

SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

EIGHT COMMITTEEMEN TO DECIDE ABOUT RUNNER CARTER'S CASE.

The Nassau Athletic Club's New Headquarters—Dangerous Hammer—The Winter's Skating Very Promising—Two Netball Matches to Fight—Appearances Decisive.

OME eight committeemen will decide on the evidence in the Carter case. An expert sums it up this way: "Formerly Bishop, of the Americans, is doubtful and C. H. Rowland, of the Staten Island Athletic Club, never shows up. I'll put down J. E. Sullivan, of the Pastimes, W. Halpin, Olympic A. C., and Nassau, W. O. Echeverre, as sure for Carter, because they think him innocent and a persecuted man.

W. Storms, President of the Manhattan Athletic Club; C. H. Mapes, of Columbia College, and W. H. Hegeman, who is interested in the revival of the old Williamsburg, are of a sort of ring by themselves and will vote against Carter in a lump, each for his own reasons. Storms will oppose the five-mile record breaker, because his club wants him gotten out of the way of Skillman, and Storms wants to please his club members and retain the presidency. Mapes wants to continue to represent intercollegiate athletes, and wishes to do anything to cripple the new association of amateur athletes, because if the new organization is to go, each college will have its own representative; so he will vote to suit Storms. He will Hegeman, who wants to stick to the position he now holds of official handicapper. On the evidence I think it would be impossible to convict, but wouldn't be surprised if Carter received a censure, so as to let the Manhattanians down easy."

The Nassau Athletic Club is not losing a minute in getting its newly secured headquarters on Washington street opposite the Brooklyn Post-Office fitted. Billy Robertson, one of the most enterprising of the new members and the club's athletic instructor, J. West, professional golfer and track champion, have promised to have the new club rooms ready by Nov. 1. The Brooklyn Lacrosse team joined the Nassau last week and will soon be competing with a team of Canadian Indians. Malcolm W. Ford, all-round champion athlete, has been offered the use of the grounds and running track pending the decision on the petition for his resignation, which he has declined to put on his athlete suit till he has ceased to be called a professional.

People who watch the field and cinder-grounds contests of the amateurs, consider the games hazardous enough when all possible care is used. Irish Giant W. J. M. Barry was severely criticized at the New York Athletic Club's members games, at Mott Haven, the other day, when, with the aid of his own warning only made the seemingly doomed man conscious of their terrible fate. They couldn't have dodged certain death had the hammer flown a trifle more to the right. Then the spectators, whose eyes followed the missile in its flight were terror-stricken when they saw the athlete apparently just to the left of the target. He was supposed to look after a certain kind of people around whenever Mr. Barry lumbers on to athletic grounds.

Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, the champion Canadian figure skater, has written the New York amateur champion skater, Gus Walton, for a copy of the by-laws and constitution of the National Amateur Skating Association of America. A meeting will be held in Montreal on Wednesday evening, and a like organization, to attend to the interests of amateur skating in Canada, will probably be formed. Mr. Walton says there is no end of interest in skating, and there will be a number of close competitions if the weather is favorable. Among the skaters of promise for the winter is Mr. A. B. Rich, who holds no end of bicycle records and was fourth in the twenty-five-mile race last winter.

Two novices named Patrick Curtin and Patrick Smith were matched last night to fight to a finish with their fists for a purse of \$200 and \$100 a side. The money was all placed in the bank of a well-known sporting man, who was chosen referee and stakeholder. The battle will be fought in four weeks. But fifty spectators all told will see it.

A western relative of a member of the New York Athletic Club was taken round town on a sight-seeing trip the other day. As they were about getting off a street car going up Sixth avenue, they saw a slightly built young man running down Forty-first street to catch the conveyance they were leaving. The westerner had just been thinking of the runner as a good fellow, and dilating on the proper way to get speed together with ease of movement. "Now just see," he said, as the thin-faced runner neared the sidewalk, "how awkwardly that chap runs. I could give him

one mile in every three and beat him easily." "Why, hello, old man," said the New Yorker as the hurrying passenger grasped the car by the railing and pulled himself on board. "Charlie, let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. E. C. Carter, the amateur champion of my friend M. Brown." "Oh!" gasped Charlie.

THE KANGAROO LOOKING UP.

His Skin Much in Demand for Comfortable Walking Shoes.

HE kangaroo is a more delightful object to the small fry at a menagerie than he is to the Australian. Artemus Ward described him as a "playful little cuss," but Artemus was not an Australian. Within the past five years, however, the "little cuss" has hopped into the city, and is a long jump for him, although he is a jumper from way back, to spring from his native haunts to the pedal extremities of New Yorkers. That he has done, and now the kangaroo is decidedly looking up.

His hide makes a fine, soft leather, which is susceptible of a polish, and consequently supplies excellent material for shoes. Although the kangaroo is not so fat as the kangaroo leather is cheap, for the animal cost nothing to keep. The price of a good pair of shoes is only \$4 or \$5. They wear well, and are easier to the foot than the agony of corns than anything except the softest calfskin, which is expensive. Alligator hides are also utilized for shoes. They are more frequently made into slippers. The division of that section of the adventurous sportsman may hunt grizzlies every day in the year on the road between Palenville and Catskill, without loss of life or limb, if he observes a simple precaution against taking cold and avoids an unpleasant complication with a large and venomous cuss. Elk are, perhaps, not quite so plentiful now in the neighborhood of Greenwood Lake, N. J., as they were several thousand years ago, but the hunting is still good. An active, persevering man may hunt there for two weeks and have nothing out to ruffle his feelings or mar his perfect enjoyment of the tranquil solitude so rare in the true elk hunter as to come suddenly upon a large and industrious bull elk. The pleasures of the chase are greatly over-estimated. I had an elk chase two miles once, and would have sold my share of the amusement for 50 cents.

Wildcat hunting is very exciting, especially for the cat. Once in Mendocino County, Cal., I was enjoying a few days' quiet shooting at a farmhouse where there was a large and sociable dog. His father was a setter and his mother a bull-terrier, and the combination of inherited qualities made this dog peculiar. If I took him hunting with me the setter instinct prompted him to rush around through the brush and scare off every bird within half a mile, and if I slipped away without letting him know, the faithful bull-terrier instinct prompted him to follow me in company with a large piece of my leg when I returned home.

One evening I was returning from a hunt with that dog. He had enjoyed the hunt so much that he had remained in the country. Suddenly he plunged forward there was a quick rush and a scramble, and I beheld a huge wildcat poised on the limb of a small tree at the top of the hill. The wildcat swelled visibly in the cat's tail and frenzy ruled the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted my rifle, and fired. The wildcat fell, and I felt compelled to purchase.

Hunting is not an expensive pastime. You can get a very good gun for \$50, a dog for \$150, your cartridges will not exceed \$175, railroad fares, guides, board and extras should not exceed \$50 a week, and if you have good luck and a good shot you may be really certain of securing \$50 worth of robbins and perhaps a dyspeptic duck, together with a bad cold and a case of rheumatism which will give you rest from the cares of business for a week or two.

HENRY GUY CARLTON.

POLITICAL BUBBLES.

To-morrow will be the second day of registration. County Democracy County Convention to-morrow evening, Cooper Institute. "We will get our orders from the New Amsterdam Club," said a member of the County Democracy Senatorial Conference Committee.

Justice Maurice J. Power and a few of the partisan County Democrats are opposed to Mr. Nicoll's nomination. They are friends of James Fitzgerald.

Mr. Joseph Gordon, a young coal merchant and a member of the County Democracy organization, will probably be getting a union nominee for the Assembly in the Eighteenth District.

Many County Democracy leaders think that a union ticket without Mr. Martine as the candidate for Judge of Sessions, and Nicoll as the candidate for District-Attorney would be defeated.

The Republican County Convention meets this evening in Grand Opera-House Hall. The convention will probably adjourn until after the 20th inst. in order to give the union county ticket. Several of the district leaders favor the nomination of Mr. Nicoll for District-Attorney and of Mr. Martine for Judge, should the Democrats set Mr. Nicoll aside.

The United Labor Party last night nominated the following ticket: Supreme Court Judges, Abner C. Thomas and John Vincent; City Court Judges, George W. Deane and Morris Hart; Judge of Sessions, Sessions, Frederick Leubuscher; District-Attorney, Louis F. Post; Surrogate, Gideon J. Tucker; Comptroller, Patrick Doody; Coroner, Paul Meyer; President of the Board of Aldermen, William McCabe.

had said that Mrs. Standford had another husband somewhere—and the possible appearance of this other man furnished gossip for all the tea tables at the fort. In vain that every man who knew the Major knew that Mrs. Standford had no other husband, in vain Mrs. Standford might justly claim to be the quietest, most stay-at-home woman at the post—yet not a day passed that these words were not repeated in the Major's ears, and the palpable suspicion that was like death to each, and then—there was something after all. The Major could swear upon his untarnished honor that both he and Marjorie thought the man dead—but suppose—suppose? The Major was a brave man, but this thought always made him tremble. Then he hated the world. When she had been the center of his life, and he had been the protector of her as a brother might shield a sister, the blind, dotting, hateful world had visited her with contempt—not him, the strong man, but her, the weak woman. An invasion of his mind had reached his own door and opened it. Yes, there was the cheerful, crackling fire, the book he had left off laid on the table waiting for him at the velvet end of the sofa, the Major was a taciturn and reading man—but no Marjorie.

He stood for a moment with his back to the fire expecting to see her enter, but she did not come. He waited and waited, and the cold, dark drawing-room opposite, and the pleasant dining-room where the cloth was laid. Next, with a troubled heart, he mounded the table and crooked the Major's door. Marjorie. Then he went to his own particular den to look for her. The leaving of this den to him was one of the wisest acts of Marjorie's wise married life. Here the Major could retire unmolested when he wanted to indulge those bachelor habits that had been well fixed upon him when he had married Marjorie. Himself, the soul of neatness, Marjorie did not permit the invasion of the household into this sacred spot. The Major never knew when it had had a cleaning or not, and he sometimes thought if Marjorie had swept and dusted much there he couldn't have loved her as well as he did. As he opened the door he rather hoped he

HUNTING CLOSE AT HAND.

FIERCE GAME THAT INFESTS THE REGIONS ROUND ABOUT NEW YORK.

Elk at Greenwood Lake and Bears in the Catskills—Pleasures of the Wildcat Chase—A Dog that was Well Broken—Choice of a Gun—The Expense of It All Accurately Estimated by an Expert.

HAVE received several letters inquiring into the subject of hunting in the neighborhood of New York, the implements to be used, the game which may be found and the artifices with which a skilful hunter may get his prey, and I cheerfully give information, which may even in moments of desperate danger, be relied upon.

There are several varieties of game to be found in this State. One kind may be shot almost any quiet rainy evening at short range, with chips.

Grizzly bears may be hunted with perfect safety in the Catskills. The dangers which infest the path of the grizzly bear hunter in the Rocky Mountains and in the stories of Theodore Roosevelt, are almost entirely wanting in that section. An adventurous sportsman may hunt grizzlies every day in the year on the road between Palenville and Catskill, without loss of life or limb, if he observes a simple precaution against taking cold and avoids an unpleasant complication with a large and venomous cuss.

Elk are, perhaps, not quite so plentiful now in the neighborhood of Greenwood Lake, N. J., as they were several thousand years ago, but the hunting is still good. An active, persevering man may hunt there for two weeks and have nothing out to ruffle his feelings or mar his perfect enjoyment of the tranquil solitude so rare in the true elk hunter as to come suddenly upon a large and industrious bull elk. The pleasures of the chase are greatly over-estimated. I had an elk chase two miles once, and would have sold my share of the amusement for 50 cents.

Wildcat hunting is very exciting, especially for the cat. Once in Mendocino County, Cal., I was enjoying a few days' quiet shooting at a farmhouse where there was a large and sociable dog. His father was a setter and his mother a bull-terrier, and the combination of inherited qualities made this dog peculiar. If I took him hunting with me the setter instinct prompted him to rush around through the brush and scare off every bird within half a mile, and if I slipped away without letting him know, the faithful bull-terrier instinct prompted him to follow me in company with a large piece of my leg when I returned home.

One evening I was returning from a hunt with that dog. He had enjoyed the hunt so much that he had remained in the country. Suddenly he plunged forward there was a quick rush and a scramble, and I beheld a huge wildcat poised on the limb of a small tree at the top of the hill. The wildcat swelled visibly in the cat's tail and frenzy ruled the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted my rifle, and fired. The wildcat fell, and I felt compelled to purchase.

Hunting is not an expensive pastime. You can get a very good gun for \$50, a dog for \$150, your cartridges will not exceed \$175, railroad fares, guides, board and extras should not exceed \$50 a week, and if you have good luck and a good shot you may be really certain of securing \$50 worth of robbins and perhaps a dyspeptic duck, together with a bad cold and a case of rheumatism which will give you rest from the cares of business for a week or two.

HENRY GUY CARLTON.

POLITICAL BUBBLES.

To-morrow will be the second day of registration. County Democracy County Convention to-morrow evening, Cooper Institute. "We will get our orders from the New Amsterdam Club," said a member of the County Democracy Senatorial Conference Committee.

Justice Maurice J. Power and a few of the partisan County Democrats are opposed to Mr. Nicoll's nomination. They are friends of James Fitzgerald.

Mr. Joseph Gordon, a young coal merchant and a member of the County Democracy organization, will probably be getting a union nominee for the Assembly in the Eighteenth District.

Many County Democracy leaders think that a union ticket without Mr. Martine as the candidate for Judge of Sessions, and Nicoll as the candidate for District-Attorney would be defeated.

The Republican County Convention meets this evening in Grand Opera-House Hall. The convention will probably adjourn until after the 20th inst. in order to give the union county ticket. Several of the district leaders favor the nomination of Mr. Nicoll for District-Attorney and of Mr. Martine for Judge, should the Democrats set Mr. Nicoll aside.

The United Labor Party last night nominated the following ticket: Supreme Court Judges, Abner C. Thomas and John Vincent; City Court Judges, George W. Deane and Morris Hart; Judge of Sessions, Sessions, Frederick Leubuscher; District-Attorney, Louis F. Post; Surrogate, Gideon J. Tucker; Comptroller, Patrick Doody; Coroner, Paul Meyer; President of the Board of Aldermen, William McCabe.

had said that Mrs. Standford had another husband somewhere—and the possible appearance of this other man furnished gossip for all the tea tables at the fort. In vain that every man who knew the Major knew that Mrs. Standford had no other husband, in vain Mrs. Standford might justly claim to be the quietest, most stay-at-home woman at the post—yet not a day passed that these words were not repeated in the Major's ears, and the palpable suspicion that was like death to each, and then—there was something after all. The Major could swear upon his untarnished honor that both he and Marjorie thought the man dead—but suppose—suppose? The Major was a brave man, but this thought always made him tremble. Then he hated the world. When she had been the center of his life, and he had been the protector of her as a brother might shield a sister, the blind, dotting, hateful world had visited her with contempt—not him, the strong man, but her, the weak woman. An invasion of his mind had reached his own door and opened it. Yes, there was the cheerful, crackling fire, the book he had left off laid on the table waiting for him at the velvet end of the sofa, the Major was a taciturn and reading man—but no Marjorie.

He stood for a moment with his back to the fire expecting to see her enter, but she did not come. He waited and waited, and the cold, dark drawing-room opposite, and the pleasant dining-room where the cloth was laid. Next, with a troubled heart, he mounded the table and crooked the Major's door. Marjorie. Then he went to his own particular den to look for her. The leaving of this den to him was one of the wisest acts of Marjorie's wise married life. Here the Major could retire unmolested when he wanted to indulge those bachelor habits that had been well fixed upon him when he had married Marjorie. Himself, the soul of neatness, Marjorie did not permit the invasion of the household into this sacred spot. The Major never knew when it had had a cleaning or not, and he sometimes thought if Marjorie had swept and dusted much there he couldn't have loved her as well as he did. As he opened the door he rather hoped he

WHERE IS THE IDEAL STORE?

PRETTY THINGS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD ABUNDANT, BUT NOT AT LOW PRICES.

A Suggestion for Artistic Women Who are Obligated to Rub Along on Inartistic Incomes—Why Some Shoppers Run Stores in What are Called "Popular" Localities—Cheapness Means Clumsiness.

MONG other needs in this great city, there is one which lies particularly close to the hearts of artistic people who are forced by fate to live on extremely inartistic incomes. We have shops galore, where everything that is beautiful and costly may be found, but we lack, without an exception, the shop where artistic furniture and furnishings may be bought for a small sum. It is not that the goods sold are not worth what they cost, but that there is nothing to be found in the same style but of less expensive material.

Take any fine furniture shop in town and go carefully through it, noting, not materials nor workmanship so much, but shape and design. It is almost an impossibility to find on Fifth avenue a single example of the exceedingly ugly and clumsy shapes that greet your eye the moment you enter a side shop or one in a cheap and "popular" locality.

But, with care and long it is possible to find a household of good furniture that does not cost an extravagant amount and may possibly be of refined character, but it would prove a weary search in the main.

The dining-room should not be forgotten; but, on the contrary, the man who would be clever enough to start this happy place should likewise have his impression upon the dining-room. There should be jolly little square tables and book-shelves made of long narrow boxes set one over the other, with dull iron or brass handles on the end, placed there for ornament and to carry the boxes of books from place to place. There should be camp-chairs with good colored carpet backs and seats to set in a corner and be useful when more people come than the dining-room can hold.

The bedroom should be equally as well planned. There should be jolly little square tables and book-shelves made of long narrow boxes set one over the other, with dull iron or brass handles on the end, placed there for ornament and to carry the boxes of books from place to place. There should be camp-chairs with good colored carpet backs and seats to set in a corner and be useful when more people come than the dining-room can hold.

Ernest Boehm is a candidate of the Progressive Labor Party for the Assembly in the Twentieth District.

Charles Brice, a gold-beater, is the man most talked of for the Senate from the Eleventh District by the Progressive Party.

A United Labor candidate for Alderman in the Eighteenth Assembly District is Robert F. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

James T. Conklin is a United Labor party candidate for Alderman in the Eleventh District, where he is popular with everybody.

Among the candidates for the Assembly from the Eleventh District is John Grogan, a union printer, known upon the United Labor party ticket.

Edward Conklin, of the Progressive Painters' Union, No. 1, would like the United Labor party to send him to the Assembly in the Eleventh District to send him to the Assembly.

Ernest Boehm is a candidate of the Progressive Labor Party for the Assembly in the Twentieth District.

Charles Brice, a gold-beater, is the man most talked of for the Senate from the Eleventh District by the Progressive Party.

A United Labor candidate for Alderman in the Eighteenth Assembly District is Robert F. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

James T. Conklin is a United Labor party candidate for Alderman in the Eleventh District, where he is popular with everybody.

Among the candidates for the Assembly from the Eleventh District is John Grogan, a union printer, known upon the United Labor party ticket.

WHERE IS THE IDEAL STORE?

PRETTY THINGS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD ABUNDANT, BUT NOT AT LOW PRICES.

A Suggestion for Artistic Women Who are Obligated to Rub Along on Inartistic Incomes—Why Some Shoppers Run Stores in What are Called "Popular" Localities—Cheapness Means Clumsiness.

MONG other needs in this great city, there is one which lies particularly close to the hearts of artistic people who are forced by fate to live on extremely inartistic incomes. We have shops galore, where everything that is beautiful and costly may be found, but we lack, without an exception, the shop where artistic furniture and furnishings may be bought for a small sum. It is not that the goods sold are not worth what they cost, but that there is nothing to be found in the same style but of less expensive material.

Take any fine furniture shop in town and go carefully through it, noting, not materials nor workmanship so much, but shape and design. It is almost an impossibility to find on Fifth avenue a single example of the exceedingly ugly and clumsy shapes that greet your eye the moment you enter a side shop or one in a cheap and "popular" locality.

But, with care and long it is possible to find a household of good furniture that does not cost an extravagant amount and may possibly be of refined character, but it would prove a weary search in the main.

The dining-room should not be forgotten; but, on the contrary, the man who would be clever enough to start this happy place should likewise have his impression upon the dining-room. There should be jolly little square tables and book-shelves made of long narrow boxes set one over the other, with dull iron or brass handles on the end, placed there for ornament and to carry the boxes of books from place to place. There should be camp-chairs with good colored carpet backs and seats to set in a corner and be useful when more people come than the dining-room can hold.

The bedroom should be equally as well planned. There should be jolly little square tables and book-shelves made of long narrow boxes set one over the other, with dull iron or brass handles on the end, placed there for ornament and to carry the boxes of books from place to place. There should be camp-chairs with good colored carpet backs and seats to set in a corner and be useful when more people come than the dining-room can hold.

Ernest Boehm is a candidate of the Progressive Labor Party for the Assembly in the Twentieth District.

Charles Brice, a gold-beater, is the man most talked of for the Senate from the Eleventh District by the Progressive Party.

A United Labor candidate for Alderman in the Eighteenth Assembly District is Robert F. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

James T. Conklin is a United Labor party candidate for Alderman in the Eleventh District, where he is popular with everybody.

Among the candidates for the Assembly from the Eleventh District is John Grogan, a union printer, known upon the United Labor party ticket.

Edward Conklin, of the Progressive Painters' Union, No. 1, would like the United Labor party to send him to the Assembly in the Eleventh District to send him to the Assembly.

Ernest Boehm is a candidate of the Progressive Labor Party for the Assembly in the Twentieth District.

Charles Brice, a gold-beater, is the man most talked of for the Senate from the Eleventh District by the Progressive Party.

A United Labor candidate for Alderman in the Eighteenth Assembly District is Robert F. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

James T. Conklin is a United Labor party candidate for Alderman in the Eleventh District, where he is popular with everybody.

Among the candidates for the Assembly from the Eleventh District is John Grogan, a union printer, known upon the United Labor party ticket.

FENNY GAMBLING FOR BOYS.

A Mott Street Dive Kept by an Italian Woman Closed by the Police.

Capt. McCullagh, of the Elizabeth street police, has just broken up a den of vice on Mott street, kept by an Italian woman.

In a dingy basement, befouled by badly trimmed and half-lighted kerosene-oil lamps, she ran a cheap gambling dive, into which she enticed boys of from ten to sixteen years of age, and there induced them into the mysteries and miseries of draw-poker. Her chief victims were newboys, bootblacks and street arabs, who stole from their parents or begged from pedestrians that they might play penny-ante.

This woman kept the cellar open night and day. Nearly two score of urchins were kept in the place, many of them on a long table with cards and piles of pennies in front of them, while hovering about like a hawk was the female fagan, watching the play and smiling greedily at the "kitty," which was her share of the profit.

Capt. McCullagh will see that the woman is prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

WHAT LABOR MEN THINK OF US.

Delegated Hawkes, of the Concord Labor Club—a very good newspaper. Robert F. Davis, delegate of the Operative Painters' Union—It's a grand paper. Harry Hessel, delegate of the Theatrical Club (waiters)—It's a good newspaper. I read it every day. George Weinstein, delegate of the Concord Labor Club to the Central Labor Union—a very good, new paper.

John Bogart, delegate to the Central Labor Union from Typographical Union No. 6—It's a bright, new paper. George Meyer, delegate from the Piano Makers' to the Central Labor Union—I read it. It's a well-constructed, new paper.

J. V. George, brother of Henry George and business manager of the Standard—a good newspaper in every respect. I read it every evening. Ernest Boehm, Secretary of the Central Labor Union—A nice newspaper, with lots of news. It is not so good as the Standard, but it is a good paper.

John Jones, walking delegate of Progressive Painters' Union No. 1—It's a good newspaper, well edited and full of good things of interest to everybody.

William McCabe, United Labor party leader in the Fourteenth Assembly District, and a practical printer—THE EVENING WORLD is a reading good newspaper.

James O'Flaherty, clockmaker—I think it is a bright, crisp, readable newspaper, and seems to me to be fair and impartial. It gives the news in good shape.

James T. Conklin, one of the leaders of the United Labor party in the Fifteenth Assembly District, and a printer—THE EVENING WORLD is a good newspaper in every respect. I read it every evening.

Daniel S. Jacobs, Delegate of the Shoe Makers' Union—I think it is a first-class newspaper, and has a good future before it. I provided it continues to devote a fair portion of its space to labor matters.

Louis F. Delan, President of Council No. 3, of the Furniture and Carpet Salesmen's Union—THE EVENING WORLD is a good newspaper in every respect. I read it every evening.

Edward Conklin, delegate to the Central Labor Union from Progressive Painters' Union No. 1—It is a good newspaper, and seems to me to be fair and impartial. It gives the news in good shape.

William B. Clarke, Secretary of the County Executive Committee of the United Labor party—THE EVENING WORLD shows great fairness and impartiality. Our meetings have always been reported fairly and without prejudice. THE WORLD is a good and honest newspaper.

Ernest Boehm is a candidate of the Progressive Labor Party for the Assembly in the Twentieth District.

Charles Brice, a gold-beater, is the man most talked of for the Senate from the Eleventh District by the Progressive Party.

A United Labor candidate for Alderman in the Eighteenth Assembly District is Robert F. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

WHERE PROMINENT ACTORS LIVE.

F. C. Bangs stops at the Sturtevant. Charles Coghlan goes to the Brevoort.

Loester Walker will take a flat this season. Edwin Booth stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Manager Hill sojourns at the Union Square Hotel.

Mme. de Nonce lives at the New York Hotel. The Aronsens live in West Forty-fourth street. Ed. Harrigan owns his home on Perry street.

Margaret Mather always stops at the Union Square. Manager James W. Collier puts up at the Morton House. Manager Duff resides under the parental roof of the Times Building.

Arthur Wallace resides with his father-in-law, Theodore Moss, on Madison avenue. Manager Frohman has apartments on Lexington avenue, but makes Stamford his home.

Frederick Marzden occupies his own home on West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. Lawrence Barrett, since he gave up his home on Fifth avenue, always stays at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. His homestead is at Cobasset, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHARLES DICKENS

will give his first readings in America FROM HIS FATHER'S HOME AT CHICKERING HALL, TUESDAY, OCT. 19, AT 7 P. M. Tickets, with Reserved Seats.

BOON OPERA HOUSE, TUESDAY, OCT. 19, 7 P. M. RICE'S BURLESQUE CO. (65 ARTISTS). Grand production of the most popular burlesque, the CORSAIR.

DOCKSTADERS. "THE GREAT MISTAKE." "THE NEW YORKER'S MISTAKE." "THE DOCKSTADERS' MISTAKE." "THE MISTAKE OF THE MISTAKE."

H.R. JACOBS'S 3D AV. THEATRE. CORNER 31ST ST. Prices, 10c. Res. Seats, 20c. & 30c. MATINEE, 2 P. M. THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE.

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE. "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE." "THE WILDER OPERA HOUSE."

Major Standford's Wife.

BY S. SIDNEY.

HE Major ploughed through doggedly along doggedly through the chill mist of the November twilight towards his quarters.

"Good evening, Mrs. Meyrick. How are you, Colonel?" "How do," feebly responded the Colonel, while Mrs. Meyrick burst forth glibly.

"My dear, you really must come to the pond. I know you'll look stunning in a Louis Quatorze costume with your hair powdered."

"But you must come. I've promised myself the pleasure of dancing with you, and you can't give the things up to the lieutenant entirely, can you, Colonel?"

"No, my dear, we can't," piped the Colonel from the depths of the brougham. "I can't give the things up to the lieutenant entirely, can you, Colonel, at the ball pond?"

dom in the foreground when his madam was present. Major Standford raised his well-worn cap, and stood in an attitude of rigid politeness, but his eyes did not show the kindly light that usually filled them when he spoke to women.

"Good evening, Mrs. Meyrick. How are you, Colonel?" "How do," feebly responded the Colonel, while Mrs. Meyrick burst forth glibly.

"My dear, you really must come to the pond. I know you'll look stunning in a Louis Quatorze costume with your hair powdered."