

THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company.
TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 15.
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING
EDITION (Including Postage),
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.
VOL. 28.....NO. 9,765
Entered as the Post-Office at New York as second-class
mail matter.

THE 1888 RECORD!

We, the undersigned Advertising
Agents, have examined the Circulation
and Press Room Reports of THE
WORLD, and also the amounts of White
Paper furnished it by various paper
manufacturers, and find that the
Average No. of WORLDS
Printed Daily from Jan. 1,
1888, to date is as stated,
viz.,

288,970 COPIES.

(Signed) GEO. F. ROWELL & CO.,
J. H. BATES,
E. M. ERICKSON,
DAUCHY & CO.,
GOODRICH & HULL,
JNO. F. PHILLIPS & CO.

Circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD each
Sunday during the first quarter in 1888:
Jan. 1.....288,970
Jan. 8.....287,180
Jan. 15.....286,110
Jan. 22.....285,470
Jan. 29.....285,860
Feb. 5.....286,420
Feb. 12.....286,870
Average - 288,970

Circulation Books Always Open.

THE TRUST NUISANCE.
Tammany Hall's indictment of the Sugar
Trust as a nuisance in law and a conspiracy
in fact is fully sustained by proofs.
The Sugar Trust exercises the privileges
and powers of a corporation without warrant
of law. It exercises the powers of a monopoly,
in contravention of law and of the
public interests.
The Trust robs the producer on one hand
by conspiring to put down the price of his
raw material. It robs the consumer on the
other by fixing an arbitrarily high price for
refined sugar.
If the Attorney-General can find no law to
prevent such robberies, the people must
elect a Legislature that will pass one.

CORNERING WHEAT.
Wheat speculators at Duluth control one-
third of the visible supply of wheat in the
country, and purpose to make a corner in the
"staff of life."
Bleu ruin will probably overtake every one
of them—and serve them right.
There ought to be a law forbidding all
these combinations to speculate in the necessities
of the people. To put an artificially
high price upon food in order to make mil-
lions of gamblers, is the meanest form of
robbery.
Fortunately the laws of trade usually corner
the cornerers at last in all these operations.
Swift failure to the whole of them!

THE MAYOR'S ADVICE.
The locked-out brewery workmen applied
to the Mayor for bread and he gave them a
stone.

It is the old story. And yet, perhaps, hard
facts and cold comfort were all that his
Honour had to give. His pitiless logic, how-
ever, is faulty.
Mayor Hawley said to the workmen:
"You have a right to have a union, and the
brewers have an equal right to have an asso-
ciation; and they have an equal right to re-
fuse to recognize your union." Not unless
might makes right. What moral right have
rich brewers to claim and exercise the priv-
ilege of organization for themselves while
denying it to their employees?
It is useless to fight against hopeless odds.
The Mayor's illustration is better than his
reasoning: "You had better throw up your
hands, as the road agents in the West force
their victims to do."

A FRENCH BEN BUTLER.
Gen. Boulanger talks of himself and the
French people very much as a former
"People's candidate" for President talked
of himself and the American people.
Boulanger is a French Ben Butler.
What can be more Banbulanish than this
talk of the French demagogue at a banquet
given in his honor: "Let us occupy our-
selves solely with the people, who are suffer-
ing through a bastard policy directed by
demagogues, and with France, who seeks to
raise herself, but whom it is sought to
weaken."
The effective patriot who talks like this is
almost always looking for power for himself.

"JOHN BROWN'S body lies mouldering in
the grave," as it did twenty-five years ago,
when our soldier boys began engaging the most
stirring of all war songs. "But his soul
goes marching on," as the abolition of
slavery in Brazil, just completed, amply
proves.

The Sny Levee, on the Mississippi, has
given way, and a large tract of country is in-
undated. The wide Aqueduct in New York
will give way, when it is put to the test, un-
less the fraudulent work places are mean-
while discovered and strengthened.

Slipper BROWN is out with his old man-
ager, HARRY PHILLIPS, and in with his old
enemy, John Bertram. The match between

the two Johns will have the usual result—the
gutter or a cell for "the big fellow."

The GRESHAM boom is growing, but the
subject of it is too good a man to suit the
politicians—unless they get badly frightened.
Look-a-here, Old Prob, these "cold May
storms" are getting to be confoundingly
monotonous, not to say disagreeable.

DINNER AND DESSERT.

Shad, 35 cents each.
Cauliflower, 35 cents.
Lettuce, 5 cents a head.
Mackerel, 50 cents each.
Artichokes, 15 cents each.
Waxbeans, 15 cents a quart.
Best butter, 25 cents a pound.
Mashed potatoes, 15 for 25 cents.
Blood oranges, 30 cents a dozen.
Soft shell crabs, 15 per dozen.
Asparagus, 15 to 20 cents a bunch.
Southern pineapples, 30 cents each.
Raspberries, three bunches for 5 cents.
Choice strawberries, 50 cents a quart.
California fruit confections, 50 cents a box.

UP? WHICH FLOOR, PLEASE?

Henry Johnson manages one of the two large
elevators in the Morse Building.

The real-estate men at 180 Broadway play with
fate by riding with Thomas Byrnes and Garrett
Stacy.

The patent-solicitors in Temple Court take their
chances with John T. Driscoll, Denis McCrohan
and Michael Gately.

The representatives of the various loan agencies
in the Vanderbilt Building always have a cheerful
word for Charlie O'Brien or Robert McKee.

The lawyers and other tenants in the United
Bank Building trust themselves to George Bremer,
Tom Humphrey, James Coleman and W. Hitch-
cock.

The big insurance people who have offices in the
Petter Building take show rides with James
Burns, John Gallagher, Jim O'Toole or "Mr.
Ryan."

"The two Jerrys" (Hayes and Griffin), as they
are called, take care of the out-of-town newspaper
correspondents who have offices in the Tribune
Building.

John Kelly and Thomas Gilles conduct the elevators
in the Federal Building. They carry all sorts
of human freight, from a United States Supreme
Court Judge to a common counterfeiter.

The thousand-and-one people who daily ride in
the elevators of the big Equitable Building always
feel comfortable when Frank Corrigan, Joe Flynn,
Eugene Leary, Joseph Carey, William Griswold,
Tom Hasler, Frank McGee, Michael Swensen,
Blair, Georgeagan or John Knight is in charge of
the machine.

OLD-TIMERS WHO CAN CATCH FISH.

The threatening weather yesterday prevented
many from going with Ed Houston's fishing party
to Sandy Hook. Those who went were amply re-
warded by the good sport that they had. Here are
the names of some of the old-time fishermen who did
go and the amount of their "haul":

Hoger Loftus, a dozen large foundlers and about
the same number of blackfish.
"Nick" Martin, thirty foundlers and blackfish
and a few eels.

Joe Cook, "Hen" Cook, Charlie Ludwig and
Fred Cook together caught over one hundred large
eels and a few choice foundlers.

Ed Houston didn't spend much time fishing, but
during the time that he did he was quite lucky.

Bill Kirk, fifteen foundlers, a few eels and black-
fish.

Charlie Smith, twenty foundlers and blackfish.
Mr. Schmidt, "Old Bach," with his party sat
down to a dinner of about five hundred eels and
an abundance of Canada mals.

Bill Price, Charlie Towner, Joe Corbett and
Capt. Robinson caught the fair lot, their meas-
ures ranging from ten to twenty-five fish. A few sculp-
ins were caught.

Bill Lashan often goes down to Prince's Bay and
sometimes brings fish home. He is positive he
catches them, but—fishermen are such dreamers.

WORLDLINGS.

The University of Zurich has conferred the de-
gree of Doctor of Philosophy upon Miss Frances
H. Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

A little negro girl in Albany, Ga., is gradually
turning white, the skin of her face and arms
now hardly distinguishable in hue from that of
Caucasian child. Her hair, too, which was jet
black, has become white.

John R. Burton, a successful autograph hunter
of Milwaukee, has in his collection the autographs
of every President of the United States from Wash-
ington down to Cleveland. He also possesses a
note given by George Washington to pay for his
pew in the church that he attended at Alexan-
dria.

A Philadelphia drummer astonished the people of
Oxford the other day by wearing a live chicken
as a watch chain. The curious little bird was
attached to the chain by a thin band of gold wound
about its neck and nestled in the creases of the
drummer's waistcoat with every indication of con-
tentment.

One of the finest collections of orchids in the
country is that in the conservatories of Mr.
William H. Chadwick. He has at the present time
about five hundred and sixty varieties of the rare
plants, which include specimens from every country
in which they grow. One of the rarest is a Vanda
cathartica, from India, which was purchased in
London for \$100.

Judge Arnold Krekel, of the United States Dis-
trict Court for the Western District of Missouri,
who is soon to retire to private life, was appointed
to the bench by President Lincoln. His long ser-
vice as a judge has made him one of the best-
known men in the State of Missouri. There are
only four other United States judges whose ap-
pointments antedate his.

Adolph Suto, the California many-millionaire
who is preparing to make a present of his hand-
some property at Cliff House to the city of San
Francisco, was poor and unknown a few years ago.
He conceived the idea of the Suto Tunnel, suc-
ceeded in borrowing enough money to interest
capitalists in the venture, formed a company with
a capital of \$60,000,000, built the tunnel and is now
worth several millions.

From Hotel Registers.

At the Grand Hotel, 27 W. Ware, Newport, and
A. H. Goodwin, of Minneapolis.

C. Arthur, of Lafayette, Ind., and W. H.
Bubard, of Columbus, are at the Gilest.

Among others at the Hoffman are Lieut. Gov.
Jones, and John W. Norris, of Chicago.

The Astor Hotel contains David Day, U. S. G. S.,
from Washington, and Francis H. Bayler, a Phila-
delphia railroad man.

The Sturtevant House contains Delagier, a Phila-
delphia, J. A. Beard, Daniel Foreman and Andrew
McLaughlin, all of Rochester.

Oct. John H. Stung, of Baltimore; Charles Gold
and H. W. Byrnes, from England, are among the
guests at the Hotel Brunswick.

Capt. Brownell, of Cobleskill, and J. S. Pinder,
of the same town, are some delegates who will
represent the St. James Hotel to-day.

Wm. H. Barnum, of Connecticut; Ward Gregory,
of Ithaca, and E. M. Shattell, of Trinidad, Col.,
are registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-day.

THE RESCUERS.

A Fireman's Busy Life.

By
BENJAMIN A. GICQUEL,
Chief of Seventh Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

CONCLUDED.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

HE fireman had reached the top of the
ladder and was half on the window-sill,
waiting to help the old lady
down. Half way down
the ladder was an ex-
cited citizen who had
climbed up without
any very definite idea
of what was to be done,
or of what he wanted to do. He wished to
be of some help and probably thought he
could assist in removing the old lady from
the building.

But she did not want to be removed. At
least she did not want to be taken down the
ladder. The policeman, who had just come up
the stairs, expostulated with her and tried to
persuade her to intrust herself to the fireman
and be taken down the ladder.

The old lady shook her head. She didn't
want to go down the ladder.

The fireman used his eloquence, too. There
was no danger in getting down the ladder.
He would take good care that she suffered no
harm. Come! wouldn't she let him take her
down? She ought not to stay there. Come!
Hurry up! No time to lose.

But no; the nice old lady calmly refused to
be rescued by means of the ladder.

The policeman chimed in with his eloquent
appeals. The fireman, who had been in the win-
dow-sill, reiterated his. All the arguments they
could think of they brought to bear. But they
could not convince the old lady, who hung
back and shook her white-haired head
with renewed resolution.

Some time ago William came from the Mon-
mouth farm with nothing save the suit of clothes
on his back, a knowledge of horses and good in-
tentions to wicked New York City, and obtained
a position as coachman for Charles Meule, a banker,
of No. 350 West One Hundred and Twenty-third
street. As fortune, or misfortune, had it,
Verena about the same time obtained a position
in the same household as domestic work. In a little
while William and Verena felt that each in the
other had met an affinity. After that matters pro-
gressed rapidly—so rapidly, in fact, that under a
promise of marriage the girl succumbed to the en-
chantment of the man.

In her short-livedness Verena, too, gave Clark
\$50 with which to buy furniture to furnish the new
house. The prospective husband bought a few
things, gave Verena \$10, the balance of the \$50, and
a little while later skipped. The girl notified the
police and Detective Price and Mott, after a long
hunt, caught their man yesterday as he was draw-
ing money from the Harlem bank. He was arrested
and is now arraigned in the Harlem Police Court
before Judge Gorman.

There were two charges, one of seduction and
one of grand larceny. The latter was dropped.
The trial was going along pretty well, but against
Clark, when the latter's father came to the stand
and said:

"But he is willing to marry the girl, sir."
"But is the girl willing to marry him?" sug-
gested the detective.

"Yes, she was, sir," said the father.

"Take them to Alderman Hubbell's office and
let them marry," said the Court to Detective
Price.

The detective didn't know where it was and a
relative in the crowd made him a sign. The
couple were sent to the side stairs to talk over
the matter.

Half an hour later Detective Price, with the man
and woman, started for the Alderman's office.
The Alderman was not in. Then the trio tried the
Greenwich (L. I.) Cemetery on May 22. The
following is the programme of the day's exercises:

The line will be formed at 1 o'clock in front of
the Town Hall, Hempstead, facing south. Moses
A. Baldwin Post, No. 544, of Hempstead, will oc-
cupy the centre and D. B. P. Mott Post, No. 827,
of Freeport, the right of the line. All visiting
companies will march in the order of the line.

The village Fire Department and also that of
Freeport will occupy the left of the line.

The order of march will be as follows:
Thomas N. Smith, Marshal, and staff.
Fire Department.

Committee of Honor and invited visitors.
D. B. P. Mott Post, G. A. R., with drum corps.
William A. Clark Post, No. 210, of Patchogue.
D. L. Downing Post, No. 385, of Glen Cove.
William A. Clark Post, No. 210, of Patchogue.
Hempstead Brass Band.

James W. Warren Post, Sons of Veterans, of Glen Cove.
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WHERE DAUGHTERS RULE.

A LONG-ESTABLISHED BENEVOLENT ORDER
IN ST. LUKE'S NAME.

Is Thirty-three Degrees Taken in All Ages—
President Bertha Rose Here the Juvenile Order
and Seven Years—Brothers Object to the
Sisters' Dominion.

The Order of the Daughters and Sons of
St. Luke has existed in this country for up-
ward of fifty years.

"It came from the Straits of Gibraltar,"
said a member. "It was brought by one
James Wilson. It is founded on a rock and
based on the Holy Bible," she added solemnly.

There are thirty-three degrees in the
order, the thirty-third and highest being that
of the Druids.

There are but few who have taken this de-
gree, and they are in Philadelphia.

They dress entirely in black and for a
badge wear a black rosette with a golden star
in the centre.

The lowest degree is the Juvenile Order of
the Glittering Star.

The presiding officer is Miss Bertha Rose,
aged nine years. She is a demure little person,
with a round, childish face, big, soft,
dark eyes and an air of knowing a great deal
that she says nothing about.

Her mother says the child was initiated at
the tender age of three years. Even then the
baby could keep a secret, and she arose at
once to the gravity of the occasion.

Some of the members of the lodge hold their
business meetings in due form, pay their
dues regularly and consider various cases re-
ported for assistance. Of course their chari-
ties are confined entirely to needy little
ones.

These juvenile assemblies are presided over
by a matron, Mrs. Emma Eastley. They are
convened at 99 Sixth avenue, where the other
meetings of the Daughters and Sons of St.
Luke have been held for some years past.

The children wear broad white collars and
badges.

The dress regalia of the "Daughters" con-
sist of a black velvet shoulder cape trimmed
and fringed with silver and a belt trimmed
with five colors which have a mystic signifi-
cance. All wear white gloves and black bon-
nets trimmed with purple. Various rosettes
are pinned on the front of the capes denot-
ing different degrees.

About twenty years ago strife arose among
the daughters and sons, and certain members
were cast from the order.

These gathered together and became known
as the "Independent Daughters and Sons,"
while the old order is designated as "The
Grand Lodge."

Their motto is "Charity to all."
The oldest lodge in this city called is Mount
Sinai Council No. 8. Then there is a Geth-
semane Council, a Mount Olive Council and
a Mount Pious Council.

The initiation fee on joining this order is
\$3. The monthly dues are 25 cents. There
is a death tax of 40 cents, a "head tax" of 20
cents a year and members of the Grand House
pay an additional 25 cents a year.

Sister Elizabeth Evans, of Philadelphia,
was Supreme Grand Sister in America. At
her death, two years since, Jane R. Thomas
succeeded to this exalted position.

The Right Worshipful Grand Officers of the
Supreme Council of New York, No. 1, are:
Teaching Master, William A. Phillips; Deputy
Grand Teaching Master, John Braddock; Grand
Deputy, Charles Phillips; Grand Charity, Harriet
Conover; Grand Secretary, Thomas R. Light-
house.

Probably the most distinguished member of
the order in this city is Mrs. Sarah Miller,
who is First Past Grand Charity. Mrs. Mil-
ler is seventy-seven years old, and but for
her white hair might be taken to be a score
of years.

She is deservedly held in great love and
reverence by members of her order, who
esteem her as a great ornament to their so-
ciety. She is active in the councils of the
Daughters and Sons, but the burden of
actual work she long ago laid down.

Mrs. Miller wears a silver plate like this in
the drawing. It is suspended on a purple
ribbon and is made of white gloves, she wears
tan color. Otherwise her dress regalia is like
that of the other sisters.

A noteworthy feature of this order is that,
while it admits both men and women, the
reins of government are in women's hands—
they are the rulers.

"We have lost many brothers on this ac-
count," said a sister, regretfully. "They
went into the order and want to be taken
head, and when they find they can't they
secede."

PAR AND MAR ON THE TRAIN.
They rode on the Elevated Road Success-
fully the First Attempt.

The actions of an elderly couple—evidently
from the country—in a Third Avenue elevated
road car this morning were the source of
amusement to the other passengers.

The pair were first brought into prominent
notice at Twenty-third street, where they
were awaiting the train's arrival. When it
stopped they found themselves midway be-
tween two car gates. After casting a rapid
glance up and down the platform, the old
man concluded that the further gate toward
him was the most desirable entrance and
shouting "This way, Mar," he made a wild
rush in its direction, the tails of his duster
flying in the air, a brand-new grip-sack sur-
ing in his hand and "Mar" following in
close pursuit.

A broad smile spread over his face as he
entered the car, being evidently under the
impression that he had done something re-
markably clever in getting aboard so quickly.

The couple seated themselves in the centre
of the car, "Par" depositing his valise and
umbrella on the seat in front "so's to be
handy when we get out," as he explained to
his wife.

The ride was fraught with great pleasure to
the old lady, who was continually calling
"Par's" attention to objects of interest in the
street. Every horse car that was passed was
an illustration to her of the superiority of
steam travel.

"Par," however, was plainly nervous, and
kept his ear strained to catch the names of
the stations, which the guard shouted in the
customer's ears. Finally he left his seat and
planted himself beside the door, waited
until the next station was reached. When
the guard emitted his usual whoop "Par"
was seized by the arm and inquired what the
station was.

"Fifty-third street" was the answer.
Thanking him effusively, "Par" resumed his
seat near the door, and as the guard called
out the stations—which he did intelligibly
out of regard for the rustic couple—"Par"
courtaneously thanked him.