THE

Evening World.

Published by the Press Publishing Co.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

SUBSCRIPTION (Including Postage),
PER MONTH, 30c. ; PER YEAR, $3.50.

THE OCTOBER RECORD.

Total number of "Worlds" printed during the month of October, 1887,

8,479,330.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH,

273,526 Copies.

October circulation during the past six years compared:

October, 1882	*981,650 Copies*
October, 1883	*1,362,060 Copies*
October, 1884	*3,506,201 Copies*
October, 1885	*4,907,476 Copies*
October, 1886	*6,327,150 Copies*
October, 1887	*8,479,330 Copies*

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Agate Measurement.)

Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, **50** cents per line. Reading Notices, starred or marked "Advt.": First page, **$1.50** per line; Fourth page, **$1.25** per line; Inside page, **$1** per line.

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THE STATE VOTE.

Politicians may ponder with profit some features of the election returns in this State.

The Republican and Democratic falling off from the vote of 1884, in the State at large, is just about the same. The Democratic gain in plurality is in this city and Brooklyn.

Taking the State together, the Labor vote appears to have been drawn in nearly equal proportions from both the old parties. The increase in the Democratic plurality is very nearly identical with the increase in the Prohibition vote—about 15,000.

The Prohibition party is thus in a position to defeat the Republican party again in 1888, if it chooses to do so. There are as yet no indications that it purposes to lessen its demand or to alter its course.

BE LIBERAL WITH THE PEOPLE.

Architect RICHARD M. HUNT, one of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, is heartily in favor of Sunday opening, and joins THE WORLD in answering the objection of extra expense by suggesting that the Museum might be closed one week day.

Yet, if the popular wish is acceded to, there need be no uneasiness about the additional expense. The people of New York, who already have practically given the Museum a fine site and a splendid structure, who paid the expense of equipment and even of the movement of the collections, who have in addition devoted $384,000 or more for enlargements and $125,817 for current expenses, are not likely to refuse the few thousands required for Sunday opening. Indeed, there is a standing offer for this very purpose.

The people have certainly dealt with liberal hand by the Museum. Why can it not be liberal with them?

Open the doors at least on Sunday afternoons.

DALLYING WITH THE PLAGUE.

The evidence of facts and the testimony of experts that our quarantine arrangements are utterly inadequate continue to accumulate.

The Commission has worked hard in giving the public frequent assurance that there was no danger, but it seems to have accomplished precious little actual work.

Whether it is inherent incapacity or a lack of necessary funds makes little difference to the cholera. It is well that there is to be an investigation.

Don't dally with the plague.

WHERE IT STANDS.

Senator EVARTS's political philosophy has the hue of crushed strawberry. No rosier view of a defeat was ever taken than by our genial Senator in his remark that the election in New York "had this effect: it showed us where we stand."

It did, indeed. Your party stands at the bottom of the political dump, neck-deep in blasted hopes and broken promises. It stands beaten for the sixth successive year in the pivotal State. It stands with one hand in its depleted pocket and another clutched in the hair of little Boss PLATT, re-echoing his old plaint of "Me Too!"

Senator EVARTS is entitled to a patent on his mental process for extracting sunbeams out of a frozen beet.

THE CONQUEST OF THE SEA.

It is a remarkable fact that the ocean steamers are rivalling, if not surpassing, in rapidity long-distance travelling by rail. It is estimated the new White Star boats, which will have radical mechanical improvements, will cross the Atlantic in five days.

This means an average of about twenty-four miles an hour. It is doubtful if the transcontinental train, with its numerous stops, more than maintains this average.

Modern mechanics are, indeed, achieving a conquest of the sea.

THE BROADWAY CARS.

Now that a Broadway car has cut a man's leg off, perhaps the corporate or municipal authorities will begin to pay some attention to the reckless manner in which these cars are run.

They are more often than otherwise driven at a dare-devil speed; they never stop for passengers except when the driver "takes a notion;" the conductors permit passengers to stand on the steps when the platforms are crowded, in disregard of all rules for safety; and some of the drivers and conductors are as impudent as highwaymen.

The road that was born of boodle is run quite too much on the "go as you please" principle.

COUNT VON MOLTKE'S VIEW.

The opinion of Count VON MOLTKE, as cabled to THE WORLD this morning, is that the execution of the Chicago Anarchists "can have no influence upon civilization."

Perhaps not, except retroactively. The hangings were intended to have an influence upon uncivilization. And this deterrent and educative influence is already felt.

MR. COMSTOCK'S OPPORTUNITY.

Now that Mr. COMSTOCK has put his mark of disapproval upon various leading artists of the ancient, mediæval and modern schools of painting, why does he not extend his plan of reform a little further?

Let him put a bathing suit on the Apollo Belvedere.

Why not have a chest protector, a skirt and goloshes for the Venus de Milo, and a waterproof for the Greek Slave?

The Three Graces, now arrayed chiefly in blushes and beauty, should certainly be provided with tailor-made suits.

There is lots of work ahead for Mr. COMSTOCK.

SHALL THE BIG FISH ESCAPE?

The progress of the TODD case brings out very clearly the fact that the difference between the bucket-shops and the Exchanges is essentially the difference between little fish and big fish. They all swim in the ocean of speculation, for the delectation of the sharks.

A bucketful of gambling and a big pool of the same differ in degree, not in principle. It is well known, moreover, that members of the Exchanges run outside concerns more pretentious in aspect but similar in method to the bucket-shop. As Judge COWING suggests, "It is six of one and a half dozen of the other."

Is it impossible for the law to grapple with gambling for big as well as for little stakes?

AN IMPORTANT EXCEPTION.

"Everywhere but in New York the Republicans did superbly," says the *Tribune*.

Unfortunately for your party, "everywhere else" doesn't count. Iowa, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio were yours before.

Without New York you are beaten, and New York you have lost.

POSSIBILITIES OF INSURANCE.

The principle of insurance has already been extended to cover the guarantee of titles, the character of employees and the uncertainties of matrimony, and now it is to be applied to the protection of merchants against loss by bad debts.

It would be a great boon to many if it would also cover the inconvenience of a loss of credit. And why should one not be insured against minor mishaps? The ability to claim indemnity in case of missing the trains, or a good dinner, or a collar button would be a good thing. To be insured against the high theatre hat, the cigarette fiend and the various petty annoyances of life would be a welcome relief.

There is a great future for the insurance agent.

If the coal monopolists shall add the eviction of the miners from their wretched homes to the oppression of them in other directions, they will simply use the power which the tariff laws and the conspiracy laws and the other money-procured legislation gives to them. The question is surely coming up for settlement whether corporations are servants or masters of the people.

New Yorkers, who are æsthetically disgusted with the "L" roads in this city will feel more so on viewing the structure going up on Fulton street, Brooklyn. It is not exactly a work of art, but it is certainly a very graceful specimen of mechanical engineering.

The corset has again stopped a bullet and saved a girl's life. But these incidental benefits are a poor return for the number of lives that the corset shortens and the number of pretty figures that it deforms.

The campaign of brotherly love in Brooklyn, wherein the Mayoralty candidates promised to vote for each other, seems to be on the down grade towards the returning board plane of politics.

The decision of Justice BLATCHFORD, setting aside the driven-well patent, will interest hundreds of thousands of farmers in this country. But it has been a long time coming.

Senator VANCE can find consolation for his injuries in being spilled out of his wagon in the reflection that his party wasn't dumped out in the recent elections.

The Rochester fight against the Bell Telephone Company is a success. Give the Bell another thump. When hard hit it emits a pleasant sound.

The appointment of DON M. DICKINSON as Postmaster-General would at least give President CLEVELAND one good politician in his Cabinet.

It would be prudent for the New York University to consult Mr. COMSTOCK before arranging the particulars of the proposed art course.

Even the Austin (Tex.) baseball club has defeated the New Yorks. Those Giants have dwindled to dwarfs.

"Loyal Love" is said to be a success with Mrs. POTTER. It ought to be a success with everybody.

There are no more quotations for voters, but baseball players are in active demand, and higher.

"Herr MOST missing?" Too good to be true. Have the searchers looked under the bed?

TALK OF THE DAY IN SOCIETY.

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT TUXEDO POSTPONED UNTIL DEC. 3.

Miss Adele Grant the Recipient of Much Attention at the British Legation Dancing Party in Washington—Miss Emma Thursby Gives an Opera Party for Miss Ovington.

A LARGE wedding early in January will be that of Mr. Percy C. Madeira and Miss Marie Marié, daughter of the late Mr. John Marié, and a niece of Mr. Peter Marié. The groom elect has taken a house on Locust street, above Twenty-second, in Philadelphia, which will be their future home.

Mr. Richard T. Haines, who recently sold his seat in the Stock Exchange, will pass the winter in Colorado.

The amateur theatricals which have been announced to take place on Thanksgiving night at Tuxedo, will not take place until Dec. 3, as the time allowed was not sufficient for the necessary preparation. Miss Elsie De Wolf will then play Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal," and Mr. Edward Fales Coward, Charles Surface.

Mr. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander has been passing a few days with friends at New Hamburg, N. Y.

The engagement is announced of Mr. James Cawldwell, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and Miss Rutter, daughter of the late Mr. Rutter.

Mrs. Gihon and her son and daughter, Mr. Frederick Leroy and Miss Leroy, have just returned to their city home, 8 West Seventeenth street, from their country seat at Tarrytown.

The marriage of Mr. Louis Charles Sauveur, son of the late Louis Sauveur, of Brooklyn, and Miss Dundore, of Philadelphia, will take place in that city early in January. The young couple will live in New York.

The engagement of the Rev. Mr. Nickerson, of Paterson, N. J., and Miss Nellie Hoffman, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, of West Twenty-third street, is announced. The marriage will take place in January.

Gen. and Mrs. Butterfield will, shortly after their arrival at their new house near Dupont Circle, Washington, issue cards for a series of handsome receptions during the winter.

Mr. Henry Burnham, who officiated as usher at the wedding of his uncle, Mr. John Munroe, last Wednesday, is said to drive the most perfectly appointed turnout in Boston.

Miss Adele Grant was the recipient of much attention at the first dancing party of the season given at the British Legation in Washington on Friday evening in honor of the birthday of Miss Flora West.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Abercrombie and Miss E. A. Osgood are passing a few days in Philadelphia.

Dr. and Mrs. Huyler are staying at Old Point Comfort, with their yacht anchored at an easy distance.

At the Millar-Sawyer nuptials, on Wednesday, in Boston, Mr. Edward Wyeth was the best man, and Mr. Oakley Rhinelander one of the ushers.

Mr. and Mrs. Burbank Roberts, of 31 East Twenty-eighth street, will give a reception on Thursday.

Mrs. S. W. Cohen, of 36 West Forty-eighth street, and Mrs. T. B. Twibill, of Philadelphia, will both give wedding receptions to-morrow at Delmonico's.

Mrs. Lawrence F. Smith, of 65 East Sixty-fourth street, will give a tea on Dec. 17.

Secretary and Mrs. Whitney expect to pass Thanksgiving Day at their home in this city and return to Washington on Dec. 1.

Miss Emma Thursby gave an opera box party last evening at the Metropolitan Opera-House in honor of Miss Ovington, which included Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ovington, Mr. Nathan Appleton, Miss Ida Thursby, Miss Rosa Maize and Mr. E. J. Ovington.

Mr. Nathan Appleton gave his farewell bachelor dinner last Monday evening at the Somerset Club in Boston.

The nuptials of Miss Sarah Murray, daughter of Supt. Murray, will be solemnized on Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock, at St. Lawrence's Church, Park avenue and Eighty-fourth street. The groom is James C. Lalor. After the wedding there will be a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 1041 Madison avenue. The bridesmaid will be Miss Mary Lalor, sister of the groom. William Murray, jr., will act as best man. The maids of honor will be Miss Addie Byrnes, eldest daughter of Inspector Byrnes, and Miss Belle Murray, sister of the bride. The newly wedded couple will start on an extended bridal tour immediately after the reception.

JUDGE SMITH DEAD.

Eminent Men Included Among the Guests of His Road House.

Genuine sorrow was felt by men fond of fast trotters when they learned this morning that Judge Smith was dead.

The road house which was called by his name was known not only in this city but all over the country. Its frequenters included men like Gen. Grant, Commodore Vanderbilt, William H. Vanderbilt, Robert Bonner, President Arthur and Frank Work. The property was a valuable one, although Judge Smith's financial operations were not always successful. The road house was established about fifteen years ago.

Judge Smith was born in the Ninth Ward when it was still Greenwich Village. His title came from a term as Justice of the Third District Civil Court. He was about seventy years old. The disease which caused his death was an affection of the stomach similar to that from which Charles O'Conor suffered.

Corporation Counsel O'Brien's Gift.

Corporation Counsel Morgan J. O'Brien, who was elected to the Supreme Court Bench last week, called together at his private office in Nassau street to-day the three young lawyers who have assisted him in his practice, and presented to them 128 cases under way in his office, the outstanding accounts and his law library. The new firm will be known as Doherty, Hendrick & Durnan, and is composed of Horace S. Doherty, Eugene Durnan and Peter A. Hendrick. Mr. O'Brien had been offered $20,000 for his business by outsiders.

Run Over by a Street Car.

Julia A. Connelly, of 794 Eighth avenue, was knocked down at Ninth avenue and Forty-eighth street by the team attached to car 42 of the Ninth Avenue Railroad. Miss Connelly was trampled upon by the horses and the wheels of the car rolled over her, crushing her bones and tearing her flesh. When extricated it was learned that her collar bone was broken and she was unconscious from internal injuries. The woman was removed to Bellevue Hospital. J. J. Sullivan, the car driver, was arrested and locked up.

Quenched an Oil Fire With Water.

Julia O'Connor runs a grocery store at No. 5 Batavia street. She was startled this morning by a sudden blaze, which proved to be a barrel of kerosene oil on fire. With rare presence of mind she poured pails full of water into the burning oil, and drowned the fire without aid of an alarm signal.

Little Annie Bickel Safe.

Annie, the five-year-old daughter of Michael Bickel, of 341 Greenwich street, was not abducted after all. She returned home at 8.30 o'clock last evening, and said she had been to see an aunt. The child's father had suspected that she was abducted by a fifteen-year-old girl living in the neighborhood.

THE DISAFFECTED KNIGHTS.

Little Indication Here that a New Order Will Be Formed.

A Pittsburg paper announces that the seceders from the Knights of Labor are making good progress in the formation of another organization and that the prospects are good for a strong order before another year. Reports here from prominent Knights are directly the reverse of the Pittsburg announcement.

It may be remembered that immediately after the sessions of the General Assembly at Minneapolis certain members of the order at Chicago who were opposed to the action of that body in refusing to pass resolutions in sympathy with the Anarchists withdrew from the order and set up a so-called Provisional Committee, which issued a circular setting forth the causes of the secession and requesting all Knights who were opposed to the administration of the affairs of the order, to communicate with it. A mixed Local Assembly, No. 1,307, of Chicago, of which the executed Anarchist, Albert R. Parsons, was a leading member, withdrew from the order in a body. It had at one time more than six hundred members and was one of the most active organizations in the West. Some of its members were not pleased at its course and continued in the order.

As far as can be learned no considerable number of disaffected Knights have joined in the secession movement, and certainly few or none from this city. The radical element in the order long ago dwindled down to a small number, and the belief is general now among the Knights that reforms in the conduct of their affairs can be best effected within the order than outside of it. Leading Knights in this city say that if the malcontents are dissatisfied they have the American Federation of Labor open to them, and therefore there is no necessity for another organization.

It is said that when enough members are obtained a convention will be held and the organization perfected. Headquarters are to be in Philadelphia. That the new movement is confined to the radical Socialistic and Anarchistic element in the order of the Knights of Labor can readily be seen, but there are many of that ilk who are opposed to any new order such as that proposed. Whatever is accomplished by the seceders, it is not believed that they can bring about the organization of a body of workers anything to be compared with that of the Knights of Labor.

KNEW HIS OLD FRIEND WASH.

A Handy Policeman, However, Ran Him In as a Bunco Steerer.

"Why, bless your heart, my dear old friend Wash, how are you?" exclaimed a well-dressed man, apparently forty years old, whose coat was buttoned up close to a high-standing collar, giving him a clerical appearance, as he grasped the hand of sturdy old farmer George Washington Marsh, of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., as the latter was about to ascend the steps of the elevated station at Park row, opposite the Register's office, at an early hour this morning.

"But—eh—you have the advantage of me," said the farmer. "Did I ever see you before?"

"Why, of course you did," replied the clerical looking man. "I am related to the Nelsons of Sturgeon Bay." And in a sorrowful tone continued: "I am surprised that you don't remember me."

"Beg pardon; of course I should remember you, as you are related to my old friend Nelson," half apologetically.

The clerical-appearing gentleman then invited the farmer to take a drink, which invitation the latter was about to accept when Policeman Martineau, of the Third Precinct, who had been watching the proceedings, interfered and inquired of Marsh:

"Are you acquainted with the professional bunco-steerer with whom you are talking?"

"No," replied Marsh, who, when informed of the character of the man, appeared more than anxious to make a complaint against him. The policeman arrested the alleged bunco steerer. In the Tombs Police Court that gentleman gave his name as Joseph Smith.

In default of $800 bail Justice O'Reilly sent Mr. Smith to the island for three months.

PANIC-STRICKEN IN SCHOOL.

Many Children Badly Frightened While at Their Studies.

A serious panic was barely averted in Grammar School No. 68, on Sixth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, on Monday afternoon. Two malicious boys, James O'Brien, sixteen years old, and Raymond Brownell, a colored youth seventeen years old, attached a string to the special fire-gong in the school-rooms and at 2 o'clock, when 500 children were engaged at their studies, they pulled the string.

At the clang of the bell boys and girls turned pale, sprang to their feet and made a simultaneous stampede for the doors leading to the stairways. The teachers rushed in among the children and urged them to return to their seats.

The alarm was too great, however, and the excited crowd of little ones only turned their blanched faces upon their instructors and jostled and pushed against each other in search of a place of safety. The smaller and weaker children were yielding to the superior strength of their elder associates and shrieks and lamentations filled the air. The teachers rushed forward, however, closed the doors, and thus became masters of the situation. Had they lost their heads, and joined in the mad rush for the street, their must of necessity have been a sad story of death and destruction to chronicle.

After much persuasion the children were calmed and returned to their seats. The tell-tale string attached to the gong led to the desk of O'Brien and Brownell. Alarmed at the terrible results of their mischievous prank they confessed to being the perpetrators of what they called a harmless joke. The lads were arrested and locked up in the Thirteenth Precinct Station House. School was dismissed at an earlier hour than usual. O'Brien and Brownell will be prosecuted.

To Discuss Baseball Matters.

An important meeting of the representatives of the National League baseball clubs will be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-morrow. The most vital of the matters to be discussed are the demands of the Ball Players' Brotherhood. It is probable that the Brotherhood as a body will be recognized, and that some of their demands will be granted. It is understood that President Day, of the New York Club, is disposed to favor the players. President Stearns, of the Detroits, arrived this morning and registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

A Testimonial to J. Charles Davis.

A number of the friends of Mr. J. Charles Davis, one of the most widely known members of the theatrical profession, are going to give him a complimentary testimonial at the People's Theatre on Sunday evening, Nov. 20. The organizers of the testimonial are all nobles of the Mystic Shrine, of which Mr. Davis is also a member. The Committee of Arrangements includes nearly every manager in town. Among those on the Committee of Arrangements are H. C. Miner, Tony Pastor, H. S. Sanderson, John Stetson, Ned Harrigan, Rudolph Aronson, James A. Bailey, J. Barton Key and Charles Stow.

He Was a Private Detective.

The man who was arrested in Jersey City last week for an alleged attempt to swindle Pawnbroker Volberg by pawning worthless jewelry under the name of Congressman McAdoo, was arraigned in Justice Stilling's court this morning. He gave the Justice his name and address in this city and the address of a private detective agency down town, in which he claimed to be employed. His dress and manners were those of a gentleman, and as he proved the jewelry to be worth the money that he received on them and his mission in Jersey City one of business, he was released.

MRS. POTTER'S SECOND PLAY.

"LOYAL LOVE" PRODUCED LAST EVENING AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

The Acting of the Star Was an Agreeable Surprise to Those Who Witnessed Her First Efforts—Unsuccessful in the Agony Act—Dockstader Brings Out a New Burlesque—Mr. Warde Appears as Virginius.

MRS. POTTER'S acting in "Loyal Love," which was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night, was an agreeable surprise to those who had seen her in "Mlle. de Bressier." As Inez, she had a more congenial rôle to play; in fact, she had to portray a little of all those emotions in which star actresses delight. She has to chirrup love in some conventional moonlight, to utter defiance, to piteously plead, and then to resign herself to the inevitable. In the love scene Mrs. Potter was undeniably charming. Her voice, always mellow and well pitched, was at times insinuatingly wooing, coquettishly fond and unalterably passionate. This was her best scene. In the agony act, there is no use denying the fact that she gurgled. It is so easy to gurgle mimic emotion; so extremely difficult to produce an apparently genuine tremolo. In this Mrs. Potter was wonderfully unsuccessful, but she was pardoned, for it was not easy to forget her delicious love scene. "Loyal Love" is one of the dreariest plays that the Fifth Avenue Theatre has known. It is quite as bad as "Mlle. de Bressier," and condemnation can go no further. Ross Neal is the pseudonym of the author, who does well not to reveal his or her identity. "Loyal Love" is absurdly pretentious. It abounds with idiotically long speeches tending to nothing. It is hopelessly wrapped up in tedious blank verse, unrelieved by a solitary idea. It is absolutely devoid of action. It is long—oh! so wearily, drearily long. Mrs. Potter was supported by Kyrle Bellew and Joseph Haworth in parts of equal magnitude. Mr. Bellew did better than usual as Pedro. He was more vigorous and devoted less time to casting up his eyes like the proverbial "dying duck." Of course he looked extremely lovely in his terra-cotta robes, but, thank goodness, he relied less upon this fact last night than usual. Joseph Haworth did splendidly as Gonzales. Harry Allen as the King was absurd. His walk across the stage would make his fortune at Dockstader's. Miss Maida Craigen had little to do.

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Dockstader seems to know exactly what the public wants. His burlesques, however sacred their themes may be, never offend any one and are always amusing. "The Black Faust," which he produced last night, was no exception to the rule. In it Messrs. Reiger, Moreland, Frillman, Maxwell, Quinn, Sheppard and Dockstader take part. There are some capital songs and some good electrical effects. Mr. Rankin's skill startles the audience in "The Presidential Trip."

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Frederick Warde appeared as Virginius at the Grand Opera-House last night and the good-natured audience received him better than he deserved. Mr. Warde is not an effective Virginius. His voice is monstrous, and when he becomes excited he rants fearfully. He has done Virginius so often that there are no hopes of improvement. Sweet resignation is all that remains to the critical. Mr. Warde, during the week, will present "Galba," "Gaston Cadol," "Brutus" and "Richard III."

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Augustin Daly has written a melodrama. Though that fact is not generally known, a few of Mr. Daly's friends have rejoiced in the knowledge. The melodrama is to be produced at Niblo's on Nov. 12 of next year. It is in the same style as "Under the Gaslight," and there will be twenty people in the cast. Mr. Daly's partner in the enterprise is a well-known theatrical man.

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Manager A. M. Palmer says that he did not expect that "The Martyr" would hold the stage of the Madison Square Theatre for more than a month or six weeks. It will easily do that. The play has been improved and strengthened by slight excisions and alterations.

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Denman Thompson, who has been so successful with "The Old Homestead," will probably occupy the Academy of Music for twenty weeks next season.

A Big Hand Caused a Divorce Suit.

[From the Philadelphia News.]

"This reminds me of an actual case in which a mistake in the gender of a hand brought about a divorce suit. A wife had a large hand, and it happened one evening that she sat with her husband and several others on a rural veranda. The husband was smoking a cigarette, and, as it was very dark indeed, the wife took it from him for a surreptitious whiff. Now, right alongside the couple sat a flirtatious girl. She and the man were on sentimental terms, but until now quite unknown to the woman. The well-developed hand of the wife, with the cigarette, chanced to swing into contact with that of the girl, who took hold of it, thought from its size that it was the husband's, felt convinced of it by the cigarette, and thereupon pressed it to her lips, rapturously believing that she was taking a safe opportunity of the darkness. The eyes of the wife were opened metaphorically if not physically; she watched the pair for a few days, and an action for divorce was soon instituted."

He Was Admitted.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

St. Peter—Who are you?

"I'm a lawyer."

"Did you ever move a jury to tears?"

"No."

"You were eloquent and able, though?"

"No."

"Enjoyed a large practice?"

"No."

"Present this check on the inside and they will give you a crown."

Coals of Fire.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

"So Snipeworthy has gone with a circus, eh?"

"Yes, drawing a big salary I hear."

"What is his specialty?"

"He's the iron-jawed man."

"He is? I never knew he had unusually powerful jaws."

"You might have known it. He talks Russian and Volupuk as fluently as he speaks English."

Just the Reverse.

[From Modern Society.]

"I thought you took an unusual interest in my welfare," remarked an unsuccessful lover.

"No, indeed," she replied; "only in your farewell."

Answers to Correspondents.

A. J.—The suspension bridge at St. Louis was completed in 1874. Its length is 2,225 ft., and its width 54 ft.

T. B.—In the census for 1880, the population of the United States is put at 50,155,783; the number of farms at 4,008,907; the amount of improved land at 284,771,042 acres.

T. K. H.—The second Tuesday after the first Monday in November is not Election Day. "The Tuesday succeeding the first Monday" is the language of the law. A. loses and B. wins.

H. R.—"I was married in this city in January last to a Danish girl. We could not agree, and last week my wife went to Denmark. I want a divorce. Where should I apply for one." You cannot get a divorce. If you marry again, it is bigamy, for which you may be sent to the State Prison for five years. It was your duty before you married to see that the obligations you undertook would not be too onerous to bear. Having lost in the lottery, you have no business to ask for another ticket.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A Nice Little Romance Between Two "Desperate Flirts" in the West.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

One of the most absurd tricks Cupid has been known to play recently occurred within the last few months in a prosperous little city far up the Mississippi. Returning from a sleighing party one wintry evening, a giddy youth and maiden fell to discussing the strange fact that, although they had so long known one another by name, they never before had met. "I've heard you're an awful flirt," said he. "Just what I've heard about you," said she. And so controversy began, and continued until this needless pair decided that there was but one way to settle the question of who was the more desperate flirt.

"We'll have a flirtation for just three weeks," said Blondel (whose name doesn't begin with B).

"I'll be up Friday evening and we'll begin."

He kept his word, and they proceeded to make themselves mutually agreeable. Saturday he sent a box of roses; Sunday he joined her at church, and she invited him to dinner; Monday he took her to the theatre; Tuesday to drive, and so on. Jacques perpetually blossomed on her table; and, if a day passed that Blondel wasn't there, a messenger boy was. At the end of the three weeks Blondel inquired if she was tired of it.

"Not at all," said she.

"Shall we try it another three weeks?"

"With all my heart."

Meantime society had something to talk about, and three more weeks sped away. Then he proposed; and she rose in her wrath, and told him that a flirtation was a flirtation, but when it came to asking a girl to marry that was carrying it too far.

"But I am in earnest," he remonstrated.

And then she did the always-be-a-sister-to-you act; but he said never a word, only bided a wee and proposed again. This time she wavered; and the nice young man continued the even tenor of his way until one fine day he calmly declared:

"I am certainly going to marry you, and before the first of the year, so you may as well engage yourself to me now."

Man seldom finds his mate when and where he expects; and it is generally chance—accident—Kismet—that controls him, in spite of all.

To Teach Rich Women Dressmaking.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

A Gentlewoman's Dressmaking Society has been formed in London, whose object is to give employment in the art of dressmaking to young ladies of birth and education who can find no other outlet for their abilities. According to a "directress" it is impossible for ladies of refinement to work in an ordinary dressmaker's room and not be shocked and contaminated by the language sometimes used in the busy workshops. "Our immediate object," she continues, "is to give suitable and remunerative employment to educated girls and women. If the daughter of a professional man whose means do not allow him to keep his girls at home has no taste or ability for teaching or similar pursuits chiefly requiring train work she is practically helpless. She may have excellent taste for dressmaking, and she will gladly avail herself of tuition and future remunerative work when she discovers that her fellow-workers will be women of her own station of life, and that her employers and customers will often be among her particular visiting circle. The idea of the "Gentlewoman's Dressmaking Society" is further explained in a circular which relates that in every circle of society there is an entirely unequal distribution of income. Ladies are in the habit of employing dressmakers and milliners whom they do not regard as social equals. An effort will now be made by several wealthy women of the fashionable and aristocratic world to employ their poorer sisters, and at the same time have it so thoroughly understood that the obligation is mutual that an impecunious Duchess will be able to eke out her Irish rents with bonnet-making, without any reflection being cast at her exalted station.

Why Mrs. Sarah J. Hale Wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

The authorship of "Mary had a Little Lamb" has been ascribed to various persons, and many romantic stories have been told regarding its composition. To Mrs. Hale's family we are indebted for the following account of the circumstances which led to its production. In 1827 Dr. Lowell Mason was induced to lend his musical talents to Boston, and, while there, gave especial attention to the training of children in vocal music, being the first person to introduce singing into the public schools. In order to make these singing classes attractive Dr. Mason requested Mrs. Hale and other writers to furnish him with verses suited to the capacity of children, and of a kind to interest them. In response to this request, Mrs. Hale, ever ready to lend a hand in any good work, composed a series of little poems for children, which were set to music by Mr. Mason and sung in the schools of Boston and afterwards throughout the country. Among these were the well known "If ever I see, on bush or tree," and the world-famous "Mary's Lamb," which was founded on an incident of the writer's own childish experience. A farmer's daughter, she had had in her New Hampshire home her own little pet lamb, that followed her wherever she went. Devotedly fond of animals and making pets of birds and kittens from her earliest to her latest years, this busy editor and mother of a family turned aside from her pressing cares to write these verses, which have found a sympathetic echo in the hearts of children all over the country. In 1830 the poems thus composed were published in book form under Mrs. Hale's signature, with a number of other songs and rhymes, affectionately dedicated to all good children in the United States.

The Days When Bachelors Were Taxed.

[From an Exchange.]

A Spartan law forbade marriage until men and women arrived at their full strength, and there was an Athenian regulation that men should not marry until they were thirty-five. The Athenians at the same time favored married men, giving them the preference when vacancies occurred in official life. The Romans did the same. They would help a married man so far that if he had not reached the age-limit assigned for a position as many of the years were dispensed with as he had children. These favors did not altogether succeed as a marriage bait. The young men of the empire had at one time, in fact, to be forced as well as bribed into marriage, the Censors going so far as to insist on all the bachelors pledging themselves on oath to marry within a given time. Penalties were in addition laid on celibacy, and these and other disabilities on the single men were not removed until the time of Constantine. Taxes on bachelors have been imposed by many nations, including our own; but no more remarkable law on the subject was ever passed than that by the local authorities of Eastham, in Massachusetts, in 1695. In that year these functionaries passed a law to the effect that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three crows yearly while he remained single, and that as a penalty for disobeying the order he should not get married, and no one should marry him until he had destroyed the number of birds he was in arrear.

More Decollete at the Opera Than Ever.

[From a New York Letter.]

The fashionable ladies have lost an inch from their dresses. There is no mistake about it. The daughter of a famous light of the Bar, the wife of an ancient Knickerbocker business house and the fascinating widow of the head of a family of land barons on Manhattan Island had lost something more than an inch of their low-cut gowns on the first night of the opera and as they lead the fashion we might all have known what was coming, yet here and there were seen other ladies of the field of the cloth of gold whose necks were no more uncovered than last year. However, every one of these was a matron, with her young daughters around her like chicks keeping close to the maternal bird. It would never have done for such a radical movement to be led by the mothers; and even to-day I see that some of these parental pillars of fashion have got the upper edge of their opera dresses just where they always had them—a hand's breadth from where the chin will touch the neck.

Beware of the Wall Street Boxer.

[Washington Post's New York Letter.]

Extremes proverbially meet, and the fact is exemplified anew in the love of boxing, which unites in a sort of fellowship the gentlemanly broker and the professional "bruiser." Many of the brokers in Wall street and elsewhere in New York are surprisingly proficient with the gloves. They take lessons from "professors," and from awkward novices who put forward their right "duke" as a guard, they become dangerous antagonists who have learned to put up their left as a guard and to strike blows with their right which suggest those of a Roman battering-ram. Some of them used to take lessons in fisticuffs in their elegant Wall street offices from broken-nosed and broken-down ex-members of the twenty-four foot ring at $5 a lesson, and in time they became expert. Many of the brokers are members of athletic clubs, and they use the gloves there. It is no longer safe for a bully to attack a well-dressed gentleman, or even what is termed a dude, on the supposition that he cannot use his hands. Some of the roughs of the Sixth Ward have had this momentous fact clearly demonstrated.

He Doesn't Believe It.

[From the Norwich Bulletin.]

An eggshell is said to be strong enough to support a man's weight, but the man who puts half a dozen in his coat-tail pocket and steps on a banana peel cannot be made to believe it.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

BROKEN EARS AND A CROOKED NOSE NOT ESSENTIAL TO A FIGHTER.

The New Polo League Games to be Played About Dec. 1—Sports Excited Over the Carney-McAuliffe Fight—All Seem to Favor the Englishman—The Seventh Regiment's Games of Great Promise.

"MOST people say when they see a fighter with big ears and a crooked nose it's safe betting he's not much," remarked a Hoffman House frequenter the other night, "and I agree with them. Look at Billy Edwards there," he went on; "he hasn't got an ear that looks like a doughnut, nor has Arthur Chambers, nor Joe Coburn or Mace or any of those other old-time champions, but no beer-hall sparrer nowadays thinks he's anybody till he has two ears big enough to keep him from drowning if he fell off of a dock."

"There's another thing that will tell a poor boxer," said a gentleman who overheard the conversation. "Look at his hands. There's where you want to see a pugilist deformed. Billy Edwards's hands remind you of a bag of walnuts when he wears kid gloves."

"Let's see," said another bystander who stood by, "There's Jack Dempsey, no one will deny he is a fighter; yet, Jack's nose is neither Grecian or Roman now. I remember Jack over in the 'Burgh when he had a very pretty nose. One of his ears is little out of shape, too. Jack's hands are knocked up sure enough. I could mention a dozen good pugilists of the present day who have big ears and a dozen more who have not. Any of them who like Dempsey and Files and Joe Fowler, all of whom are extra clever men, who ever worked much in sporting houses or boxed regularly in theatres for any length of time, have swollen ears. It's the way they box in this country now. Fowler never had bad ears till he went to work in Owney Geoghagan's with Frank Wilson, the Mouse. He soon found the English fashion of straight countering didn't take with American sports. Rubbing the ear, liniment and rest as soon as it commences to be tender are the only preventives. Almost any boxer gets broken hands nowadays. Even the gloves, which old-timers had not learned to appreciate, won't save the knuckles when their owner mistakes Sullivan's faults without acquiring his wonderful judgment and 'swings' recklessly."

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The new Polo League's opening games will be played about Dec. 1.

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The Twenty-second Regiment's annual athletic games will be held at the Armory on Saturday evening, Nov. 19.

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The fall games of the Seventh Regiment Athletic Association, which will be held in the great armory on Saturday, Dec. 3, promise to be the best of the season. The Seventh ranks with the New York Athletic Club in getting up first-class entertainments.

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The Carney-McAuliffe match is turning sporting centres upside down. What an upset it would be if McAuliffe should win! The $1,000 placed in the hands of the EVENING WORLD's sporting editor remains uncovered. It was offered on Carney against $800 on McAuliffe. Very little betting is going on about this mill, as it is looked on as a certainty for the Englishman, not by men who have read about his performances, but by those who saw him beat Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia. Pat Rail, who is now proprietor of Billy Bennett's old place, secured one bet of $70 yesterday on the Brooklyn boy, but he had to lay $100 on Carney to catch it. One mistake people are making and that is the McAuliffe is either afraid of the Briton or not capable of giving him a tremendous battle. Jack got out of training once because running on hard roads swelled his groins, and he wouldn't have had a show to win. Twice before he failed to make matches with Carney, not because he feared him, but because he couldn't get backing at the weight. McAuliffe is in prime fix now, and ought to make a better fight than if he had gone in on his own hook, ten or twelve pounds above his real fighting weight. It will be a great fight, and if Carney isn't at a top notch, or if he leaves any openings, McAuliffe will surprise people as the Marine people were astonished by the other Williamsburger. Carney has the experience, but McAuliffe has youth, two or three pounds the best of the weight and three-quarters of an inch in height on his side.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

There are said to be only four horses in Alaska, three at Juneau and one at Sitka.

A large gray wolf is prowling around the village of Haddonfield, N. J., and the women and children are afraid to venture out after dark.

A Chicago physician has a collection of several hundred bullets which he extracted from the bodies of Union soldiers, who were shot during the war.

It is a singular fact that gypsies do not mourn the death of their young, much as they love and cherish the living. They frequently follow a funeral with merrymaking.

The Greek church at Sitka, Alaska, is one of the wealthiest in the world, its treasure consisting for the greater part in old paintings of the saints set in frames of gold and silver. One picture, a present from the Czar, is valued at $40,000. The massive doors of the church are heavily inlaid with the precious metals.

A correspondent who recently visited Belleville, Ill., writes that it seemed to him as if he were in a city of Germany. Out of a population of 19,000 he did not see a dozen Americans, and the manners and customs of the people were those of the fatherland. Beer is almost exclusively the beverage of the town, and even the dogs looked as if they had been brought up on it.

A wonderfully brilliant meteor passed over Los Angeles, Cal., recently, making the sky appear as bright as at mid-day. When first seen it looked like a big locomotive headlight dashing through space, but as it reached a point directly above the city it seemed to pause for a moment and then shot upward like a column of fire. It finally broke in a blaze of splendor.

Tamen Noyes, the son of a prominent citizen of Oshkosh, Wis., disappeared from here some time ago, and nothing was heard from him until last Wednesday, when a letter written by the boy in New York reached his parents, informing them that he had shipped before the mast on a vessel bound for Asia. The boy is fourteen years old, and very adventurous.

Charles Golliher, of Unionville, Mo., was born twelve years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence and is consequently 112 years old. He is quite spry for his age and retains the use of most of his faculties. He was born in Virginia, has chewed tobacco since he was a lad of ten, and "has drunk enough whiskey to start the Mississippi."

Miss Ina Moses, of Old Orchard, Me., was badly injured in the hip while coasting last winter, and the doctors said that she would be crippled for life. But while attending a faith-cure meeting not long ago she suddenly threw down her crutches, shouted out that she was cured, and began to walk without assistance. Since that time she has been entirely well.