



TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 12.

PER MONTH.....\$3.00 PER YEAR.....\$35.00

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THE EVENING WORLD PRINTS ASSOCIATED PRESS NEWS.

A Gain of 36,213 PER DAY.

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD

and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which esteemed contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1890..... 9,208,780

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891..... 10,331,420

Total gain for December, 1891..... 1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1890..... 297,058.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891..... 333,271.

AVERAGE GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891..... 36,213.

INCREASE IN ADVERTISING.

Number of Advertisements in THE WORLD during the month of December, 1890..... 52,659

During the month of December, 1891..... 59,014

A Gain of 6,355 Advertisements.

THE SUNDAY LICENSE QUESTION.

THE EVENING WORLD yesterday announced its advocacy of a provision in the Excise law of the State for a moderate Sunday license.

It is led to take this stand through considerations closely affecting the equal rights of citizens.

The present law, prohibiting the sale of wine and beer on Sunday, is not and cannot be enforced, since it is that sort of legislation which involves an unjust discrimination in the matter of personal privileges between the well-to-do man and his less prosperous neighbor.

As the law stands it says in effect that while the wealthy man may draw every day in the week from his wine-cellar or ice-chest, while the clubman may gratify his taste daily at his club and while the boarder at hotel or restaurant may have whatever beverage he may desire with his meals any day, the man who has no club, no wine-cellar, no capacious ice-chest and no hotel privileges must on Sunday do without his glass of beer at his meals or his mild indulgence in the home circle.

That is what the law says. Really, as stated above, it cannot be so enforced. Its injustice is tacitly recognized to a considerable degree even by the authorities who are supposed to insist upon its observance. Hence it becomes a measure which cumbers the statute books, and because of its own weakness detracts from the general respect for the law of which it is a part.

Reduced to a simple phrase, the law now pretends to say that the poor man who likes beer with his meals or a social glass in the evening must do without on one single day in the week, while enjoying the privilege of having what he wants on each of the other six days. It is not logical nor just. It should be changed by wise legislation providing for a moderate Sunday license system.

OUTLAWED.

The crusade against the outlaws of New York instituted by THE EVENING WORLD has assumed gratifying proportions.

Activity in the Police Department and the Board of Excise gives promise of the speedy routing out of numerous dens in which infamy has flourished hitherto openly and defiantly.

It is evident that the revelations made in the columns of this paper have struck home, and that the accomplishment of a great good to the cause of law, order and morality is at hand.

Especially gratifying to THE EVENING WORLD, as giving fresh evidence of the strength and earnestness with which it has led the way in this crusade, is the rallying of others of this city newspapers to the same standard.

The outlaws, it is repeated, must go.

The idea of Congressman BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky, is to lay aside retaliation which doesn't retaliate in favor of reciprocity which will be reciprocal.

Hence his resolution to repeal section 8 of the McKinley bill and to direct the throwing open of our ports to all responding American nations.

Prince ALBERT Victor is evidently a very sick man, though reports from his bedside this morning said he was improving. He hardly counted on such an approach to a hand-shake with Death, when he was so lately receiving congratulations on his engagement to the Princess of Teck.

The cigarette again. A seventeen-year-old boy from Staten Island is wandering somewhere crazed by constant smoking of the little rolls of poison. How much longer will the "to be continued" be understood after chapters like this?

Rebels about Tamplers are reported as marching on with no fear of the Sultan. Probably they have the idea that "the sick man of the East" will have to swallow whatever pill they choose to administer.

The New York Athletic Club means to advance the development of solid men. Therefore, it is gratifying to find its annual report indicating its solid financial standing.

If the Khedive really met his death through too great a trust in the native doctors, may he be set down as another victim of faith cure?

A crank arrested in town yesterday believes he is worth \$50,000,000. At least, other millionaires are in no present peril from such a he.

Perhaps it will be the Dis-Union League Club if the election gets much hotter.

MODJESKA.

Modjeska might be a new star, and New York City might be Skowhegan, judging from the large and verbose "explanation" of the Polish actress used on the programme at the Union square Theatre last night, when she made her reappearance in New York.

According to the oracle, Modjeska is an artist in the higher order of her fellow-countryman, Chopin, was an artist in music, as Musset in poetry, Millet in painting, so Modjeska is in acting.

Modjeska is in acting. "M. Modjeska gives sufficient attention to all parts of a role, and qualifies and subordinates the parts in such a manner that the play becomes a unity of mood, organs and action."

The exquisite English in which this effusion is couched is equalled only by the noble sentiments that it expresses. Keep it for oshkosh, however, good sir. It will do much better there. New Yorkers are able to judge for themselves, and I may as well remind you, noble literateur, that Modjeska has been in New York for many years, and that she has even been making farewell tours and announcing her retirement. We like her, we appreciate her; she is very dear to us, but cease comparing her with Sarah, or I shall have to indulge in that lovely little chestnut, ending "as water unto wine," which nobody has used for at least three days.

seriously—and above all remarks I couldn't help but remark on "As You Like It" given last night by Miss Modjeska was admirable in every respect! The company is a most excellent one, and I do not wonder that great stress has been laid upon this fact. Modjeska gave a charming interpretation of the role of Rosalind. Once or twice she was a trifle too skittish, but as a general thing, her work was carefully mapped out, and conscientiously executed.

There is something very fascinating about Modjeska; her manner is the very quintessence of refinement, her dramatic intelligence is incessant and there is little that she does that is not worthy. Every theatre-goer of culture must appreciate this thorough actress, who is too good to be wasted on the Jayvilles and the Haywards of the country.

The best work of the company was done by John A. Lane, who made the part of Jacques the best I have ever seen—and I have seen a great many. His interpretation of "The Seven Ages" was simply a treat, barring the little interlude of the sixth age that "pipes and snatches in his hand." Never can I understand why actors when they come to this line feel their duty to do a little pipe and whistle. To me this seems perfectly inartistic. The words are fully capable of comprehension. Why not now like an infant or whine like a schoolboy? Mr. Lane, however, was otherwise completely admirable.

Mr. Thalberg, the Orlando, had too many arms. His delivery was good, but his action was not. Beaumont Smith was an effective and an unconventional Touchstone. Mrs. Beaumont Smith effaced herself as Celia (how thoroughly Shakespeare must have known theatrical human nature when he wrote the part) to the excellent orchestra.

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DOMESTIC FINE ART.

Husband-Managing Is Almost an Exact Science.

Women Who Do Not Know How Think They Do Just the Same.

Unabated Interest in the Contest in "The Evening World."

The literary contest now among women who read THE EVENING WORLD, on the Art of Managing Husbands, is productive of a very large number of letters. All received will be considered in awarding the prize, and as many as practicable will be printed daily.

The contest is guided by the following: CONDITIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the woman who shows best "HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address and accessibility for publications, and be directed to HUSBANDS EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, PELTZER BUILDING.

Bad "Management."

I do not think that a good, sensible husband should need to be "managed." The husband and wife's interests should be mutual, and therefore neither should try to "manage" the other, but both should join in trying to "manage" their life and affairs so as to derive all the pleasure and comfort they can from them, and that security would be better than managing each other.

I am tired of reading about being kind to a husband, waiting until he is tired and ending with you expects to do this, but should receive an adequate return.

My experience in married life has taught me patience and forgiveness. Do not be suspicious. Always tell your husband the truth and do not conceal anything. Make yourself necessary to your husband's comfort. Be pleasant and kind to him. Do not quarrel, and by studying his tastes and disposition you will manage your husband very well. A WIFE.

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Be Loving, Kind and True.

My plan to manage a husband is to be kind and true, treating the family to love and respect him, by keeping his home comfortable and myself neatly and tastefully dressed. Do not on any account allow dress up when company is expected. Courtesy is a sweet word, but as much for his good opinion as for that of other people.

My husband and I have been married for fifteen years, and have always found him able to manage himself.

omit the Word "Don't."

The management of a husband the wife must be unselfish and careful to cultivate a polite spirit. Should be entertain you with fair tales which strain your believing powers never confront him with "That's a lie!" His love for you will last while he thinks you believe him. Once assured you do not, his pride and self-respect vanish.

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SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Had Just Arrived.

On a Davonia ferry-boat the other afternoon a chunky young man, with a chunky satchel on the seat beside him, was noticed to be particularly interested in two young women across the cabin. He kept his eyes continually fixed on them, and once or twice a soft and tender smile stole over his face. The boat was nearly over when a middle-aged man beckoned the young man to follow him out of the cabin, and when they were alone he said: "I noticed you looking at those girls opposite."

"Yes, mighty fine girls," replied the young man.

"You don't know them, of course?"

"No."

"Well, let me tell you something. They belong to the Salvation Army. You could have told that by their dress."

"Great Scotts! but is that so?"

"It certainly is. Didn't you ever see one before?"

"Never. They don't have 'em in my town, and I have just arrived on the train. Well, I declare! I'd better hang on to myself or I'll be walking up to some preacher and asking him to post me on old sledge!"

M. QUAD.

THE CLEANER.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who was recently interviewed in Chicago as to his religious belief, says he believes in soul immortality and Agnosticism only in the true sense of the term. He denies that he is a visionary man, but as a chemist, specialist and anatomist he declares that his studies in materialism have only strengthened his belief in a hereafter. What sort of a state it may be he doesn't pretend to say.

Among a Christmas party issuing from a Brooklyn church last Sunday presided Dr. Hissel Palmer, who had journeyed from his Harlem home to officiate as sponsor. Dentistry evidently agrees with the doctor, as his avocations has increased to a large extent since he exchanged the telegraph key for the forceps.

As I am told, will give an exhibition of his work in February, a feature of which will be decorations of yellow plumes and yellow crests for full dress suits. The troop fencing club is making great progress.

It is said that at a recent entertainment in Metairie Rudyard Kipling was approached by a young lady, who, after expressing her pleasure at meeting him, declared that his books were the only things that did her any good when suffering from an attack of the grip.

The filling of the berth of Chief Clerk of the court of General Sessions, made vacant by the death of John Sparks, promises to have some complications. The four Judges of the court, together with the two clerks, are Tammany men, one a Republican and the fourth a county Democrat, so there may be some laughing over the selection of a Clerk.

Looking Out for Himself.

Lonely Walker—I see by der paper dat yer goin' to leave der city—goin' south 't spend der Winter.

Wandering William—Yes; a person of my wealth 'n' position in society is not safe here with all dese crazy 'n' hum-blowers round here. I received several letters dis mornin' askin' for a million each.

Didn't Have Ten Dollars.

Weary Raggles—What has become of your friend, Fray D. Kevan?

Tomato Canny—He is doing the Robinson Crusoe act.

Ward Raggles—What is that?

Tomato Canny—Gone to live on the "Island."

Maybe He Meant Aspen.

Who'd you have your wife with the colored trousers to the front and right only again?

Uncle Mose—I don't know nuthin about de older colored niggers, but dis heeb nigger is gwine to keep away from de front. When I looks dis heeb nigger talk I shakes all over like like an ash-pail.

A Mystery.

Mr. Youngblood—Coming home finds his wife at the stove—So you are doing your own cooking? Tell me, now, what is that you are cooking at that stove, Molly?

Molly—You mustn't have so much curiosity. I don't know myself what it is going to be.

Doubt.

Rosalie—Mr. Trotter proposed to me last night.

Her Mother—Well, what did you tell him?

Rosalie—I was so rattled I don't know what I said, but I think I accepted him.

HOME AND HOTEL.

A Dwelling Place Which Combines the Conveniences of Both.

All Wants Supplied at the Pressure of a Button.

Is This a Solution of the Servant-Girl Problem?

Notwithstanding the long domestic service of woman, it is a remarkable fact that the conveniences and comforts of home originate in the domestic hotel.

There is on the west side of the city a big apartment-house, the inspection of which would be a running sermon to the troubled housewife and careworn mother. This cloud-reaching structure is a place where, under masculine management, housekeeping is robbed of its horrors; where the smells of cooking and frying are unknown; where children, nurses and they have their afternoon frolics under the smiling face of heaven; where women are not drudges; where men are not dyspeptics, and where the best provision is made for creature comfort at a minimum of expense.

1,000 cottages and progressive New Yorkers. It is the residence of artists, students, musicians, writers, actors, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, business men and their families, and it is so very high toned that unquestionable references have to be produced before an applicant can become a resident.

The suits vary in size from a "den" with portable furniture to a duplex apartment of eight or nine rooms, and the attitude is such that the influence of sun and winds may be had from either of the four corners of heaven. Modern conveniences are as common as door knobs. Even in the cheapest quarters the tenant has electric light, steam heat, a pantry for piece-meals, toilet-room, with hot and cold water, and at least a foot-bath; letter cabinet, refrigerator, by means of which he can get sixty different articles "by lightning."

Here is a partial list of the things included on the dial: Stamps, writing material, towels, blankets, mail, messenger, telegraph-blanks, carriage, maid, steward, bellboy, bill, dinner, lunch, tea, etc.

Take a suit of three rooms, for instance, and a husband and wife could live in the style at less expense and infinitely less trouble than they could in the old domestic way with a competent servant and convenient flat or house.

In the bathroom the arrangement of mirrors, electric lights, drawers and receptacles for toilet articles, is perfect, as to make it a good dressing-room. The sleeping-room has a folding-bed, the dressing-case does not betray its character, and in the daytime this apartment might serve any purpose from a bed-room to a minister's study. The drawing-room has every charm of the saloon, in service of the hostess, and the dining-room, the mahogany being transformed into a writing table, fully equipped for easy and elegant correspondence.

In one of the closets is "the pantry," the most remarkable feature of the house. Coiled up on a hook like the fire-escape rope is a set of rubber gas pipe, which any intelligent child could connect to the stove, with the nearest gas jet. This wonderful stove does not take up any more room than a can of oysters, but it burns like a prairie on fire. Over it breakfast is prepared every morning for some very nice people. They can better afford to eat steak and chops than you, but they don't mind it, for you know, and besides the manager, who manages the sale of all pantry supplies that are apt to be smelly.

For actual cost of the material the steward will send rolls, coffee, cream, sugar, butter and eggs to any room in the building at any hour in the day between dawn and noon. In a small closet hangs a teta-cette service with a hot coffee pot and a tea kettle for the exclusive use of the occupant of the room, and if she does not care to cook her own breakfast she can have the services of a man or maid at the astonishingly low rate of 20 cents an hour.

These servants are to an individual A. A., graduates of a domestic academy, and any one of your friends, a student of the breakfast in fifteen minutes, accept five cents with a profound bow and depart. In half the time and for half the money she will clear away the wreck and leave the easy-going lodger to the enjoyment of a cigar or newspaper.

Nothing like the daily system of "fixing up the place" ever was known in private life as prevails here.

Bring up the chambermaid, and a tidy young woman, with the dignity and intelligence of a trained nurse, will appear and do wonders in an hour. She wears an all-enveloping apron, with pockets full of white brooms, dust rags and brushes. She will mop and bed and carpet and clean up, irrespective of what she is doing, with respect to the scraps from the floor in a jiffy, polish the mirror, wipe a finger mark from the door, dust pictures and ornaments, rub up the brasses about the fireplace or steam-heater and bag all the soiled linen for the laundress. After everything is in ship-shape she will put up the bed, and in half an hour to the last minute brushing a woman's hair or mauling her finger nails.

The man servant works for the same money and is even more versatile. He will clean windows and paint, wipe the walls, wash the heads of the family, polish boots and shoes, brush trained dresses and cloth clothes, clean and mend, and do anything that a woman can do, and he is given for his dinner and he is responsible for every dish, run errands, shop, receive callers, repair crockery in regular "Beau Brummel" fashion, and escort the women and children about the city. As a matter of fact, the superiority of the service is more of an attraction to many of the resident guests than the house itself, and the fact that the man servant is in place in the whole country where such efficient help can be had for the money.

Here elsewhere there is a public dining-room where meals are served a la carte and table d'hotel; there is the option of sending the wash to the house laundry or outside; the electric bath; the electric office; the electric sleep; the electric reading; the electric rooms are open to the guests and their friends at all hours, and, altogether, life is made quite pleasant and very easy for these homeless people.

When some methods are introduced into the average private home the emancipation of woman from the dreary, uninteresting life of a housewife, as the pretty wife of Lieut.-Gov. Sheehan says, "woman will have time to develop the spiritual side of her nature, to feed her soul," and give up warfare with the broom, trying-pan and washboard.

A Tired Man.