The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 8.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including Postage):
PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 31.....NO. 10,641

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—360 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

IRELAND AND STARVATION.

One way to get a good idea of the condition of things in Ireland is to read the statements in regard to that country made by the English papers and then believe the opposite. But the best way of all to form a correct estimate of Irish affairs is to go to that unfortunate island and see what is before one's eyes.

Few, however, are able to do this themselves. Hundreds of thousands are enabled to do it through the intelligent and impartial observer whom THE WORLD has sent there to inquire into the true condition of things.

From this thoroughly reliable source enough is learned of Ireland's misery to make America's warmly sympathetic heart beat quicker. The potato crop, the prop of existence there, is sadly blighted, and dark days of poverty, hunger and sickness threaten that afflicted land.

America will not fail to extend the help so sadly needed. Care should be exercised, however, that the money contributed by American hands goes to the suffering Irishmen.

CHILDREN AT THE GATES.

Charity begins at home and there is nothing nearer to us than the children. Citizens, whether parents or not, have a decided interest in what concerns the welfare and character of those who will soon be citizens themselves. Everything that relates to their school career is doubly important.

The need of opening the gates of the schools earlier is something which should be steadily insisted on until it is done. The welfare of the children is involved, for their health as well as their characters may be affected by the foolish wrong which keeps them loitering on the streets when they could be screened from the evils of this by simply throwing open the gates earlier.

Let this be done, and done promptly.

THE CENSUS.

The returns of the blue-coated numberers are now sufficiently in to form some estimate of how many people there are in New York City. At present it looks as if the difference in the two counts would be about 150,000, the policemen seeming to have discovered that many more than Mr. PORTER'S enumerators.

This would make a very comfortable population for a city by itself, and certainly more than justifies the new enumeration. The policemen have done their work well, and can go back to their beats when the census is over with a proud satisfaction.

WHERE THE TARIFF PINCHES.

It would seem a natural law of economics that what taxes the majority of the people and bears on the necessaries of life should be lighter than the impost on the luxuries and things which affect the smaller, but richer portion of a country's inhabitants.

The McKinley tariff works the other way. The common grades of goods are more heavily taxed than the finer ones, so that the burden is put where it can be least readily borne. The manufacturers may be soothed but the people may deservedly wince.

Buenos Ayres is agitated at the prospect of more trouble. The soldiery was increased in the city and the police were armed with Remingtons. A South American Government may well fear an outbreak, for the spasmodic revolutionary movements in those countries generally result in bloodshed. Citizens of the United States may console themselves with their security against this sort of outbreak anyhow. It is to be hoped that Buenos Ayres may escape harm.

The horse which trots a mile in quicker time than any other horse has ever made it has the record for the fastest animal. This seems to be the simple criterion, and comment on the shape of the track as a condition affecting the question of record seems arbitrary and wrong.

The President has been received on his Western tour very favorably. One aged man called him "BEN," and a woman claimed relationship with him on the ground that her grandfather and his ate roast pig together! No wonder "BEN" was "visibly affected."

"Jack the Hair Cutter" is not as blood-curdling a name as "Jack the Ripper, but he is scaring the Detroit girls with fine heads of hair. He catches them and cuts their tresses off. This is all the harm he does, but the girls don't like it.

Manufacturers have decided that shoes must be sold at advanced rates. The retailers protest, and they who must purchase shoes, and there are not many who go barefooted, must make a goodly chorus of reclamation.

A good deal of sweetness will disappear from the force with Capt. IRA S. GARLAND's retirement on his sixtieth year of age. He always had his drawer stuffed full of bonbons.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Mrs. Grant's Literary Effort—Red Homespun Stylish for Cloaking—The Era of Pins Fast Disappearing—Archery in England.

In Paris it is now customary to place on graves a metal box with a slit in the lid to receive the cards of visitors. It is needless to say that no one expects or wishes their call to be returned. The motive for this singular proceeding is that the relatives of the departed one may see who among their friends cherish the memory of the deceased.

Mrs. Gen. Grant contributes an article entitled the "Home Life of Gen. U. S. Grant," to the October *Home Maker Magazine*, with the very remarkable signature of "Penelope Grant." This is the first of a series of articles which, when completed, will form the memoirs that Mrs. Grant has been preparing for the past year. The first instalment is unique, to speak mildly.

Let the woman who has no mission or hobby or craze to conquer take comfort and sing with the poet:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.

The precept of "plain living and high thinking" is unfortunately out of date.

Miss Helen Leah Reed, who took the Sargent prize for her Horace translation, is now the literary editor of the Boston *Advertiser*.

A pretty typewriter girl sat at her machine playing a wind-like waltz over the keys, when a quiet, serious man in a suit of overalls stepped up and motioned her to stop. The small white hands went down, the soft brown eyes were raised, and to their inquiring look, he asked: "Will you be my wife? I haven't any time for courtship and that kind off stuff. If you want to get married, say so, and I'll treat you well."

A wave of scarlet passed over the lovely brunette face, the eyes dropped, and a very sweet voice said: "I would like to think it over."

"How long?"

"This evening."

She thought about it, thought affirmatively, and to-day she is Mrs. Thomas Edison, queen of all the Oranges.

A nice girl compositor was working at her case busily one day some years ago when she saw a certain good-looking man whose acquaintance she afterwards made. In course of time the two were married and the girl became Mrs. Miller. Now the nice girl printer's husband is Governor of North Dakota.

According to a London manufacturer of archery implements, ladies have betaken themselves once more to the target and bow and arrow. During the country-house season a considerable number of orders come in from owners of large English country seats, while to the colonies and the Continent generally, and to America and Austria in particular, are shipped large consignments of bows, along with the arrows, quivers, and other etceteras of the game which delighted our Norman ancestors. Pretty women are still well aware that a trim figure seldom shows to better advantage than in the act of aiming an arrow at a target—which may be on a tripod or under the fifth rib.

A few years ago woman was all pins. Now there isn't a pin in her whole composition and only a few buttons. She is tailor-made, her skirts are caught together with hooks and her "bodies" with frogs and tabs.

Red homespun is considered very stylish for cloaking.

Blanketing cloths in rich plaids are used for bath robes, lounging robes and all-round cloaks.

Good nursing is the best part of medicine. Simple remedies are within the reach of every one and, if resorted to in time, will save many a dollar in doctors' bills. The money thus saved will prove a blessing to many people who, in order to settle the doctor's claim, are oblized to deny themselves that which is necessary to their comfort. Cold in the head is not only annoying, but likely to develop into catarrh. One teaspoonful of mustard dissolved in a tumblerful of cold water and used as a gargle three times a day will often effect a speedy cure. In more obstinate cases, equal parts of loaf sugar and pulverized alum, used as a snuff, will give instant relief. Fever and restlessness in children is frequently caused by indigestion. If you find the skin of the little one hot and dry, remember, if you can, what she ate for supper. Give the child a warm bath, then give it a cup half full of warm water to drink. In a few minutes the undigested food will be thrown off the stomach and the child will soon be sleeping soundly. A dose of magnesia, about half a teaspoonful, given in the morning before breakfast, will probably restore to the child its usual health; but should fever and nausea continue during the day following the attack, send for a physician, who will undoubtedly approve of what you have done; and, should the symptoms develop into scarlet fever, measles, chicken pox or any of the diseases to which children are liable, the attack will probably be of a mild nature. Nearly one-half the population are afflicted with neuralgic pains. Instead of sending for the doctor, who will probably prescribe a plaster and a dose of medicine, we advise the sufferer to heat a flat-iron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part, then move the iron to and fro on the flannel. The pain will cease almost immediately. We have seen the most painful cases of neuralgia relieved in less than ten minutes.

"BLUE JEANS."

A worthy successor to that interesting melodrama, "Good Old Times," has been found in "Blue Jeans," which was presented at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night for the second time. It is described as a "sensational comedy-drama" in four acts, and is from the pen of Joseph Arthur, whose name is expected to go down to posterity as the author of "The Still Alarm."

In "Blue Jeans" Mr. Arthur has done work of which he may be justly proud. It is extremely interesting, brightly written, vigorously assertive and full of real human interest, as opposed to artificial stage interest. Many of Mr. Arthur's characters are sketched from nature, but not in the weary, pointless fashion that Mr. Barnard in "Mary Lincoln, M. D.," tried to thrust down our throats. Mr. Arthur has not dabbled in the petty details of nature. It is possible to mature these very faithfully and still be completely wearisome, and that is where Mr. Barnard made his mistake.

The love interest in "Blue Jeans" is not particularly lucid. Perry Bascom is a trifle too "Kreutzer-Sonata"-ish in his treatment of women. First of all he falls inexplicably in love with the village beauty Sue, who does a skirt dance. That alone should be sufficient to keep any sensible man from her side. After a brief spell of happiness, he discovers that Sue has had a husband. Thereupon he immediately hates her and never wants to see her face again.

Then he falls fearfully in love with a country lass called June. He marries her. Three months after the marriage they are living a cat and dog life. He is fearfully jealous and is manifesting all the symptoms of Tolstoi's hero. He is cleared up as the play ends, of course. Perry Bascom, however, is by no means well drawn.

In the third act is the sensation of "Blue Jeans," and it is distinctly worth mentioning because it is highly ingenious. Perry's rival finds him in a sawmill. The two fight. Perry becomes unconscious. The rival places him in front of the saw and sets the machinery in motion. June is locked in the office. Just as the motion of the works has brought Perry's inert body to within a few inches of the revolving saws June rushes out and saves him. Of course, there is a comic side to all this, but in a wild appreciation of the novelty no audience could think of it. The situation is clever. Mr. Arthur must be congratulated.

One of the charms of "Blue Jeans," in my opinion, is the non-conspicuous, non-aggressive villains. They are not always rushing on in kid gloves and a foiled-again expression. The man who attempts Perry's life is not uninteresting, while the villainess, Sue, is a woman in spite of all.

This is a great point. Melodrama's only hope, I believe, is its freedom from that lurid criminality that has caused it to become food for the burlesquers. Mr. Arthur evidently realizes this, and he shows that it is possible to be sensational and sensible at the same time. "Blue Jeans" is as far superior to the melodramas that Mr. French has taken the trouble to import as "The Maister of Woodbarrow" is to "A Rag Baby."

The cast is an excellent one. Robert Hilliard, who is rapidly becoming an actor, did extremely well as Perry Bascom, and W. J. Wheeler, as Isaac Hawkins, is a worthy disciple of Denman Thompson. The surprise of the evening to me was Miss Jennie Yeamans, whose work as June was an artistic treat. Miss Yeamans was delightfully natural and entertaining. Miss Judith Berolde as Sue was sufficiently fascinating, and Miss Laura Burt, in two little sketches, manifested versatility. George D. Chaplin, as the politician, was clever, and Jacques Kruger did well with an unnecessary part.

The third act is far too long and spoils the effect of the play. It ought to be hacked at very mercilessly, as it ruins many of Mr. Arthur's illusions. The quartet might very advantageously be omitted, and Mr. Kruger's part robbed of some of its ministerial allusions. These are not funny, and have been done to death. ALAN DALE.

SPOTLETS.

Now that Utah has given up its excess of married state it may look to having a place among the United States.

Naturally the contestants in a pedestrian match look to getting gait receipts.

In some of the downtown alleys the bowling is done entirely at the bars.

Why is a man killed by the cable-cars like a transatlantic message? Because he is despatched by the cable.

Although she's fast, and smokes all day,
Met look on her with proud emotion;
Admired by all she makes her way—
The steamer called the "Queen of Ocean."
—*Puck.*

A man named Knapp has complained of a lively cornet-player. It is hard to have a nap in sound of a cornet.

"You are one of the worst cases of consumption I ever saw," she said, to a tramp who asked for another piece of pie.

What ailed the first census count was the Porter in it. Ale and Porter make an 'ale and 'alf sort of thing.

When a man breaks his record a surgeon is of no avail.

The lake ports are full of barley. A good port is not improved by barley.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Our Office Boy.

We see him in the cashier's seat
With fade I sofa lined,
And on his head the cattle-cal hat
Some drummer left behind.

We see him Mondays in our frock
And Tuesdays in our sack,
We see our old acquaintances on
His sturdy little back.

We see him smoking cigarettes,
Then we hear him swear,
We catch him reading "Deadeye Dick"
Upon the office chair.

We see him every Saturday,
He hangs around in vain
The "three cent coins" he talks about,
And carries home to "maw."

We see him grave, we see him gay,
In sunshine and in rain,
But when we send out on errands
We look for him in vain.
—Tom Masson, in the Cracker and Breaker.

A Disappointment.

"I love," she said, and in his eyes
There came a look of glad surprise,
"I love a man, it's good,
Where I can sit and read a book!"
And then his face was sorrow-lined,
As the reason the girl for wife
An article, stress, science had sought,
For its sad death unknowingly wrought.
—B. G. Rolfe.

Better.

Better to smile while we live than frown,
Better to love than to gain renown.

Better to comfort some aching heart,
Than to do in battle a warrior's part.

Better some narrow path to tread,
Than a hideaway ending in shame and dread.
—Annie Isaac Stirling, in Youth's Companion.

He Was Safe.

He'd stolen third, Jim Casey had,
He had paid his big entrance fee,
One eye had parted out of place,
The barbarian's shoe had grazed his face,
And he's going with shortstop Quinn
His assessment had been sent in,
And yet, while surgeons bathed his head—
"The man is safe," the umpire said.
—London Gazette.

MUNSELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL lulls the infant into a healthful sleep. Price 25 cents a bottle.

ROBBED OF THEIR BENEFITS.

A Complaint in Regard to the Evening High Schools.

They Open Too Early for Young People Who Work All Day.

The position taken by THE EVENING WORLD in regard to the opening of the Public Schools early in the morning has brought letters from another class of pupils urging a reform in another direction.

They are in regard to the opening of the Evening High Schools. It is urged that the schools open too early in the evening to benefit the great majority of those whom they are intended to benefit.

Two of these letters are printed below, and it will be observed that the reasons advanced for opening the schools a half hour later in the evening are very good ones.

The object of the evening schools being to afford instruction for those unable to secure it in the day schools, it may well be claimed that the hours should be fixed so as to enable those for whom the schools are intended to take advantage of them.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your advocacy of an early opening of our daily public schools suggests an arrangement that would prove highly satisfactory to the working young men of this city. I refer to the opening hour of study in our evening schools.

The hour set for opening is 7 o'clock, a time too early to enable the average worker to reach them with any degree of convenience. Business houses rarely close before 6 or 6.15, and as the average scholar, especially those attending the high schools, do not live in their vicinity, they are forced to either pay a hurried visit to their homes or go without their evening meal.

The high schools are placed in such localities that necessitates some amount of travel from the business center, and through this very reason there are hundreds of young men deprived of the benefits of this otherwise most excellent system.

I believe but a short half hour would remedy all this; that the opening of the schools at 7.30 would prove a boon to the numbers anxious to attend, but prevented by the reason I have stated. There are hundreds who concur in this opinion, which I respectfully present to your notice, begging at the same time your kind consideration and assistance in asking to give the late worker an opportunity to avail himself of this free education. Respectfully yours,

MARCUS BRANDT.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Seeing the great interest your paper is taking in trying to get justice for the school children and have the gates unlocked before 8.15, I wish to call your attention to a matter in which you could greatly benefit a large majority of young men who are in the same position as the school children, only that they want the schools opened later—that is, evening schools.

I would be very happy to go to evening high school, especially as there has been one established in Sixty-third street. As I live in Eighty-fifth street it is certainly preferable to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and I was glad to read the fact that it was to open in the papers, but all my joy was changed to sorrow when I learned that the school opens at 7 o'clock instead of 7.30, as the lower evening schools do.

Now I ask the Board of Education, what is the use of such a school if it opens at a time when two-thirds of the scholars are just arriving at home and trying to get a little supper after a day's hard toil.

How is it possible for these young people to come uptown, eat supper, and go to school in one hour's time, most of the places where the young people are employed closing at 6, and the ride taking at least thirty minutes from the place of business.

Take for instance the young men around the Eightieth streets. Suppose they work as far down as the vicinity of City Hall. It will take them at least forty minutes to get home, fifteen minutes for supper and twenty minutes to walk down to Sixty-third street, therefore landing them at the school at 7.15.

Now, wouldn't it be of greater benefit if the school opened at 7.30? We Eightieth street people would at least get a chance to get down in time and not lose fifteen to twenty-five minutes, especially as the rules of the school do not permit the scholar to attend the first hour unless he is present at 7.15 sharp—almost an impossibility for me.

If you wish we will get a petition signed by a few hundred young men who are all in the same position, and who cannot obtain the benefits of the school on account of these obstacles. We hope you will give this matter your kind attention. Very sincerely,

S. T., A. S., S. R., residents of Eighty-fifth street.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Gen. John N. Knapp, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, is here, and will establish headquarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for the campaign. The State Committee proposes to do some effective work in the Congressional and Assembly districts.

It is hinted that the Counties will indorse Jacob Kunzeman, the Yeorbis candidate for the Assembly in the Fourteenth Assembly District.

Tammany Hall's office-holders have recently been favored with the annual circular letter from Richard Croker, Chairman of the Wigwam Finance Committee, asking for contributions to the campaign fund.

Mr. Croker alleges that much more money than usual will be needed for the coming campaign. The boys cannot understand how this can be under the Ballot Reform law, as there is no opportunity to hire a lot of workers at 50 apiece as formerly.

Tammany Hall will nominate candidates for Congress in the Seventh, Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth districts tonight. Representatives Dunphy, Spinola, Flower and Finch will be renominated.

As the County Democrats refused to accept Amos J. Cummings as a union candidate for renomination in the Ninth Congressional District, he may refuse to run as a Tammany Hall candidate. In case he does refuse Tammany will nominate and elect Judge Barnes, Clerk of the Fourth District Civil court.

WORLDLINGS.

There are fifteen millionaires in the Senate of the United States, the richest of them all being Leland Stanford. In the house there are only four or five men who are rated as worth a million or more.

Senator Hearst, of California, made the foundation of his great fortune as a mining prospector and "grub-staker." He is the only one of the "mining Senators" who actually wielded a pick and shovel.

The smallest division of money in Montana is a "bit." Two "bits" make a quarter, which purchases a drink of whiskey and a cigar. Higher wages are paid there for unskilled labor than in any other State, but there is enough gambling and drinking prevalent to offset the increase in wages.

The real name of John Fiske, the historian, essayist and college professor, is Edmund Fisk Green. He changed his name when a boy, upon the death of his father and the remarriage of his mother.

A correspondent who recently saw "Ouida," describes her as a "square, yellow woman, with short, obstinate hair," who was dressed in a bonnet that was a "huge bower of green reeds and scarlet poppies." She is usually accompanied by a couple of dogs.

A Rival of Johnston.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Judge (to burglar)—It has been proven that you made a burglarious entrance into a jewelry store on Broadway and forced the safe open. What defense have you to offer?

Burglar—Please, Your Honor, I am not a burglar. I'm a mind-reader. It was a combination safe and I opened it blindfolded, on a bet.

Judge—Well, I'll bet you don't open any more for a good while. Safes are safer with such mob as you in Sing Sing.

THE SHADOW AND HIS WORK.

Hardest Kind of Detective Duty, and How It Is Done.

Rain or Shine, His "Suspect" Must Ever Be Kept in Sight.

"The 'shadow,' if he does his work properly, performs the hardest kind of labor," said Thomas E. Lonergan, of Mooney & Foland's detective agency, yesterday to a Chicago *News* reporter.

"There is nothing poetic or romantic about the business, either. The really romantic shadow, like the really romantic and supernaturally clever detective, is found only between the yellow covers of the blood-curdling dime novel or upon the boards of the variety theatre. Yet probably nine people out of ten believe in him as they have read of him."

"There isn't anything in this shadow who is a lightning change artist, then?"

"Pshaw, no," and the ex-Chief of the Western Branch of the United States Secret Service laughed softly. "His work is the hardest drudgery. He is the excavator who makes the cellar-holes in which the foundations of cases are laid. He works up the material with which the detective works.

"For instance, a big suspect is to be trapped by a detective. For weeks the shadow follows him, never approaching close to him, never speaking to him. He learns the suspect's habits from his close watch, he finds out the class of men with whom he associates, he learns what games he plays, what class of plays he attends, what his hours are, what his disposition is. All this is imparted to a detective, who can then perhaps become a congenial companion to the suspect, later on a bosom friend and confidant.

"Take the work of a shadow to-day, for instance. He must so follow his man that no suspicions will be aroused. He probably follows his man on the opposite side of the street, which on days like this is always the sunny side. Perhaps his man goes into a house. Mr. Shadow must so station himself that he may command a view of the entrance, even at the sacrifice of his own comfort. Perhaps the shadowed man comes out and takes a cab. The shadow must follow it, keeping it always in sight, and he may run for blocks before he, too, can get a cab. Oh, it's no 'snap,' this shadow business."

"Is the shadow often discovered at his work?"

"Not often, for the average man goes about his business without its ever occurring to him that he's being followed. I have no doubt that you could be shadowed for weeks and never dream of it unless some one called your attention to a man who was always around where you were.

"How is it with hardened and professional criminals?"

"Oh, they, of course, are suspicious. They are constantly on the watch for shadows, and the work becomes difficult. But we don't have much of that to do. A big share of our shadow work is done at the order of lawyers who are laying the foundations of a case."

"The business must give rise to some funny incidents?"

"Yes, some, but not many. It is exceedingly commonplace and not at all sensational. I remember, though, of a fellow who came to me in search of a job when I was in St. Louis. He had the most unique recommendation you ever heard of, too."

Mr. Lonergan is an excellent story-teller, and his friends gave their chairs a hitch nearer when they heard this evidence that he was in a reminiscent vein. The job-seeker in question, it developed, was a long, lean, lank, cadaverous type of the Wisconsin farmer, with an eye that was wrong foot—that is, didn't line with the other one.

"'I'm lookin' fer a feller named Lonergan,' he said, as he tipped his weather-beaten felt hat.

"'My name is Lonergan,' came the answer.

"'You ain't the feller I know. I 'uster work fer a feller by that name, and bein' as I was outen a job I thought I cum around and see if you was the feller.'

"'What kind of a man was this Lonergan?'

"'Devilish bad.'

"'Bad?'

"'Yep. But I don't mean morally bad; jist in his bizness. Why, didn't you ever hearn o' his capturin' a gang of twenty-eight counter eiters all alone? Never did? Well, he did; up in the Wisconsin woods. He had to kill a couple on 'em, but he run the rest in.'

"That was very interesting," said Mr. Lonergan, stopping his story, "for I'd never heard it before."

"Yes, he's a daisy," continued the would-be detective. "But I'm no slouch. I'm built for a shadder, too. Now look a year. See that eye? That's a glass eye. Spect yer wouldn't aknowed it, though, if I hadn't told yon. Now, 'spose I was a shaddein' a man. Put on a black suit an' silk hat. Follee man for week, an' he tumbles to me. Go back to house. Put on gray suit an' felt hat. Take out eye. Put it on bureau. Find man agin'. He's lookin' for man with black suit an' silk hat. Sees one-eyed man. Don't suspect him. Finally takes a tumble to one-eyed man in gray suit and felt hat. Go home and put on brown suit and stiff hat. Put in eye again. All right again."

"And so he went on," continued Mr. Lonergan, "and he was in dead earnest. I've often wished since that I had hired him.

"But that gives you an inkling as to the popular idea of the shadow."

Must Have Been in Boston.

(From the Pittsburg Dispatch.)

"Does oo love oo mammy?" murmured the fond mother to her flaxen-haired two-year-old.

The baby squirmed.

"Do's mammy's itsy-bitsy-tootsy-cootsy, oo?"

The baby squirmed again.

"And oo loves oo mammy fusser lot, mammy's little baby."

The baby threw up its hands. "Oh, come off," it yelled, "don't you see I'm right in the middle of the 'Kreutzer Sonata.' Now, don't disturb me again."

It Pays to Advertise.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

Cumso—You can't convince me that it doesn't pay to advertise.

Banks—Why not?

Cumso—I advertised for a watchman for my store when the position became vacant, and I was robbed the very next night after the advertisement appeared.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

"Billy" Lloyd handles his fists with the science of a Jack Dempsey. He uses a good deal of "head work" in his method. He weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds and is one of the cleverest dollars with the mitts in the Greenpoint Athletic Club.

"Sammy" Kelly is diminutive, but, oh my! When he gets on the gloves he rattles around the boxing arena like a pea on a hot griddle. He seems to be all over at once. He scales a trifle over one hundred pounds and isn't very long. He belongs to the Excelsior Athletic Club.

Alderman Walton Storm, who shines in the executive department of the Manhattan Athletic Club, is a strong advocate of reform as applied to eliminating all trace of professionalism from amateur athletics. He is Treasurer of the Club.

H. H. Janeway, one of Princeton's famous "rushers," who distinguished himself so many a football field, graduated from college last Spring. He is now the right bower of the Manhattan Athletic Club football team, of which he is director.

STOICS AT A HORSE RACE.

The Solemn Way in Which the Osage Indians Gamble.

Races in Which Their All Is Staked Run Without a Sound.

Out on the knee-deep prairie the Indians are going to have a horse race, writes a Medicine Lodge correspondent of the Kansas City *Star*. The American savage may lack in many matters; his notions of personal cleanliness may be strange and distant; his industrial habits lack in wild extravagance; we may miss in him the lighter graces of the mind, but in those generous instincts which mark the sporting gentleman he is full bro her to the best.

The Osages have an aphorism which in English verse would read something like this:

Count that day lost,
Whose low-descending sun
Sees by thy hand
No worthy horse race won.

Every day witnesses a scrub race or two between rival ponies of the same band, and now and then some stranger Indian or some roving paleface, filled with guile and riding a scrubby pony which, though he don't look it, is a shooting star for speed, will make a match with him.

If an Indian is not crowded for time he does his racing just as the sun goes down, and, as he never gets "real busy" except on those occasions when some one tries to kill him, the horse-races occur at that hour. The course is short—440 yards—the race a dash and run straight away from west to east.

The event to-day is going to be run by a big roan pony belonging to the Strike Axe band of Osages and a little chestnut, with eyes of velvet and coat as soft and silky as a seal's, the chattel of one Oldham.

This Oldham is a white man, and if looks prove aught, is eke a robber and worker of frontier "sure things." He has come to pull on a race with the Osages and make of them a prey and spoil. This he does to the taste and plaudit of a queen.

In two minutes his challenge to run a horse against his chestnut is accepted by the Osages and $200 on a side is posted.

As the hour comes nigh all the bucks of the band, some mounted, some on foot, adjourn to the race track. They number perhaps two hundred, and in their red blankets with bare and befeathered heads look gaudy and barbaric.

There is no laughing and but little talking, and everything has the grave air of business.

The racers are brought out, looked over and examined with hand and eye by the spectators, and then a red blanket is spread on the ground and the outside betting begins.

This outspread blanket is the aboriginal pool-box, and a solemn looking buck, who, being in straitened circumstances, can make no bets himself, is set to watch the money and remember the bets.

No percentage or emolument flows to this poor person and his post as lookout is purely honorary.

The betting blanket being spread and ready, as soon as some buck's opinion of the ponies becomes a conviction his right hand will be withdrawn from the deep recesses of his blanket clutching a five or a ten, or, in cases where he is desperately sure, a twenty-dollar bill.

This bread he casts upon the waters of the coming race, and grunting his choice of ponies to the lookout, stalks away again, calm in a faith that it will, in deference to Osage scripture, return again at no distant day.

The next bettor, with the same amount of money but of different views as to the ponies, puts his wager on the first and that bet is made.

The same thing is repeated again and again, until all the money that is loose for the purpose—in this case about $600—is up and, the judges getting notice of this, the contest is called.

A line is drawn across the course, and the judges—six in all—sit three on each side of the course so the ponies at the finish run between them.

When everything is prepared the backs of the rivals are enriched by excuses for saddles, diminutive in size, with strap loops for stirrups.

A white boy is to ride the chestnut and an Indian boy—a Carlisle student—is to pilot the roan.

The judges, squatted on the grass, grunt a permission and the ponies are led slowly to the upper end of the course where one of the tribal kettle-tenders—a sort of Indian town crier—is posted with a Winchester to give them the start.

The boys are mounted and the ponies, who fully comprehend the business in hand, commence to pitch and struggle to get to running.

As well as they can the boys keep their backs turned to the way they will go, and wheel, whirl and came down the course like ghosts.

The spectators remain near the judges to see the finish and in the brief twenty-five seconds it takes to run the race not a word is said nor shout raised.

As might have been foreseen the chestnut pony runs off from the roan as if the latter were tied to a post and the Osages lose the race.

No one expresses astonishment, disgust or regret. The bet winners come around to the betting blanket and pick up their money, and when the last dollar is counted the lookout arises and, wrapping the pool-box about him, follows the already receding throng to the camp.

Refreshing Simplicity.

(From the Epoch.)

"We shall soon reach a long tunnel," said Algernon to Araminta, on their wedding journey.

"A tunnel?" replied Araminta. "What's that?"

Almost a Rebuke.

(From the Epoch.)

"This is so sudden, George," said the blushing girl. "Let me see: how long have you been visiting me?"

"About ten years, Mary," replied George.

An Optical Advantage.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

"And so Jimpson read his poem to you yesterday? How did you endure it?"

"I just fixed my glass on him, and went to sleep with the other!"

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life from All Over the Country.

The Finding of Fifty Cents Helped a Man to Fortune.

"One day ten years ago, said a Western millionaire to a Chicago *Herald* reporter, "I stood without a nickel and without the door of a restaurant of a restaurant in San Francisco. I was indulging in an optical feast, gazing at the display of uncooked roasts, chops and steaks, garnished with water cresses, and altogether lovely in the window. The song—or rather its refrain—'Thou art so near and yet so far,' was whispered to me by the gaunt brown e of hunger. Then a prosperous-looking man, who was flipping a half dollar in his hand, dropped the coin, which tinkled through an iron grate and fell into the subway below. The man gave an almost glance in the direction the coin had gone, and then walked away humming a popular tune.

"I have always possessed some resource, and I was determined to possess that coin. The occasion is what is frequently spoken of as a ground-hog case. I was 'out of meat,' also bread. I spoke to the proprietor of the place. Told him I had dropped a $5 gold piece through the grate and asked if I might go and retrieve it. 'Certainly,' he said, and gave me a hatchet with which I might remove a wooden bar that had been nailed across a door leading from the basement to the opening under the grate.

"There was much litter and dust down there, and searching for the lost coin I found many others which had been dropped in a similar way. Thus I cleaned up $8 from that prospect drift. The amount supplied me with a place to put my ability-jolted appetite which I had concealed about my person. It also gave me the entree to a clean shirt and a proportionate share of self-reliance. I visited men of influence whom I had not been sufficiently courageous to meet in the immediate heretofore, and I have not been seriously insolvent since that date. Thus you may see on what a slender thread oft hangs a chance in life.

"I have since become acquainted with the man that dropped that half and have several times requited him from one ent vintages of champagne, and he will never become so hungry as I was on the day I first saw him—not while the Gunsight lode does its duty."

COLLEGE CRIES.

The Destinctive Yells That Mark the Schools of Learning.

The *University Magazine* gives the following as the students' "yells" at the principal American and Canadian colleges:

Allegheny—Alleghe! Alleghe! 'rah! boom: Allegheny!

Amherst—'Rah; 'rah-'rah! 'rah; 'rah: Am-h-e-r-s-t!

Bates—B-a-t-e-s! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Boom-a-la-ka! boom-a-la-ka! boom-a-la-ka! boom! Bates! Boom!

Bowdoin—B-o-w-d-o-in! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!

Brown—'Rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!

California—'Ha, 'ha, 'ha! California! V. C. Berkley! Zip! Boom! Ah!

Colby—C-o-l-b-y! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!

Columbia—Hurray, hurray, hurray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!

Cornell—Cornell, Cornell, Cornell! I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!

Dartmouth—Wah, who, wah! Wah, who, wah! Da, didi, Dartmouth! Wah, who, wah!

Dickinson—Rip, 'rah, bus, bis! Dickinsonians!

Georgetown, D. C.—Georgetown, 'rah; Georgetown, 'rah! Georgetown, tiger, sis boom, ah!

Hamilton—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Ham-il-ton! Ham-il-ton! Zip, 'rah, boom!

Harvard—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah! 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Harvard!

Hobart—Hip, Hobart! Hip, Hobart! Hip, ho! Hip, ho! Hip, Hobart!

Indiana—I. U! I. U! I. U! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Saith, boom, bang!

Iowa, University of—S. U. I! S. U. I! gidd, giddy, um! S. U. I!

Kansas, University of—Rock, chalk! Jay h wk! K. U.

Kenyon—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! K-e-n-y-on! Kenyon!

Lafayette—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Tiger! Lafay-ette!

Lehigh—Hoo-rah, h'ray! hoo-rah, h'ray! h'ray, h'ray! Lehigh!

Middlebury—Midd', Midd', Middlebury! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!

Minnesota, University of—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Ask-your-man! Minne-so-ta!

Mt. St. Mary's—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! M-t.-St.-M-a-r-y's!

Naval Academy—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger-Ziz-z-z! boom! ah-h-h!

New York, College of the City of—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! C. C. N. Y.!

New York, University of the City of—'Rah, 'rah 'rah! N. Y. U.! sis! boom! ah-h-h!

Notre Dame—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! U-N-D! U-N-D!

Pennsylvania, University of—Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Penn-syl-va-nia!

Princeton—Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger-s-s-s! boom! ah!

Rochester—Ho!! ho!! ho!! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! Rochester!

Trinity—'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! Trinity! Boom-'rah! boom-'rah!

Tufts—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Tufts!

Union—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! U-n-i-o-n! hikah, hikah, h k-h!

Vermont, University of—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! U.-V.-M.! 'Rah, 'rah!

Virginia, University of—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! U-ni-V! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Var-si-ty! Vir-gin-ia!

Washington and Lee—Chica-a-go-runk! go-runk! go-runk! he, ho, hi, ho! Wash ing-ton and Lee!

Wesleyan University—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Wes-lei-an-s! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!

Williams—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah. Will-yums! yams! yams! Will yums!

Wisconsin, University of—U! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Wis-con-sin!

Rutgers—'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! bowwow, wow! Rutgers!

Stevens Institute—Boom-rah! Boom-rah! Boom-rah! Stevens!

St. John's—S-J! S-J! hip, hip, ho-ray, hooray!

Swarthmore—'Rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Swarthmore, Swarthmore! hoo-rah!

Tennessee, University of—'Rah, 'rah! bim-boom-bee! 'rah, 'rah! Tennessee!

University of the South—'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! U-ni-V. 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! Var-si-ty of the South. Se-wa-nee!

Wooster, University of—'Rah, 'rah!