THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),

PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, $3.50.

VOL. 29.....NO. 9,900

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Books Always Open.

"WORLD" GROWTH STRIKINGLY SHOWN.

The Average Number of "WORLDS" Printed Daily and also the Average Number of Advertisements Published Daily during the First Six Months of the Years 1884 and 1888 were as follows:

1884.	1888.

Average Number Advertisements Daily

532.	1,816.

Average Daily Circulation,

56,749.	288,267.

RESCUED FROM THE ELDERS.

Collector MAGONE has very properly determined to return to their families in Europe the young girls brought over by the two Mormon elders, WALSH and PHILLIPS, with the exception of the two children who were on their road to California. The latter have been sent forward to their destination under proper care.

A few weeks ago Collector MAGONE raised the objection that some young people brought over by the Mormons under similar circumstances ought not to be allowed to land unless accompanied by their parents or guardians. But in that case the immigrants were passed through Castle Garden by Commissioner STEPHENSON. Now the Collector has peremptorily ordered that the children just arrived shall be returned to Europe.

This is a just decision. The Mormon elders have no rights over the children and no responsibility for them. They could abandon them at any moment if they so desired. Hence the children are here without parents or guardians to answer for their support, and under the provisions of the law must not be allowed to land in this country.

AS GOOD AS WON.

The Chicago nine, "Capt. ANSON'S Babies," as they are called, abandon all idea of winning the baseball pennant this year, and concede that it is destined to float at the Polo Grounds next year; that is, if the march of city improvement does not trample those grounds out of existence. Capt. ANSON himself says that the contest is practically over, the Giants having such a lead that it will be impossible to overtake them.

Well, Chicago has done excellently this year, and has fought the fight bravely and courteously. The "babes" will have an honorable second place on the list. It is satisfactory to know that if New York had not won, the victory would have been with Chicago. But New York will, of course, be proud of the result, and every subscriber to THE EVENING WORLD'S champion bats will rejoice that his name is on the list of contributors.

CAR CONDUCTORS AND PASSENGERS.

"Conductor 113, Broadway and Seventh Avenue Road" favored us with a communication yesterday on our remarks about "careless conductors," which he regards as an "unjustifiable attack" on those worthy individuals, "made in mere wantonness."

We can assure No. 113 that THE EVENING WORLD has a high appreciation of the value of car conductors; so much so, that it is mainly due to our efforts that the Twenty-third Street Railroad Company and other bobtail corporations have been induced to change their system and put conductors on their cars. But No. 113 does not make out a good case for himself and his associates. He says that as the conductor is stationed on the back platform he is unable to see a passenger standing in the road waiting for the car before he is close to him. If he then sounds the bell for the driver to stop, the headway of the car carries it quite a little distance, and he says it is easier for the passenger to await the next car, there being such a trifling interval between them than to catch up with the first one he has hailed.

If a passenger stands in the road waiting for a car he is necessarily seen by the driver, who slackens the speed of his horses if there is any intention to stop. But aside from this, if Conductor 113 thinks the passenger may as well wait for the next car, Conductor 112 or 114, who comes after him, may think the same thing, and so may Conductor 111 or 115, who follows. Thus the unhappy passenger may be left standing for an unlimited time, until he finds a conductor willing to take him on board, or may walk uptown, as he pleases.

We do not censure drivers or conductors in these cases. The Broadway employees are generally capable drivers and civil men. The company is to blame for requiring them to catch up to the schedule time, and if this rule cost BRIDGET NOLAN her life the managers of the company ought to be held responsible.

The accident on the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad yesterday was a very serious one, although fortunately without fatal or even serious result to the passengers. Their escape was, however, miraculous. The cause should be investigated. The accident, however, proves how little likelihood there is of a train being thrown over to the road below, and this was the danger most feared when the elevated roads were first constructed.

The German Government has prohibited the publication of any further extracts from the late Emperor FREDERICK'S diary. What folly! They will be published in other countries and will attract the more attention from the Government's action. Besides, the prohibition seems to put the present Emperor in antagonism to the policy of his father, the son in opposition to the noble sentiments of the father.

Those who sympathize with ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, and think that he did not make a good thing out of the Commissionership of Public Works and the position of Aqueduct Commissioner, will be pleased to learn that he is now a well-to-do Westchester farmer and owns a five-thousand-dollar trotting Hambletonian. Verily, merit has its reward sooner or later.

The BEDELL case has led to the discovery of a bogus $10,000 mortgage held by the Produce Exchange gratuity fund and caused a general stirring up among the holders of such securities.

WORLDLINGS.

Sarah Althea Hill (Sharon) Terry was once a student at the Woman's Seminary in Danville, Ky., where she is remembered as an attractive girl, noted for her sweet temper and amiable disposition.

Uncle Elias Gibson, of Kilbourne, Ill., who is nearing his ninetieth year, has the distinction of having killed ninety-two wolves since the war, a record that no other Illinois man can even approach.

Probably the oldest voter in the country is George Hubbortt, of Stapleton, Ind. He is 104 years old. With his two sons, who are still living, he voted for Harrison for President in 1836 and 1840. Mr. Hubbortt is still a vigorous old man, despite his great age.

Queen Victoria recently received from a Glasgow gentleman a copy of her speech at Glasgow inscribed on a piece of parchment no larger than a threepenny bit. The writing is so minute as to be illegible except through a microscope, and was the work of a man over seventy years of age.

Will Carleton, the poet, wrote his first piece of verse when ten years of age. It was a letter in rhyme to an older sister and showed considerable skill in versification. "Betsy and I" and "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," the poems that made him famous, were written when he was twenty-one.

The room where the Court of Appeals sits in the Capitol at Albany is described as the most gorgeous in its appointments of all the court-rooms in the country. The woodwork is beautifully carved and panels are of mahogany and onyx. The carpet was woven to order across the water. Portraits of all the judges that have ever sat in the court are placed in panels about the room.

Had But Fifteen Cents to Lose.

Phillip Lubecke, a sixteen-year-old emigrant, with but 15 cents in the world, fell asleep in City Hall Park. A tramp told him he would find him a better resting-place, and they retired to a cart in Washington street, where the tramp stole Lubecke's 15 cents. He was arrested and held at the Tombs for trial.

A Great Truth.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"You have heard a cat purr, I suppose?" asked the Judge.

"Yes," replied the Major.

"But, outside of poetry, you never heard a Cowper."

A Little Learning, &c.

[From Life.]

"Father, how do you spell philosopher?"

"Wid a large F, of coorse—how else? I wish yez wouldn't be botherin' me wid things yez ought to know yerself."

A Christian Spirit.

[From Life.]

Parson's Wife—Why, Johnny, you're not going fishing on Sunday, are you?

Johnny—Oh, no—no. I—I only thought I'd take the pole away from the house so that my brothers needn't be tempted.

The Powers That Be.

[From Life.]

Mistress—Bridget, I wish you wouldn't go out this afternoon. I am not feeling very well.

Bridget—Faith, but that's a quare rayson! I'm well enough mesilf, ain't I?

A Shattered Illusion.

[From Harper's for October.]

I know not if 'twere chance or fate
That brought the maid and me together;
At table d'hôte one night at eight
Our talk began about the weather.
We had no introduction—no;
But this displays no lack of breeding.
Our seats were next each other, so
It was a natural proceeding.

She dressed in stunning English style;
Her hair was neatly coiled and braided.
"Ah! blessed," I thought, "is Britain's isle
If home for eyes so softly shaded!"
Our rambling chat that waxed apace
Was interspersed with frequent "fahncys."
I'll not deny the "feloning" grace
Of "reashly" slipped betwixt her glances.

Still something nameless made me doubt
Her being truly, bluely British,
Yet when one little phrase slipped out,
With horror was my bosom smitten.
"I guess"—She could not call it back,
And laughed to hide her sweet confusion.
Oh, lovely Anglomaniac,
To shatter thus my fond illusion!

Arrivals at the Hotels.

At the Bartholdi Hotel are C. de Garmo, of Paris, and W. G. Kinney, of Richmond, Va.

J. K. Wiegni, of Milwaukee; Willard White, of Boston, and E. R. Cochran, of Delaware, are at Hoffman.

At the Hotel Brunswick are C. E. Thomas, of Auburn, N.Y., and Dr. K. A. J. Macfangoir, of Montreal.

E. F. Wilson, of Fort Schuyler, N. Y.; F. Daehler, of Cortlandt, N. Y., and H. C. Rogers, of Binghamton, are at the Gilsey House.

At the Gilsey House are M. A. Hanna, of Cleveland; R. L. Slosson, of Geneva; Thomas Loomis, of Buffalo, and John F. Dezendorf, of Virginia.

At the Fifth Avenue are W. J. Smith, of Honolulu; T. W. Buckey, of Washington; Cary A. Wilson, of Mobile, and W. S. Shuler, of Amsterdam.

Among the St. James Hotel's guests are Archer Anderson, of Richmond, Va.; T. J. Bagley, of Texas; G. M. Beale, of Syracuse, and C. P. Fegan, of St. Louis.

Among the Grand Hotel's guests are A. Bonzano, of Phœnixville, Pa.; L. L. Kenyon, of Oswego; Gen. G. L. Andrews, of West Point; C. H. Terry, of Chicago, and W. Y. Waldron, of Richmond, Va.

Prominent at the Astor House are O. A. Crandall, of Saluda, Mo.; F. L. Denning, of St. Louis; W. A. Holmes, of Hoosac Falls; John Stapleton, of Providence; Charles Dougherty, of Washington, and Otis Cole, of Rochester.

INFANTS treated during teething with MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL are exempt from pain. 25 cents."

THE SWEATER

Labor Trodden Down for the Contractors' Benefit.

U. S. Mail Bags Made Under the Sweating System.

Men, Women and Children at Starvation Wages.

In championing the cause of the victims of the sweaters, as it has the cause of the poor and downtrodden in all the lowly walks of life, THE EVENING WORLD deals with specific facts and figures, and instances many cases in proof of its reports. The statements made in these articles can be readily corroborated by reliable witnesses.

During the sessions of the Ford Investigating Committee some testimony was given showing how the pernicious sweating system introduced in this city some years ago had been made to take the place of a good legitimate industry wherein the workers received fair compensation for their toil and yet their employers profited largely from the product of their employees' labor.

This industry was fostered by the Federal Government under a contract made years ago, until it became large and very remunerative. But an overstocked labor market and the greed of employers brought the system down to that of the sweater, and the once satisfied and happy toilers have been driven out and the more pliable foreigners, freshly landed on these shores, have taken their places at starvation wages and are really under the rule of the sweater.

Situated near Centre street is a manufactory located on the upper floors of a large brick building, where mail-bags are made for the United States Government under a contract, and where a large force of men, women and young girls are employed. The following facts have been obtained from those who are ready to vouch for them as true:

When the predecessor of the present party had the contract it is said that the sanitary condition of the place and the hours of work and the prices paid were good and reasonable, but since the present party took charge everything has been radically changed for the worse as far as the workers are concerned, and this state of affairs has obtained for the past two years.

The new management began by abolishing time work and discharging men who were employed as porters and helpers about the establishment, making the piece hands do all the packing, transferring and cleaning.

The prices of operators were reduced from $1.75 per 100 bags to $1.25, stampers were reduced from 20 cents to 10 cents a 100, the ringers, who sew the rings in the bags, had their prices cut from 5½ to 4 cents a bag, and stringers from 30 cents to 20 on the 100 bags.

The next step at curtailing expenses in order that more money might be made by the contractor was a charge of 2 cents each for needles and a small charge for wax.

The poor workers were also required to pay 50 cents for the thread used upon every 100 bags, and ringers were charged 20 cents for the buttonholes on each 100 bags placed in their hands.

Under the old régime a good worker could make as high as $3 a day, while now only 80 cents and $1 can be made by the most rapid hands in the establishment. The old hands left shortly after the prices were reduced, and their foreman also quit and a new man took his place. Polish and Hungarian emigrants of both sexes and all ages were engaged in the places of the old hands, and it is openly charged that each of them was required to pay from $3 to $5 for the privilege of getting the work to do, and 50 cents for permission to carry work home. The labor is carried on seven days in the week and, it is said, at night.

THE EVENING WORLD'S informants also state that when an applicant or employee refuses to pay the foreman he or she is discharged. The place has also become squalid and filthy under the present system, and there is a lack of decent conveniences for women and men.

The bags are taken home and slept on by some of the hands, and are returned with vermin in them in some instances. The men, women, and boys and girls at work in the factory live in the old tenement-houses in Baxter, Hester, Canal, Division and other streets not far from the workshop.

It is further related that a Government officer came here to inspect the manufactory and inquire into the manner in which the work was done, and in handling the bags vermin got into his clothing. He complained to the Post-Office authorities, and inquiry was ordered and the contractor called the employees together and forced them to testify that the complaint was not founded on fact. Some refused to swear, and were subsequently discharged from the establishment. Nothing came of the investigation brought about by this complaint.

A Humiliating Confession.

[From Judge.]

Mrs. Sasher—You're still with your old command, the Twelfth Artillery, Colonel?

Col. Blenkinsoke—No; since the last new cherub came, up at our quarters, I've been transferred to the fourth infantry for night duty.

Evening Classes for Young Men.

The fourth season of evening classes will commence at the Young Men's Institute, 222 Bowery, on Monday next. Instruction will be given in bookkeeping, free hand and mechanical drawing, English grammar and composition, vocal music, and in the theory and practice of steam engineering.

The Institute is a place of resort for young men in the vicinity of the Bowery, and has a finely appointed gymnasium, bowling alley, reading room and library. Membership is open to all young men of good moral character, irrespective of religious belief.

A Surprise Coming to Mrs. Steers.

Inspector Steers has prepared a pleasant surprise for his wife on the occasion of their thirty-fifth anniversary of wedded life, which occurs to-morrow. He has bought a pretty Queen Anne cottage on One Hundred and Fifty-second street, between St. Nicholas and Tenth avenues. The deed was recorded at the Register's office ahead of its turn as a special favor. The deed, in Mrs. Steers's name, is encased in a handsome hammered silver box, with a butterfly and filagree handle, and will be a complete surprise.

Cost More Than His Fare.

James O'Toole, of 221 Chrystie street, refused to throw a ticket into the box at the Houston street station of the Third avenue L road. The gateman, Cornelius Ahearn, endeavored to eject him, when O'Toole knocked him down. At the Essex Market Court to-day he was fined $10.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

The Interesting Subject Still Arousing Much Lively Discussion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Marriage is a failure to the masses because a failure in home supplies creates domestic infelicity, and this branch of the subject is perhaps more pregnant with disaster to domestic happiness than all other causes put together. The wage-workers are the masses and are thus principally involved in the discussion of this great question. I have been a wage-worker for thirty years and never knew the time when I could have been justified in "taking to myself a wife" or incurring the obligations that attend the rearing of a family. My income has been too small and uncertain, and, although I have always been a steady, temperate man and paid for board a sum that would have gone a good way to keep a home, yet I have been wrecked more than a dozen times by want of employment, and think women ought not to be subjected to such chances of poverty, much less the children. To the masses marriage is a failure because our labor system, which is pretty much the social system itself, is not adapted to secure a regular living for the great mass of wage-workers. And it seems to me that our American labor reformers, male and female, in place of continuously and persistently meeting to hear each other growl and fret over their condition, would be doing better service for labor reform by organizing the masses to achieve a national system of land and co-operative labor, under which the means of labor and living would be secured to all, and marriage, as a rule, placed beyond the risk of failure. W. C.

Marriage Is a Duty.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

None of your many thousands of readers have felt more of an interest in the subject now before the people through the agency of THE EVENING WORLD, than I, nor is there any of your many correspondents more deeply rooted in the idea that marriage is not a failure than I. Some have struck the right key when they say that love should go further than the altar rail, further than watering places, further than the courting season, which to many is short and sweet. It is too true, as one of your correspondents of forty-one years' experience says, there are many fools who make a failure when they rush into matrimony at at immature age, without judgment, without sense (or cents) or a single serious thought of the future. Some girls believe that they should marry early for fear "man" might die out. No, Mr. Editor, marriage is the fulfilment of the divine law; it is our duty to ourselves, our God and to the world in which we live.

TRUMAN C. GRANT.

A Little Good Advice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read with interest the letters published in THE EVENING WORLD under the heading "Is Marriage a Failure?" I can frankly say from fifteen years of personal experience that marriage is not a failure. Although I am but thirty-two, I dare say few at sixty have passed through more trying experiences, but a wife's true love has been my greatest assistance through life. In most cases I have known where marriage has seemed to be a failure, acquaintance had been short and true love for each other had never existed. In order to avoid the possibility of a failure, I would advise those single to be thoroughly acquainted, marry young, launch out for yourselves and steer clear of all relatives. W. F. H.

The Married Man's Mainstay.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Marriage is not a failure. The great Washington Irving has said the same when he tells us that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single man, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.

MICHAEL A. ROBINSON.

NATURAL TRAITS WILL SHOW OUT.

A Small but Active and Plucky Man in a Tight Place.

It does not require great battles or events of national importance to bring out the natural traits of some people, says the Kansas City *Star*. This morning a small but strongly built bulldog dashed into the middle of Delaware street, near Sixth. Foam dropped from his jaws, and his bloodshot eyes rolled wildly as he yelped and barked fiercely. He was mad as a March hare. The dog dashed blindly forward and seized the spokes of a rapidly moving buggy with his teeth, and was hurled through the air and against the ground with force enough to stun a horse, but it only served to make him dart about more madly and howl and growl more fiercely.

Pedestrians stopped, looked at the dog a minute and then fled for safety. Women shrieked and made the best possible time for adjoining stores. One old lady, with surprising agility, climbed into a buggy standing near. Big, powerful men, with fists like sledge-hammers, followed the women, and soon there was hardly a soul left in sight but a quiet-looking man, wearing a butternut suit and calmly twisting a straw-colored mustache.

The dog made at him with a fierce growl and the foam dripping from his wide-open jaws. The little man coolly spat on the ground and looked around for a weapon. There was nothing handy but a box partly full of peaches belonging to an Italian peddler who had fled long since.

The dog reached the curbstone and gathered himself like a tiger for a spring. He leaped at the throat of the little man, but, with indescribable quickness, the peach-box made a semicircle through the air, and when the shower of fruit subsided the little man could be seen calmly beating the animal's brains out with one end of the empty box.

A big man stepped out of a doorway and said: "Bully for you," and the old lady in the buggy climbed down, critically looked at the dead dog, and when she noticed the fine silver and steel collar remarked: "Somebody's pet, I suppose."

Then a huge crowd gathered about the carcass and discussed the proper method of killing a mad dog, while the little man with the straw-colored mustache bit off a huge chunk of tobacco and sauntered slowly away.

They Are Indians' Friends.

LAKE MOHAWK, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The Friends of the Indians held their sixth annual meeting here yesterday. Clinton B. Fisk was elected President. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, read a paper on "The Need of a Strong Government Educational System for Indian Children." Seth Low and the Rev. Dr. Collinwood, of New York, also spoke.

Female Evening High School.

The last chances for young women to register in the Female Senior Evening School, 239 East Houston street, will be this evening and to-morrow evening from 6.30 to 9 o'clock.

Phonogr aphy, bookkeeping, composition, penmanship, drawing and arithmetic are taught.

Flames in the Continental.

The chimney of the Continental Hotel, Twentieth street and Broadway, took fire at 8.20 this morning. The flames were extinguished with a bucket of water. Damage $50.

Time Required.

[From the Epoch.]

Husband—It takes you half an hour or more to find your pocket, does n't it?

Wife (sweetly)—Yes, about that, John, dear; but it takes you longer than that at times."

ADVICE TO MRS. DIMPFEL.

GRATEFULLY OFFERED FOR HER SELF-SACRIFICE AND HEROISM.

She Has Started Out in the Proper Spirit, Alan Dale Says, But Her Lack of Knowledge of Stage Rules is Proving a Drawback—She is Plucky, However, and Success May be Waiting to Greet Her.

My Dear Mrs. William O'Sullivan Dimpfel:

It is generally conceded that a man in whom the spirit of gratitude is not wholly extinct cannot be irretrievably bad. He must have redeeming features of some kind. It is this thought that has raised me from a temporary Slough of Despond, and it is you, dear Mrs. Dimpfel, who have been the cause of this pleasurable reaction, for to you I feel deeply, overwhelmingly, almost tearfully grateful.

When the news reached the metropolis that one of Baltimore's fairest society queens was about to start upon a dramatic career, a dreadful, benumbing weariness crept over me, with a direfully paralytic effect. I felt that you would be sickeningly paragraphed; that there would be a resurrection of your ancestry, and months of tedious preparation. For what? For another Juliet to weep in a fashionable lace-handkerchiefed way over her Romeo; for an additional Pauline to gurgle with lady-like, stereotyped pathos over her deceptive Melnotte, or for the latest Rosalind to coquet in a drawing-room manner with an ardent Orlando. Can you wonder at the benumbing weariness aforesaid?

For the noble, self-sacrificing way in which you have resolutely declined to appear as the conventional star; for the beautiful heroism with which you have shut your eyes to all visions of glorious floral offerings made by a decolleté, dress-suited audience, you have earned the everlasting gratitude of many good, brave men, whose dramatic sufferings, believe me, are already all that they can bear and live.

It is this heroic behavior on your part, dear Mrs. Dimpfel, that prompts me to pen you these few lines. I assure you that this page is not wholly unsprinkled by tears, though owing to the imperfection of the compositor's art you may not be able to see them.

Of course your performance in "The Paymaster" cannot call for much more than advice. You are as yet unacquainted with the most elementary rules of the stage, but on the perfectly blank tablet of your theatrical mind much may be written that will aid you if you still persevere in your idea of adopting a stage career. You may succeed in comedy, tragedy, farce or burlesque. It is impossible even to imagine for which you may be best suited, your work in "The Paymaster" being so tintless.

Your role in Mr. Harrison's play calls for a mild amount of pathos; but, dear Mrs. Dimpfel, you do not appear to realize that fact. In the harrowing situation where you are about to be apprised of your brother's death, and you exclaim, "Is my brother ill, hurt? Oh, speak! speak!" you might be mildly saying at the dinner table, "Kindly pass me the salt," for all the emotion you express. I am convinced that you are naturally vivacious; that in real life, in a similar situation, you would be wildly perturbed. You must remember that the smiles of an audience at a time when a situation calls for tears are absolutely fatal.

You ask, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" when your hearers are supposed to be dissolved in tears, just as you would make that interrogation to a dressmaker who had "disappointed" you. You would probably express even more emotion to the dressmaker. There is a bivalvian placidity, a moluscous serenity about your grief that is positively irritating—if you will pardon this frankness.

It really does seem strange that society women should be so utterly strange to stage methods. I heard somebody say on a certain occasion that the life of a successful society woman was nothing more nor less than a performance; that in her drawing-room and in her boudoir she was absolutely different. I would not like to father such a risky suggestion, but it is worth mentioning at the present time. If there be any truth in it, the leap from society to the stage ought not to be as bewildering as it undoubtedly is.

I can imagine you, Mrs. Dimpfel, walking with stately grace among dainty bric-a-brac laden tables and the fragile ornaments of the luxurious home. The idea at that time that any one could ever accuse you of awkwardness would be too ridiculous even to notice. Yet on the stage the other night you were *gauche* from the entrance to exit. You probably moved among your comrades on the stage with the same grace that characterized you in your drawing-room, but the audience could not see this. You did not understand the effects necessary to grace from the point of view of the auditorium. There are certain rules that must be learned. They are absolutely essential. Even what we ignorantly call "a born actress" (why should a woman, by the bye, be born to be anybody but herself?) must bow her head in subjection to them.

The refinements of society count for very little upon the stage. If you should ever be called upon, during your stage career, to impersonate a character representing your former self, you will be obliged to learn new methods, but should you at any time return to your drawing-rooms, and try these new methods there you will be termed theatrical and smiled at as a *poseuse*.

You have a very great deal to learn, Mrs. Dimpfel, but you do not look like one to be frightened at the idea of close application to dramatic study. The courage you have manifested in facing a metropolitan audience unprepared indicates a strength of character which, directed in the right channels, may accomplish a great deal. You have started upon your career without such tinsel illuminated advance agents as Worth, the Prince of Wales, or a judicious selection from the House of Lords.

All that is strongly in your favor, believe me, my dear Mrs. Dimpfel. ALAN DALE.

A Drawback to the Place.

[From Epoch.]

"I say, stranger," said a passenger, as the train topped at a small Nebraska station, "is there any show in this town in the real-estate line for a man who has got big money to invest?"

"Show," repeated the citizen, "he can double it every twenty-four hours."

"You don't say so! What's that awful noise down the street?"

"That's our new brass band."

"Well, I guess I won't get off."

Decidedly Aggravating.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

If there is anything that makes a thrifty Yankee mad it is to have a checked satchel, worth with contents about $5, turn up just after he has put in a lost baggage claim for $50.

News Summary.

Princeton students form a Democratic Campaign Club.

The leader of a band of Texas robbers is killed by United States marshals.

Buffalo Bill and his cowboys and Indians pay a visit to the White House and shake hands with the President.

John Redmond, the Irish M. P., is tried and convicted under the Crimes act and sent to prison for five weeks.

The German Government prohibits the publication of any more extracts from the late Emperor Frederick's diary.

Russia has granted a subsidy to a private company to run a line of steamships between Russia and Chinese ports on the Pacific.

Milton Weston, the millionaire, who was sent to prison two years ago for manslaughter, is pardoned by Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania.

The London Coroner, who investigated the Whitechapel murders, endeavors to create the belief that they were committed by an American.

James W. Brown, who has married thirty-three different women since 1883, is convicted of polygamy in Detroit. Fifteen of his wives were in court.

During a baloon ascension at Ottawa a young man who seized the rope as the balloon went up, after being carried to the height of 1,000 feet, loosed his grip and is dashed to death.

A HEARTY GODSPEED.

Mr. J. Jay C. Daughters Given a Complimentary Dinner by His Newspaper Friends.

There was a pleasant gathering at Delisle's Beaver street restaurant last night. Mr. J. Jay C. Daughters is about to take a trip to the Pacific coast for his health, and a number of his newspaper friends of this and other cities were present to bid him godspeed. Mr. Daughters has represented the Erie Railroad for many years, and several of the officers of that company were present, too.

The dinner was as charming as Mr. Delisle knows how to serve. Mr. James B. Townsend, who presided, told in his pleasant way, why Mr. Daughters was complimented.

Mr. Daughters's answer to "The Guest of the Evening" was read by a friend, his voice not permitting him to make a speech. His letter concluded as follows:

I go to Los Angeles for the winter, with the full expectation that the change of climate and scene will restore the good health heretofore enjoyed by me, so my absence is but temporary, and I hope to return to you next spring with my expectations fulfilled. Sincerely thanking you for the sentiment of your good will and friendship and trusting that you will one and all be successful in your undertakings, I am, yours very truly,

J. JAY C. DAUGHTERS.

Speeches complimentary to Mr. Daughters were made by Mr. James F. Graham, George De Haven, assistant passenger agent of the Erie, and J. L. Nicholson, secretary to the President of the road; B. H. Gueterbock, George H. Sandison, F. A. Duneka, G. F. Canis, Richard L. Neville, S. S. Carvalho, Alex. F. W. Leslie, A. P. Haven, O. Cyplot, G. H. Dickinson, Morrill Goddard, H. L. Bridgman, William R. Corwine, George Bartholomew, R. A. Fanelly, Hugh J. Beirne, R. H. Hillis and Nelson W. Wilson.

WEST FORTIETH STREET RELIEVED.

"The Evening World's" Exposure Produced a Salutary Effect.

The effects of THE EVENING WORLD'S exposure of the condition of affairs in West Fortieth street was shown last night.

It was not quite 9 o'clock when a reporter started from Sixth avenue and walked slowly down the street in question as far as Tenth avenue, returning on the other side, without meeting a person whose respectability could be questioned.

After walking up and down for an hour the reporter left the street, returning, however, just before midnight, when he again resumed his solitary vigil. Solitary it was, in every sense of the word, his footsteps echoing alone on the pavement, and no person being visible except a theatre party of four, who, chatting merrily about the play they had witnessed, disappeared into an adjacent house, and a slightly inebriated gentleman who was making his way homeward with the assistance of a fence railing.

Dim lights burned in a few of the houses complained of by Mr. Stone, but no sound came forth.

AGAINST LABOR INSPECTORS.

The Corporation Counsel Gives His Decision, but Says It Is Not Final.

President Stephen B. French has received from Corporation Council Beekman an opinion on the validity of the claim of the United Labor party to Election Inspectors.

Mr. Beekman decides that the claim is not a good one either to hold over or to have successors appointed to fill vacancies in case of death or removal.

While believing that his position is a correct one Mr. Beekman states that there is good ground for doubt, and in order that a judicial determination may be reached at an early date he has offered every facility to Mr. Parsons, the attorney of the United Labor Party, to bring the mooted question before a competent tribunal for adjudication, and that the legal dispute will be settled on a mandamus already under consideration.

Meanwhile the Police Commissioners will take no action on the petition of the United Labor party, but to-morrow will approve the lists of inspectors sent in by the Republicans, Tammany and County Democrats. The Republicans get two men for 812 districts and Tammany and the Counties secure one each—making a total of 3,248 inspectors, at a compensation of $37.50 each, or a grand total of $121,800.

FRESH TROUBLE BREWING.

Over the Admission of the Railing-Makers' Union by the Metal Section.

The Metal-Workers' Section of the Central Labor Union held a meeting last night and took action which is very likely to cause another controversy in the last mentioned body. A delegate of Eccentric Engineers No. 3, was in the chair, and one from Progressive Machinists No. 2, was Vice-Chairman.

Delegates were admitted from the Iron Moulders' Protective Union, a new organization; Eccentric Engineers No 1, Progressive Machinists No. 2, and the Locksmiths' and Railing-Makers' Union.

The admission of the last named organization is very likely to bring about a trouble similar to that which occurred some time ago and led to the suspension of the section from the Central Labor Union.

The Arbitration Committee reported that it had visited the Knickerbocker Brewery and found but one non-union engineer, and he was running an ice machine under an engagement with the manufacturer. The Secretary was instructed to request the Brewers' Union to see that all the engineers and firemen in union breweries hold cards from their organizations.

Among the Workers.

The campaign headquarters of the United Labor party are at 23 St. Mark's place.

The United Labor Party will run candidates for the Assembly in several districts.

Clarendon Hall is the headquarters of the Central Executive Committee of the Troy Labor Convention.

The United Labor Party of the Twenty-second Assembly District have a fine headquarters at Third avenue and Eighty-sixth street, and are booming things.

The Burlington strike is declared by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to be still on. In a circular issued yesterday it is said the company has made overtures to many to return.

The Central Executive Committee of the Troy Labor Convention has laid out work for each of its members. Each Assembly district is to be organized and a careful watch kept on all candidates for the Legislature.

One dollar a week was the princely amount to be paid to each of the four Italians who were hired on board ship to peddle tinware in Philadelphia, and whom Collector Magone sent back under the Foreign Contract Labor law.

A Sure Sign.

[From the Cartoon.]

Mrs. Up Hudson—When did Mr. Applecrop put a barb wire fence around his orchard?

Mr. Up Hudson—Didn't know he had.

Mrs. U.—Oh! Yes, he has. Little Dick's trousers are in a horrible condition.

Notes of the Campaign.

The Irish-American Anti-Cleveland Protective League of the Twenty-second Assembly District will hold a mass meeting at 1551 Second avenue this evening. Mr. John Devoy, Judge Brennan, Michael Breslin and Gen. James R. O'Beirne will address the meeting.

The Young Men's Independent Club of New York will have a ratification meeting in honor of Cleveland, Thurman and Hill at the club rooms, Lexington Avenue Opera-House, 146 East Fifty-third street, on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. The meeting will be addressed by able speakers and the Campaign Committee promises to provide refreshments during the meeting.

I Really Can't

Begin to tell the benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, says a lady who had been all tired out, "almost ready to give up." Why, it gave me new life and strength so rapidly that in a few days I felt like another woman. I recommend it as the best blood purifier and tonic I ever knew of.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A REMARKABLE CASE

The Well-Known Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, Procured from the Natural Springs of Carlsbad, Better Than Any of the So-Called Blood-Purifying Medicines.

The cashier of M. Guggenheim's Sons, 96 and 98 Franklin street, one of the largest import houses in the United States, writes under date of June 30, 1888, as follows:

"For years I have suffered from abscesses which always formed on the back of my neck, and had to be cut from time to time to obtain relief. I used all sorts of blood purifiers, but without avail. The abscesses would always reappear. I suffered very much pain until my physician advised me to use the genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form). I used this for about four weeks, and since that time I have been entirely free from the disease. My complexion cleared, and I have enjoyed good health ever since. I cannot speak too highly of this really valuable remedy, and have recommended it to all my friends, who also speak of its wonderful effects as a laxative. Yours very respectfully,

"I. MEYERS."

Dr. A. L. A. Tobeldt, in a paper read before the Ninth International Medical Congress, speaks of the genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form) as follows:

"My experience with the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt Powder in constipation, diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys, diabetes, gout, rheumatism, &c., has been such that I may truly say that no remedy which I have ever used has given me so much pleasure and profit as this particular one."

Dr. Lustig, in his book on the action of Carlsbad Water, says:

"I may here state that in chronic abdominal ailments constipation, gastric catarrh, dyspepsia, diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys, diabetes, gout and rheumatism, we know of no more efficacious, rational or simpler remedy than the Carlsbad Mineral Water and the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt. A person can at any time of the year, without the least interruption to business, and with very little cost, not only remove any of the above ailments but also prevent their further development by the use of this remedy."

The genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt Powder is put up in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a paper carton, and has the seal of the city of Carlsbad and the signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, around the neck of every bottle. All others are worthless imitations. Pamphlets mailed free upon application. Eisner & Mendelson Co., 6 Barclay street, New York, Sole Agents.

AMONG THE ATHLETES.

News of Club Doings and of Coming Competitions.

All-around Athlete Alex. Jordan will probably retire from athletics with the close of the present season.

* * *

Billiard experts and lovers of the cue and ball have been anxiously awaiting Jake Schaefer's acceptance of the terms for a big tournament here this winter.

* * *

Pool and billiard expert Charley Manning is teaching a number of clever amateurs and club men at his studio.

* * *

A one hundred dollar prize will be given by a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club to the amateur athlete of any club who shall make the most points at the N. four A.'s championships on Oct. 6.

* * *

President George W. Carr, M. A. C., proposes to enter proceedings for the medal Al Copeland was awarded on winning the running broad-jump competition at the New York Athletic Club's Travers Island games last Saturday.

* * *

Gus Guerrero and Peter Hegelman, the long-distance pedestrians, are training for the six hours, twelve hours per day, race, beginning at Troy on Oct. 8.

* * *

T. P. Conneff, Fred Westing, F. A. Lambrecht, H. S. Young, jr., Al. Copeland, Nicoll the walker, Quin the pole vaulter, Godshall, H. M. Banks, jr., and E. D. Lange are the men the Manhattan Athletic Club is sending to represent it at the Canadian championships which will be contested on Saturday. John Frazer will have charge of the team, which will be accompanied by Capt. Sam Cornell. The team leaves on the Saratoga from pier 44, foot of Christopher street, at 6 o'clock this afternoon.

* * *

The following circular was issued from the Secretary's office of the Amateur Athletic Union:

The committee appointed for this purpose has had a lengthened and definite interview with the manager of the Irish team about to arrive in this city. The committee deemed it due to the dignity of the union to insist that the provisions of the resolution passed Aug. 25, to wit:

Resolved, That any amateur athlete competing in any open amateur games in the United States, not governed by rules approved by the Amateur Athletic Union, shall be debarred from competing in any games held under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union. This resolution shall take effect immediately

should be strictly carried out.

The manager of the Irish team took a different view of the situation, and insisted on adhering to his resolution to compete at the so-called championship meeting of the N. A. A. A., to be held Oct. 6.

All amateur athletes are warned from competing in said games, as such action will surely debar them from competion at any games, handicap or otherwise, held under Union rules hereafter.

Managers and