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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

JUSTICE KELLY IN THE HUNT CASE.

JOHN E. KELLY is a police magistrate in this city drawing a salary of \$8,000 yearly, compensation commensurate with the ability necessary to this position.

Once more it is necessary to narrate the circumstance attending the arrest and discharge of HUNT. This man, a salaried agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, went into the saloon of one BECKMANN, showed him his authority, accused him of selling liquor to a minor and demanded \$50 hush money.

When GEORGE GADE, of Cortland, said he wished to die, his fellow-workmen volunteered to hang him. They ran the noose so effectively that GEORGE is not yet out of danger and the point of their joke is pretty well rubbed off.

A Salvation Army banquet is to be given to 600 London thieves. Not an imputation on the professional character of the guests, but in view of the possibility of their being kleptomaniacs among the number, it will probably be wise to chain the knives, forks and spoons to the table.

A Pittsburg man has offered \$100,000 towards erecting a public conservatory on condition that the structure shall be closed on Sunday. This condition makes the act like that of a man bringing the water to a boil only to kick the kettle over.

Secretary TILMAN, of the Farmers' Alliance, has apparently got over the idea that there is a crowd, else he wouldn't have suppressed last night at Indianapolis that part of his address denouncing the third party.

Another bold burglar has made the mistake of tackling the woman of the house. She slammed him on the floor twice, and he was glad to escape with life and breath still in him. Honors go this time to one of Bridgeport's fair ladies.

If it should prove true that Farmers' Alliance agents are in league with the Jute Trust and National Cordage Company, it would probably be observed that they had been allowed just about enough binding wine to bind themselves.

President LOW, of Columbia College, says New York is better governed than it was forty years ago. This is a very pleasant thing to hear. But then, it's a better New York than it was in 1850.

Twenty degrees below zero in the Northwest. People don't have to watch the thermometers to feel that something has dropped when mercury falls like that.

FORAKER in Washington spent two seconds with the President and two hours with Mr. BLAINE. Sympathy turns naturally to BLAINE, in this instance.

President HARRISON's ducking trip to Maryland was a dead failure yesterday. How significant a contrast to Senator QUAY's fishing trip to Florida.

Secretary FOSTER's open stand in favor of Senator FERRERMAN's return will raise him in the esteem of pretty nearly everybody but FOSTER.

In Cleveland a man has killed his wife because she wouldn't live with him. Thoughtless fellow! She can't live with him now.

However it may be about a conflict of arms in Brazil, there is certainly a tremendous conflict of reports from that country.

Better Keep Out of Her Reach. The alpinist got looks striking.

Gov. Russell's Mascot. The Philadelphia Record thinks that the turn-down collar is a mascot and quotes as an example Gov. Russell, who always wears one.

HUNT is free in spite of his crime. Detective HAYES, whose conduct looks very bad, has been whitewashed in Capt. KELLY's report, and the lawyer who represented the District-Attorney without permission and engineered the discharge is un molested.

Now for investigation by the Grand Jury. KINGS COUNTY COURT DIFFICULTY. One of those curious imperfections which sometimes lurk unsuspected in the law of the land until some casual circumstance brings them to light has just been brought to notice with regard to the Kings County judiciary.

County Judge Moore, of Brooklyn, has been sick for several weeks, and cases that should be promptly tried are piling up on the calendar of his court. In any other county than Kings or New York, the Judge of some other county in the State could be called to sit in Judge Moore's place, but Kings and New York are by a special clause in the State Constitution prevented from securing the benefit of such a transfer, no matter what the emergency.

BE CAREFUL STILL OF THE WATER. The rain of yesterday and Monday has afforded some little relief to the city in the matter of the lessening water supply. But the relief is only temporary. The reservoirs are not refilled. The imperative necessity of carefully handhauling all our resources is not removed. There is just as much need of economy in the use of the city water as when the note of alarm was first sounded.

Let every household and every citizen remember this constantly. The public health and the security of property are at stake. Everybody is interested in the effort to keep the city from experiencing an absolute failure of its water supply. Therefore must everybody do his best in that direction.

A man whose bad temper and worse habit of carrying a pistol got him into General Sessions on a charge of assault yesterday, was allowed to pass as "John Jones," and got off with a \$100 fine. He was sent to be rich Tennessee. It was lenient treatment, but perhaps he will gather a useful moral from his experience.

When GEORGE GADE, of Cortland, said he wished to die, his fellow-workmen volunteered to hang him. They ran the noose so effectively that GEORGE is not yet out of danger and the point of their joke is pretty well rubbed off. Those are preposterous jokes on which a man's life or death may hinge.

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Having a Good Time. A broad-shouldered, short-legged old man, with a fringe of gray hair under his bald pate, and carrying an old-fashioned carpet-bag in his hand, followed me on board the West Shore Railroad ferry-boat the other day, and after he had made two or three inquiries about the train, he said: "I've bin stayin' in New York fur the last fortnight, and an jest gettin' home."



"Have you had a good time?" "Pretty good, considerin' that I had an attack of colic four different times, and that left me with a headache and rheumatism. It's kind of a queer place, though." "How queer?" "Oh, well, everybody is kinder coltish. I'll bet that 'over forty fellers dug their elbows into me and hauled me around, and the boys sassed me in the most dreadful manner. I was on a street car and took some cough-syrup out of a bottle, and everybody tittered and giggled."

"I don't. I'm kinder coltish myself, and it takes a heap to get me fightin' mad. I was on a street car on Third avenue and there was six women-folks a-standin' up, while about a dozen men were takin' it mighty comfortable. Made me sort of riled to see it, and I got up and said: "All the hogs will keep right on sittin' down and denovin' 'er backer, while all the gent-men will git up and let these women folks sit down!" Well, sir, as many as six of them fellers offered to tick me, and one of them did hand off to crack at me. He'd a hit me on the jaw, sure as my yorn, if I hadn't bristled right up to him and got my jack-knife out."

"It's the custom here for women to stand up in the cars unless there are vacant seats." "Yas, I caught on after a bit. Men all seem to be weak in the back or legs. I was a-goin' up on a Sixth avenue car, 't'other way when a feller in a wagon wouldn't git off the track. The driver he did more whistlin' than would call my old dog fur ten years, but the feller wouldn't git off. Sorter riled me to see a man actin' so pizen mean, and I yelled at him: "Look-a-here, mister, if you was a livin' up our way and showed your meanness after this fashion, you'd git rode on a rail quicker'n a seat, and I'd be one to help carry it!" Well, sir, he jumps down and was goin' to pull me off the platform, and he talked about smashin' my jaw and breakin' my ribs till a policeman walked him off."

"That's another of our customs. One man and a cart is allowed to detain a dozen street cars and a hundred passengers." "Yas, I caught onto that too. I went up to a policeman on Broadway. He was looking tired and sleepy, and I offered to help him out for a couple of hours if he wanted to go to take a nap. What do you think he said? Come mighty nigh arrestin' me! Said I was interrier'n with an officer! I seen he was one of 'em techy sort, and so I let him alone. Are they all that way?" "He was probably a little off."

"Maybe, I met another good deal like him on the big bridge. I asked him if it didn't make him giddy and upset his stomach to be so high up over the water, and he got mad in a minute and squared off at me. Ain't no mortal use in anybody bein' so cantankerous as all that."

"But on the whole you've had a good time, haven't you?" "On the hull I've had a gaul-durned good time for an old man like me, and I'm a-carryin' home over 'leven dollars worth of presents to the family. I've bin sassed and utters no wrong lines with no company my friends and sent me to a few days."

M. QUAD. Now, Girls, Here's Your Chance. Next year is leap year. There will be fifty-three Sundays in 1902. Christmas comes on Sunday that year.

How About Sunol? Boston holds two baseball championships, Maud S. still holds the trotting record and Kentucky still holds its breath.

Thanks Three Times a Day. The man who gets mad at what the newspapers say about him should return thanks three times a day for what the newspapers don't say about him.

Give Thanks for Being Alive. Instead of whining because you have to die, like other people, you ought to be thankful that you are permitted to live at all. Just think of the vast number of people who never had the good luck to be born.

New England Thrift. A Yankee loses nothing and that is one good thing about him. A Vermont farmer picks the apple seeds from his presses and sells them for use in the manufacture of plastic acid. He gets about one bushel of seeds from 140 bushels of apples.

Another Pennsylvania Outrage. Last Friday night some dastard disgraced the sidewalk and front of the property of Mr. George Mars, on Shaw's avenue, and other residences in that vicinity, by making hideous marks with mortar or cement, which were difficult to erase and very annoying.

BE A SANTA CLAUS.

Help the Poor Children to Enjoy Christmas Day.

It Takes Only a Trifle to Make a Child Happy.

Nell Nelson Tells About Poor Little Nickie.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS. THE EVENING WORLD, \$100.00. Previously acknowledged, 237.23. Mrs. J. E. S., 10. Ella Jackson, 25.

POOR LITTLE NICKIE.

His Chief Ambition is Centred in a Pair of Reins. One of the most densely populated neighborhoods in this city is known as the Gap. It is composed of a row of wooden buildings, shut out from the street, the world and the sunlight by towering brick tenements swarming with human beings.

Any day in the week an army of 2,000 men and youths could be mustered—hard-handed, hard-headed fellows, made so by misfortune—who earn a miserable living as cart-drivers, coal-heavers, hoodlums, stevedores and "longshoremen." After settling with the land lord little remains for the necessities of life and nothing for the comforts.

One of these ill-starred wretches, who lives in the shadow of Tub of Blood, that towering tenement that hides the Gap from view, is an eight-year old boy named Nickie, whose road through life has been most dreary. Nickie fares badly at best. His mother is a poor puny little woman, scarcely plumper than a pickled mackerel and about the same complexion. Hard usage, neglect and disease has crushed all the tenderness out of her being and most of the life. Children have been born to her in units and pairs, but only two thought it worth while to keep up respiration. The baby is less than a year old, and poor Nickie is alternately nurse, cook, maid of all work and general messenger.

He has to prepare bread and milk a dozen times a day, and if fuel is low it devolves upon him to sort and stack, and sweep tracks for chips and cinders. He cooks the meals, stands between the wrath of the baker and the persistency of his relatives, and, saddest of all tasks, is forced to scrub the kitchen floor with a useless brush and a kind of unmanageable cloth.

His father, a sand-shoveller by trade, does odd jobs for the freight-handlers in the neighborhood, but it is doubtful if he has been able to save enough to pay for one pair of brand new shoes in five years.

This man loves his boy, in his way, and frequent trips are made to the Park together. It was during one of these strolls that Nickie lost his contentment. They were passing St. Luke's Hospital, in Fifty-fourth street, when somebody's darling few past hurried to a set of red lines, tugging with bells, driven by a nurse girl.

Nickie described the prancing biped as "one of them swell boys." He may have been right, for the doctor, Dr. Twombly, Jr., or the pet of Mr. John Rockefeller's family, both of whom are seen daily in this locality, carefully and lovingly guarded by a trusted servant, but whoever he was he scampered off with this child's heart tied up in the lines and bells and he has had no peace of mind since.

Now poor little Nickie is going to be the recipient of a special invitation to THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas party. Somebody must be assigned to the case and made responsible for his attendance. He must have a new suit of clothes, inside and outside. He must have shoes and stockings, a hat, and carriage. He must have a set of winter clothes, a double row of silver bells across the front strap and you must pay for it.

The lines in question will cost 60 cents, and you may send that amount to the cashier of the Christmas Fund to-morrow morning, if you please. The freight-handler told him Santa Claus might fetch him a set, and the freight-handler is right. Nickie must have them.

Already the child is counting the days, the long, lonesome, dismal days of hardship and toil that must elapse before the dawn of the merry holiday. He makes no complaint about his ragged little shirt-waist or threadbare trousers, and utters no word of protest against the heavy burdens that are daily buckled to his slight young shoulders. All he wants, all he thinks about, all he covets is a set of red driving lines with bells on the cross-piece.

Open your heart to this child and make his happiness your pleasure. NELL NELSON.

A Dime and a Promise. I feel so sorry for the poor children who have no Santa Claus, so I send 10 cents to buy them something. I will make no collection among my friends and send you some in a few days. STELLA MARTIN.

Drew on Their Banks. My two children want me to send something to your Christmas Tree Fund. They each took a dime from their savings banks, and I have just drawn out the money and wish for the success of your admirable plan. Mrs. J. E. S.

Success to the Bazar. I send you 25 cents in advance, as I am getting up a candy bazar for your Christmas Tree Fund and expect to make a great deal more than that. ELLA JACKSON.

Exploited at Last. The outbreak among the Cherokees is explained. One of their number, who was educated at an Eastern school, has been taught to sing "Contrabands."

Cheerful News for Midland. The mails for Midland will in future be carried by the Fern Hill carrier six times per week each way.

Beware the Fatal Grapes. A woman died in New York last week from swallowing grape skins which are supposed to have been poisoned. The grape has always been making trouble from the days of Noah to the discovery of the brandy snash.

THE GLEANER.

Chief Justice Charles Doe, of New Hampshire, who is presiding at the trial of Almy, the confessed murderer of Christie Warden, is a great pedestrian. I have known Judge Doe to walk twenty miles a month, before opening court, and after adjournment to interpose a tennis spin over the granite hills between the city and the dinner bell. Judge Doe is still in his fifties, is wealthy and a jurist of national reputation.

Newspaper men have this week been pleased to meet on the How the editor of the Boston Sunday Herald, Mr. Frank H. Bonnelle. One of the hardest workers in the profession, Mr. Bonnelle has an enviable reputation as a literary expert and as a versifier.

Fish Commissioner Blackford has received 2,000 tons for distribution in the waters of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. I am told they are part of the product of twenty-three fish taken from the ponds in Washington, D. C., and shipped to the United States Fish Commissioners' Station at Neosho, Mo. If the trench take kindly to the water hereabouts 30,000 more will be distributed, all the product of the original twenty-three.

One of the most despicable forms of thievery is robbing the mails, which has been unusually prevalent lately. Instead of the punishment for such a crime being left to the option of the Judge, I would suggest that a definite penalty, and a severe one at that, be entered on the statute books. Who knows what misery or trouble may arise from the theft of money in this manner?

G. Henry Stratton, the remaining contestant of six in the fasting match, is in Bellevue Hospital in a critical condition, showing a die, it might prove a warning to those who contemplate any more such unnatural competitions. Yesterday was Stratton's forty-first day without food, and his condition was such that after trying to brace him up with champagne he was removed to the hospital.

I am told that two yachts are being built at the Herreshoff works in Rhode Island, one of which is for a gentleman in Scotland, who will enter it next season against the designs of Fife, Payne and Watson. It is modelled after the Dilemma. The other yacht is of the Glorious type. This speaks well for the popularity of the Herreshoff boats.

This is an era of young men. The bustle and rush seems to have crowded the elders to the wayside. There are few men over forty to be found among the actors in the drama of this city. I think, too, that the man of forty reaches his "prime" earlier than he did.

Judging from the challenges that are flying around, the prize-fighting fraternity must be in financial straits. When any of these gladiators is in a tight corner, he is likely to water down his punch. But when, as at present, the smallest wage is \$10,000, it is apparent that free advertising is the desideratum.

The opening of another window for the sale of postage stamps at the Park Row side of the Post-Office is much needed improvement. The solitary window was often besieged by a long line of persons, and those in a hurry were compelled to journey around to the Broadway side or waste valuable minutes awaiting their turn.

That famous musical prodigy, "Blind Tom," I hear, is dying in an insane asylum in Illinois. He has not been much heard of since it was reported that he was lost in the Johnsons' wood.

One of the most amusing things I have heard recently is the calling of the Gating gun by its inventor the "Peacemaker." He should spell it peccemaker, and it would be more appropriate.

Light Up the Model! Some time ago the Museum of Art had constructed a model of the Parthenon at Athens. The doors at the front are open and a step is placed for the convenience of the visitor, which is as correctly modelled as the exterior. Some days ago I was amused at the disappointment of those who tried to see through the model. The interior is a dark, gloomy, and the interior of the temple would be the value of this exhibition of model architecture. EDWARD W. BRYANT, 125 West Sixty-fourth street.

A Lucky Girl. Alice—Maud's a lucky girl. Nell—Is she? Alice—Yas; she has a fellow in the Summer who is a base-ball player, and in the Winter she will play football. So she goes every-where.

He Took the Hint. The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Judge Duffy said admiringly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your Honor, you will not see me here again in a hurry."

WORLDINGS. The car is a very busy man, frequently working 12 or 13 o'clock in the morning. None of his subjects passes more time in hard work than he does.

It has been discovered that seventeen mummies in the Imperial Museum of Berlin are counterfeit articles manufactured by dealers in spurious antiquities at Alexandria. For them the German Government paid \$200,000.

The city of London is put down by geographers as the centre of the landed hemisphere. The greatest concentration of history was the burning of Moscow in 1812. The loss amounted to \$150,000,000, and 20,000 buildings were destroyed. Next in disastrous consequences came the burning of Chicago, with a loss of \$125,000,000 and the destruction of 100,000 buildings.

Consistent to the End. Young Gottlieb was wont to say: "We all have got to die. I don't care how long I'll live exceedingly long."

Courage. None but the brave deserve the fair. With this we credit give. But those who do not have would dare With some of them to live. Brooklyn Life.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Different Ways of Trimming a Bodice—Butter-Plate Doliys—Scoop Bonnets Are Favorites—Plain White Handkerchiefs No Longer Used.

Bodices are much trimmed, but in various ways; some are made with a widely round waist, and a slightly puffed waistband of velvet. Sometimes the skirt is set on to the round waist and hidden with a corset; and there is, again, the dress that fastens on one side all the way down, beginning at the shoulder, then under the arm and the side of the skirt—all this fastening hidden by a band of embroidery, velvet and fur, which continues down to the feet.



Deep red, brown and a clear blue, neither bright nor navy, but a true royal blue, are favored shades for young girls as well as dark green in plaids, homespun, chevrot, camel's hair and cashmeres.

It is difficult to lay down any hard or fast rule as to what the fashions in dressmaking are likely to be, for they are so diverse that no two gowns would seem to be alike. There are fashions to suit all faces and figures, and costly gowns would seem to have gone out of fashion, so there is no excuse for any one being unbecomingly attired.

"Woman and Work" is the name of a pamphlet recently published by the Italian Professor Magniwell. The learned professor represents woman as the one who has from the earliest times had far more than her share of hard work, and even now she is being mercilessly used by the large capitalists. He blames the ladies of society for the comfortable and indulgent life they lead, and calls upon them to render some justice to their less favorably placed sisters, and demands a more equal division of labor.

The scoop bonnet is a favorite, because it is generally becoming and is so shaped that while being a bonnet it has the graceful appearance of a round hat. The distinctive feature of the scoop bonnet is that it has no brim at all, and that it lies perfectly flat upon the front of the head, just over the forehead. This gives a very nice chance for a becoming face trimming. Women with small, regular features find the scoop bonnet very becoming if trimmed with a standing bow, which is placed on the front of the bonnet in the most upright, aggressive manner possible. Around the edge of the bonnet there must be a heavy ruching of some kind of velvet, and at the back another upright bow. This makes a very pretty hat, and one which will probably be fashionable all Winter.

The latest thing in table linen decoration is the butter-plate dolly. It is made of white grass linen embroidered and cut in the shape of a flower, usually a rose or pansy, wrought in the natural tint.

Plain white handkerchiefs are not stylish any more; all the handkerchiefs in the market are ornamented with flower or fancy designs. This fashion does not only hold good for ladies' wear, but also for gentlemen's use, and it is remarkable that gentlemen also use handkerchiefs of a very small size.

Change the furniture of a room occasionally and to relieve the eyes. Physicians claim that nervous persons should not only change their surroundings in the way of colors and arrangement, but even their rooms.

Mme. Leon Bertaux, the sculptress, commissioned to execute a bust of Minc-Carrot, obtained permission to take up her abode at the Chateau de Fontainebleau, while the Presidential household was there. A portion of the glazed gallery leading from the apartments occupied by M. and Mme. Carrot was transformed into a studio, and here the sculptor labored at her task. It will be exhibited next spring at the Salon, but in all probability Mme. Bertaux will allow it to be shown first at the exhibition of the Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs.

It used to be said that, with the long enveloping cloaks, a woman must depend for the elegance of her costume upon the style of her bonnet and the fit of her boots. But since the era of the improved cloak came in this is no longer true. For the cloak is made such an elegant affair that it is in itself a thing of great beauty. Black is not a favorite color for the long cloak, because when trimmed with long, hanging jets and beads and passementeries are just a little suggestive of trappings of woe. So large a garment cannot be enveloped sufficiently by trimmings to relieve it of its mournful appearance. The most popular shade is, perhaps, a peculiar green known as moss. It is a dull green, which is somewhat like the sage and yet is different. It is a color not easily described, and yet it is the most popular green of the Fall.

She Wondered. Maud—Do you play chess? Mr. Lingard? Mr. Lingard—No; what made you think I did? Maud—Nothing; only it seems to take you forever to make a move.

A Great Country. How did you like the West, Lord Noodley? Magnificent. I was very much struck by the lightning out there, and was simply carried away by one of your cyclones.

Mrs. Wrenshaw's Mothering Sunday for child, some teaching relieve the child from pain. Etc., Etc.

THE MEININGER.

A large, Teutonic and intelligent audience witnessed the first appearance of the Meininger in this country at the Thalia Theatre last night. Those who were not Teutons were impelled to the theatre by curiosity, and kept there by the admirable management, unalloyed with any semblance of enthusiasm. The performance of "Julius Caesar" was a good "all-round" representation, picturesquely put upon the stage and evenly interpreted throughout. The absence of stars was very grateful, for a completely artistic performance does not seem to be possible where there is a star, no matter whether that star be Irving or Booth or Possart or Sarah or Salvini.

The only feature of the performance that really impressed me was the mob, which was handled in the most marvelously realistic manner imaginable. I have never seen such a stage mob in my life. In this city a stage mob means a collection of men and women—as many as possible, of course—all huddled together, motionless, generally gazing at the audience, and as a rule giggling, whispering and smiling. With this German company it was something entirely different. It was composed of forty or fifty men and women who apparently entered into the deepest meaning of the play. Their faces were expressive, with the expressions that Shakespeare would have coveted; their gestures were all significant; they were never still and they lent an impressiveness to the scene that little less than a hurricane would have blown away.

For these mob scenes, I say welcome to this organization. I can see nothing else in the performance that would tempt me to listen to Shakespeare in German again. Frankly, it seems to me a little unpleasant to hear our own quotable bard done into a foreign language. It is nice to know that the pride of all English-speaking nations reverenced in non-English speaking countries, but the knowledge is sufficient.

How think you would the Germans receive an English or American company presenting, say, Schiller's "Maria Stuart" at Berlin in English? How would the French welcome a foreign language company offering to Parisians, a translation of Moliere's "Femmes Savantes" Irving would not dare to venture into Germany or France to appeal to the German or French. English and American audiences, however, are unbigoted and permeated with a gentle spirit of humbug. They can like or dislike to order. They can supply you with a fine job lot of sentiment and give you satisfaction. They could be just as enthusiastic—if the occasion suggested it—over a Chinese performance as over these Meininger people.

The Meininger will, however, succeed here by reason of the vast German population. They will be visited by intelligent Americans for the sake of the artistic stage pictures and the admirable ensemble that they make manifest. Go and study the mob, all American managers, and see how possible it is to put together a crowd of men and women whose human action will be more effective in your plays than all those "mechanical effects" that seem to be the rage just now.

On Official Decision. (From Puck.)

The Major—Why so salubrious, d'Auber? The Painter—My paintings have just been declared dutiable at the Custom-House as objects of art, old fellow—just think of that!

That Will Do It. (From Brooklyn Life.) Here's a mother writes for information how to keep her sixteen-year-old son in at night's said the answers to Correspondents sent to the Managing Editor.

Tell her to cut his hair herself, instead of sending him to a barber," replied the Editor.

Transferred to Another Department. "Parson," said the farmer, "I kinder wish you'd pray for rain." "Oh, I can't do that," returned the clergyman. "The State has again encroached upon the privileges of the Church. You must petition the Secretary of Agriculture."

A Cool Customer. (From Texas Siftings.) "Do you know Dugdenbury?" "Yes." "Well, he is a cool customer." "What has he done now?" "He lives in furnished apartments, and during the late cold spell he used the furniture of his landlord for fuel."

A Pat Reply. (From Texas Siftings.) Pete Dugdenbury thinks that it is very smart to ask silly questions. Cal Yerger was standing on the sidewalk at Galveston when up comes Pete and asks him: "What are you thinking about when you are not thinking about anything?" "In that case I am thinking what answer to make a man who does not ask me a question."

A Question of Duration. (From the Epoke.) He—You don't think I stay too late, do you? She—No. My complaint is the other way. He—You ain't in any too early. She—No. You come too early.

A Lonesome Family. (From Texas Siftings.) "Tell your mother I'm coming to see her," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Gibson Biglow's little boy, who replied: "I'm glad of your coming and mamma will be glad too." "How do you know your mother will be glad to see me?" asked the lady. "Because, I heard her tell papa yesterday, that nobody ever came to the house except men with bills to collect."

So We Have Heard. (From Life.) "I'm very forgetting," said Satan. "No matter how much a man abuses me, when he comes to my place he is sure to be warmly received."

A Wicked Boy. (From Texas Siftings.) "Get through your breakfast quick, sissy; you'll be late to school," said a Harlem mother to her hopeful. "I'm not going to school until I get a dime." "I won't give you any dime." "Well, then, I'll just keep on eating. I will see for once if I can't cure you of your obstinacy. I'll feed the hopeful,