The World

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YEARLY RECORD

TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888:

104,473,650.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR ENTIRE YEAR:

285,447.

SEVEN YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the Present Proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Av'ge
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,519,785	77,922
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465
1888	104,473,650	285,447

Sunday WORLD'S Record:

Over 230,000 Every Sunday During the Last Three Years.

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1882 was...	14,727
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1883 was....	24,054
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1884 was....	79,985
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1885 was....	166,636
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1886 was....	234,724
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1887 was....	257,267
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1888 was....	260,326

Amount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888:

Year.	Pounds.	Year.	Pounds.
1883	1,423,288	1886	12,200,829
1884	4,468,455	1887	15,657,662
1885	8,229,207	1888	17,134,467

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

STOCKTON A PROPHET.

A significant coincidence.

The publication of STOCKTON's "Great War Syndicate" in THE EVENING WORLD and the ZALINSKY gun experiment at Fort Lafayette.

The one a startling prophecy as to methods time in the future, and the other a Brigham, a son Massachusetts. employer and exwards its realization. was in his off there was STOCKTON has "dipped into the partnership far as human eye could see," and his family of withdrawn has been remarkably clear.

THE EVENING WORLD correctly announced this story as the most extraordinary ever produced in America, and the intense and widespread interest it has aroused fully justifies the assertion.

But there is one point we have not dwelt upon. It has been left for our readers themselves to discover that the "Great War Syndicate" possesses something more than a thrilling interest, something more than the charm of STOCKTON's fertile imagination and inimitable humor.

The story has a purpose.

And that purpose is to show that the world is upon the borderland of wonderful scientific developments that will revolutionize modern warfare—that will indeed do much more that that.

In short, science is very likely, by heretofore undreamed power of explosives, to so intensify the horrors of war as to render it an impossible resort for the civilized nations of the globe.

This is a prophecy worth jotting in your note-book.

A PITIABLE CASE.

Who Will Supply This Poor Girl With an Artificial Eye?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a poor girl out of employment and had the misfortune to lose one of my eyes some years ago. I have been wearing an artificial eye, which I happened to break some days ago, and am very uncomfortable without one and also looking for a situation. I have no means whatever to purchase one. Will you please inform me through your valuable paper where I can obtain one in the city free of charge. I read the article in THE EVENING WORLD several weeks ago, how Harry White, of Brooklyn, a poor boy, obtained a crutch by applying to your paper. I thought to do the same. MARY JONES,

242 West Twenty-third street.

[This case has been investigated by an EVENING WORLD reporter. It is a very deserving one, and we feel confident that some generous reader will promptly respond to such an appeal. A fair artificial eye can be purchased for $8; a very good one for $10.—ED.]

WORLDLINGS.

Edward O. Wolcott, the new Colorado Senator, is said to be the only lawyer who has ever made the Supreme Court of Colorado reverse a decision.

Attorney-General Garland is one of the hardest working men in Washington. He is frequently found at his desk as early as 7.30 in the morning.

Mrs. Oller, the wife of a poor coal miner of Fenton, Ill., recently received information that by the death of a bachelor brother she would come into an estate worth $50,000.

Boston's richest Chinaman is Sam Wah Kee, who owns a prosperous grocery and has accumulated many mortgages on laundries. He speaks and writes English with fluency and has a wife and son.

THAT ATROCITY

Supreme Court Judges on the Children's Commitment Law.

Justices Brady, Beach and Patterson Favor the Amendment.

On the Ground of Public Welfare They Make an Exception to the Custom of Judicial Reserve and Express Strong Opinions.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

[*Drawn by a Judge of the Supreme Court at the request of* THE EVENING WORLD.]

7. All proceedings under this section (*See* 291, *Chap.* 676, *Laws of* 1881, *and Chap.* 46, *Laws of* 1884), when a commitment shall have been made shall be subject to review by any court of record, upon certiorari on the facts and the law, and in such a proceeding the commitment order, or judgment may be affirmed or reversed or modified in such manner and to such extent as may seem best, or a rehearing of the charge ordered.

An EVENING WORLD reporter found Judge John R. Brady snugly ensconced in the depths of a huge armchair in his library at his residence, 19 West Thirty-third street.

When asked to give his opinion of the amendment to the Children's Commitment bill, he said: "Although that is a subject which interests me deeply, I am doubtful whether I ought to give my views on it. You see, I am called upon to decide just such cases from the bench, and again the lawmakers might think me meddlesome," he explained.

The reporter urged that it was a matter vitally concerning the public welfare and asked that the Judge might on that ground see fit to express his views.

"Well," said Judge Brady, smiling, "the unjust features of the law as it stands is that when a child has once been committed by a police magistrate, with the consent of its parents and guardians, there is no court or judge that can go behind that committal and restore the child to its parents. A man may have a fifty-dollar case and appeal it, but in these children's cases there is no redress."

AN ENORMOUS POWER.

"Is not that an enormous power to confer on police justices?"

"Undoubtedly it is. There is no doubt but that the law-makers at Albany, when they framed that law, were innocent of any harsh intent. But still, had they reasoned carefully, they must have seen that great suffering, if not great wrong, might be done under the provisions of this act. The poor love their children with as much affection as richer people, but they may often be and unfortunately are unable to furnish their offspring with that comfort needed and desired.

"The statute was not enacted to meet any temporary emergency. It was meant to provide for those children who suffer from the neglect of their parents and for those without homes or protection.

"The law provides that parents must be notified of the child's arrest. Now in many cases the parents are ignorant, and the mere reception of such notification, couched as it is in legal language, throws them into a fright and they neglect to appear. When they do it is too late, and their child is gone forever. If the parents were bad, then it is no doubt a good thing for the child."

"But supposing they reform and produce evidence to that effect, why then shouldn't they have their child?" inquired the reporter.

"There is no reason excepting the law. The societies will not give a child up unless compelled to, no matter how worthy the parents."

KEEP YOUR CHILDREN OUT OF THE STREET.

"Then it is a dangerous matter to let children run around loose in the streets," suggested the reporter.

"Rather. Should they get lost, they are liable to be snapped up at any moment, carried to a police court, and committed until they are twenty-one years old.

"Don't you think that some court should have the power to review the proceedings of the police magistrate and restore, if necessary, the child to its parents?" inquired the reporter.

"I most decidedly do," said Judge Brady. "Some court should have power to reopen these cases where it is manifest that there has been wrong committed, and there are many, no doubt. It is a grievous wrong and cannot be corrected too soon."

JUDGE BEACH CONCURS.

Justice Miles Beach, when asked by THE EVENING WORLD reporter to express his opinion on the law, said:

"Well, I am not very familiar with the provisions of the statute, never having had a case of that kind before me. But, if it is as stated, I should think it a very bad law. Any law that unjustly separates a child from its parents must necessarily be bad."

"Do you not think that some court or judge should have the power of reviewing the proceedings of the Police Court and if necessary restore the child to its parents?"

"Most certainly I do. I think such an amendment ought to be made," said the Judge. "It will be a good thing indeed."

STRONG WORDS FROM JUDGE PATTERSON.

Justice Edward Patterson hesitated about giving his views on the law to THE EVENING WORLD reporter because he was sitting on the bench this term. But when the reporter broached the subject of an amendment conferring the powers of revision upon judges of a higher court, to him he said:

"That is an excellent move and one that should have been made long ago. **I have no hesitation in giving my approval of such a measure. The powers of the police magistrate are too arbitrary, and it is only right that they should be subject to revision. You can say that I am heartily in favor of such an amendment."**

His Child Is His Own.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read an account of the Children's Commitment law in your paper. I must say that in my opinion it is the most infamous law that ever existed in a civilized country, and should arouse the indignation of every man in America. If I understand rightly, if my or any other man's child should stray from home and be committed before I can find out where it is, it would be lost to me forever as far as my legal rights are concerned. Is that a law for a free country? I, for one, say "No!" My child is my own and I deny any man the right to take it from me under any such circumstances.

SAMUEL H. MORRIS,
62 Sheriff street, New York City.

He Approves the Amendment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I write to express my hearty approval of the proposed amendment to the present child-stealing law of New York, as proposed in your paper. Those who attended my lecture on the "Science of Legislation," given at the Cooper Union on Saturday evening last, will remember my denunciation of the present law as totally at variance with the teachings of that science.

MONTAGUE R. LEVERSON,
23 West Seventy-third street.

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

A FEW GLOOM DISPELLERS.

THEY ARE NOT PATENTED AND EVERYBODY CAN USE THEM.

Advice Which Was Followed.

[*From Time.*]

Mr. Whifflington (in an agony of fear)—W-wont somebody p-please s-s-stop him?
Friendly Parrot—Oh, come off!

Rocks Ahead.

[*From the New Orleans Picayune.*]

A possible failure is the rock ahead in the path of every young man who starts out for himself. For the young married man another rock ahead is the cradle.

Ancient vs. Modern Tortures.

[*From the Boston Beacon.*]

Miss Travis—Oh, what dreadful torture they used to practise in the middle ages! Think of breaking a man on the wheel!

De Smith—No worse than nowadays; you never saw me out on my bicycle, did you?

Now for an Anti-Jackknife Crusade.

[*From the Philadelphia Record.*]

The authorities of Worcester object to the whistling of anything but sacred music in that town on Sunday. Yankee Doodle is gradually finding his privileges curtailed under our modern civilization. One of these days he will have to dispense with his jackknife.

Ribs at a Discount Now.

[*From the Boston Herald.*]

In Indiana the other day a surgeon removed a rib from a man, who survives the operation. Nothing is said as to what became of the dismembered rib. In view of our surplus population of women, there was no particular necessity of repeating the miracle of Adam's time.

Will Do for 1890.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Well, Browne, here is another new year. How about the diary you started to keep last year?"

"I've kept it. Here it is, just as good as it was a year ago. Not even a mark on any of the pages."

A Natural Error.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Mr. Browne," said the milkman, "you sent me the wrong check. This is drawn to the order of the Board of Water Commissioners."

"Why so it is," replied Mr. Browne, and then added, "Natural mistake, though, Mr. Pump—very."

They Can Listen to Themselves.

[*From the Norristown Herald.*]

The Paris authorities are trying to suppress the fact that 1,200 performers are to unite in a single military band at this year's Paris Exposition. The secret has leaked out, however, and it is feared the attendance will be diminished one-half in consequence.

Higher Education.

[*From the Chicago News.*]

The cause of higher education in this country is looking up. Fifty male students of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore are playing Roman citizens with Booth and Barrett, and an equal number of young lady students in the North Dakota University have the mumps.

An Economical Man.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Barrowly—I'm not feeling very well, doctor. My head aches and I feel all broken up generally.

Doctor—You don't take exercise enough. You ride down to business instead of walking, as you should.

Barrowly—But I can't afford to walk, it makes me so hungry, and lunches cost money.

Both Related.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

A fashionable Austin lady, immediately after the death of her husband, married his brother. A visitor at the house, noticing the picture of her late husband, asked who it was.

"It i-i-is," she replied hesitatingly, "my deceased brother-in-law."

"Mine too," laconically remarked the new husband.

Poets Without Flies on Them.

[*From the Philadelphia Record.*]

Editor—This poem, sir, is miserable trash.

Amateur—Oh, never mind that. Publish it and I'll see that it is copied all over the country. I have arranged with a friend of mine to claim the authorship, and then he and I will get into a boiling hot controversy over it. There are no flies on us poets nowadays.

An Illinois Idyl.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

Peoria, Ill.; time, the mellow twilight; small boy; little girl; gun of the vintage of '76; some curiosity; a little investigation; a click; a report; a scream and a yell; a little coffin with a maiden it and a small boy with black and blue black; in background, weeping parents and happy undertaker; still further back, Coroner's learned jury, with didn't-know-it-was-loaded verdict. Happening every day.

Sensitive Miss Chicago.

[*From the Boston Transcript.*]

Boston Consin—What a lucky girl you are, Abby, to catch that rich widower. You'll be the envy of all Wabash avenue. I heard two or three girls say to-day they'd like to be in your shoes.

The Chicago young lady smiles sweetly, but when she is alone she is heard to mutter under her breath: "Two or three girls in my shoes! The hateful thing! Two or three! The idea!"

Unobtrusive Piety.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

"Spotcash, who is that gentleman that went out of the store just now?"

"The Rev. Mr. Goodman. I thought you knew him, Oneprice. He is our pastor."

"Your pastor, Spotcash? Are you a member of a church?"

"Of course I am. I've been a member for twenty years."

"And I have been in partnership with you for fifteen years and never suspected you!"

Terpsichore Versus Hymen.

[*From Puck.*]

She—Oh, Jack, darling, I really think I must break off our engagement.

He—Good gracious, Flo! Why?

She—Because, dear, if we marry we shan't be able to waltz together, and that would be awful!

THEY ARE CUTE ALSACIANS.

THE LOT WHO WERE TO RAISE MR. STORM'S FLORIDA TOBACCO.

Immigration Officers Have Called a Halt and the Imported People Are Not Yet on Their Way to Tallahassee—A Belief that the Party Will Come Under the Head of Contract Laborers.

There is nothing small about Mr. George Storm, of the tobacco manufacturing firm of Straiton & Storm, of this city. When he starts in to do anything he does it up in first-class style, an evidence of which is his wholesale importation of laborers for his tobacco plantation in Tallahassee, Fla.

Mr. Storm is a philanthropist also; for according to his own words, he intended to give each one of these immigrants a house and some land, rent free for five years while they work for him.

The truth is, Mr. Storm has an incipient bonanza under way at Tallahassee, Florida tobacco is equal to that raised in Cuba, and sold for as much before the war. Mr. Storm went down there two years ago and imported seed from Cuba and Sumatra and put up curing-houses. But this cost money and cheap labor was a necessity. The result was that thirty-five immigrants arrived at Tallahassee from Strasburg about a year ago.

The tobacco plantation thrived. As Mr. Storm says:

"The result has been that while the whole tobacco product of the State two years ago could have been bought for $1,000, last year it was worth $25,000, and this year bids fair to amount to $1,000,000."

Mr. Storm was not satisfied with this comparatively slow increase in profits, and found that his greatest obstacle was in obtaining skilled tobacco growers. Nine Alsatians were needed and nine were sent for.

They arrived at Castle Garden yesterday, via the French steamship La Champagne. They crowded into the Garden, and the clerks commenced registering their names. They had got about half through when they suddenly tumbled. The fact that about one hundred Alsatians were bound for Tallahassee in a lump was decidedly suspicious, and it was decided to hold them until one of the Commissioners arrived.

The wanted official came in the person of Mr. Stephenson.

"Hold every mother's son of them," emphatically said that Commissioner. "No one shall be allowed to land except by order of Collector Magone."

Just then Mr. Storm came in to look at his proteges. Hearing of the action of the Commissioner, he asked for an explanation. Receiving it, he said that his action was purely philantiropic. He was an Alsacian himself, and as his people were oppressed and were skilful tobacco-growers, he thought he would bring them here. They were good and thrifty laborers.

"How is it," asked the Commissioner, "that you deem it wise to go to Germany for your thrifty laborers?"

Mr. Storm replied that his reasons were personal.

He had built fifty cottages and furnished them completely. He would allow the Alsacians to live in them, giving each a horse, wagon and mule and seed to raise tobacco. At the end of the season, he would purchase the tobacco they had raised, and at the end of the five years they were expected to move.

Mr. Storm denied that he paid the passage of the immigrants, but it was subsequently ascertained that their passages had been paid by a George Strum, of Alsace.

They are a very clean and intelligent-looking set of immigrants and as smart as steel traps.

An EVENING WORLD reporter saw Emigration Inspector Groat at Castle Garden this morning.

"Are they contract laborers?" asked the reporter.

"I think we have evidence enough, by the admission of about twenty of them, to prove that they are. They are very cute, and from the talk I have had with them it is evident that they are well posted. They admit that they are going to Tallahassee, but give a diversity of occupations."

The Inspector was cross-examining the Alsacians through the medium of an interpreter. The latter was wrestling with an intelligent-looking man when Mr. Groat suddenly exclaimed: "That man speaks English."

The immigrant colored guiltily and admitted that he had been in this country before.

Some of the immigrants paid their own passage.

The reporter saw Collector Magone at the Custom-House this morning, but he had heard nothing from the Castle Garden people as yet. The Clyde steamship people deny that they have made any arrangements for the Alsacians' transporiation.

It is not likely that any decision in the case will be arrived at to-day.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

A $30,000 Fire in a Clothing Store Near the Bridge Entrance.

Considerable excitement was caused during the heavy traffic hours this morning by a fire which broke out at 7.30 P. M. in the big clothing-establishment of Henry Russell, Nos. 182, 184 and 186 Bridge street, near the Bridge entrance.

The flames spread rapidly, and the firemen had a tough fight. The loss is stated at $32,000.

Brooklyn News in Brief.

Michael Hamoldberg, a middle-aged German out of employment, was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital from his home, at 207 North Eighth street, this morning, having attempted suicide by swallowing a large quantity of Paris green.

Emma J. Brown and Eva Jenkins, the two Salvationists who narrowly escaped suffocation by gas escaping in the barracks dormitory on Washington street yesterday morning, were very much recovered this morning.

Justice Naeher this morning committed George Bertram, the alleged assailant of John Brady, of 133 North Sixth street, to await the result of his victim's injuries. Brady is in the Eastern District Hospital suffering from stab wounds in the head, back and abdomen.

Edward A. Perry, a former Custom-House employee and an old G. A. R. man died at his home on Lincoln place this morning.

Azariah Wright, the colored man who a few weeks ago struck his mistress, Laura Dixon, over the head with an axe, killing her, was this morning placed on trial for his life in the Kings County Court of Sessions. At 2 P. M. five jurors had been obtained.

Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my leg as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere, and it not only stopped the soreness in my shoulder and joints, but makes me feel as lively as a ten-year-old boy. I sell newspapers right in THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET every day in the year, and have been doing so for 5 years, and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me it certainly ought to be good for those people who don't stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and De Kalb Avenues. WILLIAM W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. B.—Be sure to get

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

The Actor's Friend.

FANNY'S LATEST SEANCE.

[*Communicated to* THE EVENING WORLD'S *Spiritualistic Reporter by His Guardian Spook.*]

A Spiritualistic reporter of THE EVENING WORLD staff went into a trance last night, and through Minnie Ha-Ha, his controlling spirit in shadow land, learned just why and where that other eminent medium, Fanny Stryker, has been concealed since the exposé of her relations with Stationer George D. Carroll.

Min was playing progressive euchre on the silvery shores of the great hereafter when THE EVENING WORLD believer summoned her back to this terrestrial spere.

"Do you know 'Our Chosen One?'" was the first question the reporter asked her.

"You mean Fan Stryker?" she asked back.

"Of course."

"Professional etiquette bids me remain silent," she answered thoughtfully, "but I can refuse you nothing, so list while I unfold my weird, wild tale.

"Fan thought the whole business a good joke until she saw this section of the Penal Code in THE EVENING WORLD the other night:

THE LAW ON IT.

A person who with the intent to deprive or defraud the true owner of his property, or of the use and benefit thereof, or to appropriate the same to the use of the taker, or of any other person, either takes from the possession of the true owner, or of any other person, or obtains from such, possession by *color* or *aid* of fraudulent or *false representation* or *pretence*, or of any *false token* or *writing* or *secrets* witholds or appropriates to his own use or that of any person other than the true owner any *money*, personal property, thing in action, evidence of debt or contract, or article of value of any kind.

"Then she had a fit."

What occurred next Minnie Ha-Ha describes as follows:

It was night, in the Lenox apartment-house, No. 987 Madison avenue.

In a handsomely furnished parlor on the ground floor a beautiful woman lay on the lounge as if dead. She was surrounded by her friends. Her face was white and cold as marble. She was dressed in an unent white velvet dress of the Directoire style, and wore sandals and lace stockings.

The lights burned dim and low, and no sound disturbed the stillness save the soft billing and cooing of Philly and Gertie in the hallway.

After a time Fanny moved restlessly. A worried look crossed her countenance while she tenderly lisped, "Ah, there! Morning Star, just connect me with Zalencus, will you?"

"Who is Zalencus?" whispered Tobias.

"Oh, he was the boss law sharp for the Locrians," answered an elderly gentleman who sat near by.

"Did he live in Brooklyn?" asked Toby again, eagerly.

"Naw," replied the gentleman in disgust; "he lived in Greece 600 years before Christ."

"Oh, pshaw! I thought he was a fellow we knew across the river."

Just then Fannie began to talk rapidly.

"Zalencus," she asked, savagely, "do you read THE EVENING WORLD?"

"Bet your boots. It's the only paper allowed in here."

"Well, I'll never go there, but that is immaterial just now. Did you read that section of the Penal Code they printed the other night?"

"Of course I did."

"What do you think about it?"

"Well, do you want me to tell the truth?" he asked.

"Oh course I do," she snapped.

"Well then it's dead good law. Good enough to hang you in my time," he returned.

"Oh, you mean thing you. G'way. Go back to your cage. Shoo!"

When Zalencus had mournfully retired, Philolaus, who gave law to the Thebians 728 B. C., was called up. Fan put on her sweetest wraith smile when approaching him.

"What are you crying about?" he gruffly inquired.

"Crying?" she echoed. "I'm smiling."

"Oh, are you. Well, cry then. You will look better."

"Oh, don't be so cross. I want to ask you a question. Did you see the law quoted referring to me in THE EVENING WORLD the other night?"

"Of course I did. Don't you suppose I read the boss evening paper?"

"Well, is that law good? Can they send me away like they did Annie?"

"Now, see here, Fan Stryker, if you think I have nothing to do but hover around Madison avenue answering fool questions you are greatly mistaken. If you want to find out whether that law is good or not you go down to the District-Attorney's office and find out. Tra-la-la, Fanny. Give my compliments to Toby."

"Rats," she murmured plaintively, and on the heavenly 'phone called for Charondas, the law-giver of Catana, in Greece, 640 B. C.

Charry had just been married, and did not like to leave his better half alone long, so when the priestess asked him about the law he replied shortly:

"My dear girl, if I was on a jury that you were on trial before, indicted under that law, I would think it good enough to give you a year or two. It might be good for Toby to send you away, for awhile, any how."

Fanny ground her teeth with rage, and savagely called for Cleisthenes, who formed a constitution for the Athenians as long ago as 509 B. C. Fanny did not know but Cleisthenes is a woman hater who would destroy the female sex on general principles, for when the law was quoted he declared it was good enough to send her to State's prison for life.

This made her wrathy and she called him many hard names. He made a face at her and flew back to Spookville.

Diocles, another Athenian lawmaker, who flourished about B. C. 412, was chucking dice for the drinks with Kisgar, another wraith, when Fanny's magnetic voice brought him down to New York.

It was his first visit here, and he nearly fell into the hands of the Philistines. "Kid" Miller, the bunco man, met him dodging around the Hoffman House inquiring for 987 Madison avenue. The "Kid" saw at a glance that he was from out of town, and with his usual good nature in such cases proffered to pilot him to his destination.

Diocles was about to go with him, but suddenly recollecting that he came away from home without a cent he asked the "Kid" for the loan of a dollar.

"Ain' you got any dust?" asked the Kid.

"Not a red," returned Dio.

"Oh, go to blazes and find 987 Madison avenue yourself," said Miller, in disgust.

Dio plodded wearily along until he met a little boy, who directed him aright.

Fanny had grown grouty waiting for him so long.

When he did appear she berated him soundly.

Then he became angry, and when she questioned him about the law he emphatically declined to answer.

"Go find out" was all the satisfaction he would give her. "You can bring a horse to water but you can't make him drink" he declared again.

Whereat she yelled chestnuts and he flew away again.

Solon, the framer of the famous Athenian Constitution, to which his name was given, 594 B. C. was the next one summoned to Fanny's assistance.

He thought the law would hold and advised her to jump the town.

"Oh, can such things be?" she groaned audibly, and called for Lycurgus, the famous Spartan lawgiver, who passed away 844 B. C.

"The law is good," was his opinion.

That is what Draco, a celebrated Athenian Legislator, told her also.

By this time Fanny had grown morose, and summoned Confucius, the famous sage and lawmaker of China.

Con came dressed in his blue blouse, overalls, sandals, white socks, and his long black queue flying in the wind.

He carried a bundle of linen under his arm. He lost a lot of money since he died and is now obliged to wash for a living.

He was in a very bad humor, and when the priestess asked him about the law he replied shortly:

"Heapee much good law. Bly bly; me got to wolkee allee same as live Chinamen now. Tla tla."

Then in rapid succession Fanny called Solomon the Wise, the great Emperor Constantine, Alfred the Great, famous Saxon King and lawmaker; Littletin, the eminent English jurist and interpreter of law; Sir Edward Coke, one of the most erudite of English lawyers; Sir William Blackstone, the famous lawmaker; James Kent, the American interpreter of law, and dear old Daniel Webster, but each and every one of them assured her that the law as printed in THE EVENING WORLD was good, and that she could be indicted under it.

Thereupon Fanny's spirit returned to her body, and she hastily had a trunk packed and put on a carriage, into which she got also, and was driven to the Grand Central Depot.

"She is now in Canada," said Minnie Ha-Ha in conclusion, and THE EVENING WORLD'S Spiritualist permitted her to return to the misty Beyond.

FREE LECTURES TO-NIGHT.

Interesting Topics to Be Discussed in Six of the Public Schools.

Enjoyable and instructive lectures are again provided for the working men and women of the city in six of the public schools this evening, in accordance with the provisions of THE EVENING WORLD'S Free Lecture bill, passed by the last Legislature.

The lectures are free to all, and no tickets of admission are needed. The choice of subjects and lecturers is a wide one, as will be seen by the following list:

Grammar School No. 83, 216 East One Hundred and Tenth street—Dr. Allen on "Illuminating Gas."

Grammar School No. 42, 38 Allen street—Prof. Edward H. Bover on "Electricity: Its Theory, Sparks and Shocks."

Grammar School No. 27, 208 East Forty-second street—Prof. Mott on "The Chemistry of What We Eat and Drink."

Grammar School No. 82, Seventieth street and First avenue—Prof. Zachos on "American Poets."

Grammar School No. 51, 523 West Forty-fourth street—Dr. Hanchett on "The Human Machine Shop."

Grammar School No. 67, 225 West Forty-first street—Prof. Sloane on "How to Study Science at Home."

On Thursday evening a further series of six free lectures will be given in the same schools.

A SHAKESPEARE IN ARMS.

Almost a Battle Started in the Central Labor Union Meeting.

A heated dispute was started in the Central Labor Union last night by a statement from Cigarmaker William Shakespeare that "the walking delegates of the building trades only walk around where there is whiskey."

The dispute lasted over an hour, and after adjournment Shakespeare was met in the cafe of Clarendon Hall by Walking Delegate John G. Jones, an Englishman, who asked if he was included in the declaration.

Shakespeare replied: "I mean the whole lot of you," and Jones said: "Then I'll lick you."

Friends, however, interfered and the delegates did not come to blows.

THE RECORD MAY BE BEATEN.

Great Anticipations Over the Coming Seventy-two-Hour Match in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn's seventy-two-hour walking match, which opens at the West End Casino, at Fiftieth street and Third avenue, Wednesday night, is becoming a topic of general interest and promises to be very successful financially and otherwise.

Strong hopes are expressed that the three-days' record, now held by Rowell, may be broken on this occasion.

Archie Sinclair, who will be one of the competitors, walked an exhibition mile on a seventeen-lap track Saturday night in seven minutes—a remarkable performance on so small a circuit.

Court Myrtle's New Quarters.

The next regular meeting of Court Myrtle, 6843 A. O. F., will be held in their club-rooms in the Wurzler building, 315 Washington street, Brooklyn. The installation of officers took place at the last meeting, and retiring Chief Ranger Robert W. Oliver, who has held the office for two terms, was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain, suitably inscribed by the members of the Court. Mr. Oliver acknowledged the gift in a neat speech, after which a bountiful collation was partaken of, making the occasion a merry one.

The officers elected for the next term are: G. H. O'Neile, Chief Ranger; W. L. Eagney, Treasurer; S. H. Andrews, Financial Secretary; R. J. Craig, Recording Secretary; B. W. Reilly, Senior Woodwarden; J. Fader, Junior Woodwarden; W. Cunningham, Senior Beadle; David Blumberg, Junior Beadle.

A Paper for the Dancers.

B. E. Fanning, the veteran dancing teacher, is the editor and proprietor of the *Ballroom*, a recently established publication of four pages and sixteen columns, which is announced to appear "monthly, or oftener if necessary." Mr. Fanning discusses in an original and racy way matters appertaining to dancing and the dancers.

Among the Workers.

The Mystic Tie Association will give its ball in Clarendon Hall to-morrow night.

The street railways of this city employ 11,726 men, whose wages amounted last year to $6,328,189.

The Central Labor Union has indorsed the eight-hour movement proposed by the American Federation of Labor to begin in 1890.

Branch No. 6, of the Amalgamated Association of Carpenters, has elected George Thurlow President, Alexander Smith Secretary, George McKay Treasurer and John Ryan Sergeant-at-Arms.

Forty-five piano-makers, who struck at Lindeman's manufactory last week, are still out because their employer will not reinstate union men whom he discharged for taking a hand in a previous strike.

The Balfe Musical Club has elected officers as follows: President, Joseph Nobles; Vice-President, J. Hobday; Secretary, J. M. Beck; Financial Secretary, J. R. Jones; Treasurer, S. Faggiani; Trustees, D. Walsh, A. Davis, J. McAdams.

The Brewery Employees' Union reports that Kohler & Co., ale brewers, who recently discharged twenty-six union hands and took non-union men in their places, have dismissed the latter and re-employed the union men in accordance with an agreement made with a committee of the Association. The firm also agreed to recognize the Brewery Employees' Association.

The Wonderful Carlsbad Springs.

At the Ninth International Medical Congress, Dr. A. L. A. Toboldt, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with the genuine imported Powdered Carlsbad Sprudel Salt for chronic constipation, hypochondria, disease of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, adiposis, diabetes, dropsy from valvular heart disease, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach or spleen, children with marasmus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, &c., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved, and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks.

The Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form), is an excellent *Aperient Laxative and Diuretic. It clears the complexion, purifies the Blood.* It is easily soluble; pleasant to take and permanent in action. The genuine product of the Carlsbad Springs is exported in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a light blue paper cartoon, and has the signature, "Eisner & Mendelson Co.," sole agents, 6 Barclay street, on every bottle. One bottle mailed upon receipt of one dollar. Dr. Toboldt's lectures mailed free upon application.

CANADA AND CASHIERS.

Opinions of the Latter on the Annexation of the Former.

"The Evening World" to the Rescue of the Bank People.

They Had Been Slighted in the General Discussion of the Question.

Number of Cashiers Interviewed..... 28
Number of Cashiers Non-Committal..... 28

While almost everybody who, for any reason whatever, might be supposed to have an interest in the question has been interviewed during the past few weeks in regard to the proposed annexation of Canada, strangely enough no one has thought of trying to find out what the bank cashiers had to say upon the subject.

THE EVENING WORLD, believing that they ought to be represented in the general symposium of public opinion, and that an important feature of the discussion had been overlooked in neglecting to interview them, sent out one of its reporters to see all the cashiers in town and ask each one of them how he regarded the scheme for the proposed assimilation of the Provinces across the border—in other words, "What do you think of annexing Canada?"

Here is what they said:

Cashier Edward Burns, of the American Exchange Bank, blushed when the question was put to him and said: "Really, now, I don't know anything about the question at all; for I have never studied it. If you tackled some of the cashiers nearer the border they might have something to say."

Cashier Gardner, of the St. Nicholas Bank, thought the question was a very comical one. "I don't see what interest the cashiers have in the matter," he said, "unless it might be the scaly ones. Annexation would be a bad thing for them certainly, for if they wanted to skip there would be no place for them to go. Perhaps, however, it might increase honesty in the business."

A LOADED QUESTION.

Cashier J. T. Baldwin, of the Manhattan Company Bank, laughed heartily when he learned the object of the reporter's visit. "Go 'way," he said, "does THE EVENING WORLD think that we poor cashiers ought to be on the lookout for another place of refuge? I think there is a good deal concealed in that question of yours, and I'm not going to give any opinion at all."

Cashier E. S. Mason, of the Bank of New York—I cannot answer the question, because I have never given a moment's thought to the matter as far as it might affect the banking business. I have no interest in it.

Cashier Pullen, of the Bank of the Republic—I have no opinion whatever. The question is too remote for consideration, and I don't think it is probable that the annexation scheme will be carried out in this generation.

OVERCOME BY THE INQUIRY.

Cashier A. T. J. Rice, of the Broadway Bank, seemed quite overcome. "Please don't quote me," he said. "I can't give any opinion at all. I am not equal to it, I assure you."

Cashier W. H. Porter, of the Chase National Bank—I cannot express any opinion. I never thought of the matter in that light, and you had better go and talk with the President. He knows more about it.

Cashier H. P. Doremus, of the Chatham National Bank—I would like to give you an opinion on the subject, but I have none. I have been too busy to give it any attention. Perhaps the President will help you out.

Cashier W. J. Quinlan, of the Chemical Bank, looked at the matter in a humorous light. "The annexation of Canada might make the American eagle scream a little louder, perhaps," said he, "but I don't see how it could affect us in any way."

"How about cashiers in general?"

"Oh, that is a different question. You'll excuse me."

Cashier A. H. Timson, of the Continental Bank—I haven't given the subject a thought, and do not care to say anything.

A BAD THING FOR SKIPPING CASHIERS.

Cashier Ebenezer Schofield, of the First National Bank, with a twinkle in his eye—Annexation would undoubtedly be a bad thing for the cashiers who have been skipping out, but it might be a good thing for the people at home if it would promote honesty among those who hold places of trust. That's about the only way, so far as I can see, that the question affects the banks.

Cashier H. Buckhout, of the Fourth National Bank—I am too busy to give attention to the matter, and do not care to express an opinion.

Cashier A. W. Sherman, of the Gallatin National Bank—The matter is one to which I have given no serious thought and I prefer not to be quoted.

Cashier J. M. Donald, of the Hanover National Bank—The question of annexing Canada does not enter in any way into our calculations in the banking business.

Cashier Edward Townsend, of the Importers' and Traders' Bank—Oh, come, now, I'm not an authority on that subject. Never thought of it, in fact.

Cashier I. H. Walker, of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank in Wall street—You must excuse me from giving an opinion in the matter. I have not studied the question.

Cashier W. Sharp, jr., of the Mechanics' Bank—I have nothing to say, and do not want to be quoted in the newspapers.

IT REQUIRES THOUGHT.

Cashier F. B. Schenck, of the Mercantile National Bank—I would not like to be quoted as expressing an opinion on the subject without giving it a great deal more thought than I have up to the present time.

Cashier C. V. Banta, of the Merchants' National Bank, had nothing to say.

Cashier A. S. Apgar, of the Merchants' Exchange Bank—I haven't given the matter any consideration and I have nothing to say for publication.

Cashier G. S. Hickok