The World

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## WORLDLINGS.

The song "Listen to the Mocking Bird," since its publication in 1855, has realized $100,000 in profits for its author and publisher.

Minnie Palmer, the actress, told a Cincinnati reporter that she values her diamonds at $325,000. One of her gems is the Cleveland diamond, that weighs 42½ carats and cost originally $40,000.

One of the great mining strikes made in the Cœur d'Alene region was that of a banker of Butte named Clark. In 1883 he bought the Sunset Galena mine for $9,000, and has since been offered $500,000 for it.

Congressman Weaver, who was responsible for the deadlock in the House, is one of the handsomest men in Congress. He is about sixty years of age, with a strong and clear-cut face. He dresses plainly and always wears gray trousers and a navy-blue coat. No one ever saw him with a high hat on.

## NOBLE GIFT TO THE METROPOLITAN.

### Mr. Marquand's Collection of Paintings to Go to the Museum.

Mr. Henry G. Marquand, the banker, of Madison avenue and Eighty-sixth street, intends to give his collection of paintings to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts.

The collection is a highly valuable one, being rich in old masters. Mr. Marquand bought most of them himself. There are two or three Rembrandts, a Velasquez, two by Franz Hals, a Lucas Van Leyden and a rare Van Dyck.

As no catalogue has ever been printed of Mr. Marquand's collection, it cannot be stated exactly how many pictures there are, but they are worth a good deal of money and will be another striking addition to the Metropolitan. It is only in its architectural additions that the Museum fares badly

### Serial Building and Loan Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Serial Building and Loan Association, held in room 33 Western Union Building, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James Merrihew, President; Edwin F. Howell, Vice-President; A. R. Brewer, Treasurer; W. B. Marsh, Secretary; John B. Sabine and Augustus A. Rich, Attorneys. Directors—D. B. Mitchell, William Holmes, M. J. O'Leary, D. C. Sullivan, W. J. Morrison, E. F. Cummings, C. P. Bruch, D. W. McAneeny, John Brant, J. J. Barry, W. B. Waycott.

### Mass-Meeting for East Side Early Closing.

A mass-meeting of employees in east side dry-goods stores will be held at Florence Hall this evening, beginning at 7.30 o'clock, to help along the work of the East Side Branch of the Dry-Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association. The German trades unions have indorsed the platform of the Association, whose main plank is the closing of the stores at 7 P. M.

### Women Will Adopt a "Fair Wages" Label.

The Workingmen's Society has hit upon a plan to aid poor sewing-women and others. It will adopt a "fair wages label," which will be furnished to manufacturers who pay wages enough to enable working girls and women to live decently. The Society also proposes to encourage buyers to purchase goods bearing the new label.

### On the Claims of the Sabbath.

Max Cohen will lecture on "The Claims of the Sabbath" to-morrow evening before the Young Men's Congregation Ahawath Chesed, at the Vestry-rooms, Fifty-fifth street and Lexington avenue. Musical and literary exercises will follow.

### Pennsylvania's Old War Governor.

*[From a Bellefonte (Pa.) Letter.]*

At seventy-one Gov. Curtin is still a well-preserved man. His tall form—he is over six feet—is slim and erect. His large and shapely head is covered with a thick mass of silver hair, while a broad, high forehead overtops a Roman nose in full harmony with the square, resolute jaw. Eyes of dark gray complete a strong and striking face. As is often the case with men of positive character who, when aroused, fight fiercely and ask for no quarter, Gov. Curtin possesses a noble and generous heart and one of the kindliest natures. The love and esteem in which he is held in his mountain home are universal, and the poor know him as their most constant and generous friend.

### The Flop of the Flim-Flam.

*[From the Chicago News.]*

The flim-flam flopped from the fillamaloo,
Where the pollywog pinkled so pale,
And the pipkin piped a petulant poo
To the garrulous gawp of the gale.
Woe, woe to the swop of the swooping swipe
That booms on the bobbling bay,
Bulckered the shark to the snozzling snipe
That darked where the lamprey lay.
The gurgling glinked in the glittering gloam,
The buz-buz bumbled the bee,
When the flim-flam flitted all flecked with foam
From the snozzling and sneculent sea.
Oh, swither the swipe of the sweltering sweep,
She swore as she swayed in the swoon,
And a doful dank doped over the deep
To the lay of the limpid loon.

## A FEW FLASHES OF FUN.

### A Friend in Need.

*[From Punch.]*

Blind Man (in a London fog)—Now, then, sir! Look where you're going to!

Jones—I beg your pardon, my good fellow—this beastly fog—couldn't see you—lost my way—don't know where the dickens I am!

Blind Man—Fog, is there? Ah—just you take hold o' my arm, and tell me where you live, and I'll see you safe home. Fog makes no difference to me!

### A Polite Egotist.

*[From the Toronto Globe.]*

A citizen bought himself a book the other day and wrote this on the fly-leaf: "Presented to John Jones by himself as a mark of esteem."

### A Natural Inference.

*[From the Washington Critic.]*

"Ah, Mr. De Dood, is your face for rent?" She languidly asked and slow.
"Of course not," he said, "but why?" She said:
"Because it looks vacant, you know."

### A Rum Joke.

*[From Time.]*

Camby (lunching his Medford, Mass., cousin) How would a little pistache do to top off with, Sally?

Miss Arlington—I don't mind, my boy, but don't order more than a small bottle.

### An Unseasonable Article.

*[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.]*

"Have you ever tried our spring ear-muffs?" asked the polite salesman of a customer who complained of cold ears.

"No," said the other; "I don't need 'em in the Spring."

### Doubtful Compliment.

*[From the Boston Beacon.]*

Hostess—I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler.

Guest—Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I can eat most anything.

### Hardly Room for the Vice-Presidents.

*[From the Somerville Journal.]*

It is proposed to hold the next reunion of the Smith family in Delaware. The absurdity of holding a reunion of the Smith family in Delaware would make the authors of "Pinafore" smile.

### Where It Goes.

*[From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]*

The New York *Graphic* remarks: "The low-necked dress must go." It always does go when there is a ball or a reception or a dinner or an opera in the neighborhood and the owner gets an opportunity to take it.

### Harrison's Chance for a Three-Base Hit.

*[From the Somerville Journal.]*

The suggestion that possibly Clarkson will be in the Cabinet is very pleasing to baseball enthusiasts. They regard the nomination as only a just tribute to the popularity of our beloved National game.

### Probably She Would, Too.

*[From Collier's Once a Week.]*

"John, dear," she said, "if I were to die would you marry again?"

"I might, my love," he replied, "but I should go a trifle less recklessly than I did before."

### Can This Be True?

*[From Life.]*

It is rumored that there is one violent situation in Mr. Howells's forthcoming novel, in which the villain throws the hero's hat out of a window; but the author's friends are confident that he has not resorted to the extravagant methods of the sensational romancers.

### Quite a Difference.

*[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]*

"Why are people who are supposed to bring bad luck called 'Jonahs?'" asked Squildig.

"Because, like Jonah of old, they bring disaster to their associates," replied McSwilligen.

"The resemblance is not perfect."

"Why not?"

"Jonah was a prophet, but the modern Jonah is a loss."

### Not an Appropriate Name.

*[From the Washington Critic.]*

He—I know I'm not very bwilliant, Miss Mattie, but it is hahdly faish to call me the missing link, as Miss Mentwell did, do you think?

Miss Mattie—Of course not, Mr. Empte, for you are not missing and haven't been all evening, have you?

He (relieved)—No, I haven't, and I'll just go ovah and tell her so, don't you know.

### First of All the Freaks.

*[From the Jeweler's Weekly.]*

"What are you doing here?" asked a visitor of the young woman who sat on the front seat of the museum platform with her hands folded under her apron. "Do you write with your toes, take snakes in your hands, or swallow burning paper?" "No, ma'am. I'm the young lady that always wore my diamond engagement ring with the stone turned in whenever I went out in company."

### A Stormy Prospect for 1889.

*[From Judy.]*

"No, I can't marry you, Mr. Trotters, but I'll be a sister to you."

"Well, I'll dare say there's room down home, but I don't know how you'll get along with my other sisters."

### Capt. Edmoudson Becomes Inspector.

Jersey City's police force is to-day under the Inspectorship of Thomas Edmondson, who was up to yesterday, when his promotion came, Captain of the Second Precinct. Capt. Smith, late of the Fifth Precinct, takes Inspector Edmondson's old command, and William Lange, ex-Inspector, whom Edmondson succeeds, goes to the Fifth Precinct in place of Capt. Smith.

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds. ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM, KIDDER, 25th st. and 4th ave. *.

# BURYING THE DEAD.

## The Wide Range of Its Cost in the Great Metropolis.

## Estimates of Funeral Expenses by Different Undertakers.

### From the Pomp of $1,600 Obsequies to a $3 Burial by the City.

Unpleasant subjects as funerals are to dwell upon, there are many people whose minds seem to turn, under the influence of a strange fascination, to the matter of their own obsequies.

With some of these people the funereal thoughts take an economic turn, and they either provide a casket before death, or make some financial provision for burial expenses, by will or stipulation.

Funerals may be made to vary greatly in the matter of expense, however, and the figures that would fit in one case may be far from those resulting from the carrying out of another person's ideas.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter called the other day upon an undertaker in Broadway, who has conducted many funerals among the bon ton.

"For about $1,600 we could fix you up something nice," this man said, in response to the reporter's question as to the cost of a funeral.

"For that amount of money you could have a superior round-top coffin, lined with the best silk plush, tufted top and ends and a large silver plate giving your name and record. The body would be iced or embalmed, or both, if necessary, and placed in a copper inside case. The coffin would be inclosed in a fine polished cedar outside case and placed in the receiving vault until Spring sets in.

"The funeral arrangements would be of the best. You could have twelve coaches go to the cemetery plot, and the use of a fine hearse. There would be a silk pillow in the casket and a large cross of flowers would be laid on your grave. The coffin lid would be put on with silver thumb-screws, and the coffin would rest on fine satin pedestals.

"The pall-bearers would receive close attention also. They would be supplied with linen scarfs, crape for the arms and hats, and would each receive a pair of fine kid gloves. There would be an abundance of camp chairs. The services of several colored porters would be required, and of course the undertaker's attendance, with several assistants, would have to be paid for. A wagon would carry the flowers to the cemetery. The way we conduct such a funeral as I have described is well worth the prices we charge.

"Our bill for the above would be about as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Coffin | $750 |
| Satin pillow | 25 |
| Silver thumbscrews | 6 |
| Copper inside case | 185 |
| Cedar outside case | 85 |
| Copper plate for outside case | 10 |
| Icing, $25; embalming, $75; both | 100 |
| Use satin pedestals | 6 |
| Receiving vault | 25 |
| Hearse to cemetery | 15 |
| Twelve coaches at $10 | 120 |
| Use of silk crape | 5 |
| Linen scarfs | 80 |
| Kid gloves | 25 |
| Pall-bearers notices | 2 |
| Cross of flowers | 35 |
| Camp chairs | 8 |
| Crape for hats and arms | 10 |
| Colored porters | 10 |
| Attendance of undertaker and assistants | 100 |
| Wagon to carry flowers to cemetery | 10 |
| Incidentals not enumerated | 75 |
| Total | $1,087 |

"Of course, the above outlay is not made every day, but still quite as much money is spent on funerals in New York every week. Our average first-class funeral, over the remains of people living in Fifth avenue, costs about $700. For this amount we furnish a fine cedar casket covered with black broadcloth and lined with satin, a large engraved plate, silver handles and thumbscrews, a handsome cedar outside case, a hearse and five coaches to the cemetery, four or five city coaches and one for the minister, a shroud; if necessary, embalm the body; furnish porters and put in our own work and that of our assistants. There are many other things we do for which we are not paid. A bill for a funeral resembling the above is here given in detail:

| | |
|---|---|
| Casket | $265.00 |
| Engraved plate | 10.00 |
| Silver thumbscrews | 6.00 |
| Cedar case | 75.00 |
| Handles | 24.00 |
| Hearse | 16.00 |
| Coaches to cemetery | 50.00 |
| Ferriage for same | 3.50 |
| City coaches | 20.00 |
| Copper plate for outside | 5.00 |
| Coach for minister | 5.00 |
| Shroud | 30.00 |
| Embalming | 40.00 |
| Crape for door | 5.00 |
| Porters | 8.00 |
| Wagon to carry box to cemetery | 6.00 |
| Opening grave | 6.00 |
| Satin pedestals | 5.00 |
| Six dozen chairs | 6.00 |
| Attendance and assistance | 45.00 |
| Incidentals (estimated) | 60.00 |
| Total | $690.50 |

The next undertaker the reporter saw was one whose establishment is on the west side of the city. This man has a great many patrons among the middle class of people, those whose income ranges from $3,000 to $6,000 per year.

"My charges average about $250," said he. "A funeral on that basis will be as nice as anybody could wish for. Just imagine lying in a black cloth-covered casket of chestnut or cedar, lined with fine satin and supported by heavily plated silver handles. The body could be embalmed and the procession would include six carriages and a hearse. Then the death would be advertised and camp-chairs would be needed. There would be also the porters' and attendants' fees. If there was a delicate carpet on the floor, we would stretch crash across it.

"Of course we do not include the shroud or a grave in this estimate, as the class of people who have a $250 funeral generally have both. The bill:

| | |
|---|---|
| Coffin | $135 |
| Carriages | 42 |
| Hearse | 11 |
| Embalming | 15 |
| Advertising | 10 |
| Drapery, camp chairs, crash on floor | 30 |
| Porters and attendants | 20 |
| Opening grave | 5 |
| Incidentals | 20 |
| Total | $288 |

"The people who have this kind of a funeral are those living on the numbered streets running from Fifth avenue."

For the funeral of a person in receipt of an ordinary income the estimate obtained from a Ninth Ward undertaker made the cost about $135.

The coffin would be of imitation rosewood, cone top, silver-plated handles, satin lined. There would be four carriages and a hearse.

The class of people who have funerals of this description seldom own graves, and generally buy a shroud for the deceased.

This undertaker itemizes the cost of a special permit, which is demanded by the Newtown Village officers. It costs $1.10 and is charged for the wear and tear on the roads. The statement would be about as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Coffin | $35.00 |
| Outside case | 5.00 |
| Carriages | 24.00 |
| Ferriage | 2.00 |
| Hearse | 10.00 |
| Shroud | 12.00 |
| Special burial permit | 1.10 |
| Grave and opening | 20.00 |
| Icing the body | 10.00 |
| Undertaker's services | 5.00 |
| Incidentals | 10.00 |
| Total | $134.10 |

"Of course the quality of the casket will be determined by the number of carriages wanted. Poor people make a mistake in getting a lot of carriages. They cost money, and when the undertaker sends in his bill the people think he's robbing them, when he is only charging them just what the carriages cost him. If they would go in for less splurge they would be better off."

When the inquiring young man approached the proprietor of an undertaking establishment in Mott street and began to talk funerals the proprietor became interested; but as soon as he found out that there was no job in prospect he suddenly lost interest in the conversation.

By dint of sharp questioning the reporter got from the old man the following estimate:

| | |
|---|---|
| Coffin, imitation rosewood, silver-plated handles, satin lined | $35 |
| Five carriages | 25 |
| Hearse | 10 |
| Icing body | 8 |
| Shroud | 8 |
| Grave, and opening same | 20 |
| Total | $106 |

"This is an estimate for our average funeral down here," said the undertaker, "except that some families only hire one carriage, and thus reduce the expense.

"The Chinamen hire enough carriages to accommodate all who come, and when we get a Chinese funeral there's good money in it."

An undertaker in the vicinity of the Morgue gave the following interesting estimate of the expense attending an interment:

| | |
|---|---|
| Coffin | $10.00 |
| Hearse | 10.00 |
| Carriage | 5.00 |
| Ferriage | .50 |
| Grave | 9.00 |
| Shroud | 3.00 |
| Total | $37.50 |

It will be noticed that no charge is made for icing the remains and for other little details. The undertaker explained this by saying that these burials were generally cases from Bellevue Hospital. The coffin is a plain, stained, soft wood affair lined with muslin. There is no plate for the name of the deceased and there are no handles for lifting.

The grave for $9 is in Linden Hill Cemetery, Long Island. If the dead person be a Catholic, he or she may be buried in an unmarked grave in Calvary for $7.

The cheapest funeral to be had is the one furnished by the city. In addition to being cheap it is also simple. The remains are covered by a linen slip and put into an unpainted pine box, which is then transferred to a steamer and the deceased takes a trip up the river to Hart's Island, where a hole is dug and the box dumped into it. The cost is about this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pine box | $3.00 |
| Linen slip | .30 |
| Total | $3.30 |

The additional cost of digging the grave, keeping the proper record and the cost of the river trip cannot be estimated, but altogether would probably not exceed $4.50.

All of the above estimates come to the same purpose—the burial of the body. It is probable that the size of the expense figures makes little difference to the body that is laid away. To that lifeless remnant of humanity the $1,600 display would bring no more quiet and rest than the plain pine box at $3.

### The Overworked Grocery Clerks.

*To the Editor of The Evening World:*

The many reforms brought about by the powerful influence of your great paper leads me to hope that you will exercise some of that influence to ameliorate the condition of the overworked and underpaid grocery clerks of this city. Many of the stores are opened at 5 A. M., and are not closed until 9 or 10 P. M., thus making a day's work consist of sixteen or seventeen hours five days in the week, nineteen or twenty hours on Saturdays and frequently four or five hours on Sundays. I have worked as many as twenty hours a day myself. If this is not slavery, I would like to know what is?

The causes in operation to produce this condition are, first, the fierce competition that prevails in the trade, and secondly, in the despotism and selfishness of a thoughtless, exacting and tyrannical public. For the first there is no remedy in a free country, but for the second the influence of THE EVENING WORLD might be brought to bear and produce a healthy and correct view of things. "Evil is wrought for want of thought as well as for want of heart," and I feel sure that it only requires the public to be reminded from time to time of their duties in relation to this matter. Let them consider the privations of the grocery clerks. The nature of his business requires that he should be educated somewhat above the average workman, but the conditions of his life are such that he has few opportunities for enjoyment. Social life, leisure, rational amusement and recreation are all words without a meaning to him. The existence of such things "but aggravate his woe. W. F. H.

### A Desirable Disease.

*[From Puck.]*

Superintendent—Make a good policeman?

Father—Yes, sir; you see he's a somnambulist—could walk his beat while asleep, you know.

### A New Casino Beauty.

*[Atlanta Constitution's New York Letter.]*

Another beauty is announced for the Casino stage. This is Grace Filkins, whose rich, red hair, soft brown eyes and admirable ability to fill her tights will, it is thought, make her the rage of the burlesque world. Pauline Hall has disappeared temporarily, Fay Templeton and Louise Montague are in Europe. Sadie Martinot is around the world, and there is a void on the throne of popular idolatry among the hairless contingent of the front rows. This void it is expected that Filkins will fill, and her appearance is looked forward to with a good deal of interest.

### News Summary.

A mob at Birmingham, Ala., lynches a colored man who was accused of murder and assaulting a woman.

A case of smallpox occurs at Cornell University and the Faculty orders all the girls to get vaccinated.

Lieut. Miles, who died of yellow fever on board the Yantic, is taken to Richmond, Va., for interment.

Judge Tuley, of the Illinois Circuit Court, decides that the Anarchists have a right to assemble peaceably and discuss any question which interests them.

Yonkers is shaken by a terrific explosion of illuminating gas which had escaped into a sewer. The fronts of many stores are wrecked.

Senator Worth, of Brooklyn, introduces a bill at Albany for a new bridge over the East River, to be built by a stock company with a capital of $10,000,000.

The Board of Education appropriates $118,500 for the expenses of the Normal College and $146,500 for the expenses of the College of the City of New York for the year 1889.

Police roundsmen petition Mayor Grant, as President of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, to help them get an increase of salary, from $1,200 to $1,600, application for which is now before the Police Board.

## SOCIETY IN MORMONDOM.

### Novel Social Features at a House-Warming Among the Latter-Day Saints.

*[Utah Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]*

I have only been among "God's chosen people" a month, but in that length of time I have learned much more about the Mormons than I ever could learn from books. I will give you a description of a dance I attended here, about two and a half miles from this station. It was at the house of a ranchman—"a house-warming," as it were, as they had just built one room onto the other room. They sent up a special invitation for the people of this village to come down. So we went—three couples of us. I went with the agent here, his wife being East and my husband being West; we just joined hands and circled down the canyon on a hand-car, which glided down the grade without any effort on the part of the boys; but as we came back up hill all the way, and snowing hard, the car did not glide worth a cent. Oh, no, I reckon hardly: the boys had to take off their overcoats and walk and push the car while we three females roosted on the front of the car; but when we went into the house where the dance was to be we just had to march right in, take our own hats and coats, hunt ourselves a seat, which consisted of little boxes and an occasional wagon seat. The house was well filled, the crowd consisting of old men and young men, old women and young, with young ones all the way from three weeks old up to twenty-year-old hay-seeds, half breeds (Utes) and squaw papooses and dogs. All seemed happy. One old man had his squaw wife and six children there. She sat in the corner with a baby in her lap, while he danced and had a big time. He had on blue overalls stuck in his boot tops, a blue shirt, no vest or coat, long, carroty colored hair and whiskers—a regular old pansy blossom. When a set formed on the floor about every third change was "everybody rag," meaning all promenade. The band consisted of one fiddle and nine babies. I will call my escort Mr. Jones. When we were seated a great gawk of a fellow came around that knew Mr. Jones, and took hold of sleeve and said: "Say, Mrs. Jones, less me'n yo dance."

Everybody chewed gum. One young girl chewed a wad till about 11 P. M., then gave it to her best feller; he chewed it the rest of the night. One of the Mormon Bishops was the high muck-a-muck, floor manager, boss of the kids, and ran the whole business. At the grand finale he dismissed the mob with a benediction. I just thought I would collapse! I had to laugh; but that is the way they wind up their shindigs. Oh, could some of my old friends have just peeped in they would not have known me—dancing and mixing with such a class; but I knew I was safe on that score. I laughed till I was tired to see them dance. The one who could kick the highest or whirl his girl the fastest was a decided success. Talk about cattle, ignorance, or lawlessness—just come out here if you want to see it. I have a pug dog that I bought of Dave Coleman, on State street, that has more expression in his face, and is surely more intelligent than a great many of them. Yet this is the land of God's chosen people. Of course there are some good and smart people here, but this is only a station, with about forty houses—no church, no school-house, no nothing. I get more papers through the mail than all the other female portion of the place; yes, and half the male portion. A majority can't read nor write. We had Sabbath-school one Sunday. At a house just over on the side of the opposite mountain from where this house stands I could see the mob as they gathered. The Bishop was there, and we were invited, but I sent my regrets and begged to be delivered from such an affliction. But such is life in the far West.

### The Little Game of the Old Man Who Begged Time-Tables.

"Get out of here, and be quick about it!" said the clerk of a railroad ticket office to an old man who had just entered the store and asked for a time-table.

The old man opened the door and got.

"What was the matter?" asked the reporter in surprise.

"Why, that old duffer makes it his business to go into railroad offices and beg time-tables. If I had told him he might have one he would have stood in front of the case and taken half a dozen or more. That satchell he carries with him is for storing the time-tables away."

"But what does he do with them? Is he getting a collection?"

"No! He goes around and picks up all the heavy paper he can find. Time-tables, as a rule, weigh heavy, and as they are always folded, they can be stored in a small space. When that old man gets his bag full, he goes to a junk-shop and 'cashes in.' He used to come in quite often, until one day last summer, when, not having anything to do, I started out to take a walk. I went down to another railroad office and this fellow followed me in. He got more time-tables there, and I concluded to follow him.

"I did so, and he fetched up in Ann street. Since then I have been keeping my eye out, and it'll be a cold day when he gets ahead of me again."

### Squirrel Furs in Russia.

*[From London Truth.]*

It appears from the Russian official returns that at the fair of Irbit last Summer, which is the market for about two-thirds of the furs which are exported from Siberia, no fewer than 3,180,000 furs of squirrels were sold, and one need not be surprised to hear that there is a great decrease in the furs of the black squirrel, of which only 500,000 were offered, as as against 1,200,000 last year. There were 1,300,000 hare furs, 140,000 marmots, 30,000 polecats, 11,000 blue fox, 10,000 badgers, and a smaller number of bears and wolves. The Russian Government is tardily about to take steps to stop the impending extermination of fur-bearing animals, for there are several districts where they were formerly very abundant, but now they are so scarce that hunting has entirely ceased.

### Not a Novelty.

*[From the Chicago News.]*

A Chicago newspaper, which apparently recognizes an interesting piece of information at sight, prints in big letters the following astounding headline: "An Actor Settles a Board Bill." This may have been a very sensational occurrence; yet actors have been known to settle board bills before.

### Heard in Labor Circles.

The Metal and the Food Producers' Sections meet to-night.

Patrick J. Hayherne, the eloquent barber, wielded the gavel at the Miscellaneous Section's meeting last night.

The Executive Board of the Progressive Carpet-Workers' Union intends to prosecute the men who assaulted two of its members.

Boss Barber Kalstein, of 190 East Houston street, is reported by the Barbers' Union as displaying a union card in his shop, when in fact his is not a union place.

The Mendelssohn Club of Hebrew Actors reports that Manager Hangen, of Poole's Theatre, has brought suit to recover $100, which the Central Labor Union forced him to pay members of the Club.

The Social Association of Carpet Workers reports that 1,400 men and women who were employed in the Higgins mills are on strike, and 400 alleged "scabs," mostly members of the Freedom Labor Club, are still at work.

The Bribery Investigating Committee met last night and examined another witness. The complainants are having their innings. The delegates whose names have been used in connection with the case will tell what they know before the Committee concludes its labors.

The Miscellaneous Section, at its meeting last night, protested against the passage of the Yates Convict Labor bill, and will recommend the Central Labor Union to instruct its Law Committee to prepare an amendment to the State Constitution providing for the abolition of convict labor, and endeavor to have it submitted to the people.

Complaint having been made that children of members of the Trunk-Makers' Union are working in the Higgins carpet mills while the union hands are on strike, that organization reports that it has no jurisdiction over the youngsters, particularly in cases where they are of age and can do as they please.

## THEY WHO TEND THE BABIES.

### A STEADY DEMAND FOR NEAT AND CAPABLE NURSE GIRLS.

### North German Maids Are Favorites Because of Their Fine Pronunciations, but French Bonnes Have Quite a Call—Maids Must Be Neither Too Young Nor Too Old, and Must Have a Character.

"There is not such a great demand for servants at present," said one of the most prominent managers of intelligence bureaus to an EVENING WORLD man. "Those girls are waiting here till some one comes in and employs them."

"Those girls" numbered two or three hundred, who were sitting around chatting and giving the place the appearance of a ferry-boat waiting-room.

"How about the demand for nurse maids?"

"It was never greater than it is now. It is always hard to find a satisfactory nurse. Probably one out of every seven demands for servants is a request for a good girl to take care of young children."

"You see," said the purveyor of help to a needy public, "whoever gets a servant, no matter of what kind, insists that she shall have a good character. But this is especially needful in a nursemaid. She has got to associate with young children, and, of course, have something to do with training the child. Its manners, its conversation and its morals are affected more or less by its daily and familiar contact with the maid.

"This, of course, with regard to those children who have got old enough to notice things and to pick up ways and habits. But where it is a question of very young children, there is still much to be exacted from the *bonne*. She must have some experience. That is one of the first things that is asked usually. 'Have you had any care of children?' and then the next comes right after it: 'Where were you employed last?'

"I suppose the girls have to learn somewhere at first, as they can't start in thoroughly accomplished and educated nurse maids; most people want them to learn their duties under somebody else and not have to practice on their children.

"You must understand that there is a good deal of responsibility about the position and duties of this class of servants. Go up in Central Park and you will see plenty of neat, quiet nursemaids, with no more talk in them than if they were stone posts. I mean no talk for the coppers and the young men who like to chaff a pretty maid.

"When a fond parent comes across the hope of the family wandering at large, hobnobbing with other children, or else sees the baby twisting in its carriage while the maid is forty rods away, doing the agreeable to a 'cop,' the fond parent is not perfectly satisfied and usually kicks.

"Whenever a servant applies she gives her former employer's address and then a private circular is sent there asking if the servant was honest and sober, and if she can be recommended. If a girl can't get a good recommendation from her former employer she is in a hard fix."

"Of what nationalities are the nurse maids?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, they are of all kinds—English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, Swedish. The Irish and Germans are among the best. At present good North-German nurse-maids have the call. There are several reasons for this. They are of a simple, affectionate disposition, and hence likely to form an attachment to their young charges. They are neat and they are faithful and honest. Then the German language is far more studied than it used to be, and a French or German *bonne* is preferred because she is a help to the children in learning French or German. That is why the North-German young women are better. They have a finer pronunciation and talk high German."

"What age are the nurse-maids?"

"They range from twenty to thirty-five. Too young a girl is not wanted, because judgment and seriousness are demanded, and young girls are not so likely to have it. On the other hand, too old a woman doesn't take, because there is a feeling that the children don't take so naturally to an elderly woman. I know one nurse-maid, however, who is fifty-five years of age. But she is a very fine woman, with a great deal of experience, and has been with her present employer a long time.

"Another objection to very young girls is that they sleep too soundly. Sometimes children have to be looked after in the night, and in any case the nurse-maid ought to awake easily if any crying is done in the nursery. Good looks in the applicant is not such an essential. If the young woman is healthy and neat, plain looks are not an obstacle. Sometimes they are regarded with more favor than not if the wife is a little bit jealous.

"What wages do they get? Oh, well, the wages vary with the families and the nurse-maids. Families that employ nurse-maids are, as a rule, well-to-do people. The nurse-girl gets from $16 to $25 a month. The work is easy and many young women are fond of children and like to have charge of them. A nurse has to wash the children, to dress it, to look after it if it is ill, and to take it out for its airing. Frequently the nurse is sent out in a carriage with the child and rides around like a grand lady through the park.

"This matter of being able to take care of children when they are ill is a great point. Naturally those girls that are able to do this well command a better salary than less skilled ones.

"That is about all there is to be said on the nurse-maid question. I think," the intelligence man concluded, "unless you want to say that *bonnes* do not kick, as a rule, against wearing the little muslin servant's cap. They prefer a cap, however, with two immense strings of moire antique silk that nearly touch the ground. Good morning."

### "If I Were a Millionaire."

*[From the Sunday Democrat.]*

Monroe H. Rosenfeld, the talented young author of "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still" and the many recent songs that have appeared in the columns of THE WORLD, has just issued, through his publisher, Benjamin W. Hitchcock, of this city, the late topical song, "If I Were a Millionaire," which was originally published in THE EVENING WORLD, and through the circulation of which that enterprising journal enhanced its issue several thousand copies. The song is a most clever one. We are in receipt of a handsomely printed copy of the composition in sheet music form, upon the title page of which is an engraved bust of the well-known sporting patron, Richard K. Fox, an excellent tribute of esteem to that popular sportsman, as well as a representative specimen of lithography.

### When the Angel Can Take a Day Off.

*[From the Somerville Journal.]*

Little Tommy, who has a bald uncle, was very much interested when his mother told him the other day that the hairs of his head were all numbered.

"Is that so with everybody?" asked he.

"Yes," said his mother, "that is what the Bible says."

Tommy pondered for a moment in silence.

"Well," said he, finally, "if the Bible says so, it must be so; but I'll bet the angel who does the counting feels mighty glad when he comes to a man with a head like Uncle Jim's."

### Who Was Herculaneum?

*[From Time.]*

Mrs. Tessau—You don't know how much I am enjoying Prof. Watervliet's lectures on Herculaneum. So clear and concise, they're positive revelations!

Mrs. Rolly—Let me see—who was Herculaneum, my dear?

Mrs. Tessau—I haven't quite made out yet, but he was either one of those Romanesques, or a Gaul, or something of that kind. There's another lecture to-morrow afternoon.

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## AN ELEPHANT AND A LION IN COMBAT.

### Fierce Encounter in the Winter Quarters of O'Brien's Circus.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 16.—There was a fierce fight recently in the winter quarters of O'Brien's Circus between a lion and an elephant.

The lion had been kept on short rations, and in a frenzy broke the bars of his cage. The king of beasts started in to have a royal feast, and a meek-eyed camel was selected for the principal dish.

With one bound the lion was on the camel's back, and his claws sank deep into the flesh. His huge fangs soon tore a hole in the neck of the camel, and the lion was sucking at his blood. Keeper Emil Rebichon rushed into the building to learn the cause of the commotion and stumbled over the carcass of the camel, which had been dragged towards the door. A savage roar from the lion brought him to his feet with a jump, and Rebichon lost no time in making safety behind the huge flanks of Empress, the elephant, while Leo returned to his feast. When the keeper saw that he was safe from pursuit he turned his attention to a plan for capturing the lion. Empress was unchained and the two started to the attack.

Empress was undismayed at the growls of the lion as he contentedly munched the savory meat of the camel. She had witnessed too many such scenes in her native jungle to be frightened now; besides, she had killed five keepers since she had been in captivity, and seemed anxious to add to her laurels. The lion rose as Empress approached, but he was not quick enough to get out of the way, for with one powerful blow from her trunk Empress hurled the king of beasts against the stable wall. There he crouched in the corner, and Rebichon and his assistants brought ropes and prepared to slip a noose over his head.

But the lion dashed at Empress with wild fury. He leaped upon her hind quarters, and the elephant trumpeted with rage and pain as she felt the lion's claws scratching her thick skin. But the odds were against the lion, for he was quickly routed from his position at the point of a pitchfork. Rebichon jumped behind Empress's big shoulders as the lion made a spring at him, and the elephant turned just in time to catch her antagonist in her trunk. She held him high in the air for a moment and then hurled him clear across the stable.

By this time the interior of the stable was in a state of wild confusion. All the other animals in the cages were howling and screeching like pandemonium, while Keeper Rebichon and his assistants were shouting themselves hoarse. The lion was evidently severely hurt, for he kept so still that the men had little trouble in lassoing him and leading him into another cage. The camel's carcass was skinned yesterday and the meat served to the animals.

### The Awkwardness of One Check for Three Dinners.

Three prosperous-looking men had just finished a comfortable dinner in a downtown restaurant. They had lighted their cigars and were in that happy frame of body and mind which is induced by a good meal.

They had met there casually, but being acquainted had dined together for sociability's sake.

The waiter was not up to snuff, however, for he brought but one check-slip for the three dinners.

"That's all right. This is on me," said No. 1.

"Nonsense. I pay for this," from No. 2.

"You fellows keep quiet. This is my treat," clamored No. 3.

All three forthwith fumbled in their pockets, but somehow none of them seemed able to find any change