THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

NO DRINKS ON TICK.

Judge White Delivers Numerous Lectures to Southside Saloonists on

THE PRACTICE OF TRUSTING

He Also Talks About the Want of Good Restaurants Over There.

SMALL INCREASE ON THE WEEK.

Only Sixty-Five Cases Were Heard by the Court Yesterday.

MAY FINISH PITTSBURG ON MONDAY

Although there were great expectations that work in License Court would be pushed more rapidly this week than last, the showing on the total is only an increase of seven. Last week 360 applicants were heard, and this week 367 applicants passed before the bar, making a total of 727 cases. It started out well on Monday, and all previous records for a day's work were broken, the Judges hearing 79 cases. On Tuesday it dropped to 75 and on Wednesday and Thursday 74 cases were heard, though on Thursday work continued until 5:30. Yesterday was the poorest day of the week, only 65 applicants having been examined.

The work has gone into the Twenty-ninth ward, seven cases having been heard in that ward yesterday. Beginning with the eighth case on Monday work will be pushed with all possible speed. The Thirty-sixth ward will be reached Monday, though it may not be finished before Tuesday morning. Alle-gheny will be taken up Tuesday as soon as

the Pittsburg wards are finished.

Judge White had lots of fun with the Southside people yesterday, as he had two little matters to pull them up on. One was the trusting business, and nearly every saloon keeper on that side of the river had to acknowledge that he keeps a slate, or did until very recently. The bills, according to the statements of the saloonists, run from \$1 "every pay," or every two weeks, up to \$4 or \$5. Judge White is very severe on this sort of violaters, and his little lecture was kept going nearly all day.

Another matter is the slimness of their restaurants. The majority of the places turnish meals "when called for," but Judge White says that's not a restaurant, and intimates that to be a restaurant people must est if you are compelled to stand at the door and pull them in.

THE MORNING WORK

Was Slow and Uninteresting and Only Twenty-Six Cases Were Heard - Too Much Trusting on the Southside-Excases for Restaurants.

The first man called vesterday morning was Jacob Aulenbacher, Jr., who is the first man in the Twenty-sixth ward. He has been refused two years in succession for the same place, 108 South Eighteenth street. Auton Artman now has a restaurant at 54 Applicant—No, sir; as soon as a "temper-South Eighteenth street and would like to ance man" comes in I refuse to sell to add liquors. Frederick Buehler, who has him. been refused twice, applies for 1927 Carson street. Edward Cowen, is licensed at 2022 Jane street. Fred W. Drewes is licensed at 1311 Carson street. Charles B. Deitz is a wholesaler and wants

a retail license at 1919 Jane street. Judge White-Why do you want to quit the wholesale?

Applicant-It's not legitimate. Judge White-Oh, yes it is.

Applicant-People are against the jug business, all the same, Rinehardt Differ, now licensed at 140 South Eighteenth street, had no trouble, Julianna Engel is a new applicant for 2021 Josephine street. Frederick Hoffman, new applicant for 127 South Nineteenth street

George Jung, new man for 113 South Nineteenth street; George Kunkel, now licensed at 1800 Josephine street; Henry Lins, new applicant for 137 South Nineteenth street; Jacob Loeffler, new man for 157 South Nineteenth street, had no trouble, Trusting on the Southside.

Joseph McCarthy, now licensed at 53 South Seventeenth street, heard that trusting was contrary to law, but did not visit a lawyer and did not know it to be a fact. Judge White-You heard it was wrong and you didn't learn the truth? In going on you willfully violated the law.

Christopher Plannkuch, new man for 121 South Eighteenth street; J. W. Rublandt, now licensed at 1832 Carson street; Joseph Rabenstein, new applicant for 145 South Eighteenth street; Charles Ruhlandt, now licensed at 117 and 119 South Eighteenth street, and John Rudolf, now licensed at 1827 and 1829 Sarah street, got off with com parative ease. John Schwartz now has a wholesale

license at 129 South Seventeenth street, and this year he applies for a retail at the same and he is the second man who said ther buckets.

Henry M. Sell has a restaurant at 182 South Twentieth street, and has been refused three times in succession. The Cause of His Knock Out.

Judge White-Why were you re'used? Applicant-Because I sold beer in buckets

to minors.

John Satter, 64 South Nineteenth street, was refused twice, and thinks he ought to have a license now because he is unable to

Henry W. Viehman is a new applicant for 1319 Carson street, now occupied by a cigar store. He was refused twice. Constantine Will is a new man for 143 South Eighteenth street. This closed up the Twenty-sixth ward. Louis Abel was the first man called from the Twenty-seventh ward. He is an appli-

Monestery and the Birmingham and Browns ville road.
Judge White-What is there now? Applicant-My mother-in-law keeps :

grocery there. Judge White-Are you married? Oh, of course you are, if you've got a mother-in

John Betler now runs an ice wagon, but wants to run a saloon at 2422 Carson street. Daub, corner of Sharon avenue and Mt. Oliver street, was the last applicant heard before noon. Twenty-six cases were

AFTERNOON HEARINGS.

The Seventh Avenue Hotel Proprietor Tells His Story-One Man Who Didn't Know the Meaning of Intemperance-Cases Good and Bad.

At the opening of the afternoon session the first case heard was that of B. C. Wilson, proprietor of the Seventh Avenue Hotel, who was unable to appear when the Third ward applications were heard. He was followed by John Embs, a new applicant for 149 Pius street, who was refused last year. Sebastian Fluhr, 225 Washington avenue is now licensed and has had no trouble.

Gustave Friedel, now licensed at 180 Arlington avenue, hopes to continue. Frederick Hambach wants a license for 643 Brownsville avenue, now occupied as a wholesale

Louis Hoer, No. 10 Pius street, now a book store, where he sells "school books and brain Jacob Klarner was refused two years in succession, and as he can't work any more he thinks he ought to occupy 1501 Pius street as a saloon. It is now a cigar store

street as a saloon. It is now a cigar store and pool room.

George Lehrman, who applies for a license at 157 Birmingham and Brownsville roads, is a carpenter. His attorney argued that the house was necessary to accommodate the people who want to stop there on the way to the Monaster to attend mass.

Valentine Pfeuffer never applied for a license before, but has built a house he thinks would be a good place for a saloon at 126 Pius street. He is now a paper carrier.

Louis Rathleder, No. 167 Pius street, is a glassworker who wants to open a saloon. glassworker who wants to open a saloon.

Close to the Cemetery. John C. Threnhauser keeps boarders on the Birmingham and Brownsville road. Judge White—What do you keep in your Applicant-Pies and cakes for the ceme

Judge White-Anything else?

Applicant—No, sir.
Judge White—Any beer?
Applicant—Some for myself and the

oarders get some.

Theodore Youngman, now licensed at 38 Mt. Oliver street, has an idea that he ought to continue. It was hard to make him un-

derstand the question: "Do any drunken men live in your neighborhood?"

Judge White—You're just like a good many others who come here to answer set questions and can't comprehend any others.

John Bercher was the first applicant from the Twenty-eighth ward. He now has a saloon there, having purchased the transfer from Mrs. Kauffield for \$1,250.

August Bodenhagen has a saloon at 1401 Carson street, where he now lives with his

ather, but the latter is going to move out. Judge White-Don't you want to root the old man out? Applicant-He is going to move into his

own house. Judge White—He is getting old and crippled and can't attend to business. I suppose you supplanted him.

Applicant—No, he just wanted to retire.

Judge White—I have information as grounds for the questions.

Applicant-The change was amicable. He Needs a Dictionary.

Jacob Breiding is now licensed at 1206 Carson street and had very little trouble the past year. He said minors sometimes come in, but he doesn't sell to them. His receipts are \$30 or \$35 per day. Judge White—They are all posted and all take in about \$30 or \$35 daily. Do any intemperate men ever go into your place?

Judge White-Do you know the meaning of intemperate? Applicant-No, sir.

Judge White-Well, it's a man who drinks too much. Do any drunken men live in your neighborhood? Applicant-No, sir.
Judge White-Did you ever see a drunken

No answer.

Applicant—Yes, sir.
Judge White—And you mean to say that none live in your neighborhood. That's a good place.

John Callahan is now licensed at 498
Fifteenth street, and it is his desire to con-

tinue.
Judge White-Do you sell to minors? Applicant-No, sir. Some come in and I refused. Judge White-Your neighbors say different. Do you sell to intemperate men?

Runs Her Husband's Saloon. Louisa Donahue appears for a license at 1605 Carson street, where her husband se-cured a license last year. Her husband is now in the hospital and she runs the busi-

James Donahuc is now a wholesaler at 1413 Carson street and wants it to be retail this year. His receipts were about \$12,000. two-thirds of which was for beer. He sold in bottles and jugs.

Judge White-Was there any drinking

on the premises? Applicant-Yes, for three or four months. I didn't know it was a violation. Judge White-Did you have any

trouble? Applicant-Yes, I was arrested for selling without a license. Two officers came in and bought a jug of beer and I gave them each a drink of whisky. They made information against me.
Judge White-When you were prosecuted

you pleaded guilty.

Applicant—No, sir, I did not.

Frederick Deitz, Bedford square and

Biogham street, is a new applicant. The "Last Chance" club occupies the same house in which he now lives, 1311 Sarah street. He says the club drinks beer and plays cards on Sunday. His nephew, George J. Deitz, applies for 1311 Sarah street, but John Fisher is now licensed at 128 South Seventeenth street.

Would Bather Be a Betailer. M. Keller is one of the wholesale firm of Keller & Wilson, and wants to secure a retail license at 67 and 69 South Seventeenth street. During the past year their sales amounted to \$35 or \$40 a day. They allowed people to drink on the premises, but profited by the experience of those arrested

they sold mostly by the quart. Edward S. Kennedy, No. 1321 Carson street, is now licensed. F. M. Kiphen, No. 1204 Sarah street, is a chunky little German, who looks like a house had fallen on him and "drove him into himself." He nas had no license for three years and has done nothing.
Judge White-Can you afford to do noth-

for it and quit several months ago. He says

Applicant-I could, but can't now any Attorney M. Hunter-I think he has been kept out of a license long enough. He'll have to go to the poorhouse. Applicant-I don't want to go to the poor-

Andrew Murphy got a transfer for 1405 Carson street and applies this year for 1407. Bernard McGlade is a bartender, and runs a restaurant at 12 South Diamond. He would like a license added, John Nusser has the grip.

Edward M. Segner applies for 62 South Sixteenth street. He has been ten years a

Drinks a Little for Health John Schuelz is an applicant for 16 South

Thirteenth street. He is 65 years old.
Judge White-There has been some liquor sold there? Applicant-No, sir. Judge White-How much do you get for

Applicant-Two eighths a week. John Trenhauser has a license at Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Diamond square,
Judge White—You've had a license two

your own use?

Applicant—Forever, Your Honor.
Judge White—Oh, no, not forever.
Applicant—Well, for the past 11 years.
William J. Udick is licensed at 145 South
Twelfth street. He bought the property
and secured a transfer from Jacob Muller.

Patrick Wilson, who was associated with M. Keller as wholesalers the past year, applies for a retail license at 1209 Carson Edward Williams got a transfer last year

for 1921 Carson street, applies for a renewal. He was formerly a bartender. His business amounts to \$40 daily. Judge White—It don't follow because a man buys another's license that he'll get a There's too much trafficking in I'd much rather grants new man. Margaretha Wasserman wants a license for

1210 Sarah street, where her husband, now dead, applied last year. The Twenty-Ninth Ward.

Jacob Aichele, first applicant from the Twenty-ninth ward, has been refused three years. He has a restaurant at 22 South Diamond square.
Judge White—You sold drinks in 1889.

Applicant—No sir.
Judge White—Oh, you forget.
Attorney Robb—It's a long time for him
o remember, Your Honor. Judge Magee-It's a long time between

drinks, to be sure.

Mary Bender applies for a retail license for 801 Carson street. She has been refused twice. Joseph Berkmuller, now licensed twice. Joseph at 913 Carson street, had no trouble. Joseph A. Burkley, No. 47 and 49 South Tenth street, has two dining rooms, one for 25-cent meals and the other for 15 cents. He has a license. George Boerner is a new applicant for 1111 Sarah street. Thomas Fitzpatrick is licensed at 727 Carson street. Conrad P. Freund applies for 109 South Eleventh street. A license was refused Mrs. Fromm, is aunt, who applied for them last year. This was the last case heard for the day, 65 cases having been called.

OLD MAIDS are useful according to Bessie Bramble. Interesting letter for THE DISPATCH to-morrow. All the news; wenty pages.

BLESSED BY POPE LEO.

He Sends His Apostolical Benediction to the World's Fair Managers.

CHICAGO, March 27 .- His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., is out with an apostolical benediction upon the World's Fair and the plan to erect a beautiful stone monument in honor of Christopher Columbus, at Buenes Ayres.

He savs: It is proper, as well as useful, to render hom age to men who have merited so well of Chris-tian faith and human society. Columbus, in accomplishing by his genius and perseverance such great deeds, has been the fountain in both hemispheres of so great influence upon man-kind that few men can be compared with him. Hoping that the honors bestowed upon him will benefit the World's Fair at Chicago, we give to your project the praise that it merits, and at the same time, as a token of fraternal love, we give the apostolical benediction.

The Art Directorship of the World's Fair, it is said, has been tendered to Prof. Halsey
C. Ives, Director of the St. Louis School of
Fine Arts. The professor is well and widely
known in art circles both in this country and

A NEW WESTERN TRUST.

Sash, Door and Blind Manufacturers Combining at Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 27 .- A meeting of sash, door and blind manufacturers for the purpose of forming a general organization, convened here to-day. Delegates are present from the principal cities of the West and Northwest. It is denied by those in attendance-that there is any intention of forming a trust, though it is admitted that the object of the meeting is to establish a uniform scale

of prices.

From another source it is learned that a trust or combination is in contemplation. Competition of late, has it is said, become so sharp that the factories are barely making expenses. For some time the Chicago manufacturers have been working the matter up, and have found that most of the principal factories in the West were willing to go into some kind of protective organization

ROCHESTER CLOTHING BOYCOTTED.

The Knights of Labor Serve Notice on Al

the Retail Dealers. ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 27,-The Journal of the Knights of Labor this week publishes a boycott over the names of James Walter R. Westbrook, District Recording

Secretary, in which they say: "BROTHERS-See that you appoint con mittees at once to call on every retail clothing dealer in your locality. Tell them they must countermand all orders for Rochester made clothing. Give all retail dealers t understand that they must not buy clothing from any Rochester manufacturer till th tyrants who are in the Rochester combine meet organized labor and treat us with justice as freemen, and not as slaves. Do not delay, but push this work in your neigh

A FAMILY POISONING PLOT.

t Results in the Death of a Housekee Who Ruined the Home. OMAHA, March 27 .- What is suspect to be an attempted poisoning of the family of J. S. Hascall, a prominent politician, was brought to light to-day. Last Tuesday, while Hascall was away from home, five nembers of his household were taken suddenly ill after dinner, and next morning Emma Anderson, his housekeeper, died

The others are recovering.

The family kept the matter quiet until to-day, but the probabilities now are that the housekeeper's body, which was buried at St. Edwards, Neb., will be exhumed and an inquest be held. Hascall is divorced from his wife, and it is alleged that the Anderson woman was the cause of the separa tion. It is claimed that threats had bee made that she would not die a natural death.

WAITING FOR HIS RELEASE.

Will Become Chancellor as Soon as Present Ties Are Dissolved. Dr. W. J. Holland will take the Chancel orship of the Western University as soon as he can sever his connection with the Bellefield Presbyterian Church. He will also take the chair of Mental Philosophy in the University. He is a specialist in that branch, and previously taught it in the Andover Academy, in Massachusetts. Dr. Holland is now at the "Kenmawr, suffering from the grip, but will secure his release from his present pastorate as soon as ossible. His new stone residence at Belle ield is just about completed, and it is un-

TWO CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS. The People of Massachusetts May Vote Upo

ierstood the new Chancellor will not resid

Important Changes Next Fall. BOSTON, March 27 .- The amendment the Constitution abolishing the property qualification for candidates for the Governorship was passed in the House yesterday without debate. The Senate passed the resolution providing for resubmission to the people of an amendment to the Constitution abolishing

Beautiful styles in misses' surah hats for Easter, 65c, \$1, \$1 25 to \$5 each. Money to Boggs & BUHL. be saved. TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY pieces bes

the poll-tax qualification for voters.

moquette carpets in Hartford and Smith's makes at a price, at Welty's, 120 Federal treet, 65, 67, 69 and 71 Park way. TTS WHERE to meet your friends-lunch

B. & B. 4-button real kid \$1 a pair-modes, tans. grays, brown, black. Boggs & BUHL

tempt. It was the first blow that these bold brigands had received—the first time that a REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM man had been brave and honest enough to stand up for what was right in the face of 401 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenu Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$69,000. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and interest allowed at 4 per cent.

CAREER OF HENNESSY

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, MARCH 28,

A Complete History of His Dealings With the Dreaded Mafia.

ESPOSITO, THE ESCAPED BANDIT, Was the Man Whose Deeds of Blood in

Italy Began the Trouble. CONTINUED BY THE MAPIA'S CRIMES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW ORLEANS, March 23,-The night o October 15, 1890, will ever be a memorable one in the criminal annals of New Orleans. It was a Wednesday night, gloomy, drizzling and sloppy. The Board of Police Commissioners were holding their weekly session, and, as was customary, Chief Hennessy and myself were present. A few minutes before the Board adjourned the Chief came to where I was sitting, and, leaning over me, whispered that he was going to the office, and if anything of importance transpired to let him know. Then he went out, and I never spoke to him again.

When the Board adjourned I walked down St. Charles street with Commissioner Beanham, and we stepped into Leon Lamothe's restaurant for oysters. From there we walked to the corner of Canal and Baronne, where we separated.

The Fatal Shots Heard.

I went home, out Canal, turning up Robertson to Common, as I lived on Common, near Claiborne. It was then nearly 11:30. 1 had put out the light and was sitting on the edge of the bed, when I heard two loud explosions, and sprang off the bed to the front door. Just at that moment the



car passed, and the mule kicked the dash board, and I concluded that that was what I had heard previously. I had hardly gotten into bed when the first precinct patrol wagon drove up and called for me. I was told by the driver that the chief had been shot by Italians.

I went to the Charity Hospital, where I saw my chief and friend under the influence

saw my chief and friend under the influence of opiates, and being operated upon by the surgeons. It was necessary for quick actions and active measures to be taken at once. In company with Mayor Shakespeare, I drove to the Central station, issued some orders, and hurried to the scene of the assassination, Girod and Basin streets. The investigation showed that D. C. Hennessy, Superintendent of Police, had left his office, at the corner of Captain Conners of the Boylan Agency, and going up Rampart parted at the corner of Rampart and Girod.

The Attack Upon the Chief of Police. Hennessy struck out at a rapid pace home, a block and a quarter away. As he hurried on a boy ran by him, whistled and disappeared. Then from the Peterson shed and shanty, 270 Girod street, poured the murderous volley of slugs, bullets and shot, The brave chief of police was riddled. Bleeding, wounded to death, he drew his revolver and fought them back. One bolder than the rest jumped into the street, fired and ran. As Hennessy endeavored to reach the corner they followed along the opposite undeable firing at him with their saved of sidewalk, firing at him with their sawed-off guns. Fortunately, though mortally wounded, he was on his feet battling for life against terrible odds. The time thus occu-pied was providential, for it brought spectators to the scene. Windows were hoisted doors thrown open, excited people were rushing to the spot from all directions. God

had sent witnesses to view the most atro Who was Hennessy; what was the motive for the crime; and what the characteristics of the hand of assassins? are the principa was a native of this city, the son of David Hennessy, a heroic soldier and officer of the Union army, and afterward a member of the police force of this city.

The First Hennessy Assassination One day in the year 1871 he was invited by Arthur Guerin, a notorious character, to take a drink. They went into a little bar-room known as the "Court" on St. Ann, be-tween Chartres and Royal. As Hennessy was taking his drink, Guerin, without a word of warning, shot him down. This was the first assassination in the Hennessy family, all of the prominent members of which have suffered the same fate. It was then that Mrs. Hennessy took her boy, Dave, to General A. S. Badger, who was Chief of Police, and asked him to give the youth employment. He was made messenger to the Chief. He had fallen by fate into the profession of his natural adaptability. Such was his activity, intelligence and attention to duty that his promotion was out of proportion to his years. He was soon a detective then aid to the Chief. The investiga tion of all important cases fell to him, and he finally became the best posted man in this section of the country as to local and visiting criminals. During his career he had studied the

Italian habits and knew many of that class intimately. He was better acquainted with their ways, their crimes, their personal histories than any other American in the United States. In the early part of July, 1881, Dave Hennessy, then an aid to Chief of Police Thomas H. Boylan, arrested at the Decatur street entrance of Jackson squarethe celebrated Italian bandit Esposito. A Notorious Italian Bandit,

He was a notorious murderer and blackmailer from Palermo. He was a terror from b whood and matured into a mountal a robber he was finally captured after a desperate battle—in which his band was destroyed—but managed to escape from the soldiers and sought refuge in this country. The press published his horrible deeds throughout the world and Dark Henry world. out the world and Dave Hennessy set to work to discover his whereabouts. He lo-cated him in the Italian colony here devoted to the oyster trade. Esposito owned a lugger which he had the

audacity to name the Leone, in honor of the generalissimo of the robbers. Hennessy, by arduous work, traced him to his lair, and at last was rewarded by positive identification, and then arrested him. It was a sensation. The Italians, big and little, flocked to his rescue. Hennessy was approached and of-fered \$30,000, then \$50,000, then told to name his figure, to swear that Raddozo was not The temptation was spurned with con

those whose resource is the most dangerous factor in modern civilization—that of con-

Backed by the Power of the Mafia. Esposito had a tremendous influence, and was backed up by the Mafia—that terrible association of oath-bound assassins. Esposito had a hold on his Sicilian friends here and had a hold on his Sicilian friends here and they came to the frontein his behalf without delay, but Hennessy out-generaled them and got his man off to New York in charge of the United States marshals. On the 24th day of August, 1881, before a United States Commissioner of this city, Salvator Cannino, a tailor; Nicolo Taranbino, John Caruso, Salvador Milano, Angelo Cusimano, P. Salamoni and several others engaged in the fruit business aware that they gaged in the fruit business, swore that they knew Antonino Costanzo, known in New York as Vincenzo Ribello; that they had done business with him and had known him here since 1878. This man Costanzo was Es-

Then, either in person or by deposition, before United States Commissioner John A.
Osborn, in New York, in the matter of extradition, John Watson, second steward of
the steamship City of New Orleans, testified that he knew the prisoner three or four years in New Orleans as Dago John; Antonio Angelo, commission merchant; Antonio Pallegrina, in the fruit business; Giuseppe Provenzano, in the fruit business; Rocco Gerachi, longshoreman; Messina Salvatore, seaman on river boats, testified that they saw and knew the prisoner in New Orleans as a fruit vender as early as May or June, 1878, and that his name was Constanso.

The Prisoner Positively Identified. As a proof of his identity the prosecution introduced the description given by Nicolas Nicolosi, a photograph certified to by Gustavo Randeri, chief of the prison guard at Palermo; Luigi Maron, lieutenant of the guards in the great prison at Palermo, who said it was a good likeness of Esposito; R. Deitufo Gaetano, of the prison guard at Palermo, Rosario Guarnaschelli, Vice Chancellor of the Court of Appeals, Varenzo Lorenzo, local police agent, also testified that it was an excellent likeness. De Pietro Zonito e police guard and Giucano Dose Zopito, a police guard, and Giuseppe Dora, a carabineer, identified him positively. Hennessy had proved his case, established

his reputation and brought upon himself the insatiable hatred of the Manis. After he became Superintendent of Police the body of a Sicilian was discovered January 24, 1889, in the Sixteenth street canal near the lake shore. The man's throat had been cut. With his usual intrepidity Hennessy rushed forward the investigation. He brought to light the fact that it was the body of Vincenzo Uttomvo, who had lived at the corner of Liberty and Perdido; that the victim had been invited to a card party, and while seated at the table one of the par-ties in the room quietly came behind him, and, with a razor, almost severed his head from his neck. The blood was stanched by a towel held in readiness for that purpose the body thrown into a wagon, driven out to the canal and sunk by means of bricks.

A Horrible Discovery in a Store.

Antoni Dunna and Antoni Corso were ar-Antoni Dunna and Antoni Corso were arrested, charged with the crime, but Mary, the witness of the deed, suddenly disappeared as if the ground had swallowed her. Then on February 27, 1889, a horrible discovery was made in the little store at the corner of Derbigny and Bienville. Here lived John Mattaine, his wife, Pepine, and his children. The place had been locked for two days, and Mattaine's little girl, a child of about 5 years, was left in the yard child of about 5 years, was left in the yard by herself and told someone that her father was dead. The police found an entrance, and on going upstairs into the attic found a sickening sight. The floor was covered, and the pillow and mattress of the bed saturated, with blood

and mutilated body was found in a little closet next to the fatal room. The woman told the same yarn as the girl, but whether mitted the murder was never ascertained The next incident that followed was a shoot-ing match between John Caruso and Joe

Determined to Quell the Vendetta. As soon as Hennessy heard of the case he hurried to the scene in company with Corporal Boyard and myself. Several arrests were made. It was after this that the celebrated meeting at the Red Light Club took place. Hennessy was a man who never de layed action. He was a police Napoleon. He foresaw that serious trouble was brewing between the two local factions of the Mafia
—the Matrangas, Carusos and Joe Macheca on one side, the Provenzanos on the other. He at once called them together and said: "This must stop. I prefer that you make up; but it you do not I shall know no friend-

ship; I will prosecute you all. This ven-detta business must stop. As to the Mafin, leave that to me. I am fully able and de-termined to break it up."

They shook hands and promised to behave themselves. In less than two months, that s on the night of the 5th of May, 1890, the Matranga party was waylaid and fired into at the corner of Claiborne and Esplanade streets. With his usual alacrity Hennessy was on hand, and by daylight all the suspects were in jail. In the trial that followed, Hennessy and his men furnished all the estimony that came into their possession. He said all be could as far as legitimate testimony went, but positively refused to have anything to do with D. C. O'Malley, who was employed by the Matrangas to as-

sist in the prosecution.

The accused were convicted on the first trial, but were granted a new trial by Judge Baker. It was then that Hennessy declared his intention of going on the witness stand and telling all that he knew. He threatened exposure of the vendetta and the Mafia. He had penetrated their secrets and dared to perforate them. Then it was that this dread organization sat in death council on him. They held their meeting, distributed the blood money and foully slew him. Captain Journee was placed in command by the Mayor. The Mayor at once sent men to shadow the Matranga party, who were at the theater that night. This was a great stroke and led to important discoveries. Captain Journee and myself held a consultation next day and fully plotted out the plan to be pursued. D. S. Gaster, the present superintendent, was then a detective and was placed in full charge of the secret service branch of the work. It was a stuwho would voluntarily tell what they knew and then protect them from the vengeance of the Mafia and the corrupt influence of the secret agents of the accused assassins. They were threatened in all manner of ways. Journee and Gaster Inbored day and night, ably assisted by their force and Dennis Cor-

coran, who was the commissary of the Poydras market.

How well the police did their work was evidenced in the trial, where the testimony was the most complete and positive ever produced in an assassination case. Then on Saturday, March 14, 1891, arose the avengers—indignant, outraged, resolute Americans—and O'Malley disappeared, and the Mafia went down in the same deluge.

George W. Van Dervort.

RAW sugar contains microscopic insec which are responsible for the "Grocers' Itch." Many tons of this sugar will be landed in America next Wednesday. See -morrow's DISPATCH for details. B. & B.

Your chance for a bargain in corset

misses' woven corset, white and drab, \$1 quality—price to close the lot, 50c a pair. Boggs & BUHL their dangerous opposition. This was the beginning of the end. This man of courage, snap and dash had aroused the enmity of 71 Park way. TWENTY THOUSAND shades at a price Velty's, 120 Federal street, 65, 67, 69 and

THE MERIT SYSTEM

Defended by Roesevelt, of the Civil Service Commission.

A THOROUGHLY AMERICAN PLAN. Its Adoption Would Reform the Entire

World of Politics. THE BIG DIFFERENCE IN INTEREST

By reform in the civil service, we mean the ntroduction of the merit system of making appointments in the public service, as opposed to the old spoils or patronage system. The essential difference between the two systems can be summed up by saying that the merit system is that which eliminates favoritism, whether political or personal, in making appointments, and aims to fill all the subordinate offices of the Government solely with reference to the capacity of the applicants to perform the special duties of the places which they seek; while the spoils, or patronage theory of making appointments, on the other hand, implies that a man's fitness for the place to which he is appointed is purely a secondary consideration, and that the first consideration is his fealty to the party in power, or to some influential politi-

cal chief.

The merit system is thoroughly American, thoroughly democratic and republican. The spoils, or patronage system is thoroughly nn-American, thoroughly undemocratic and unrepublican. The spoils system losters the growth of a special privileged class, that is, the class of political workers. The merit system or system of civil service reform pre-vents the growth of this class and fills the public service with people who are really the servants of the whole public, not the servants of any particular individual or particular party, and who keep their offices only so long as they serve the public faithfully and well, without regard to the influence of their party backers or the fate of their party friends. The spoils system inevitably pro-duces a caste or class of men who get into politics for a livelihood, and who make the ousiness of office-getting their only aim. These men care little for the questions which really make up political life. They are only subordinately interested in protection or free trade, bimetallism or monometallism; what they care for is the offices.

A Matter of Bread and Butter.

It is a matter of bread and butter with them to manage the primaries and control the elections, and as they have an active personal interest in the matter the chances are always in their favor, as against the mass of honest non-officeholding citizens. Accordingly under the spoils system the great caste of officeholders exercises a most noxious influence on politics. Probably there is no other one influence in American life, not even the influence of the rum shops, which has produced so much degradation in our political life as the system of spoils appointments, the theory that to the victors in a political contest belong the spoils, for which the whole people pay.

I hold that the radical introduction of the reform system of making appointments would measurably improve the public serv-

ice and would immeasurably improve pub-lic life. It would sound the death knell of a host of the cheaper and viler politicians; with blood.

The child said that Mr. Charley, a Dago who came to see her father, had killed him with an ax and then burnt his body. Her mother looked on at the butchery. Charles Terressa, alias Carlo, was searched for in vain, but Hennessy himself arrested Mrs. Mattaine, on the description furnished, while she was wandering around the city carrying her baby in her arms. The burnt and mutilated body was found in a little of narrow minds and defective consc who feel a natural and sour hatred toward any system that means good government and honesty. The immense horde of office seekers and of officeholders under the patronage system furnishes these base political leaders with a mercenary army, compact and well disciplined. Their opposition to the reform is strenuous and bitter because

they realize that it strikes at their power. The Difference in Interest.
On the other hand, the average good citizen has but a general interest in its success. He has no special interest or concern in the matter. His interest is simply that of all other good citizens, and hence is less effective than is the concrete and selfish hostility of the spoilsmen. It is this which accounts for the comparatively slow progress of the

It is noteworthy that the opponent of the

reform never under any circumstances speaks the truth in opposing it or advances a single argument against it worth refuting; his weapons are merely slander and misrep-resentation. He has no case, and he knows , and therefore takes refuge in mendacity One of his cheapest falsehoods persistently indulged in, although continually exposed, is to the effect that the examinations for entry into civil service are unpractical. The man who asserts this either asserts what he knows to be false, or else he is so ignorant of the subject that he has no right to speak about it. Our exam inations are absolutely practical, and the questions we ask are absolutely relevant to the duties the various candidates are expected to perform. Nine-tenths of our posi-tions are filled from examinations for clerk, copyist, letter carrier and the like. A clerk or copyist we examine in spelling, penmanship, copying, letter writing and simple arithmetic. These are precisely the subjects in which a man has to possess pro-ficiency if he wishes to be a good copyist or clerk. Similarly, a stenographer is ex-amined in stenography, a typewriter in type-writing. A railway mail clerk is tested in his knowledge of the railway mail systems of his division and of the geography of the to his skill and speed in reading addresses and his knowledge of the local delivery o

his city.
A Defense of the Questions. All our questions are absolutely relevant and experience has shown that they test in the best possible manner the capacity of the candidates. The offices wherein the civil service law is best observed are precisely the offices in which the public is best served and the interests of the community receive most prompt and intelligent attention. The best postoffices in the country, to take a few examples out of many, those like the post-offices at Boston, under Mr. Corse; at Brook-lyn, under Mr. Hendricks; at Philadelphia, under Mr. Field; at Indianapolis, under Mr. Wallace; at Chicago, under Mr. Sax-ton, where the civil service law has been ob-

ton, where the civil service law has been observed in spirit and letter.

The law is long past its experimental stage. It has been tried faithfully for seven years, and wherever it has had a fair chance it has worked admirably, and has produced the greatest improvement over the old system. At present about a fourth of the offices of the country are under the law—that is are in the classified service as it is that is, are in the classified service, as it is called. Thus nearly 32,000 places are with-drawn from the degrading and demoralizing ffects of the spoils system. It is earnestly t be wished that this system may in the en be extended so as to cover the entire publ be extended so as to cover the entire public service of the Government, excepting the few positions where the duties are really political. The thorough elimination of politics from the civil service under the United States Government, would be of all reforms the most beneficial, and would produce the best and most lasting results in prefer realities themselves. purifying polities throughout the country.

WASHINGTON, March 23. BILL NYE will answer some of his corr spondents in THE DISPATCH to-morrow, and Howard Fielding will write about freaks in fashion. The best humorists now



the features of Hodge are usually to be seen glancing, with grinning condescension, upon a grave Prime Minister. There were other anomalies, too numerous to mention, in the room; for this was one of the workshops of the curious Kingdom of Make-Believe, of which, at the present time, if we may except the aforesaid company, John

Farley was the solitary occupant, John Farley, nicknamed "Daubs," was scene-painter of the Comedy Theater, Porchester, and this was the room whence proceeded those marvelous designs that stirred the gallery to enthusiastic applause,

the boxes to derisive laughter. It was the season of pantomime. The curtain had been rung down upon the "grand phantasmagorical, allegorical and whimsicorical" legend of "King Pippin," and the denizens of that monarch's court—or, rather, their faces—were resting peacefully from their labors on the wall. John Farley, too, was presumably resting from his labors, for he was sitting upon a wooden stool, smoking

Grotesque—yes, that is the word for the rathering.

An ogre cannot always enjoy the regal moriety of a King; nor can it be said that phizing?

It was decidedly an imp-at least it had the apparel of one. It was clothed in scarlet; dependent from its haunches was a tail; on its head a satanic cowl. But there was melancholy rather than mischief in its eye, and it was of a restful, confiding brown rather than an unrestful, flashing John again inserted his knuckles in his

eyes, and waved off the smoke from his pipe. And then he recognized his uncanny visitor. It was the little son of the widow who lived under his flat. He was one of the imps of King Pippin's kingdom in the pan-tomime, and doomed for a small pittance to indulge his apish tricks nightly with the gnomes and fairies of that fanciful realm, "Daubs!" said the imp.

Yes, only that was necessary to incite John's wrath. A nickname that was supportable from the actors and scene shifters was insupportable from a child. "Daubs" therefore turned sharply upon

the boy-"Are you referring to me?"



riance, into the region of nowhere. It was not a satisfied expression, this of John Farley's—no, decidedly not. It appeared to have a quarrel with the world, but did not seem to know precisely at which quarter of it to commence hostilities. Truth to tell, he was a disappointed man. He had started life, as many another, with high aims and ambitions, and they had brought him no better fruit than scene painter to the Porchester Theater, with, instead of academic diplomas and honors, the unflattering title of 'Daubs!" Do you wonglance, into the region of nowhere stead of academic diplomas and honors, the unflattering title of "Daubs!" Do you wonder, then, that sitting there, a man verging upon the "thirties," he looked upon life with little love, and upon the constituents

of its big constituency with little admira-John had a private grievance as well as a public. He lived in a flat of a block of louses situate in Seymour street, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the theater. For some days past he had determined on making another bid for fame and fortune by painting a grand picture. He had commenced various designs for this "masterpiece," but none of them had proved entirely satisfactory. And now, as though to frustrate all his

designs hopes, a new source of disturbance had arisen. John possessed one of those mercurial, nervous temperaments, born princi-pally of a morbid, solitary life, which de-manded absolute quiet for any profitable employment of the intellect. For this reason he detested the atmosphere of a theater, and for this reason he yet more detested the fate that had east his fortunes in its midst. In the apartments where he lived, mean as they were, he usually found tranquility. He could at least think, smoke, sketch, or write, as the fit took him, without disturbance. But now, just at the time when he most desired and needed quiet, the bugbear he fled had attacked him in his very strong-In the rooms beneath those he occupied

lived a poor widow with her two children, a boy and girl. John knew this much from the landlady. He knew, too, that the boy was employed at the Comedy Theater. Further than this he had not cared to inquire. Usually they were as quiet as the proverbial mouse, but latterly John's ears had been afflicted with groans and cries of pain, pro-ceeding from the widow's apartments, and kept up with aggravating regularity throughout the night. They were the cries of a child-and a child in great suffering. A person less centered in his own projects than John might have at least felt some sympathy with the sufferer, but John had evidently lost kinship with the deeper emotions, and instead of sympathy he experienced only a feeling of annoyance and keen resentment against the widow and "her brats" as he styled them. Thus it was that, think as he would, the subject of this grand picture which was to take the world by storm and out-Raphael Raphael, persisted in evading him; and thus it is we find him, in a more cynical mood than usual, at the Comedy Theater, in no haste to return at the Comedy Theater, in no haste to return to the scene of his failures.
"What is the use of striving?" mused

John, as he slowly puffed his pipe. "One might as well throw up the sponge. Fate is too much for me. He follows at my elbow everywhere. His usual runningground is not enough for him. Now he follows me home, and gives me a solo of his own peculiar music through one of his

A timid knock sounded upon the door John was busy with his thoughts, and did not hear it. "That theory of Longfellow's is correct

"That theory of Longfellow's is correctart is long. In what sphere could you find a longer? Supportable might this be, but cold indifference to a peor devil aching for a gleam of sympathy is insupportable."

The knock at the door was repeated, but with the same effect as before,
"The grinning public—just tickle its side: that is all it needs. He who caters most to its stupidity in life is he who gains the proud distinction of a public measurement.

proud distinction of a public mausoleum at his death. I have not got quite into the way, but still I see in perspective a monu-ment dedicated to—'Daubs.'" A sound, light as a gossamer wing, was heard in the room, John Farley turned one of the ogres. John did not think the

John was on the point of brusqely informing the lad that he was not acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Daubs, and peremptorily showing him the door. A glance from the honest brown eyes, however, restrained him. It told him that what he had at first assumed to be impudence was really the result of ignorance-that, and

"I would like to know you, Mr. Daubs, You don't mind knowing a little boy-do John opened his eyes in astonishment, What a curious imp! John was not aware

that anybody had any particular desire for his society; in fact, the reverse had hitherto seemed the case. He was usually regarded as an unsociable being.
"I have not the least objection to making your acquaintance," said he, unreluctantly, it must be confessed. "Oh, thank you," said the little fellow.

drawing nearer, and putting his hand confidingly in John's, and looking up at him with bright, happy eyes. "Then perhaps I may—may I?"
What "may I" meant was a gentle pressure of the lips upon the smoky cheek of John. If John had been astonished before he was still more astonished now-so much that the pipe he was smoking fell from his fingers, and was broken into fragments on the floor. What had he, a grumpy bachelor, to do with kissing? Twenty years had passed since his cheek had felt the pressure of lips, and then they were the death-cold lips of a younger brother-surely about the

size of this strange imp—who had left him with that dumb farewell forever. "What is your name, my lad?" said he, softly. "Willie Maxwell. Mother calls me her Willie.' Dodo-that is my sister, you know -when she is well" (here the little fellow sighed) "says that I'm her pet. But at the heater I'm only known as Fourth Imp. Mr. Billings"-Mr. Billings was the stage manager of the Comedy-"has promised that, if I'm a good boy, I shall some day be First Imp.

mistake," remarked John. "Well, Mr. Daubs, it will be a little more money for mother—threepence extra a night —but I shouldn't like to push out Teddy Morris. You know Teddy? John was obliged to confess that he had not the honor of that young gentleman's acquaintance. He never troubled himself

"That will be a rise in the world, and no

with anything or anybody outside his own department.
"Teddy Morris is First Imp. He doesn't like me, you know, because he thinks I'm-what do you call it, Mr. Daubs?" "Yes, 'bitious, that's the word."

strange quarters."
"But I'm not 'bitious, Mr. Daubs''—here
Willie pansed, and deliberately climbed on
John's knee—'no, I really ain't, 'cept of

John started at this bold confession. He was on the point of exploding into loud anghter, but the brown eyes were looking earnestly into his, and with these searching

witnesses before him John thought that such an ebullition of mirth would be little short of profanation.
"Oh, you're ambitious of me, are you? Well, my little man, if it's your intention to supplant me as scene painter to the Comedy Theater, I'm exceedingly grateful to you for giving me due notice of the fact. Only let me know when you think I ought to resign

my position, won't you?"
"Yes," assented Willie, with childish naivette; and then, putting his head nearer to John's, as though to take him into still closer confidence—"Do you know, I've often seen you, and wanted to speak to you, but somehow I've not liked to. I've watched you when you weren't looking, and you've always seemed to look like—you don't mind a little boy saying it, Mr. Daubs