The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company.

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 8.

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

Vol. 31.....No. 10,733

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—359 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.

RAPID TRANSIT.

The question of Rapid Transit in New York is one which cannot be allowed to suffer any delay in its settlement. Some delay there will be even yet, but it is a delay that can hardly be avoided. But the public voice should be so insistent in its demand for the prompt solution of this problem that it must come.

There is no difference of opinion as to the necessity of Rapid Transit. There is no misconception as to the meaning of the term. Even those who furnish a transportation which they claim to meet the need of the people know perfectly well that it does not.

The difficulty of supplying the material conditions for this expeditious transference between remote points of the city and annexed districts may be great. So was building the Brooklyn Bridge a difficulty that was positively paralyzing to the mind which could grasp the obstacles but lacked the cool nerve and energy to overcome them.

The only points to be considered are that Rapid Transit is a possibility and a necessity. Then the sooner its accomplishment is attempted the better. No other view has any reasonableness in it.

WISE INDIAN MEASURES.

Gen. SCHOFIELD has ordered Gen. MILES, by authority of the President, to appoint a Captain to a military supervision of the Pine Ridge Agency. Caution was enjoined against interfering unnecessarily in the administration of the agents of the Interior Department, while he was allowed certain latitude of military supervision.

The scandal of maltreating the Indians and hoodwinking the Government may be avoided if a strong, decisive policy of this kind is more generally pursued.

Secretary NOBLE is said to have violently opposed the interference with the Department of the Interior by the army authorities. This is not to be wondered at, since such conduct is perfectly in consonance with the course the Secretary has pursued from the start. It is said that he will resign.

This will probably be a very salutary thing for Secretary NOBLE to do. There is a question of equity, of humanity and of decency involved in the Government's treatment of the Indians, and any official who is a wilful obstructionist through sore-headed personal vanity is better out than in. Let us act like a civilized nation.

THE CREMATION OF MISS ABBOTT.

Miss EMMA ABBOTT, the deceased opera-singer, expressed several times during the last years of her life a wish that her remains should be cremated. It is believed that she left in her will instructions that her remains should be incinerated.

The question of the disposal of one's remains should be an entirely personal one. Men have bequeathed their bodies, after death should ensue, to the dissection table with a view that science should profit by the explorations of the scalpel. This may have been painful to surviving relatives, but it was a matter which concerned the persons themselves only.

So it is with cremation. It is a clean, neat, expeditious disposition of human remains which otherwise nature would disintegrate by a slow process, infinitely more revolting to the sensibilities were it appreciated.

Let perfect freedom be accorded the individual in a matter of this kind.

PENSION SHARKS.

Isn't it time that a stop should be put to the persistent bleeding of old soldiers by the sharpers who work the pension business? More injustice has been brought to light. Pension claims which pension agents had utterly failed to secure were obtained through the efforts of Congressmen. Then the Pension Office calmly pocketed $25 from the pension money of each claimant as the fee for the claim agent!

This thing should be stopped at once.

The Long Island Railroad Company set to work laying a new double track last night, taking the precaution of guarding the workmen against interference by a line of detectives. It was feared that Mayor GLEASON would attempt to stop the work which he has steadily opposed. Somehow the Mayor of Long Island City is rather a prominent official, but he does not always stand forth with an aureole of glory around his noble head. Why can't they be peaceful in Long Island City?

To-day is a memorable anniversary. It is the seventy-sixth year since a small but hardy band of Americans under that robust hero, ANDREW JACKSON, won victory from a British force much greater than theirs and drawn from the brawn and bone of England's military ranks. Why should we not recall it with pride?

There have been times when little BOULANGER has been amusing. They are past, and forever. His buncombe manifestos, his pompous grandiloquence to France, his windy assertion of the overpowering value of his smallness are now only tiresome. Disgust is a worse consequence to incur than derision. BOULANGER's assertion that he is still the head of the National Republican party is disgusting.

THE CLEANER.

Samuel Conover, General Inspector for the new parks in the Annexed District and Westchester County is the first of the old park officials to be dismissed. I understand that there are still other heads of bureaus in the Department whose tenure of office is anything but secure.

* * *

George Blake told me a good thing at the Fellowcraft last evening. It was about the first case Gov. Hill had as a budding lawyer. A young negro in a crowd was irritated by some fellow's horseplay, of which he was the butt, and he said to him, menacingly: "If yer do dat agin I'll shoot yer!" The other did it again, whereupon the negro drew his pistol and shot him dead. It was the most full-blooded murder. Gov. Hill advised him to plead guilty of murder in the second degree, as the State might accept this to avoid the expense of the trial. The negro refused point-blank and insisted on being fully and elaborately tried. The Governor worked like a beaver on the case, and by his strenuous efforts got the jury in such a frame of mind that they actually brought in a verdict of manslaughter. He was prepared, of course, for a tearful outburst of gratitude from the coon whose neck he had juggled out of a noose. The acquitted murderer swaggered up to him and said, with the most patronizing arrogance: "See? I was right, boss!"

* * *

At the Woman's Press Club the other evening I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper, who gives promise of great things in the fiction line. Her 1 test novel, "By Whose Hand?" is a very able production and shows imagination as well as taste.

* * *

Should Street-Cleaning Commissioner Beattie inaugurate a better system of superintendence, he might give the city approximately clean streets and find a balance to his credit in the City Treasury at the end of the year. I watched a gang of his men on upper Broadway to-day. So did a foreman of his Department. I saw, though, what his foreman apparently did not care to see. The men were working without spirit and, to make the job last as long as possible, they shovelled the snow two or three times before it was finally deposited in the waiting carts. Had it been a trifle warmer the sun would have cheated them of their employment.

* * *

I can state positively, for the benefit of the reorganizers of the County Democracy, that they need wait no longer to ascertain the intentions of ex-County Clerk Patrick Keenan before searching for a new leader for their Twelfth Assembly District organization. The ticket which will be voted for at the Tammany primary on the 16th inst. has been prepared and Keenan's name is on it. More than that, the names of his chief lieutenants in the district are to be found on the ticket with his. The entire matter has been arranged, and Keenan is to succeed Coroner Daniel Hanly, Jr., as the leader.

* * *

Richard Croker has cried a halt from across the Atlantic, and the Tammany Hall leaders who had the machinery all greased for the disciplining of ex-Register John Reilly, have refrained from applying the power. I am informed, on the best of authority, that no further action will be taken looking to the reorganization of the Tammany Committee in the Fourteenth Assembly District until April 23. Richard Croker will be in New York by that time and settle the difficulty in person.

* * *

Have the public noticed that the members of the notorious 1884 Board of Aldermen, who have remained in retirement so long, are gradually becoming politically prominent again? Tommy Sheils has dared to run for Alderman, and came very near being elected. Pat Farley backed an independent candidate for Congress against Tim Campbell. Arthur J. McQuade helped elect an Alderman last November, and is now attempting the deposition of John Reilly as a Tammany Hall leader. Thomas Cleary is mentioned as the possible leader in the First Assembly District of the new County Democracy. And now comes Thomas Rothman, who, it is said, aspires to succeed Jake Patterson as the Republican leader in the Tenth Assembly District.

* * *

The announcement of the death of ex-Attorney-General Charles Devens recalls to my mind an incident in his career as a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. It came his turn to preside over the session for the hearing of divorce cases. On opening court Judge Devens said to members of the Bar: "I shall depart this term from the custom that has prevailed in trying this class of cases. In the interest of public morals I shall, in every instance where the statutory ground for divorce is proven, issue process of the Court to hold the party proven guilty for the action of the Grand Jury." The docket for that term of the Court was cleared in days when it ordinarily took weeks.

SPOTLETS.

Several casualties to New Year resolutions are reported. The resolvers are doing "as well as could be expected."

* * *

A prima donna leads an airy existence.

* * *

There seems to be a mistake about the difficulty in keeping a new diary. It is when it is a little old that it is hard to keep.

* * *

"He doesn't love the ground she treads on, but the corner lot she owns," said Goodword about a devoted young man.

* * *

Alack and alas for my broken purse!
She'll go to the play, or I'll grease!
The combination couldn't be worse—
A lack and a lass! —*Puck.*

* * *

A man is warranted in being a see-tarian in the matter of champagne.

* * *

Some people cling to the idea that a nice Indian is an Indian on ice.

* * *

Don't be equivocal in your compliments. A girl told a fellow that he flattered her, and with the best intention in the world he said it was hard to speak of her and not do that. She got mad.

* * *

No, Mary Ann. Baking powder will not make your husband rise in the morning.

* * *

The man "who didn't know it was loaded" must be off on a vacation.

WORLDLINGS.

Three of the richest women in Philadelphia are Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, with $3,000,000; Mrs. Joseph Harrison, with $2,000,000, and Mrs. Baldwin, who has a fortune of $2,000,000.

An interesting sight in some of the cemeteries of Kansas is the pine-board advertisements of undertakers and tombstone manufacturers tacked up on trees by enterprising advertisers.

Rudyard Kipling is rather shy in manner and somewhat self-conscious. He wears a pair of spectacles with divided lens and has a cynical look. He is twenty-five years old.

Fannie Edgar Thomas, the newspaper correspondent, makes her home with Ella Wheeler Wilcox, her patroness. Miss Thomas is a clever pianist as well a writer and speaks German and French fluently.

A jeweller says that it is a rare thing for him to sell a solid gold watch-chain. Everybody buys the plated article nowadays, even those people who are well able to afford the solid.

At Vassar.

[*From Puck.*]

"Who was Psyche?"

"Psyche was the inventor of a style of headdress and the wife of Psycho, the god of Hypnotism."

ALL uneasiness and wakefulness in children relieved by MORELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25c.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Rubbers Going Out of Date—Ethel Field's Diamonds—Delicious Orange Pie—Pearl Neck Chains—Census of Discharged Employees.

Although the petticoat stubbornly refuses to be banished the equestrian tights are rampant. They may be bought as low as $2.50, and one pair has the warmth of five skirts and treble the comfort and freedom. All-wool finer grade sell at $3, and silk and wool mixed at $7.50. For general wear they come in black and dark brown. Evening goods for full dress may be had in white cream and delicate pink and blue.

When Miss Ethel Field, of Chicago, was married she wore an aigrette of diamond swallows in her hair, the value of which would purchase a choice building lot in Harlem. She is only seventeen years of age, and her father was obliged to accompany the young groom in order to get the marriage certificate. Mr. Marshall Field has the largest dry-goods store in the world, and if his fortune continues to accumulate as it has in the past twenty years his two children, Marshall Field, jr., and Ethel Field Tree, will rank among the golden aristocracy of the age. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tree will live abroad and spend the money that ex-Minister Lambert Tree and Marshall Field earned in America.

Very pretty neck chains are of pearls strung on gold wire and sufficiently long to encircle the neck more than once, the last row to hang low in the front. Many of these chains have also pendants. These pendants are either heart or flower-shaped, and are of gold or moonstone set with pearls or other jewels.

To make an orange pie that is delicious, mix a tablespoonful of corn starch with a little cold water, and put into a cup of boiling water till it thickens. When cold add the juice of one sour orange, a little of the grated peel of a sweet one, and the yolks of two eggs. Bake with one crust in a slow oven. When done, beat the whites of the eggs, with a spoonful of sugar, to a stiff froth, spread it on the pie and brown slightly in the oven.

The introduction of the calfskin boot and its adoption by women of fashion and athletic and English propensities has ruined the rubber shoe business. In a large Sixth avenue shop not one pair of sandals or footholds is sold in a day; fleece-lined rubbers are rarely called for by regular customers, and the Boston overshoes that cost $3 a pair to manufacture have no sale at all. The fact is, women are getting sensible. They have come to know that rubber clothing is not the best, and that one pair of easy fitting, low-heeled boots is preferable to rubber soles, more convenient and better for comfort. These calfskin boots are reserved exclusively for the street. Often the fair traveller shoes herself with straight goat, made with soft kid top and light cork soles.

The chatelaine is growing, not only in number, but in variety. Tinkling cymbals announce the coming of the girl of your heart, and there is nothing you can ask for that will not be produced from amid the curious collection that depends on the chains of my lady's chatelaine.

At a rough estimate 12,000 young women were thrown out of employment the last of the year from the retail dry-goods stores between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, Broadway and Sixth avenue. One firm alone dismissed 1,100 women and girls and another 700. These unfortunate little martyrs of commerce and circumstances were for the most part "extras," hired in November and December for the holiday trade at salaries that barely paid for carfare, lunches and the wear and tear of clothing. One manager, when approached on the subject, said: "I was ashamed to tell a girl who wanted an engagement the wages, and so dismissed her. It was less than her living would cost. And yet what can I do? If women offer to come here and clerk for 50 cents a day, why should I offer her $1?" The trouble is women do not properly value themselves. They are alone in the world, dependent on their own energies; they want a chance, a footing, an opening—anything that will enable a beginning. In their desperation they will work for almost nothing, and once in a position, have not the bravery to assert themselves by properly valuing their services. Time goes on, the starvation wages are accepted, and not only does the individual suffer, but the whole community of labor is affected by the lower standard of resulting prices. What the working girls of New York need is less poetry, less kitchen gardening, less æstheticism, less patronage and a regular lecture on business tactics. She has no library, she does not take a newspaper, and if she is to know her worth, the value of honest, earnest labor and the relation her skill and industry bear to capital, she must be instructed by sermon, speech or address. As it is she is groping in the dark and growing the plant of experience for herself, but it is sad gardening, for there are thorns instead of fruit and in the leaves is poison.

Your Duty

If you suffer from scrofula, salt rheum or any other form of disease caused by impure blood to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Because, it has cured thousands of others of the most serious blood diseases, and

Because, if you give it a fair trial it is reasonably certain to do you good.

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

THE MAYORS' LAMPS.

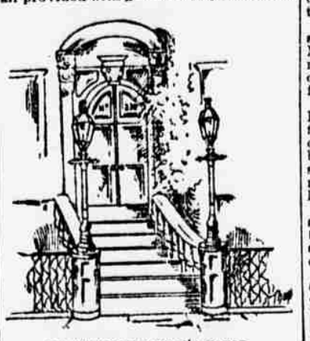
Beacons That Mark the Homes of the City's Chief Magistrates.

A Pretty Custom That Has Survived for a Generation.

Plain and Ornate Illuminators of the Official Portals.

A pretty custom, so ancient that the oldest inhabitant hath no memory of its birth, is that of designating and distinguishing the house that shelters the Mayor of this great municipality by the erection of a gas lamp on either side of its portals.

"When I was appointed Superintendent of Lamps by Street Commissioner Edward Cooper in 1858," says Supt. Stephen McCormick, "I found that there were on my list two gas lamps in front of the house of Mayor Daniel F. Tieman, in Manhattanville, near One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street; two others before the stately three-story and hip-roofed mansion of ex-Mayor Jacob A. Westervelt, at 308 East Broadway, and four before the house of ex-Mayor Fernando Wood, on the Bloomingdale road, all provided with gas at the city's expense.



EX-MAYOR WICKHAM'S HOUSE.

"I made inquiry of those old in the office, and was told by each that it was a custom long ante-dating their memories, that as soon as a new Mayor assumed the robes of office the Lamp Department set up two lamps before his house, and that delicacy, or a feeling of local pride, or fealty to the office, or to the man who had honored it, deterred the Superintendent of Lamps from cutting off the gas.

"In the earlier times, I was told, the Mayors' lamps bore on their glass faces the coat of arms of the city, but these old fellows had all passed away, like the Mayors in whose honor they had been erected.

"Nearly all the Mayors within my memory have had the lamps, and the houses of some Mayors long dead are still made brighter at night by the glare of the old lamps, though they are no longer maintained at the city's expense."

Cornelius Lawrence, the first elected Mayor of New York, lived at 354 Broadway, two blocks above the Astor House; Aaron Clark, at 102 Liberty street; Isaac L. Varian, in Sixth avenue, near Twenty-sixth street; Caleb S. Woodhull, at 24 Beekman street; James Harper, one of the founders of the great publishing house, who was Mayor in 1844-5, in Rose street, and Andrew Mickle, at 1 Broadway, where Cyrus Field's sky-scraping building now greets the eye of the transatlantic traveller.

All had "Mayors' lamps," but they and the mansions are now only things of history, for the teeming marts of trade have long since usurped their places.

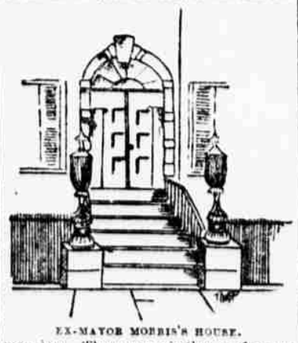
EX-MAYOR HARPER'S HOUSE.

James Harper, however, removed to one of those homely, plain, brick, high-stooped houses fronting on quiet Gramercy Park, and with the family went the lamps, but to be connected with Mr. Harper's private gas main—and to this day, or perhaps this night would be more in keeping, they serve as a beacon to belated pedestrians.

These lamps are of the pattern known to the second period of Mayors' lamps. They have four faces, keystone in shape and bound in black iron. A golden eagle spreads his wings from the apex of each lamp, and the posts are solid castings, ornamented with filigree work.

William F. Havemeyer was first elected Mayor in 1845, and served four years. He lived at that time at 93 Vandam street in "Greenwich." The house long ago succumbed to the advance of progress, and a row of four-story flats now occupies the site.

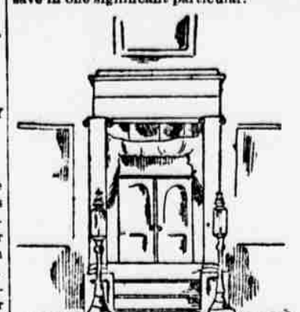
Mr. Havemeyer moved his family to 335 West Fourteenth street, and when he was again called to the chief magistracy of the city in 1874 new lamps were placed on the newel posts in front of the fine old



EX-MAYOR MORRIS'S HOUSE.

mansion. These are similar to those at Mayor Harper's house, as are also those before the brown-stone residence of ex-Mayor William H. Wickham, 358 Lexington avenue, and those that adorn the balustrade of the residence still occupied by the family of the late Mayor Ambrose C. Kingsland, 114 Fifth avenue, and the lamplighter, on his rounds, never fails to light these Mayors' lamps at even, nor to extinguish them again in the early dawn, though they are no longer city lamps, but private ones.

There are twin houses at 32 and 34 Varick street, opposite the New York Central freight house, that stands where once was beautiful St. John's Park—twins save in one significant particular.



EX-MAYOR COOPER'S HOUSE.

Growing out of the top of the newel posts at each fine old high-roofed residence are iron vines, in an iron frame. At No. 34 the vines bear fruit in the shape of iron pineapples on the apex of the frame, but at No. 32 the pineapples are gone, and there is a gaspipe running down through the labyrinth of vines and through the post.

In place of the pineapples, the city once set Mayor's lamps, for Mayor Robert H. Morris once lived here with the Selignans, the Dixes, John Ericsson and other somebodies of half a century ago for neighbors.

Mayor Smith Ely never had any lamps. He was a poor bachelor boarding with a family at 132 East Twenty-third street, opposite Dr. Dixon's Baptist Church, and bachelors don't always count. Mr. Ely still boards in the same house, but no monument—that is to say, no Mayor's lamps—marks the spot.

Mayor A. Oakey Hall was eccentric, and wouldn't have any lamps set up before his house in West Forty-second street when he was incumbent of the office in 1868-9.

The late John T. Hoffman lived at the Clarendon Hotel, Union square, when he was Mayor, and there were already two brilliant lights at the entrance, so Mayor Hoffman got no lights from the city.

When Edward Cooper became Mayor and Supt. McCormick's man went to take his measure for illuminators he ran against a man of taste. Mayor Cooper didn't like to have his homelike Washington

EX-MAYOR GRACE'S HOUSE.

Square residence hoodooed by the grim sentinels that custom had sanctioned, and so he had lamps of a new design. They are cubes in shape, but cubes of purest crystal, and they are the prettiest Mayors' amps in town.

Mayor Grace had an idea of his own, also, and there stand at the foot of the broad steps leading up to his beautiful Berea granite residence at 31 East Thirty-eighth street, two stately beacons. The lamps have large spherical globes, held in frames of burnished bronze, on posts of bronze in graceful design. Mayor Grace's lamps cost $326, according to the records, and are the most expensive of all the Mayors' lamps.

Mayor Franklin Edson, a plain man, was content with the regulation Mayor's lamps, and they still stand before his residence at Morris Dock. They cost $103.

In 1886 Abram S. Hewitt began his term as Mayor, and as Architects McKim and White were remodelling his house at 9 Lexington avenue he decided to have lamps in keeping with the rest of the surroundings, and Mrs. Hewitt designed two very black little lanterns for the place of honor.

They are the smallest and most dim of all the Mayors' lamps, emitting only just enough light to emphasize the darkness about them, but by day they are very pretty, though decidedly grim. Mayor Hewitt didn't like the idea of the city paying for his lamps, so he footed the bill himself.

EX-MAYOR HEWITT'S HOUSE.

Our present bachelor Mayor rather likes "All the Comforts of Home," and when he built his beautiful Long Meadow freestone house, at 261 West Seventy-third street, he made every room cosy and every feature a work of art.

Lamps were specially designed for the portals, and they are very pretty. They are of jack-lustre black iron, with plenty of glass, and stand on posts of iron not more than four feet high from the arms to the stoop. They cost $221.

The lamps at the homes of ex-Mayors Cooper, Grace and Hewitt are still fed from the city's mains and at the expense of the city. Under the contracts with the Equitable they cost $12 each per year, and those fed by the Consolidated Gas Company cost $17.

"How does it happen that while those of other ex-mayors has been cut off, the city's gas still flows freely through the tubes of these three?" Supt. McCormick was asked.

To which the latter replied, with the same quirk of the mouth that characterized him in his early boyhood, more than half a century ago, in Laurens street: "Well, you see, to cut 'em off when a Mayor goes out of office seems like crowding the mourners. Besides, they help to light the streets anyway."

Surely! The more light the better. The custom is a pretty one. Why cut off the gas from the Mayors' lamps at all?

DRAMATIC NEWS AND GOSSIP.

An Actor's Novel Order for a Play to Fit a Given Caption.

Uncertainty as to the Theatre Where Bernhardt Will Appear.

Actors who have once been successfully fitted by a playwright do not forget him. They are as constant to him as is the young man about town to his pet tailor, and this constancy is sometimes amusing. Clay M. Greene, the playwright, is now at work upon a play for Charles Arnold, the dialect comedian, and the arrangement was made in a peculiar manner. Some time ago Mr. Greene wrote "Hans the Boatman" for Arnold, and it met with much success, not in this country, but in England and Australia.

Arnold returned to England some months ago, and now he has cabled to Mr. Greene that he wants another play. Greene replied that he would furnish one at double the terms asked for "Hans the Boatman." The actor agreed, and sent a letter to Mr. Greene telling him to write a play to fit the title "Carl's Folly," and to send at once some sketches of incidents in the play so that Mr. Arnold could advertise it and book it. Clay Greene was by no means nonplussed. He sat down and puzzled about it, wondering what on earth Carl's folly should be, and what motives could have caused him to indulge in such folly, and who Carl was, and why he was, and if he intended being it any more.

He solved these various problems, and then made mental pictures of Carl in the various stages of his folly. After this he sought an artist, who translated the mental picture sketches which were forwarded to Mr. Arnold. Mr. Greene, is now hard at work. He is also writing a comedy with Gus. Thomas for William H. Crane, and devoting himself very assiduously to "The high Roller," for Messrs. Gilmore and Comstock.

* * *

Roland Reed received a Christmas present that was pathetic in its usefulness. It was a poker outfit presented by the members of his "Woman Hater" company, and including cards and chips. The outfit was placed in a handsome cabinet, upon which was engraved the names of the donors.

* * *

James Owen O'Conor now advertises himself as "A Humorous Hamlet, a Metaphysical Macbeth, and a Hallucinating Richard, replete with mind, heart and originality."

* * *

"Teddy" Marks isn't dead. He declares that he has not committed suicide, and nobody will deny the fact that he ought to know. The other day a Cincinnati paper printed a very sensational story headed "T. D. Marks Missing." It went on to say that Mr. Marks's friends were gravely anxious on his account, and the probability was that he had committed suicide. He had been engaged to Miss Helen Marlborough, an actress, and she had wedded somebody else. Mr. Marks, blissfully unaware that he was so uninteresting, came to New York.

The first person he met was John R. Rogers, who looked greatly surprised to see him. "You're a lively corpse, Teddy," said Mr. Rogers. Explanations followed, and Mr. Marks ended by proving to Mr. Rogers that he was decidedly alive. The ex-suicide has closed his International Vaudeville Company, after placing his people with other organizations, and has been engaged as the agent of the No. 1 "Shenandoah" company. "I'm glad my managerial experience is over," said Mr. Marks yesterday. "There is no more money in vaudevilles."

* * *

"Charlie Chatterton's Baby," or in other words the handsome doll sent over by Mrs. John Wood for charity, is doing very nicely. Mr. Chatterton has hit upon a great way of disposing of tickets. Whenever any of the ladies he knows give receptions he sends the doll to their houses to help them receive. In that way many tickets have been sold.

* * *

Edward Mortimer, the playwright, was out on the war-path yesterday. He was looking for his "Barney Stone" royalties, which, like that famous old letter, never came.

* * *

Cecil Clay and his charming wife, Rosina Vokes, do many little acts of kindness of which the public knows nothing. Here is one that has just been made known. In Detroit, while she was playing there, Miss Vokes heard that a "She" company had stranded and that its members were in dire distress. Mr. Clay and his wife instantly went to the relief of the unfortunate people. Their hotel bills were paid, tickets were given them for the town to which they desired to go and $5 in cash was presented to each actor and actress. Mr. and Mrs. Clay are universal favorites.

* * *

"Barney" Fagan, who is to be the star of "The High Roller," is engaged in assisting his managers, Messrs. Gilmore and Comstock, in selecting people for that organization. Up to the present, it is said, that he has shown an anxiety to engage three-fourths of the profession. With every new suggestion he remarks: "This man we must have. The success of the piece depends upon it." Fagan is still a member of Cleveland's minstrels.

* * *

The theatre at which Sarah Bernhardt will play has not yet been decided upon. Said Mr. Abbey yesterday: "It is pretty hard work finding a house. I am at present trying to do so." The probability is that the diaphanous Sarah will be seen either at the Star or at the Broadway.

Upholding a Principle.

[*From the American Grocer.*]

Conductor (relating the accident)—When I finally came to I saw the whole train, gentlemen, was a heap of smoking ruins.

President—Very sorry, but I must discharge you. You acted like a hero in saving lives from the wreck, but it was your duty to see there was no smoking in the cars of this company.

Comfort in Adversity.

[*From Puck.*]

Woodby Booth—S'death! Some miscreants have broken into the box-office and stolen all the tickets for to-night's performance.

Grinand Barrett—Never mind. For once we shall have a full house.

Plenty of Them.

[*From the Clothier and Furnisher.*]

McWatty—You maintain that marriage is a failure. Give me some reasons.

Eastlake—Oh, there are divorce reasons.

The Sponge is Mightier than the Brush.

THROW AWAY THE SHOE BRUSH and use a Sponge and water, which will keep your SHOES BRIGHT and CLEAN if you use

Wolff's ACME Blacking

The women knew a good thing and will have it, and the men ought to.

Ask in Drug, Paint and House Furnishing Stores for Wolff's Acme Blacking.

will Stain Old & New Furniture
will Stain Glass and Chinaware
will Stain Tinware
will Stain your Old Baskets
will Stain Baby's Coach and

Varnish at the same time.

DIX-ON'S A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH. TRY IT.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

THE DAY'S SPORTING GOSSIP.

Varuna B. C.'s Second Subscription Boxing Exhibition.

A Boxer Laid Up for the Winter—General Club Notes.

The second subscription night boxing competition of the Varuna Boat Club was held last night at the club rooms, Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn. The entertainment was managed by Mr. John Dunne, Chairman of the Reception Committee, and Fred Burns, Master of Ceremonies.

Four bouts were on the programme—two special and two ordinary. All four bouts abounded in clean hits and clever stops and ducking, but the crimson poured during the ordinary bouts. The referee was Billy Robertson. J. P. Eckhardt and Sam See acted as the judges.

The first bout was in the 118-pound class, between Tom Creed, Nonpareil A. C. and Ed Haley, Down Town A. C. The judges agreed on Creed. Jake Collins, Bridge A. C. and "Chuck" Connors, Down Town A. C., 135-pound men, followed. Collins got the decision.

The special 125-pound class was contested by Mike Leonard, Varuna Boat Club, and Joe Burke, Eagle A. C. Patsy Doody was behind Leonard and told him funny stories so as to bring him up smiling, and Frank White scraped, fanned and gave lemon juice to Burke, as every good second should do.

Leonard, as usual, started in to rush his man off the stage, but didn't. Burke was right there, and met his savage rushes by left-hand jabs, getting away by clever ducking. Leonard did the most leading and got the decision. Burke captured the audience by his manly bearing and good sparring, and the fact that he was giving away almost eleven pounds makes his performance a creditable one.

The special between Jack Fitz, American Athletic Association, of Brooklyn, and Mike McAuliffe, of the Bridge A. C., ended in a draw. Fitz dislocated his thumb in the first round. McAuliffe gave the most punishment. During the evening Frank White announced that in addition to the special one-armed and one-legged features of his Monday night benefit a one-eyed swinger would be ready to meet all one-eyed comers.

* * *

Counselor Alex Blun was telling Mr. Tom Brown, the President of the Ronkonkoma Gun Club, about the estimates he received from dealers in this city and Western cities for live quail, which the Club intend purchasing for breeding purposes and will liberate in the Spring on the 2,500 acres which they control.

Frank McGann chimed in with the remark, "buy me a dozen. I have got a nice little place and am going to get some chickens to put in my back yard." He noticed the gunners exchange a smile, and as quick as a flash said, "Can they fly?" The laugh that burst forth fairly shook the building, and now Frank is called "can they fly."

* * *

Americus Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, of West Hoboken and the Cosmopolitan Football team of this city play at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, Friday night at 9 P. M.

* * *

There will be two games of indoor baseball played at the Seventh Regiment Armory next Saturday night, but only one admission will be charged. Companies D and H will play from 7 till 9, and Companies F and A 9 till 11 P. M. The game between the latter will be for blood, as Company A has won two games and lost none, while Company F only played and won one. Company F drilled Tuesday night and practised afterwards. The boss rooters of the "Big Six," Company F, are Capt. George W. Rand, Lieuts. Steele and Powers and First Sergt. Ford. Capt. Frank Cornell, Dauntless R. C., is also a strong rooter for Company F, as each of the team is well known to him.

* * *

The annual boxing tournament of the Ravenswood Boat Club will be held in the New Puritan Athletic Club Hall, Borden avenue, Long Island City; the preliminaries on Wednesday evening, Jan. 28; finals, Saturday evening, Jan. 31. A valuable diamond pin of unique design will be awarded to winners in each event. A gold watch and gold chain to second men in each event. Entries close Jan. 25, with J. F. Haggerty, 493 Seventh avenue, New York City.

* * *

Sam Kelly, the 105-pound boxer of the West Side Athletic Club, who had an abscess in his ear broken during his fight with Tim Murphy, of the Pastime Athletic Club, at the A. A. U. championship meeting, will not be able to enter any more boxing tournaments this Winter.

* * *

Two delegates from each club bowling at the Mansion Alley, in Fourteenth street, will meet there Friday evening, January 9, to arrange a tournament for the near future.

* * *

There will be three classes in the Eureka Gun Club's next shoot, instead of two, as heretofore, with medals of equal value in each. The club's annual meeting and election will occur this evening at 181 Henry street.

Brooklyn Theatres.

The Zamaras, Mexican trapeze performers, are the hit of the week at Huber and Gebhardt's Casino.

The customs and costumes of peasant and prince, in Germany, are shown in Charles H. Gardner's play "Fatherland," at Proctor's Theatre.

Hattie Harvey's dancing is the feature of the production of Willis's play, "Jessie Daw," now at Knowles and Morris's handsome Ampalon.

William Collier and Ignacio Martinetti do a very clever dance in the second act of "The City Directory," at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music.

Frank David, the Bi Hand of the "U. S. Mail," at Holmes' Star Theatre has not made a professional appearance in Brooklyn before, in two years. His home is in this city.

A capital black face turn is contributed by Emerson and Cook, of the Whalitt and Martell combination, now at Hyde & Behman's, which embraces singing, dancing and some clever high kicking.

Harry Conor, who will be remembered as the Jacques Hoodoo of "Little Puck," is playing Welland Strong, "the dying man," in Hoyt's newest farce, "A Trip to Chinatown," at Col. Sinn's New Park Theatre.

Poor Jonathan's 100th Performance.

A special sale of seats for the one hundreth night of "Poor Jonathan," began at the Casino this morning. The souvenirs, selected by Millocker, will, it is said, completely place in the shade all of the former Casino souvenirs. Rudolph Aronson has established, in several nearby cities and towns, booking places where seats can be secured for any performance, without extra charge.

Jackson's Day at the Lexington Democratic Club.

Charles W. Dayton and George A. Post will make addresses and other appropriate exercises will mark the celebration of Jackson's Day by the Lexington Democratic Club at its club-house, 50 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street this evening.

Bound to Have It All.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Here is your ring. There are your presents. Leave me—at once!" said she.

"You've forgotton one thing," said he.

"And that?"

"The ring and presents cost $465. I want 6 per cent. interest on that for three months."

A Powerful Will.

[*From Puck.*]

Cocktle—How long since you have sworn off?

Blurib—Three years; but I can stop any time I want to.

A Spirited Fellow.

Nipper—Mr. Soak has the reputation of being what is called a genius.

Pepper—Yes, I believe so.

Nipper—What has he done to gain him the reputation?

Pepper—Got drunk every other day for a year.

The Kind of Pledge It Was.

[*From the American Grocer.*]

Wentman—Good heavens, Weeks, drunk again! I thought you told me you signed the pledge yesterday?

Weeks—Hic—Certainly. Couldn't—hic—borrow a fifty from Brown without givin' him an I. O. U., could I?

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

HENRY VINCENT, OF JERSEY CITY, TELLS A STORY WITH A PLAIN MORAL.

He Tells How He Was Rescued from a Life of Misery and Torture by Doctors McCoy and Wildman, and Given a New Lease on Life—$5 Per Month Till Feb. 1.

An abundance of testimony has been submitted to the public of late to establish beyond a doubt, in the mind of any intelligent reader of this paper, that there is efficacy in the treatment afforded patients by Drs. McCoy and Wildman. Here is a statement from another gentleman who was successfully treated for catarrh of long standing. Read what Henry Vincent says:

"I have been a sufferer from catarrh for many years, but during the three or four years last past my disease became so aggravated in form that life was almost a burden to me. I felt terribly bad. I went to bed worn out and arose no more refreshed in the morning than when I retired. My appetite was miserable, and there was no taste to anything I ate. I suffered terribly from headaches, and was weak, run down and debilitated.

"I had a stoppage in my head and nose which bothered me all the time and went from bad to worse, until at last I had to give up my work altogether. Then I heard of Doctors McCoy and Wildman and determined to consult them. I did so, and now that I have finished their course of treatment I find my disease all gone, my appetite good, my headaches a thing of the past and my general health as vigorous and sound as ever it was. All honor to them, say I."

A LIBERAL OFFER EXTENDED.

A great many persons who were unable to avail themselves of the liberal offer made by Doctors McCoy and Wildman, for treatment at the rate of $5 per month before Jan. 1, have requested that this offer be continued for a brief time. We have decided to treat all cases of catarrh coming to us before Feb. 1, 1891, at the low rate of $5 per month until cured, and furnish all medicines. This offer will positively not be extended further than the date named.

DOCTORS
McCOY, WILDMAN and BLAIR,
5 EAST 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY,
Near Grand Central Depot;
92 5TH AVE., Near 14th St., NEW YORK;
187 MONTAGUE ST., BROOKLYN,
Opposite Academy of Music.

Where all curable diseases are treated with success. Specialties: Catarrh, all throat and chest diseases, all nervous diseases, chronic diseases. If you live at a distance write for a symptom blank. Address all mail to 5 East 42d st. Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M. daily. Sundays 9 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

FURNITURE
BELOW COST OF MANUFACTURE.

We are now offering many handsome goods left over from Holiday trade, as room must be made for the new stock coming in