THE WORLD.

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1884.	1888.

Average Number Advertisements Daily

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Average Daily Circulation,

56,749.	288,267.

ENFORCING THE LOTTERY LAW.

The vigilant authorities have caused the arrest of Dr. JEREMIAH COUGHLIN, the Chairman of the Anti-Poverty Society, for violation of the Lottery Law. As an antidote for poverty, the managers of the fair have been selling chances for prizes in drawings, among the coveted articles being a bust of Dr. McGLYNN. This is an offense in the eye of the law, and the police last night captured Dr. COUGHLIN and carried him off to the station.

Of course, THE EVENING WORLD is in favor of enforcing the laws against lotteries. Indeed, we gave evidence of our opposition to this species of gambling a few weeks ago, when at great trouble and some expense our shrewd and intelligent reporters obtained legal proof against a number of vile policy shops in the city, where young men and boys invest their employers' money, and we caused the arrest and trial of their proprietors. The result was that the policy-dealers were fined a trifling amount and turned loose on the community to renew their lawless and swindling occupation. Since then, BEDELL the forger has been found to have squandered more than $100,000 of the money he stole in a lottery policy establishment. But the games go on as cheerily and as defiantly as ever.

We would just offer the suggestion that it might be better if the authorities would stop some of these thievish lottery policy shops and arrest their proprietors instead of obtaining evidence against the Anti-Poverty Fair people and capturing their Chairman. The Society holding the fair wants to stop poverty. The lottery policy dealers promote not only poverty but crime.

THEATRICAL STARS.

A proposition has been made to E. BERRY WALL, whom it has become the fashion to style the King of the Dudes, to adopt the theatrical profession. The enterprising individual into whose brain the idea first penetrated failed to see why, if clothes make an actress on the modern stage, they should not also make an actor. He knew that his proposed star is in possession of an extensive and varied wardrobe, and he did not think it necessary to inquire any further.

Of course, it is preposterous to suppose that a grotesquely and ridiculously overdressed man could prove as attractive as a well-dressed and graceful woman. The attire of a dude on the stage would scarcely supply the place of brains, while a WORTH costume, perfect in material and design, has been known to do so very successfully. Besides, the mimic dude on the boards, personated by a young woman, is a thousand times more attractive than all the male dudes in existence and not a twentieth part as silly.

It is said that Mr. E. BERRY WALL has declined to elevate the stage by accepting the offer to appear as a star actor. Yet, after all, he might have been a pecuniary success. The crushed tragedian, JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR, makes money, and why should not E. BERRY WALL bring cash into a theatrical treasury?

UP IN A BALLOON.

A young couple, who were married at Providence last Thursday, celebrated the occasion by making an ascension in a balloon They desired to spend the first of their honeymoon as near heaven as they would hope to get at present.

The idea was a singular one, and yet it had its attractions. Of course the happy bridegroom, Mr. DAVIS, is an experienced aeronaut, and he could not make sure of having a high old time more successfully than by inflating his balloon and soaring towards the clouds. Then, where could he so well insure the uninterrupted society of his bride as at an elevation of a few thousand feet above the church spires? As a young married man he probably did not think he could too soon commence to rise in the world.

When the balloon came down at North Easton, Mass., last night, the young couple were badly shaken up before they effected a landing, but not more so, probably, than they would have been had they taken a honeymoon trip on a railroad. After all, it is better to go up in a balloon immediately after the wedding ceremony than to perform the operation, as so many do, some years after matrimony.

To-morrow's SUNDAY WORLD promises a real sensation. It will publish an interview with the Emperor WILLIAM of Germany, in which the new ruler speaks frankly his views about America and the Americans. The interview is cabled from Berlin by a WORLD commissioner. It will attract universal attention and be read with great interest. At this time such an interview is of political importance, as well as being an astounding newspaper enterprise.

The heirs under the will of the late JAMES STOKES are happy to-day. Surrogate RANSOM's decision brushes aside the objections and charges of fraud brought in the HENRY DALE suit, and sustains the will. This releases about a million and a half of money and securities, which will be at once divided among the beneficiaries of the will.

It is very evident that in the case of THOMAS SMITH, the rich builder, and MARY, his wife, marriage is a failure. THOMAS charges that MARY indulges in the juice of the grape to an indiscreet extent, while MARY accuses THOMAS of beating her, and on one occasion of stabbing her with a knife. THOMAS and MARY had better part.

The Police Commissioners have at last agreed upon a successor to Capt. CHARLES McDONNELL, of the Eighth Precinct. The fortunate man is Sergeant WILLIAM THOMPSON, of the Sixth Precinct, and by all accounts he is fitting to succeed "Lightning CHARLEY."

It is said that ex-Mayor GRACE is willing to accept a Democratic nomination for Mayor. But is he likely to get it, in view of the fact that the headquarters of the conspiracy against Gov. HILL is said to be located in the office of W. R. GRACE & Co.?

The two attractions at the Westchester County Fair to-day are the baby show and JAY GOULD. The infants are to be there in force, and the financier has signified his intention to attend.

Wall street will probably be again fluttered by the report that JAY GOULD is seriously ill. This time his disease will be accute indigestion. He has just swallowed another railroad.

Inspector STEERS celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of his wedding last night. As the Inspector has troops of friends, the occasion was a gay and happy one.

The District-Attorney is said to be gathering the heads of the PUDDIGNAT men in his department as an offering for Mayor HEWITT.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

David B. Hill

AT ANTI-POVERTY'S FAIR.

Mrs. Conlin, who presides over the East Side Branch table, is an assiduous money charmer.

Maggie Finn hopes to wear the gold watch to be voted to the most popular young lady, and she deserves it.

Lizzie Delaney and her charming sister Ella are two of the most amiable young ladies at the fair.

Mamie Elliott, the pretty cashier at the dancing platform, is always smiling.

Rosie Elliott makes change and smiles on the customers at the bar.

Katie Tominy is a tall, pretty young anti-povertyite and most assiduous worker.

Margaret Byrnes has a handsome crayon of Dr. McGlynn at "Our Mite" table.

Annie Martin makes a first-class dentist's canvasser at the candy counter.

Miss Canty, of the Land for the People table, is getting rid of much furniture on the 10-cent instalment plan.

Vivacious Madeline Michel tells all the bachelors that she is not a French girl.

Miss Crowe's alluring modesty is getting business for table No. 9.

Mrs. James H. Hackett is a hard worker in the cause.

Mrs. Gen. Funk, of the Anti-Cruelty table, has a lovely doll which she is going to present to Dr. McGlynn's lovely niece, Miss Minnie Whalen.

Miss D. M. Cassidy, of the book table, beats the record as a successful canvasser.

Miss Corrigan, of table No. 8, is the recorder of votes for the most popular morning paper.

The Misses Burke, of the New Crusade table, are excellent workers.

Then You'll Remember Me.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Restaurant Waiter (to departing customer who has failed to give him the accustomed tip)—You'll not forget me, will you?

Miserly Party—No, indeed. I'll write you a letter when I get home.

Sojourning at Gotham's Hotels.

W. P. Clough, of St. Paul, and Edwin Howland, of Boston, are at the Albemarle.

K. W. Blackwell, of Montreal; J. B. Eustis, of Louisiana, and Edmund Alton, of Washington, are at the Brunswick.

At the Sturtevant House are A. A. Ackerman, U. S. N.; Andrew Hanley, of Savannah, Ga., and C. Edmund Keller, jr., of New Orleans.

Stephen O'Connor, U. S. A.; Ray Tompkins, of Elmira, N. Y., and Congressman C. C. Glover, of Washington, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

W. H. Wright, of Little Rock, Ark.; Wyndham C. Jones, of Cleveland; C. W. Cropman, of Thousand Islands, and D. O. Hill, of Chicago, are at the Gilsey House.

Among the St. James Hotel guests are W. J. Montague, of Baltimore; T. M. Inglehart, of Buffalo; C. L. Cole, of Pittsburg, and C. L. Margandt, of Baltimore.

Capt. M. C. Foote, Capt. T. T. Forbes and Lieut. J. S. Weaver, U. S. A; Rev. A. R. Van Nest, of New York, and Col. S. H. Haines, of Savannah, Ga., are at the Grand Hotel.

C. J. Austin, of Battle Creek, Mich.; M. Aronson, of Rochester; Kenneth R. Prouse, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Charles Scott, of Philadelphia, are at the Hoffman.

THE SWEATER

One of a New Sort Introduced to the Reader.

He Has No Stifling Work-Room for His Slaves.

But His System of Abuse and Robbery Is Not Less Complete.

The sketches that have appeared in THE EVENING WORLD on the subject of "The Sweater" have attracted much attention from the general public, who did not seem to be aware of the pernicious system of wage slavery flourishing in its midst. Nor did it comprehend the alarming extent to which this abuse upon the industrial class has been carried, nor of the rapid growth of the system, which is steadily driving out so many good workers who have striven hard to earn a fair living at trades over which they have spent years.

These laborers have been displaced by workers from Europe who have swarmed hither under the specious inducements of the sweaters and are pliable intruments in the hands of the cunning masters who drive sharp bargains with them and finally get them into subjection and do with them as they have a mind, knowing full well that their ignorance and utter dependence will prevent them from seeking something better, or organizing to improve their wages and condition generally.

Here is the story of the sweater who does not have a sardine-box of a shop, but who is closer-fisted than the sweater with a work-room. This particular sweater referred to puts his work out by having his white slaves call for it, and collects it when it is completed by having them return it to him. This man is a Polander by birth, and he is of comparatively recent importation from Europe. He keeps a store in Ninth avenue, uptown, and can be seen almost any time during the day behind his counter, inspecting the garments made by his victims and growling and finding fault with the work on them, so that he may cut down the price 10 or 15 cents, while his poor dupes look on with sorrowful hearts and say naught, because he will refuse to place any more work in their hands if they demand full pay.

Mr. Sweater in this instance is a diminutive mortal, about four feet in height, with a dark, lowering countenance, bearing a sinister expression.

A pale young woman, whose worn face and weary eyes betokened a life of toil and hardship, was lately seen to go in the place of this grinder of human flesh, and deliver to him a bundle of newly made garments. He closely examined the work, and found fault with the buttons and the trimming on a boy's waist. Then the sleeves were not fitted in right, according to his idea, and the poor toiler must take them out and stand an exaction of 10 cents for the alleged defective work on the buttons.

This waist had three plaits in the back and front, a collar, bands on the sleeves, a waistband, extra straps on the shoulders, a lapel for the button-holes and eighteen buttons. All this work for 65 cents a dozen!

The sweater cuts the goods and supplies the trimmings and buttons. When the garments are inspected he generally manages to pick a flaw here and there, and fine his victim ten cents for each defective piece of work.

Poor, weary, overworked women and girls tramp over from the extreme east side, from their miserable, pent-up abodes in the four, five, six, eight and ten story tenements, to get a chance to earn the little they are permitted to get from this hard-hearted sweater.

Many mothers, with several littie ones to feed and clothe and a shelter to provide for them, come for the big bundles, travelling a long distance on foot and trudging back again, because they haven't got the car-fare to spare from their scant earnings.

In not a few cases the women are the wives and daughters of laboring men out of work, or too ill to do any labor. Or there may be a strike, in which case the sweater rubs his hands in devilish glee, for he knows he will have plenty of applicants for his work, and he can grind them down still lower.

This sweater supplies the small stores along the avenues with all kinds of garments and furnishing goods of the cheaper grades. Quantities of the goods are sold in job lots over the counter.

As a sample of the prices he pays, it may be stated that he pays 65 cents a dozen, for work on boys' waists for which the downtown manufacturer pays 75 cents and $1. Proportionate rates are paid for the making of all kinds of wearing apparel. For instance; butchers' aprons, 11 cents a dozen; carpenters' aprons, 8 cents a dozen; nurses' aprons, tucked and trimmed with lace, 16 cents a dozen; ladies' wrappers, from 50 to 90 cents a dozen.

At these figures, some of the most expert sewers cannot earn more than 50 or 60 cents in a work day of twelve or fourteen hours.

WHAT EMPEROR WILLIAM *Thinks of Us.*

See the SUNDAY WORLD. *A special Interview with the new German ruler cabled from Berlin by a* WORLD *Commissioner.*

This Dog and Man Were Indeed a Terrible Pair.

A small elderly man was examining some fruit at a corner-stand on Sixth avenue one afternoon. He had with him a forlorn little, hairy cur, with a rudiment of a tail. The dog was fastened to a string, which the owner held in one hand while he pawed over the pears and peaches with the other.

Two very diminutive kids came along just then, a small boy, not more than five years old, and his sister, who had not more than topped four.

They stopped behind the man's back and the tiny girl put her hand on the dog, who tried to shrink into his tail and seemed frightened to death.

"Pitty doggy!" said the little girl, trying to stroke the canine. But the dog was too terrorized to stand and accept her caresses. He walked round himself, or tried to, scared to death.

The owner's attention became attracted at this moment, and suddenly standing up at his full height, he glowered on the diminutive children, who were a little smaller than he, and said peevishly: "Go away! That dog will bite you!"

The children stared at him and then at the quivering little brute and ambled off without showing the least alarm.

Notes of the Campaign.

Ex-Gov. John P. St. John, of Kansas, will deliver an address before the American Temperance Union at Chickering Hall to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The Murphy Legion of the First Assembly District will have a grand parade on Monday evening, starting from headquarters, 174 Hudson street. Assemblyman Daniel E. Finn is Colonel of the Legion and J. G. Cunningham is Adjutant. The parade will be reviewed from a grand stand at Fifth avenue and Twenty-fourth street.

The E. T. Lakeman Association of the Twentieth Assembly District (Tammany Hall), will have a grand ratification meeting at 8 o'clock this evening at the corner of Fifty-third street and First avenue when they will swing to the breeze an elegant net banner with portraits of Cleveland, Thurman and Hill. Among the speakers will be County Clerk Flack, Judge Amorose, Moncil, ex-Senator John J. Cullen, Senator Chas. A. Stadler, Alderman Henry Gunther and ex-Alderman James E. Fitzgerald. The officers of the Association are: John J. Mulligan, President; Thomas Blessing, Vice-President; Barney McConville, Secretary; Edward Dolan, Treasurer.

THOSE SOCIAL CONUNDRUMS.

"Is Bachelorhood a Success?" or "Is Marriage a Failure?"

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Marriage in its legal sense is a civil contract, binding parties to reciprocal obligations. In its spiritual sense it is the union of life and life, of heart and heart, of love and love. It is giving all for all—in short, the realization of our holiest dreams of love.

But for numberless thousands marriage is but a chime of troubles, beginning even before the echo of their wedding bells has ceased and pursuing them till death. One almost feels like agreeing with the young man who, after being repeatedly urged by his father to marry, said:

"If I name a day will you let the matter rest?"

"Highly delighted," his father replied in the affirmative.

"Well," went on the son, "I will name the day of judgment."

"But you will be too busy on that day," returned his father. "You will have to name another."

"Very well," retorted the young man, "the day after will suit me just as well."

Unhappy marriages! Ah, the uplifted voices, the pleading prayers, the passion, the longing, the despair laid at the foot of the cross by bankrupt lives!

For some of us—I speak from experience—it is a very pandemonium, in which we live after the last cobweb of hope has given way.

But I dream sometimes of a perfect union here "where angles fit into each other," loving for very love's sake, glad when another is glad, sorrowing for another's sorrow. Then the burry side of life would lose all its roughness, and the bright side—could mortals bear such a flood of happiness? B. B.

Orange County, Va.

A Whoop for Bachelorhood.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is bachelorhood a success? Well, I should say it was. A single man has every advantage in the world over his married brother. He can do pretty much as he wants to—go and come where and when he likes without being compelled to give a detailed account of his actions on his return home.

He can accompany a different young lady to the theatre six times a week, if he is so inclined, and have a reserve of one or two others to take to Sunday-school excursions.

His annual supply of slippers, smoking-jackets, &c., would go a great way towards furnishing a small store; and if his landlady happens to have one or more unmarried daughters, he will have all the home comforts that mortal man can wish for. He can sit in his room, smoke a pipe and read without being bothered with the cheerful information that the coal is all out, or that Sarah needs a new pair of shoes and Georgie must have a new suit of clothes before he can go to church.

It's all very nice, Mr. Editor, to talk about "little toddling feet meeting you on the threshold of your door," and it looks well in print, but don't for a moment let the fact escape you that the cherub with the toddling feet is liable to wake up in the middle of the night with the colic and compel you to walk up and down the house with it, while the winter winds seem to murmur, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

But what is the use? There are hundreds of reasons why bachelorhood should be a success, and it is one with a great big S.

J. O. Y. D.

No Failure Here.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Is marriage a failure?" Politically and individually we say no! emphatically, no! In many homes it is a failure, and too often, we believe, the wife is at fault.

She has married, perhaps, without love, from the fear of being an "old maid," or some other reason, and not thinking of the responsibility or what marriage means.

Then, too, too many wives forget that when the husband comes home, perhaps late for dinner, a frown, a cool greeting or an unkind word will send him out again for the evening to the club or some other place of amusement, when a loving greeting and smiling, cheerful wife would keep him at home.

They forget the difference in the courting days, even if he called late.

My husband was "one of the boys" and something of a sporting man before we married. Since then he has never gone out of an evening for pleasure without me. If he goes on business, which is seldom, I know where and what for, though I never pry into his affairs nor he into mine. We have each other's confidence and are very happy. If every husband and wife would strive more for each other's happiness there would not be so many to cry that "marriage is a failure." EHWA.

Somebody Thinks of the Lawyers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

With some marriage is a very sad failure indeed, and, again, with others quite the reverse.

Those who contemplate matrimony cannot be too well acquainted with each other before taking such an important step. It's for life, and should be well considered before marriage, and not after, when it is too late.

With the majority of men they do not marry with the right purpose in view. The consequence is they get sadly left, and they cry out from mere personal experience that "marriage is a failure."

On the other hand, too many women marry just "to have a home," and actually do not know whether they love the men they intend to live with or not.

To love a woman is one thing, but the grandest and best of all is to respect her, and if more people had this same respect for each other there would not be so many unhappy marriages.

With the majority of those who have considered well before taking the important step, marriage is not a failure.

What would Chicago lawyers do if some marriages were not failures? M. F.

Either a Failure, or a Success.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A great German poet said once, being asked if he thought life worth living, "Everything in this world is wounding, the last is mortal."

"This sentence, I should say, could be applied very often on marriage.

Many young men are longing for a wife and a home of their own, and they observe some married friends, who are happy, or at least appear to be so, in their married life. But alas! after a young man has, not being able any more to resist the force which drives him into the marriage, fulfilled the command of creation, and chosen a wife and found a home, he will find out that neither the wife nor the home is of his own.

Of course there is nothing in this world without an exception, and another man will find a true and devoted wife and a happy home, and if not driven in a guiltless misfortune by fate, will bless the hour of his marriage to the end of his life. AV. B.

A Bachelor Not Contented.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to your query, "Is Bachelorhood a Success?" in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, I would say that as far as I am concerned, it is not; and still, with past experiences in view, I must say that it seems difficult for me to make another attempt to change my state.

"Better to have loved and lost" is all right, mayhaps, but the thought of having loved only to be deceived comes up as a barrier every time.

I may, perhaps, be fastidious, or it may be weak-heartedness; but I feel that it will be many a day before I can make up my mind to join hands with the majority of married friends whom I have every reason to believe are happy or contented with what some call a yoke.

Perhaps the coming discussion in THE EVENING WORLD may change the mind of TWENTY-EIGHT.

HERE IS THE PRIZE JOKE.

JUDGE NYE AWARDS THE $25 TO MASTER KIDDER.

He Explains the Delay in Rendering the Decision—The Contest Reviewed by the Master Humorist—Good Original Jokes Easier to Read Than to Write—Correspondence on the Decision Not Solicited.

Herewith is presented Judge Nye's report and decision in the joke contest. He awards the prize of $25 to Master Raymond E. Kidder, 206 East Eighteenth street. A check for the amount will be immediately forwarded to him. According to agreement, the winning witticism is herewith reproduced. There is invariably much diversity of opinion as to the merits of even the best jokes ever made, and some people might discover among the 5,000 jokes submitted a witticism they consider superior to the prize winner. But there is no appeal from the decision of the Court in this instance, and correspondence on the point is naturally not solicited by Judge Nye.

THE JUDGE'S DIGNIFIED REPORT.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I regret very much that several weeks' illness on my part and in fact all through my entire system here up to this moment prevented a decision and award in the Joke Contest. Even to-day I am only able to sit up and review some of the milder jokes.

Little did I dream, when I agreed to umpire this match, that over five thousand jokes would come pouring in. But they did.

People who had not joked for seventy-five years sat up in bed and wrote something for the contest. Young people neglected their teething in order to compose jokes. Antiquarians came forward with rare things they had found at Herculaneum and lying around in the waste-paper baskets of the mound-builders.

But many of the good jokes were not original and many of the original jokes were not good.

Some got in after the contest had closed. One good one, at least, was longer than the rules would permit, and some would not do to print, being what may be termed smoking-car jokes.

All this goes to show that a good, pure joke that is brand-new, is much easier to read than it is to write. Good jokes are born, not made, and this contest has proved to the average sceptic that some people don't think it hurts a joke to be born again a few times.

In conclusion, however, and apologizing again for the delay in the verdict, a delay not in any way chargeable to the paper, but rather to the illness of the jury, I will say that, considering all the conditions of the contest, I have decided to award the $25 to Raymond E. Kidder, of 206 East Eighteenth street, a young man nine years of age.

Further correspondence regarding the joke contest is not solicited. Yours truly,

New Brighton, S.I., Sept. 28. BILL NYE.

A SMALL BOY'S JOKE.

This Is the Witticism to Which Judge Nye Awards the Prize.

A talkative little boy's papa said one evening at dinner: "Harry, if you open your mouth again I shall have to send you from the table."

"Well then," whined Harry, "if I can't open my mouth how can I eat my dinner?"

This didn't really happen. I made it up.

RAYMOND E. KIDDER,
206 East Eighteenth street. 9 years old.

It Looked Suspiciously Like It.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Customer (looking at the small amount of beer)—Bartender, are you a Prohibitionist?

Bartender—Prohibitionist? Thunder! no. What made you think I was?

"Because you give me nothing but foam."

Æolean Bowling Club's Gala Night.

The Æolean Bowling Club opened the season last evening in brilliant style at Eiseman's club-room, 294 Bowery. This club won the championship last season and is prepared this year to defend the title against all comers.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: M. Hall, President; H. Lichtenberg, Vice-President; L. Stern, Secretary; H. Cohn, Treasurer, and Daniel Cohn, Captain. After the formal business was over the members of the club bowled for a prize presented by Anton Bear, the furniture dealer. The prize was a magnificent miniature bowling alley, with a plush body and golden balls and pins.

The game was head pin or no count, and Daniel Cohn led all competitors with the phenomenal score of 122 points out of a possible 144. He was closely pressed by Charles Cahn with a score of 120, and he lost the prize on the last ball rolled, which slipped from his hands and only swept down six pins.

The other contestants were: M. Levy, 110; Sigismund Cohn, 109; M. Solomon, 106; N. Lichtenberg, 106; Richard Reichenberg, 104; Max Falk, 94; J. Dunnenberg, 85, and A. Levy, 81. The mascot, Mr. Luft, made thirty-three, and was very proud of it. Manager Frank Fagan provided an elegant collation, and the hard labors of the evening were made pleasant with songs and music furnished by Fagan's Band.

Young Men's Democratic Club.

The Young Men's Democratic Club will meet at the Hoffman House Monday evening to take action upon a resolution indorsing the nominations of Gov. Hill, Lieut.-Gov. Jones and Judge Gray made by the Buffalo State Convention.

Sick Headache

May arise from stomach troubles, biliousness, or dyspepsia, and many persons are subject to periodic headaches for which they can ascribe no direct or definite cause. But the headache is a sure indication that there is something wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause, Hood's Sarsaparilla is a reliable remedy for headache, and for all troubles which seem to require a corrective and regulator. It cures dyspepsia; biliousness, malaria, tones the stomach, creates an appetite and gives strength to the nerves.

"I have been troubled for a number of years with a sick headache, accompanied by vomiting spells. My system was all out of order, and in addition to this I contracted a severe cold, which caused a terrible cough. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has accomplished so much that I am certain of a speedy restoration of perfect health. The headache has left me entirely, and my system has come to a regular working order." MRS. A. J. ZIMMERMANN, 609 12th st., Milwaukee, Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

NON-UNION WORK AGAIN.

Complaints that It Is Done on Irving and Arlington Halls.

Robert K. Davis, Delegate of the Operative Painters' Union, was the Chairman at the meeting of the Building Trades Section last night. Delegates were admitted from Lodge No. 14 of the United Order of American Carpenters and Joiners.

The Housesmiths' Union complained that the German Painters' Union, the Framers' Union and Bricklayer's Union No. 11 had pledged assistance and moral support to the Locksmiths' and Railing Makers' Union, an organization which had been suspended from the Metal Section because its members work for less wages and labor longer than the Housesmiths' Union men do.

A resolution providing for the fining of every member of the German Painters' Union and Bricklayers' Union No. 11 was declared out of order, and the matter was finally referred to the Grievance Committee.

The credentials presented last week for the admission of the delegates of the Gasfitters' Union were laid over for another week.

The Theatrical Progressive Union reported that the work of transforming Irving Hall into a theatre is being done by non-union men, and carpenters on the job get but $10 a week each. The matter was laid over for a week.

Delegate Jones, of Progressive Painters' Union No. 1, reported that the work on Arlington Hall is being done by non-union men, and a resolution was offered censuring the United Labor party for having its headquarters there, but it was declared out of order after a lively debate, and a resolution requesting all organizations attached to the Central Labor Union to refrain from meeting in Arlington Hall until union workmen are employed in it.

The Slate and Metal Roofers' Union reported its strike a complete success.

Notes in the Labor Field.

The Central Labor Union and District Assembly 49 will meet to-morrow afternoon.

The Shoemakers' Protective Union has its picnic this afternoon at Phœnix Park.

The United Order of American Carpenters and Joiners has agreed to assist the furniture workers in the trouble in Hartung's shop.

The Furniture Workers' Section has endorsed the label of the Progressive Tailors' Union.

Members of the Woodpeckers' Association who were in arrears to Furniture Workers' Union No. 19 have settled.

A member of Furniture Workers' Union No. 7 has been expelled for going to work in Behning's piano factory, an alleged non-union shop.

The Plassmann Association of Wood-Carvers was suspended some time ago from the Furniture-Workers' Section and the Central Labor Union because it would not eliminate from its constitution a clause providing that it shall not engage in sympathetic strikes. Last night the Association applied for readmission to the Furniture-Workers' Section and the Secretary was instructed to ask the organization if it is ready to comply with the rules of the Central Union.

WHAT EMPEROR WILLIAM *Thinks of Us.*

See the SUNDAY WORLD. *A special Interview with the new German ruler cabled from Berlin by a* WORLD *Commissioner.*

St. Bernard's Church Fair.

A fair for the benefit of St. Bernard's Church will open in Caledonian Hall, Horatio street, near Eighth avenue, on Monday evening, and will close on the following Saturday evening. The fair will be opened by Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, of the Supreme Court. There will be attractions every evening, including vocal and instrumental music, ventriloquism, &c. Among the artists will be the celebrated Irish cantatrice, Mme. Rosa D'Erina and Prof. Vontom.

AN OLD SAYING REFUTED

A FACT WHICH SHOWS THAT ALL OLD ADAGES ARE NOT TRUE—A MATTER OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE PUBLIC.

It has been said that the medical profession are slow to adopt discoveries in medicines. This, however, is not true of a really valuable discovery, as witness the fact that physicians everywhere quickly adopted the use among their patients of that wonderful discovery of Dr. Greene known as Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. Previous to the discovery of this medicine there was practically no recognized remedy which would certainly cure nervous diseases, and for this reason the medical profession accepted eagerly this really great discovery, which acts almost like magic in curing all nervous affections.

Since the wide-spread use of this remedy by physicians and the people—and it is a fact that no medicine ever before had so remarkable a sale—nervous diseases and the terribly wearing and exhausting symptoms which attend these complaints have appreciably diminished. It is, indeed, a great boon to sufferers from nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, sleeplessness, exhausted nervous vitality, heart disease, numbness, trembling, tired feelings, neuralgia, headache and the many other disagreeable symptoms of nervous diseases which make life a burden, to be able to go to a drug store and purchase for one dollar a bottle of this marvellous discovery which will give them sure and certain relief and cure.

Since the hospitals have begun to adopt the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, we may expect still greater measure of the blessing of health to result from its use. A communication received from the eminent and well-known Emil Neumer, M. D., the head of the New York German Hospital, states the good work its use is doing in that institution:

We are using Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic at the Lodge and Association Hospital for our patients with good success. EMIL NEUMER, M. D.,
Supt. New York German Hospital.

We can assure our readers also that it is a harmless vegetable remedy, perfectly safe to give to restless infants, nervous children, or the most delicate invalid, as it is made from health-giving and strength-restoring plants and herbs. Get it sufferer and see the power, strength and vigor return to your mind and body.

Dr. Greene, its discoverer, the great specialist in the treatment and cure of nervous and chronic diseases by the use of harmless vegetable remedies, can be consulted by any person, free of charge, personally or by letter, at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN DISMISSED.

His Case Comes in the Latest Batch of the Commissioners' Judgments.

The Police Commissioners, after making Sergt. William Thompson a captain for the Eighth Precinct and appointing the inspectors of election and poll clerks, had little time left to devote to judgments. They dismissed one man and imposed fairly heavy fines on a few others, principally for being absent without leave for a long time or being found in liquor stores while in full uniform.

The record in full is as follows:

Eighth Precinct—William O. Quigley, dismissed from the force for intoxication.

Ninth Precinct—Robert S. Moore, ten days' fine for absence from roll-call a long time.

Fifteenth Precinct—William E. Roche, three days.

Twenty-second Precinct—Thomas M. Clifford, arrested while under the influence of liquor and taken to the Nineteenth Precinct, five days.

Twenty-third Precinct—John T. Regan, complaint dismissed; James Mulvey, in a liquor store, ten days.

Twenty-fifth Precinct—John H. Neville, reading a newspaper, his second offense, two days.

Twenty-sixth Precinct—John T. Corey, failed to obey orders and did not report at roll-call for twenty-two hours, having reported himself to be sick by a messenger, fifteen days.

Twenty-eighth Precinct—William F. Deering, in a liquor saloon, five days.

Thirtieth Precinct—Patrick Leonard, reprimand.

The Women Raise a Banner Too.

Politics and House Cleaning

Are the two great questions before men and women to-day. PEARLINE is the candidate for house-cleaning. The number of packages sold annually is four times as large as the largest vote ever cast for any presidential candidate. Try PEARLINE for HOUSE CLEANING and you'll see why this is so.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

AN EMPEROR INTERVIEWED.

Kaiser Wilhelm Talks to a World Commissioner ON AMERICA AND AMERICANS.

A Remarkable Piece of Journalistic Enterprise.

SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.