

THE WORLD.

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Table with 2 columns: Week before election, After election. Rows for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Weekly and Semi-Weekly, and Totals.

The following comparison is an exact record of the actual, regular, bona-fide editions of THE WORLD printed during the week preceding and the week following the last election.

BULLOCK, DUNTON & Co., BY DAVID G. GARABANT, Manager of THE WORLD, 100 N. 2d St., PHILADELPHIA.

State of New York, City and County of New York, ss. I, David G. Garabant, manager of the Daily World, do hereby certify that the above statement of circulation, and solemnly swear that it corresponds with the amount of white paper supplied by us, used by the World and charged up to them (in accordance with our method of charging THE WORLD) each day only THE PAPER ACTUALLY USED AND PRINTED during the two weeks specified.

WILLIAM J. BIRNEY, Commissioner of Deeds, City and County of New York, New York, Nov. 25, 1887.

ADVERTISING RATES. (By the Month.) Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for so-called display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, placed or marked "Adv.," first page, \$1.00 per line; fourth page, \$1.25 per line; inside page, \$1.50 per line.

A NON-PARTISAN REFORM. The movement to restrict the use of money in elections and to have the State provide the ballots should receive the support of honest men of all parties.

It is essentially a non-partisan reform. Democracy is government by the people. But the people do not in fact govern when money rule and money decides the elections.

Republicanism is equally the rule of the people—a simple, inexpensive, direct system of ascertaining and obeying the people's will.

In exercising the right to say whom the people may vote for, the professional makers of nominations hold three-fourths of the power. When they supplement this with bribery the servants become masters.

Electoral reform must precede all other reforms.

MGR. FERREO'S REPORT. Mgr. Ferreo, the Papal Envoy to Ireland, makes a remarkable and apparently inconsistent statement as a result of his investigations.

He recognizes that the Irish cause is "intrinsically just and sacred." He balances this with the extraordinary assertion that "England for the last half century has resolutely endeavored to make every reparation for the past!"

He reaches the conclusion that Ireland is "not ripe for Home Rule." But alien rule has been an unmitigated failure. The Irish people are overwhelmingly in favor of Home Rule. Experience has demonstrated its expediency. Justice demands its concession. The time is always ripe for justice.

MGR. FERREO'S report is not likely to be as full on troubled waters.

WHAT THEY ARE AFRAID OF. A protectionist organ remarks that "the Democrats are afraid of the tariff."

A war tariff of 47 per cent, maintained after twenty-four years of peace, and ten years longer than it was needed for either protection or revenue, is enough to alarm any friend of just taxation and economic government.

And yet the Democrats are not "afraid" of it. What they do fear is the effect upon the finances and upon business interests of a surplus revenue that is now pouring into the Treasury at the rate of over \$100,000,000 a year, with no means of outlet except in recklessly extravagant appropriations.

The Democrats, representing the people, do fear the result of perpetuating for another generation this extortionate taxation for the benefit of monopolies and tax-eaters.

And they propose to stop it.

BETTER STAY AT HOME. If Louis Vierbeck, of Munich, Germany, knows when he is well off he will stay at home, rather than come to this country and "assume the leadership of the Anarchists" in a new bomb-throwing crusade.

The American people, native and adopted, are abundantly capable of taking care both of their own institutions and of alien agitators who seek to destroy them.

If Louis Vierbeck does not know this, some friend should pilot him, upon his arrival, to the graveyard where four dynamites lie with broken necks and a fifth with his neck severed by suicide.

American remedies for American wrongs is the fixed sentiment of the people.

SPARE THE AVENUE. Every citizen in New York except the railroad schemers and a few real-estate speculators have an interest in keeping Fifth avenue clear of all kinds of railway tracks.

It is the only longitudinal thoroughfare in the city that is not a condition for prostitution.

ACTORS ARE SO ENTERTAINING!

"Ah," said a meek young man, with verdure clad, as he stood talking in front of the Union Square Hotel the other day, "what interesting people actors are! They must have such an entertaining fund of conversation. If I knew plenty of them I don't think I should want any other kind of acquaintance."

The bland ignorance of this uninitiated youth touched me. I felt sorry for him, but was convinced that nothing on earth would satisfy him on the subject of actors unless he met a few.

"Young man," I said, "I know a great many actors, and I still live, come up Broadway with me this morning and we'll encounter a few. You are right in saying they are entertaining creatures. You shall listen to the witty effervescence of their talk under my protecting wing. You shall revel in the vast storehouses of their knowledge and back in the sunshine of their wisdom."

Feeling that I had done rather nicely in this extemporaneous remark, I tucked my arm in his and together we set forth on our promenade. It was a sunny autumnal day, the air was fresh, the sunshine pleasant, and the indications were that the profession would be out in force.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Frank?" I said, as we confronted a clean-shaven youth at the corner of Seventeenth street, "you're looking well."

"Feeling first-class," was the answer. "Say, old man, we did a fine business at Peoria last week. I made a great hit as Romeo. Peoria said my tragic force was overwhelming. Had seventeen calls before the curtain!"

This went on for five minutes. Frank chatted in his truly intellectual manner, and we listened. When the five minutes were up I gently plucked the sleeve of my companion and we strolled on. I said nothing, neither did he. Silence is eloquent occasionally.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel I stumbled upon a pretty looking fellow in a caped overcoat. "Why, Arthur," said I, "I thought you were in Chicago this week?"

"Dear boy, I returned yesterday," he chirped. "Did splendidly at McVickar's. When I came out in the second act, you know, in a swell dress suit, I assured you I probably had succeeded. Couldn't speak for two minutes they applauded. Business capital—played to \$1,500 the first night; the second night!"

"We tarried for ten minutes with Arthur. He delightful information about McVickar's Theatre and his future plans was absorbingly interesting. He would have been at it yet had we not reminded him that life was short and passed on, almost rushing into the arms of a festive young man in a fur overcoat."

"So glad to meet you, old fellow," said this young man. "Know you'd want to congratulate me on my grand success in Oshkosh last week. What, you haven't heard of it? Well, well, well. The Oshkosh papers gave me a column-full of praise. Yes, I feel I've made a hit, and I assure you!"

"Fi, ta, sweet Oshkosh success," I felt like saying flippantly, but I passed out of consideration for my artless companion whose face at this time was as radiant as the sun. James. There stood a fair-headed youth indulging in the mild disposition of a cigarette.

"Ah," he said after he had greeted us, "it really does me good to see you. I wanted to tell you of an awfully funny thing that happened at Skowhegan the other day. You know I was playing there in 'Othello.' Reginald de Vere was the Moor, and I was Iago. He thought he was going to lord it over me, but, old man, let me tell you that I eclipsed him as thoroughly as one man can eclipse another. People that went with over me. The papers pitched into him and cracked me up. Ha! Ha! It was so delectably funny, and—"

I looked into my friend's face to see if he betrayed any signs of disintegration. No, he was still intact. Well, his blood be on his own head, said I to myself. I hurried him onward, and we reached the Bijou Opera-House. Nine men, nicely bunched together, were standing there. They were not all speaking at the same time, but it was evident that they were anxious to do so. This will convey some idea of their talk. I merely give the gist.

"How did you like my Irish beauty the other night?" "Audience just roared. I feel!"

"The house was pretty quiet till I came on, and then I thought the applause would never stop. It!"

"Old man, drop in and see me in the third act. It's great. You've had a part in it. My voice was never in better condition. I feel that at last I have struck it!"

I gazed at my companion. Yes, I mistrusted it. The dose had been too large for him. He was glibly to look at. His lips twitched painfully. Ah! I had been cruel. Whispering words of gentle import into his ear, I led him quietly away, and I haven't seen him at the Union Square Hotel since.

Editor McClure's despatch from Washington, summed down, indicates a hope that the taxes will be reduced some \$80,000,000 at the coming session, upon the basis of a compromise long advocated by THE WORLD, securing free tobacco for the poor and lower duties on some of the prime necessities of the people. If the ought to be shall be, this will be done.

HENRY GRONON puts another shaft in the bull's-eye in attacking the coal monopolists in Pennsylvania and the short-weight coal dealers in this vicinity. Mr. Gronon always bends his bow with vigor. What a pity that he wastes so many arrows by firing in the air at the unattainable and undesirable.

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Mr. BLAINE and Mr. MORTON have been dining together in Paris. They may not be recognized as such there, but they really belong to the party of the Left—the Got Left.

Untaxed whiskey and war-taxed food, fuel and clothing may be a good Old Whig campaign cry. But it is not Democracy, either ancient or modern.

After all, one can no more do up his thanksgiving for a year in one day than he can make one big dinner last him for a twelvemonth.

This is Evacuation Day. It would be an appropriate occasion for the Anarchists, who are so dissatisfied with our institutions, to get out.

In honor of YALE the proper cap hereafter will be to paint the town blue. The news did this in Cambridge yesterday.

Comptroller Low apparently does not think that the extravagant claims of aqueduct contractors will hold water.

Grapes and Timbales. Timbales are now worn when eating grapes to prevent the fingers from becoming stained, but on other occasions, and among societies, which really know what the wearing of timbales is considered "low."

THE EVENING WORLD'S Thanksgiving paper occupied the field, as usual.

WESTCHESTER WANTS IT ALL.

HUSTED and ROBERTSON COMBINE AGAINST PLATT AND THE STATE FOR SPOILS.

Several Politicians would Like to Be Husted for Speaker, but the Aid of Powerful Corporations may Carry Him Through Again—Platt Working the Wires to Elect Fremont Cole—The Next Legislature.

ALBANY, Nov. 24.—The politicians and corporations are very much exercised just now trying to find out who will become Speaker of the House and President of the Senate. The candidates for both houses are few and select. If it was left to the politicians Mr. Husted would not be selected as Speaker.

His willingness to please everybody before the session of the Legislature, when votes were needed, was only overcome by his willingness to please nobody afterwards.

To the corporations, however, Mr. Husted sings a different tune. He is their friend, their ally, their guide. He devotes all his time to assuaging their grievances, legislatively speaking; he can rely upon more of them for assistance than any other man in the State; he is ready at all times to contribute his influence, his voice, his vote and his friends to help their cause along.

Husted has been Speaker of the House five times. If he is elected this winter he will be the record. Last year he succeeded himself and did not ask for a vote. He promised the Platt people that he would vote for Levi P. Morton for United States Senator. It was this promise that secured his election as Speaker. But he voted for Warner Miller for Senator. It was his vote that defeated Mr. Morton. Platt was mad enough, and declared that that long as he had any influence he would attempt to keep Husted in the State for Speaker last year, but brought him out of the State to inaugurate his new office.

Out of the seventy-two Republicans in the new Assembly, Cole claims forty and so does Husted. Cole is drumming up his forces in person and Husted is operating through agents. The New York Central Railway, who are at work in every district represented by a Republican. Cole's friends recently attempted to work a little scheme by declaring that Westchester promises are hindering a war of extermination against Husted and his Westchester coadjutor, Judge Robertson. It brought Husted several votes unlooked for.

Cole has much to learn in politics and will not be able to outdo Husted in the coming campaign. As for Husted, every trick, device, manoeuvre and finesse known to politics and legislative operations he is the master of.

The Senate deontists spend upon the Speaker's office more than \$100,000 a year. The Anti-Platt-For Speaker, James William Husted, of Westchester, for President pro tem, William Henry Robertson, of Westchester, for President of the Senate, and Platt and the State, Rare, indeed, in the history of the State, has one county displayed the temerity to ask the Legislature for the presiding officers of both houses to appear before the New York Central Speaker, Fremont Cole, of Schuylers, for President pro tem, Jacob Sloat Fassett, of Chemung, or Henry R. Low, of Grange. The latter combination stands to win at this moment.

Fassett is the favored of Platt. Fassett married the millionaire daughter of millionaire Crocker, and is a millionaire himself. He poses as a public enemy of the State, but is never lacking in baring the Senate with several half-hour speeches every day.

Judge Low is in the Senate when Fassett is in his swaddling clothes. Judge Robertson and Col. Murphy has seen more public service than any member of the next House. Mr. Platt supported him for the position two years ago, but in saying that he was anxious to do so, this will convey some idea of their talk. I merely give the gist.

"How did you like my Irish beauty the other night?" "Audience just roared. I feel!"

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HOW MRS. CLEVELAND ANSWERS LETTERS.

She holds Cleveland's Correspondence Negligent and Out of Order.

Mr. Cleveland, on her return from her long trip in October, lost no time in reuniting many of the duties that fall to her lot as mistress of the White House, or which she has established the practice of discharging, among them the self-imposed task of answering, so far as she can, the pile of letters addressed to her, which had accumulated during her three weeks' absence. Of course, there are letters directed to her which she never sees. It speaks volumes in proof of the number of applicants to the President and his wife for money that it has been found necessary to have lithographed a formula of reply to letters making such requests, to be signed, filled up, and forwarded by one of the clerks. The latter lithographed, with names and dates only written to suit each case) reads as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C. Mr. (Mrs.) (or Miss) _____: I have your letter of _____ to Mrs. Cleveland and have been pleased to view it with interest. I have thought it best not to call your letter to her attention. Very respectfully, Mrs. Cleveland.

It is a rule, rarely if ever broken in any of the departments and bureaus of the Government at Washington, as well as in the Executive Mansion, that all letters received which do not in themselves contain the rules of court, or that are answered in some manner, even if only to acknowledge the fact that they have been received, and the signature of whom no official obligations rest, voluntarily follows this rule of replying to all the letters she receives so far as is possible.

It is very prompt, in the view of the fact that she is a lady whenever practicable, and has remarkable facility in expressing herself in a few words. The letters which she writes are so clear and so well written, while as a style in appearance as that of the ultra-fashionable quill-penning of the day, they are so simple and so direct, that they are perfectly legible. She does not lay herself out to the charge a bright man recently preferred against her, and his wife, that she writes no one can easily read, if at all to wit, that, "not knowing how to spell, they purposely misspell the names of the persons to whom they are addressed."

A gentleman who was taken through the White House by Mrs. Cleveland last winter saw her private desk piled high with letters she had received, and said to her: "Surely you don't expect to answer all of these?"

"I don't do," she responded. "All these persons have written to me in good faith, and are entitled to the same consideration. I would not reply directly from me. I wouldn't hurt their feelings or disappoint them for the world."

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EVERYDAY TALK IN SOCIETY.

THE WEEK CLOSING QUIETLY AFTER A BUSY SEASON OF WEDDINGS.

There Will Be Very Little to Relieve the Present Dullness Until the First Week in December—Mr. Elliot Gregory to Give a Tea in His Studio Next Thursday Afternoon—What Society People Are Doing.

OCIETY is at present in a state of standstill. The bulk of the weddings are over, and with the exception of two receptions to-morrow, there will be very little to relieve the dullness until the first week in December.

Among the few weddings announced to take place next week is that of Mr. Arthur F. Conery, jr., and Miss Gertrude Simpson, and of Mr. R. A. McCready and Miss Motley.

Mr. Elliot Gregory will give a tea next Thursday afternoon at his studio, 53 West Thirty-third street.

The engagement of Mr. Carl Le-Joux and Miss Elsie Rutherford is announced.

A large dinner will be given in January by the Sophomores of the Schools of Mines and Arts of Columbia College to the class crew that defeated the Harvard Freshmen last spring.

Mrs. D. H. Decker has returned to her home, 47 West Forty-sixth street, for the winter.

Miss Goddard, of Providence, who is expected to pass a part of the season with friends in this city, is a very handsome beauty with an income of \$400,000 a year.

Mr. James C. Copeland will pass the winter at the Hotel Normandie.

Miss Floyd-Jones and her niece entertained a large party of friends yesterday at South Oyster Bay, L. I.

The Lockaway Hunt Club will meet to-morrow afternoon at 8:15 o'clock at Tom Paine's monument.

The Salamander Bowling Club gave its Thanksgiving dinner yesterday at Mazzetti's. Covered tables laid for 100 persons.

The Princeton Club ate its Thanksgiving dinner last evening at the Hotel Brunswick.

Mrs. John Sherwood begins a course of Wednesday readings on Dec. 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss will be introduced at the tea given by her mother, Mrs. C. D. Moss, of 124 East Thirty-ninth street, on Saturday, Dec. 5.

Mr. C. D. Ingersoll, of 50 West Thirty-third street, will receive on Wednesday evening, December 6.

Mr. E. L. Hedden, of 38 West Forty-ninth street, is getting up a set of three subscription dinners at the Metropolitan Opera-House will be given on Jan. 5.

Mrs. John P. Willis, of 363 West Thirty-fourth street, entertained a number of friends last evening.

Mrs. H. S. Caldwell, Mrs. J. Hood Wright, Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, Mrs. E. C. Donnelly, Mrs. W. F. Alexander, Mrs. W. Foster, jr., Mrs. T. C. Buck, Mrs. W. D. Page, Mrs. John C. Deane and Mrs. G. S. Hartman, the patronesses of the Washington Heights assemblies, will be given on the evenings of Dec. 8, Jan. 12 and Feb. 9.

EDNA JONES SOBBING BUT SILENT. The Female "Green Goods" Worker Still Resolves to Betray Her Accomplice.

Edna Jones, the young woman accused of working the "sawdust" swindle, spent last night and this morning in the Essex Market prison, her little baby being her only companion. She declined to see any one and did nothing but sob.

She still refuses to give the name of her companion in the enterprise, and the police have learned nothing.

The woman was for years a customer of David Hynes, of 46 East Catherine Market, and it was her request that Mr. Hynes should receive all letters addressed to William J. Jones that caused all the trouble. When one of these letters was opened it was found to be a reply from a man accepting an offer to sell \$3,000 in counterfeit money for \$400 in greenbacks.

When arrested yesterday the woman gave the name of Edna Fern. Hope in court she said her true name was Edna Jones. At her home, 231 East Seventeenth street, nothing contraband was found save a diary in which she entered the names of parties to the swindle. The diary was given to the police.

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