then he was accompanied by two other men. He said he was unable to find what he went after, but had brought his two friends along to prove that the dogs were his. The two men looked at the dogs, and said they were undoubtedly Wall's.

Napestek said that if time was given him, he could prove that both dogs belonged to him. The Sergeant said that there were two things for him to do. Give the dogs to Wall and recover them by a civil suit, or be locked up on Wall's complaint of grand larceny and try to get the Magistrate at Jefferson Market Court to decide who owned the animals.

"I'd sooner be locked up," said Napestek, "than turn my property over to that fellow."

He was taken at his word and locked up with the dogs.

Napestek was haled to court yesterday morning. The dogs were kept at the station house. Napestek produced a receipt in court from the owner of the parents of the St. Bernard. The dog was bred by C. Schlerigh, and is out of Lady Kingston by Richter. The two last named dogs are prize winners.

The Irish setter Napestek bought from a farmer three weeks ago. The pedigree he did not know, as he had not received it yet, but he knew the dog to be worth $300.

Janitor Wall swore that the dogs had been stolen from him a week ago. His wife swore that they had been stolen two weeks ago. Neither the janitor nor his wife produced any paper which would show that they owned either dog.

After listening to both sides Magistrate Crane said it was a matter for a civil suit, so he discharged Napestek, who went to the West Thirtieth street station house. When he arrived there he found that Policeman Robertson and Wall had got there before him.

The policeman had told the Sergeant that the Magistrate had decided that Wall was entitled to one of the dogs and Napestek to the other. Wall naturally claimed the more valuable dog, and he walked off with the Irish setter. When Napestek got to the station house the St. Bernard was given to him.

He took the dog back to court and complained about the action of the policeman, who had evidently misunderstood the Magistrate. Napestek was advised to keep the St. Bernard, and recover the other dog by bringing a civil suit against Wall. He said he would do so.

BARBER STORGART ARRESTED.

Sadie Clark of Jersey City Makes the Affidavit of Complaint.

Acting upon notice sent him by the Jersey City police last evening, Capt. Daly of the First precinct of Newark arrested Frederick Storgart, a barber, in his shop at 199 Elm street. Sadie Clark of Jersey City, a girl of twenty-three, made an affidavit before Police Justice Douglass of Jersey City to the effect that George Stout, who is under arrest in the latter place, took her to Newark in January for the purpose of having an operation performed. She alleges that Stout was a friend of the man who betrayed her, and that Storgart performed an operation. A child was born on March 26.

Capt. Daly will prefer a charge against Storgart to-day. The police say that Dr. Geiger formerly had an office with Storgart. Geiger was only lately released from prison for performing an operation which ended fatally.

ROBBED HIS EMPLOYERS.

Keeler Said to Have Kept the Deposits They Made as Security for Their Honesty.

George E. Keeler, a dealer in rubber goods, of 1,355 Fifth avenue, is locked up in Police Headquarters for swindling Ross M. Turner of 36 Gramercy Park out of $75. Turner got a job from Keeler, depositing with him $75 as a security for his honesty. After a few weeks he was discharged, and Keeler refused to give him back his money.

Keeler is said by the police to have swindled in the same way his typewriter, Miss F. L. Dunn, from whom he got $200; Alfred Wolf, from whom he got $50, and a bookkeeper called Packard. Keeler was remanded at Essex Market Court yesterday.

Insurance Broker Clark Arrested.

Walter S. Clark, a fire insurance broker of 431 Madison street, Brooklyn, was arrested on Saturday night on a charge of grand larceny. Charles Baumaster of Richmond Hill, the complainant, alleges that Clark took his $30 wagon on trial, promising to pay for it if it suited him, and then sold it for $15 and pocketed the money.

Her Arm Torn Off at the Grand Hotel.

The arm of Mary A. Farrell, a laundress employed in the Grand Hotel, while she was at work in the laundry of the hotel, yesterday afternoon, was torn off three inches below the elbow by being caught in a steam wringer. She was removed to Bellevue Hospital in an ambulance.

There is this difference between the Welsbach Light and the sun—the Welsbach Light has never been eclipsed.

The Improved
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For Sale at
931 Broadway.
1362 Broadway,
121 West 125th St.,
2659 3rd Ave., 7½ Cooper Union,
217 Amsterdam Ave.

SOCIALISTS IN THE C. L. U.

Squabbling Over the Split in the Brotherhood of Tailors.

The Socialists who stole a march upon the United Brotherhood of Tailors last week and obtained a charter from the Secretary of State as the United Brotherhood of Tailors, were scored at the meeting of the Central Labor Union yesterday. During an angry discussion on the subject it developed that the Socialist Labor party has a following in the Central Labor Union itself. Delegate Herman Robinson of the old Brotherhood of Tailors requested that the Secretary of the Central Labor Union should be instructed to write to the Secretary of State asking how the Socialist union had obtained its charter, and also that the charter be annulled. He said that the Socialist faction was composed of seceders who had gone out with suspended Socialist officers.

"They are scabs," he said, "and are ready to take the places of our men in case of a strike."

Delegate Jones of the Progressive Varnishers said that he didn't see what the Central Labor Union could do about it. The Socialists had shown that they were active and progressive people. "They simply showed that they were abreast of the times and working, while the others were sleeping," he said. "The only thing to do is for the others to join them."

Jones then declared himself a Socialist and in sympathy with the Socialist Labor party. He began a red-hot speech on socialism amid applause from several persons in the rear of the hall. He was interrupted by a delegate who shouted:

"You didn't talk that way when you came with a complaint to the Board of Walking Delegates that painters were doing the work of varnishers; why didn't you join the painters then?"

Jones became confused and said that was a different case. Derisive laughter greeted this. Finally the Secretary was directed to write to the Secretary of State asking that the charter of the Socialist Brotherhood of Tailors be annulled.

PROFESSIONAL SECRECY.

A Suit in Brooklyn Somewhat Like that Against Dr. Playfair.

Mrs. Ida C. Sorensen, the wife of a saloon keeper of Glendale, L. I., has brought suit in the Supreme Court of Brooklyn for $10,000 damages against Dr. Siegbert Balaban of 35 Palmetto street. She charges the Doctor with making a statement reflecting on the character of her 19-year-old daughter, Clara Octavia Nelson, who died of peritonitis nearly four months ago. Dr. Balaban formerly practised in this city. He moved to Brooklyn eight years ago.

In the latter part of November he was called to Mrs. Sorensen's house. Her daughter was very ill. Dr. Balaban diagnosed her illness as peritonitis, and attended her until her death.

When Dr. Balaban was served with the papers in the action, he put the matter in the hands of his counsel, Lawyer Wagner of Second avenue, this city.

The case will remind the reader of the recent $40,000 verdict given against Dr. Playfair in London for making statements, in violation of professional obligations reflecting on the character of Mrs. Kitson, his patient, but there is this material difference: Dr. Playfair admitted the charge and attempted to justify his action by the necessity he said he was under of protecting his family from association with Mrs. Kitson. Dr. Balaban, on the other hand, denies that he ever made any statement detrimental to his patient's character.

THE MURPHY WILL CASE SETTLED.

Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley's Wife Will Have a Share of the Estate.

OAKLAND, Cal., March 29.—The Murphy will contest, which attracted considerable attention in this State and in London about two years ago, is ended. Yesterday an order was made by the Supreme Court that the appeal of the contestants against the decision rendered in January by Judge Frick should be dismissed by stipulation. Then the case was brought before Judge Frick in the Superior Court, and he made an order distributing the estate of the late Anna L. Murphy of San Francisco to the three daughters, Mary Ellen, now the wife of Don Dominguez, a Spanish nobleman, Frances J. Murphy, and Mary M. D. Murphy, share and share alike.

The will of Mrs. Murphy excluded her sons, Samuel and Dan Murphy, and her daughter, Lady Wolseley, wife of Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, from any share in the estate. The children not mentioned in the will contested it, and the will was eventually set aside by Judge Henshaw in the Superior Court, but the Supreme Court reversed the decision. The litigation threatened to be interminable, and finally when there was a danger of the estate being eaten up in litigation a compromise was effected. Under the terms of the compromise the contesting children will each receive about $50,000 and the sisters about $100,000.

BEATEN AND ROBBED BY TEN MEN.

So Malcolm Said, but a Trail of Blood He Left Seems to Disprove It.

James Malcolm of 583 Seventh street, Brooklyn, called at the Adams street station in that city early yesterday morning and reported that he had just been beaten and robbed by ten men under the bridge structure in Washington street. He was nearly covered with blood from a severe scalp wound.

Detectives discovered a trail of blood spots leading from the station not to the bridge, but to a rear house at 358 Gold street, occupied by Ada Tolligis, a colored woman. The latter, on being taken to the station, said that Malcolm had called at her place an hour or so before and had been in a fight with an unknown man in the yard. She was held for examination.

Only an Average Seal Catch.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., March 29.—The steamer Newfoundland arrived here to-night. She is the first of the sailing fleet to arrive from the ice fields. She brings half a cargo of seals, equal to about 25,000 prime young seals. She reports that the sealers Leopard, Labrador, Walrus, and Kite are loaded, and that the Hope, Greenland, Neptune, Diana, Vanguard, and Aurora are empty. The balance of the fleet has not been heard from. This news indicates only an average catch. It is thought that four more weeks must elapse before the fishing is concluded. The Newfoundland met with severe weather. She is badly strained and is leaking considerably. The vessel nearly foundered in the gale last night.

$5 AND A MORTON NOTICE.

PASTOR WISHER TELLS HIS FLOCK A BRIBE WAS SENT HIM.

Caleb A. Simms Sent It and Asked to Have a Morton Meeting Announced from Mt. Olivet Pulpit—Mr. Wisher Consults Conference and the State Committee.

The Rev. D. W. Wisher is pastor of the Mount Olivet Baptist Church in West Fifty-third street. The church is one of the largest colored churches in the city. Its membership is nearly 1,500, and the congregation at the Sunday evening services usually numbers nearly 2,000 persons.

The evening service at the church opens at 8 o'clock. On Sunday, March 22, Mr. Wisher arrived at the church at about 7:45. As he was mounting the steps a man whom he did not know accosted him.

"This is Mr. Wisher, I suppose?" said the stranger.

"I am the man," replied Mr. Wisher.

"I have something for you, Mr. Wisher, which a party asked me to hand to you. Here it is," said the stranger. He handed an envelope to Mr. Wisher, and walked rapidly down Fifty-third street.

The minister went into his study in the church and opened the envelope. There was a note in it, and folded in the note was a five-dollar bill. The note was addressed to Mr. Wisher, and it complimented him upon the work he had done in the church and toward the uplifting of the colored race. He was requested to accept the $5 as a mark of respect and to help him along in the work. The letter was signed Caleb A. Simms.

At the bottom of the sheet was a postscript. It requested Mr. Wisher to announce from the pulpit that a mass meeting of colored people would be held to endorse the candidacy of Gov. Morton for the Presidential nomination.

It is against the custom of the Mount Olivet Church to make any announcements save those of a religious character from the pulpit, and Mr. Wisher made up his mind that an attempt to bribe him had been made.

Mr. Wisher did not announce the Morton meeting from the pulpit. Instead, he spoke for five minutes on the necessity of constantly guarding against the wiles of politicians and refusing to be bought or bulldozed by wire-pullers. He told the congregation that an attempt to bribe him had been made, and he denounced the authors in strong terms. The congregation wondered what it was all about.

On Monday Mr. Wisher went to the Colored Ministers' Conference meeting, and took the note signed Simms and the $5 bill with him. He laid the whole matter before the Conference. None of the other ministers had received notes. They decided to investigate the matter, and it was placed in the hands of the Revs. J. S. Caldwell and J. M. Henderson. These gentlemen first tried to see Mr. Simms, but he was in Albany.

Then they tried to see Charles W. Hackett, but he was not visible, and they called on Reuben Fox, the assistant secretary of the Republican State Committee. Mr. Fox was shocked. He said he did not know anything about the matter, and he thought that there must be some mistake about it.

There the matter rests. Mr. Wisher says that he will return the $5 to Mr. Simms as soon as he can spare the time to write a suitable letter. The Ministers' Conference will meet in St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church at 2 o'clock this afternoon, and further attention will be given to the matter then.

M'KINLEY'S STRENGTH TO DATE.

Gen. Grosvenor Figures a Total of 255 Delegates for the Ohio Candidate.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Representative Grosvenor of Ohio to-night gave out his weekly statement of Candidate McKinley's strength. This is the vote by States, according to Gen. Grosvenor's latest calculation: Alabama, 4; Arkansas, 16; Florida, 8; Georgia, 15; Illinois, 4; Indiana, 30; Kansas, 20; Louisiana, 8; Minnesota, 18; Mississippi, 18; Missouri, 10; New York, 4; Ohio, 46; South Carolina, 2; Texas, 12; South Dakota, 8; West Virginia, 2; Indian Territory, 2; Wisconsin, 24; New Mexico, 4. Total, 255.

"I have taken great pains in this matter," said Gen. Grosvenor. "The extraordinary table that was sent out from Washington yesterday for the encouragement of the friends of another candidate suggested to me the propriety of the greatest possible accuracy in making my statement at this time, and I sent telegrams to all of the States in which there is any possibility of controversy, and have received answers from the distinguished Republicans connected with the party organization in the several States. Of course I have continued to give the full strength of Ohio and Indiana, which have not yet elected all their delegates, but they are beyond controversy, and hence the perfect propriety of these figures. I do not make a statement for the other candidates, because as between the opponents of McKinley I do not know exactly the division up to date of the delegates elected.

"Looking forward, the most cheerful prospects present themselves. New England has been all along conceded to Mr. Reed in a body, and no effort has been made by our McKinley's friends to secure a single vote in New England, and not only so, but every movement in that direction has been steadily discountenanced by McKinley's friends. So that vote of 78 has been discounted, and there is no boom for anybody in the registering of it. The maximum of that vote is 78. The States which are yet to elect, and in which there will be practically solid McKinley delegations, give to-day the most ample assurance that he will pass the middle line of the aggregate, and have a good margin for contingencies and accidents."

M'KINLEY CRITICISED.

A Columbus Republican Newspaper Holds Him Up to Scorn.

COLUMBUS, O., March 29.—The Columbus *Dispatch* printed a long editorial article last evening headed "The Truth Hurts," in which the paper criticises McKinley severely. The *Dispatch* is a Foraker organ. It says it is a libel on Reed, Allison, Morton, and Cullom to claim that the cause of protection to American labor and manufacturers is identical with the candidacy of William McKinley; that protection will not have been repudiated with the nomination of any of these. Here is an extract from the article:

"Major McKinley stands for everything and anything, and the Ohio Republican managers have put up a signboard which points in all directions, and every voter may read the side he prefers and go the way he wishes, still shouting for the success of McKinley. The policy of Major McKinley in this particular is precisely what it has been in respect to every other question of present moment. He has hesitated and doubted in the face of manifest duty. While he was Governor he saw some of the State's charitable institutions torn with dissensions, crippled by incompetency and despoiled by greed, yet he dared not do that which the people asked and the unfortunate prayed for, lest he offend some politician of power. Everywhere he exhibited a weak, indecided, and shuffling character, the only certainty in his mind apparently being his ambition. To that everything was subordinated, and the interests of the people, whose Governor he was elected to be, were traded off for what he supposed to be the quiet most conducive to the growth of a Presidential boom."

IOWA DOESN'T FEAR M'KINLEY.

Gov. Drake Thinks the Major's Name Won't Appear After the Third Ballot.

Gov. Drake of Iowa, with his family and staff, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, having come on from Philadelphia after the launching of the battle ship Iowa.

The Governor is an enthusiastic Allison boomer, and is not at all disturbed by the noise made by the McKinley shouters.

"I do not think," said he, "that McKinley will be a candidate before the Convention after three ballots, and I believe that Senator Allison will stand well with the Ohio man's delegates when they care to cast about for a second choice."

Mr. Drake said that he believed that the delegations to St. Louis from the Western silver States will all be controlled by the sound money Republicans, because the silver Republicans are going over to the Populists. As for himself, he said that he is so much a sound money man that he can heartily endorse either the New York or the Massachusetts money plank.

Deacon Hackett Going South.

Chairman Charles W. Hackett of the Republican State Committee, manager of the Morton boom, will leave for a trip South in a day or two. His exact destination has not been announced, but it will be selected with a view to combining a health resort with a good place for working the boom. The Deacon was threatened with pneumonia, and has been under the weather for two weeks.

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M'KINLEY THEIR CHOICE.

New Jersey Republicans for the Ohio Candidate.

TRENTON, March 29. Since the adjournment of the Legislature there has been an increase of interest in the Republican State and Congress district conventions to elect delegates to the St. Louis Convention. The First, Second, and Fifth district conventions will meet in Trenton on April 16, the day of the State Convention. The Fourth District Convention probably will be called for the same date and place. Some of the political leaders express a belief that the holding of district conventions outside the districts may result in contests in the National Convention. The call issued by the State Committee says that district conventions must be held in the same manner as conventions to nominate members of Congress, which are held within the districts.

The last Convention of the Fifth district, comprising Passaic and Bergen counties, was held in Passaic county, and, according to custom, the next should be at Hackensack. The combination between Joseph H. Quackenbush of Paterson and Col. William Barbour, formerly of Paterson, but now of Bergen county, by the terms of which they are to assist each other in being elected delegates, has caused trouble in the district.

The Bergen county Republicans resent the attempt of Barbour to represent them, and favor Clarence E. Breckenridge, who represents Bergen county on the Republican State Committee. The combination feared the effect of local sentiment at Hackensack, and succeeded in having the District Convention called at Trenton.

Passaic county is entitled to fifty-eight delegates, while Bergen will have but thirty. Mr. Quackenbush, locally known as "Big Joe," holds a responsible place in the business house of Mayor Strong of New York, and controls the Republican political machine in Passaic county. He was an alternate in the National Convention of four years ago. Col. Barbour was a delegate, and represented Passaic county. The Bergen Republicans resent the attempt being made by Passaic county to choose both delegates. Col. Barbour moved into Bergen county last year, and was a delegate to the Gubernatorial Convention from that county last fall. Besides Mr. Breckenridge, Oliver Drake Smith, David A. Pell, J. Hull Browning, Theodore L. McIntyre, and David D. Zabriskie are named as possible candidates from Bergen.

Col. Joseph W. Congdon of Passaic will lead the fight against Quackenbush, if one is made. Elias S. Ward has not withdrawn as a candidate for delegate at large against State Committee Chairman Franklin Murphy, and his friends are at work endeavoring to secure a majority of the delegates from Essex county in the expectation that, if successful, the State Convention will respect Essex county sentiment and elect Mr. Ward. Republican leaders, however, express confidence that Mr. Ward will withdraw before the conferences are held, and consent to either the honor of being made an alternate at large or one of the district delegates. In case he does not, they believe that Chairman Murphy will secure control of the Essex delegation, but whether he does or not he will be elected. There may there be no reason to change the prediction made several weeks ago that the delegates at large will consist of Gen. Sewell, John Kean, Garrett A. Hobart, and Franklin Murphy.

Is there will be a hot fight over the election of three district delegates from Essex county. Newark and East Orange compose the Sixth Congress district, while the rest of the county, with Union county, and the city of Bayonne, in Hudson county, make up the Eighth Congress district. One of the delegates from the Eighth has been assigned to Essex county and William Riker, Halsey M. Barrett, and Andrew W. Bray, representing rival factions, are candidates. Riker will receive the aid of the regular party workers and probably will be successful. Frank Bergen of Elizabeth will be chosen from Union county to represent the sister district. The candidates are Charles Bradley, Elisha B. Gaddis, Frank Parker, all of Newark, and George E. Halsey, Henry L. Potter, Joseph L. Munn, J. Frank Fort, and Joel W. Hall of East Orange.

The Essex county leaders believe that Charles Bradley and Mr. Fort will be successful, but the Republicans known as the "Herold faction" are preparing for a hard fight and express confidence in their ability to break any slate made by the regular Republican organization.

The sentiment among the voters is decidedly in favor of McKinley as the Presidential candidate, and this largely shared by the leaders, several of whom express fears that the McKinley sentiment is so strong that it will be difficult to prevent some of the district conventions instructing in favor of the Ohio man. None of the leaders can remember that a New Jersey Republican State Convention ever has instructed its delegates, and any attempt to do so this year will be opposed.

The leaders are giving considerable attention to the boom of Garrett A. Hobart for second place on the ticket, and predict that with McKinley and Hobart as the candidates Democratic New Jersey would give between 30,000 and 40,000 majority for the ticket. His friends say that because of his prominence as Vice-Chairman of the National Committee and his strong protection and sound money views Mr. Hobart would show equal strength in other States. Mr. Hobart will not admit that he is a candidate for second place.

Some of Mr. Hobart's friends believe that he would not be willing to accept the nomination, as it would take him out of the race for United States Senator in 1899, when Senator Smith's term will expire. Others who are close to Mr.