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A MIDWINTER RECORD.

EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH OF

THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION

IN ONE YEAR.

Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1891.....	313,612
Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1892.....	377,892
A NET DAILY GAIN in twelve months of.....	64,280

In Advertising, Too.

Total Number of Advertisements printed in The World during February, 1891.....	57,022
During February, 1892.....	67,159
NET GAIN.....	10,137

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The Spring crop of East River bridge plans does not grow less.

The "Greater EVENING WORLD" has come. The "Greater New York" will come.

Chicago's Board of Trade forbids dealings in puts and calls. Its virtue may grow to a point when it will issue a ukase against 4-11-44 and the bobtail flush.

The Czar has refrained from one act of despotism urged by his Ministers. He will not have TOLSTOI arrested for publishing the truth about the Russian famine.

Being late in his arrival at the House yesterday, ex-Speaker REED missed a good anti-tariff speech. But he heard the Democratic news from his own town of Portland.

An Austrian Prince who wants a wife is willing to take her from America if she brings a dowry of $5,000,000, with twenty years of age. He places a truly royal valuation on his title.

A Philadelphia youth monkeyed with a hand-organist's understudy, and the ring-tailed creature bit him. Now the youth has something like hydrophobia. The monk' madea hima seeck.

We are told the Sixth Avenue "L" Road has the fastest train. The information is valuable because it shows that there is a fast train, such as it is, somewhere on the "L" system.

A Brooklyn boy with a big head is missing. There are lots of cases of big head in Brooklyn and New York, too, every morning, but it is their presence not absence that is usually deplored.

That SARAH ALTHEA HILL TERRY is at last really insane is little to be doubted or wondered at. In her mad career she has outlived the nerve-life of a score of women less valiantly constituted.

There will be no Behring Sea war with England. Neither nation concerned will suffer loss of dignity by a peaceful settlement, and to neither one is all the seal-skin available worth a drop of soldierly blood.

An important witness at a coming murder trial in Illinois is to be the man who was supposed to have been killed. He has just turned up alive. The relief of the two prisoners accused of his murder is not to be expressed in words.

A thief has been locked up for tackling his landlady's cupboard, uptown. "I was starving and wasn't going to die with things right at hand," said he. His appetite got him into jail and lost the landlady a new boarder. But his excuse was both logical and Socialistic.

The Broadway car respects neither age nor person. Its one aim seems to be to "get there on time." A remarkable escape from death under the wheels was that of sixty-two-year-old MASON HIRSH, who was knocked down and dragged along by the juggernaut yesterday.

A COOL DEMAND FOR MILLIONS.

The New York Central Railroad is always willing to permit the city to stand expense which only benefits this corporation. With a business amounting to millions a year and largely dependent upon its trains running into this city, it has endeavored to shirk every necessary reform and improvement tending to make its road safe or to lessen the inconvenience it causes to the residents along its line and the public in general. Its latest proposition, which, by the way, has an Arctic calmness, is that the city pay half the cost of elevating its tracks in order that it may cross over the Harlem River at the height of 24 feet required by law.

The management of this corporation is a powerful believer in the repetition of history. It succeeded when public opinion demanded the sinking of its tracks to make the city pay $3,000,000 for this work. Now it wants as much more for elevating them.

The net profits of the Central last year were between three and four million dollars. Its road is run more cheaply than any other of half equal prominence, and no other railroad has as little regard for the convenience of its patrons.

If justice were done the Company's trains would be stopped north of the Harlem River, and the passengers could come into town by the Elevated railroads or such other transit as might be found desirable. This would not only simplify matters, but would also do away with the danger that still exists in the tunnel, notwithstanding the slow efforts at ventilation which the Company is making.

It would be well just at present for the New York Central Railroad Company not to attract too much attention to itself by unjust demands or propositions which are bound to call out condemnation.

A GREATER "EVENING WORLD."

THE EVENING WORLD appears to-day permanently enlarged to a six-page form. It has hitherto enjoyed the reputation, honestly earned, of being New York's newsiest afternoon paper. In its amplified form it proposes to retain this old characteristic and add appreciably to its special departments and features.

The paper aims to be complete in all respects. It realizes and responds to the growing demands and necessities of afternoon journalism. It will not only give each day's history so clearly and crisply that "he who runs may read," but it will also furnish the material for more leisurely reading at the home and fireside.

A special Brooklyn edition, also of six pages, will be issued daily, and readers across the big bridge will find themselves supplied more fully than ever before in a one cent newspaper with the stories and incidents of daily life in their great city. This special edition will contain also the regular news and departments of the New York issue.

WHICH GIRL SHOULD HE MARRY?

Two Willimantic mill girls erected a mill of their own yesterday somewhat after the John L. Sullivan school of architecture, the only difference being that instead of two-ounce gloves the Willimantic maidens held bobbins in their hands when they set about their work. The prize was the love and affection of a Willimantic young man upon whom both had set their hearts.

One girl waved her bobbin so skilfully that she knocked the other girl senseless, leaving her a souvenir of the meeting in the shape of a three-inch cut on her head, sou'-sou'west of her beautiful bang. This is as much as the telegraph tells us about the fight. What the young man is going to do, we are not told, and naturally there will be some curiosity to learn whether he will accept the girl who made her prowess so plain.

The winner of the battle would be a dangerous foe in a domestic discussion, where flat-irons, stove-lids and lighted coal-oil lamps so often play prominent parts, and nobody would blame a man for hesitating about signing articles of agreement with her at the altar; while the loser of the battle showed a lack of fighting ability that almost attracts an able-bodied man to her side, to take chances with her through life.

Will the Willimantic lover accept the girl upon whose brow and bobbin the laurels of victory are wreathed? Will he have the courage, nerve, we might say, to marry her under the Queensberry or London prize-ring rules? He is in a pretty queer position, isn't he?

DRIVE OUT THE BOGUS DOCTORS.

MAX S. GUGGENHEIM was convicted in General Sessions, in this city, yesterday, of the illegal practice of medicine. It was shown that his diploma was forged and that he was an exceptionally dangerous type of the always dangerous "bogus" physician.

The law cannot be too strict in dealing with offenders of the Guggenheim sort. The practice of medicine is justly surrounded with strict statutory restrictions, to the end that it may be taken up only by men concerning whose ability and knowledge there can be no doubt. Physicians deal most intimately with the lives and well-being of their patients. Their responsibilities are most weighty and, at the same time, most delicately poised.

The efforts of unworthy and unskilled men to take up such responsibilities must be determinedly met and thwarted. It is not a matter of fraud alone. It is an offense which so closely affects human life that it may at any time assume substantially the form of manslaughter.

Astounding examples of the ignorance which may prevail close to the heart of civilization yet occasionally shock the followers of the day's news. A case in point is furnished near Buffalo. A baby was stricken with diphtheria, and in place of a doctor its parents called an old woman nurse whose stock of knowledge was lost in the depths of superstition. She pronounced the babe beyond help. It must be placed in a cold room to die easier. The parents followed her dictate, and the child still lived three days in a freezing atmosphere. Then it yielded its little life, a martyr to brute ignorance.

So wide open is America's hospitable door to immigrants from all nations that it is especially necessary to keep a keen lookout as to the health of those who come to swell the population. The new orders for the establishment of a medical inspection of steerage passengers bound hither, at Liverpool and Hamburg, are eminently proper.

The bill to return to hanging, instead of killing murderers by electricity in this State, is to be reported favorably at Albany. The question as to whether this is an advance or a retrogression depends to an extent on the other question, as to whether the day for capital punishment in any form is or is not past.

THE CLEANER.

Sarah Althea Terry is going to an insane asylum. She has had enough excitement in her time to drive half a dozen women crazy.

* * *

Plutarch T. Timayenis, who is now under indictment for forgery, is a cultured Greek, a writer and a scholar. He was once a tutor in Harvard University.

* * *

A cry of distress comes from the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. How is this Dr. Webb, cannot the Vanderbilt millions keep a few poor railroad laborers from starvation?

* * *

Jay Gould may come out as a professing Christian when he gets back from his Southern trip. They say that Uncle Russell Sage has been laboring with him devoutly for some time past.

* * *

It appears that the Hon. John Lawrence Sullivan is a greater success as an epistolarian than as a speechmaker. His open letter to Mr. Charles Mitchell is filled with the most delicate irony and subtle sarcasm.

* * *

The Lenten season has brought out an unusual supply of Yarmouth bloaters and Virginia herrings. Those who believe in mortifying the flesh will not lack an opportunity.

* * *

Miss Agnes Crawford, of the Sonnekalb College of Music, has only just received the sealskin cloak that was roughly torn from her shoulders by a United States Customs Inspector at Suspension Bridge last Christmas. Miss Crawford invoked the aid of influential friends in Canada and in New York to prove to Secretary Foster that she had worn her cloak nearly two years and had been almost around the world in it. Her proof was made complete early in January.

* * *

I hear that Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the memorial address on Sherman before the New York Legislature.

* * *

Miss Annie Meyers, of the Casino, in reply to Sylvia Gerrish's declaration that she would never kiss her on the stage again, asserts in an interview that she did not lose her temper. The interview is strong evidence of her veracity.

* * *

At the performance of "Faust" yesterday afternoon Jean de Reszke was presented with a golden crown of laurel leaves. The gift was from a woman, but Jean nobly refuses to say who she is. Incidently the handsome tenor is not encumbered with a wife.

* * *

One argument in favor of a trotting road through Central Park is that it would prove a source of great enjoyment to thousands who might watch the speeding. It would also take trotting horses off the main roads in the Park, and be a general source of satisfaction to all who drive through them.

* * *

bundles and boxes of shamrocks are now to be found among the express matter of every incoming European steamer, a reminder that St. Patrick's Day is not far off.

"LA SONNAMBULA."

Bellini's well-worn opera, "La Sonnambula," that brings up memories of instruction books and childhood's days and all that sort of thing to the present generation of theatregoers, was sung last night at the Metropolitan Opera-House. Miss Van Zandt interpreted the role of Amina. Her voice was scarcely equal to the task, but she looked very nice, and worked conscientiously. Serbolini as Count Rodolpho was quite successful. His voice was in good condition, and he entered into the spirit of the music very convincingly. Miss Ida Klein was Liza, Mlle. Bauermeister Theresa, Sig. Rinaldini Alessio, Sig. Prossi the notary, and Gianini Elvino.

To-morrow night there will be a double bill, consisting of "Orfeo" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Rough on the Professionals.

[From the Washington Post.]

The farce-comedies are having a hard time of it this year. They are compelled to compete with some very funny political booms.

It Should Draw Well.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

London's 80,000 barmaids are going to have a journal of their own, but it has not yet been decided whether it is to be issued weekly or monthly. It hasn't occurred to them, perhaps, to try it 'arf and 'arf for awhile.

There's Money in It.

[From the Chicago Times.]

A Denver jury has awarded a man $45,000 damages against a charmer who alienated his wife's affections. When marriage is a failure in Denver there seems to be a chance to realize something from the assets.

An Esteemed Contemporary in Tears.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Unfortunately it is true that the *Tribune* supported Mr. Washburne—not very hard, but hard enough to help elect him—and we may add that we are sorry for it and will never do it again.

There is No Substitute

FOR ROYAL BAKING POWDER. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other baking powders.

HANDLING A WIFE.

First Contributions of Advice on an Interesting Subject.

Be Her Lover Always, Says One Letter Writer.

Another Suggests that She Be Permitted to Handle the Cash.

Some people think a wife is as hard to handle as an armful of cats or a comic opera company with a pair of jealous prima donnas in it. But, happily for the world and the gentle sex, these people are few and their pratings are generally wasted on the winds. The readers of THE EVENING WORLD as a rule admire and extol worthy womanhood, and do their best to halo it with kind and shining words. This fact is made manifest in the manner in which the wife's managing discussion opens in this column to-day. The letters have an agreeable tone and are decidedly favorable views of the wife's importance in the modern household.

Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD *will give a gold double eagle to the writer who shows best* "HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE." *The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to* WIFE EDITOR, THE EVENING WORLD, *P. O. Box 2,354.*

Be Her Lover Always.

To the Editor:

I think one of the best ways to manage a wife is to show her that for you there is no other woman in the world. Don't get up cross in the morning and leave her without a kiss, making her miserable all the live-long day, but do unto her as you would be done by. Be her lover always. Be true and constantly striving to tender to her the many little courtesies that you well know will please her. Keep no secrets from her, but share each other's joys and sorrows together. Stay at home evenings, and as soon as she is at leisure a happy wife will enjoy nothing better than sitting down and talking with you about the current topics of the day. Let her have her pin money for the many little things that she has use for, and not grind her down as if she were a servant, slaving from morn till night. A kind and loving wife will need no other kind of managing when she knows she is the happy possessor of the love from her husband's whole heart.

G. W. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Let Her Be the Banker.

To the Editor:

To manage a wife, give her all your money on pay-day. Let her be the banker. Don't drink. Don't smoke in the house. Don't chew. Be neat in appearance and keep clean. Love her with all your heart. Be considerate. If she expresses a wish that lies in your power to grant, do so. Don't cross her. Let her have her own way in everything within reason. If you want spending money, ask her for it, and if not for foolish extravagance she will give it to you. You may think it hard to give up all the "wherewithal" at first, but having tried it both ways I can vouch, for one at least, that it is by far the better way. Lastly, let her have the pleasure of your company at home after the business of the day is done. If a man cannot manage his wife without her knowing it by following the above "pointers" he might better have remained single.

TWENTY DOLLARS, PLEASE.

Get Her While She Is Manageable.

To the Editor:

First get her; get her at an age when she is manageable, before she becomes experienced in the ways of the world. Then you can assume the role of a guide more than that of a manager. Thus you will at the start have saved yourself considerable labor. Remember you are no longer a bachelor. Love her, of course, but do not caress her overmuch lest she become like a spoiled child. A glance can speak volumes. Let her believe you the bank, herself the depositor. Let her draw reasonably on you at all times. If extravagant refuse payment gently, but firmly. Use diplomacy. Remember that a war of words is useless, and once defeated in such a tilt you will find yourself forever at the tender mercy of a woman's tongue. If she has a hobby encourage it. Be she overtalkative never cut her off short; let her talk. Never use coarse language; it degrades a man in a woman's eyes, besides setting a bad example which the wife may follow. When you have trouble downtown do not find fault with the wife or utter low mutterings at her, else she will think you a coward.

STEPHEN BERNHEIMER.

Remember the Marriage Vows.

To the Editor:

But one correct answer can be made to the query, "How to Manage a Wife," and that is embodied in a few words: Treat her according to the vows of the marriage day. Perhaps it would not be amiss to supplement this by stating that womanly nature is such that it appeals to the heart of man as the haven of rest of her fond hopes; she relies upon him for spiritual as well as worldly support, and looks up to him in the sublimity of his manliness. But this delicate idealism is ruthlessly destroyed, is undermined and forever banished by the want of that sublime essential for a blissful life—confidence. Love and confidence go hand in hand; the one lost, the other is destroyed. The husband, who firmly implants confidence in his wife, augments her love, and this leads to mutual submission and the study of each one's frailties with a view to conciliate the same. This is the "management" which the husband must wield over his wife, and a religious regard for these duties insures a happy home. These principles, then, are the foundation upon which all other domestic felicity is built.

H. A. H.

WORLDLINGS.

There are nearly a thousand persons in the household of Queen Victoria.

The oldest daughter of Stephen B. Elkins, the newest member of the Harrison Cabinet, is a very bright and cultivated girl who is likely, it is said, to attract a good deal of attention in Washington society apart from that which she would naturally receive from her father's official position.

What are described as the finest stables in the world are those occupied by the magnificent horses of the Baroness Von Zuyllan in Paris. The stables cover three acres of ground and are fitted up in a style that is little less than sumptuous.

It is said that there are 5,000,000 women in Germany who earn their own living.

Mrs. Henry K. Updegrass, of Tower City, Pa., is a great-grandmother at forty-seven. She was married at fourteen, her daughter at fifteen and her granddaughter at sixteen.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Roll Up Your Sleeves.

What's the use in grievin'
Over these hard times;
'Bustin' 'em an' weavin'
Of your mournful rhymes?
Ain't a bit o' good in it;
Neither breat nor wood in it;
But the way to do—
Roll your shirt sleeves higher up,
Till you jes' perspire up—
Loose the brakes an' fire up,
Then go steamin' through!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

My Wife.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear.
I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which by high tower and dismantled mill,
Goes wandering at its own sweet will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.
And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet lake or dilmie lea,
It lows around them and between,
And make them fresh, and fair, and green—
Sweet isles wherein to live and die.

—*James Russell Lowell's Own Tribune.*

No Half Measures.

Men sadly ask for "half a chance"
When striving to some goal,
They're welcome to it. As for me,
I want my chances whole.

—*Puck.*

It's a fact. The Table d'Hote dinner for 75c. at THE COLUMBIA, on Union Square, 5 to 8 P. M., is the best in the city. Charming music.

A STYLISH, DURABLE DRESS.

Velvet Waist, with Cloth Sleeves and Skirt.

The Pelerine Cape—Other Notes in Fashion's World.

A very stylish and most durable dress for this season of the year is a combination of cloth and velvet. Make a velvet waist and use cloth for the sleeves and skirt. Such an outfit may be worn anywhere and until warm weather sets in.

White and colored linen, nainsook and chamberys embroidered the whole length of the dress pattern are among the imported cottons.

The old chintz patterns of long, long ag are reproduced in the new silks, fine cottons and imported challies, and there is nothing among the innovations by modern designers to compare with them in color, composition or variety.

Rough woven goods with shaggy designs will make a monster of the fat woman who tries to wear them. Her best plan is to select a low-toned, smooth-faced cloth with a decided, but hair line stripe. Made without a pucker or a puff of any sort, with hair dressed on the very top of her head and her head dressed with a tall, close-fitting toque or bonnet, she will make a slender as well as a stylish appearance.

A pretty fashion for fastening bonnet strings is to have a small, fluffy rosette come just under the left ear and the long strings then float nearly to the bottom of the dress.

The pelerine is a cape, usually made of velvet, appliqued, plain, or decorated with jet or wood beads. It is worn over a cloth coat, and is utterly innocent of any heightening of the shoulders, over which it falls as plainly as a shawl and scarcely more tightly. Its edge is sometimes adorned with long pencil fringe, sometimes with strong guipure in vandykes; it sometimes has long stole ends in front, and sometimes merely performs the cape circle; but though subject to these minor differences, its personality never changes—it is a pelerine all the time.

Miss Willard is going to get herself very much disliked by the Chicago Board of Education. With the combined help of the Windy City women she and Lady Somerset hope to oust every male principal in the public schools and have women appointed in their place. The men may teach, but British and American temperance queens think it for the good of the children that a motherly interest be at the head of the educational as well as domestic training.

In the Japanese stores one may buy a cream and sugar set as low as 10 cents, tea sets of three pieces vary from 25 cents to $1.25, and they are very pretty and well worth the money.

Max O'Rell deserves a monument in the central State of the Union, built at once and as high as the pin money of the American women for a year will permit. Here are some of the many sweet things he has written about them: "American women are typical. They are unlike any other women I know. Their beauty, physically speaking, is great, but we foreigners are more struck by the frankness of their eyes, the naturalness of their emotions, and their general genuineness. So far as I can discover, your American girls are given almost every liberty. They take the other. And why not? I have never discovered in the American woman the slightest trace of gratitude to man. In fact, I have thought I detected a shade of contempt. Perhaps it is because you treat them with such profound respect." Referring to that finished product, the learned young woman, he adds: "One of her charms is that she does not make a guy of herself. France and England have their learned women, but their learning has made guys of them as a rule, and when you see one of them in a drawing-room you walk the other way if you can decently do so. Your American learned woman remains a woman in spite of her learning. She dresses well and tries to look as well as she can, not to please the men—oh no!—but to please herself. If I had to be born again, and could choose my sex and place of birth, I would shout at the top of my voice, 'Make me an American woman!'"

Not a Calculator.

[From Truth.]

Ethel—George says he looks upon beauty as only skin deep.

Maud—Just like a man.

Ethel—What?

Maud—Not to make any allowance for paint.

IF you want to use every faculty so as to bring out the best that is in it you should

Have some H-O for breakfast.

"THE ENGLISH ROSE."

"The English Rose," a typical London melodrama, had its first presentation in this city at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night, and may be instantly set down as a roarer. It was imperfectly presented, and disfigured by waits so long and irritating that it is not easy at present to imagine its fate. Whatever happens, though, the gallery will like it and the stalls will not. It is a roarer from the classic shades of Roarer-ville. There is a picturesque hero; there is a heroine who says heaps of pretty things for the benefit of the boys upstairs, who will worship at her shrine; there is an awfully stern papa who gets shot and killed in Act II., I am glad to say; and there is a horse—really a wonderful horse that is far more interesting than any member of the cast. This animal contributes a capital piece of acting, and will be largely responsible for any success that "The English Rose" may attain.

Sims and Buchanan wrote this melodrama, which is a story involving a cruel English landlord and his oppressed Irish tenants. The English landlord, Sir Philip Kingston, who always wears a noble silk hat—this style $2.75—has a lovely niece, Ethel, a fair young flower, who loves a young Irishman who has nothing but a reputation to live on. Her uncle is quite put out about it, but the fair young flower doesn't mind very much. A wicked agent, who is afraid of having his sins discovered by Sir Philip, hires some reckless men to shoot that worthy. They succeed, and the crime is fastened upon the young Irishman. This is conventional, but to be expected. The young Irishman must be heroic, and how can he be more successfully so than as a speciman of injured innocence? Everything comes out well in the end. Your patience may come out before the end if something is not done to quicken the movement.

"The English Rose" is not well written; neither is it badly written. It is a piece of hack work, rather neatly executed, and for which Messrs. Proctor and Turner have done a great deal by supplying a good cast and pleasing scenery. Aubrey Boucicault made an excellent impression. He is young, lithe, nervous and comely. John Glendenning, an actor who never fails, was completely successful as a good-for-nothing. Randal O'Mara. Mervyn Dallas was amusingly stagey as Sir Philip Kingston with the silk hat—this style $2.75. Bertha Creighton made a hit, and Ffolliott Paget was very nice. If Miss Paget would but drop a few of the consonants in her name!

ALAN DALE.

A TRIUMPHANT DEMONSTRATION OF THEOSOPHY.

I.

"There are mysteries, Ethel, which even we cannot understand."

II.

"For instance, the Mahatma summons me to Thibet to sit at his feet. What happens!"

III.

"My mind formulates the wish. Distance is obliterated. In an instant I am"——

IV.

Gone.

Too High.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Snappson—Why didn't you buy some of that Chippendale at the Van Million sale?

Snappson—So it did; but you know, my dear, I can't sing.

ANY one can get furniture, carpets, bedding and stoves by paying 10 per cent. cash down, balance long time, at Cowperthwait's, 168 to 208 Park Row; no deposit required when long time is not wanted.

DRESSING A ROOM.

Nell Nelson Gives Some Hints on Artistic Decorations.

Fans, Bannerettes, Milking Stools and Easels Have Had Their Day.

Most Becoming Wall Paper, Carpet and Shades for Small Rooms.

Interior decoration having been done to death, there is a manifest inclination to reproduce the simple and withal serviceable designs that maintained among the Knickerbocker and Pennsylvania Dutch, and which gave their homes beauty and character.

Unconsciously the hateful fans, scarfs, banner-panels, printed queensware, pine-stained easels and enamelled milking-stools have accumulated until the mass of decorated rubbish has become not only an eyesore, but a libel on personal taste and a positive detriment to home comfort.

Germans, progressive euchre, dinners, weddings, souvenir performances, Christmas parties and other gift enterprises have each contributed to the fund of counterfeit ornaments.

Now the much favored home-keeper is aweary. She wants breathing space and elbow room; she wants her cabinets to look less like showcases, her mantel shelf to be less suggestive of a stationer's bargain counter and her draperies to be less audible. In other words a change is wanted, and it is being brought about with a despatch that is both admirable and refreshing.

Every decade shows a contraction of space in New York living quarters, which, however, is made tolerable by an increase as well as an improvement in modern conveniences. To make the most of the little rooms in flats, apartment-houses, hotels and brown-stones built on fourteen-foot lots, requires not so much large expenditures of money as the exercise of taste and intelligent judgment. For instance, it is bad judgment to put carpet on a narrow hall or narrow staircase, and it is bad judgment to select a wall paper or a carpet of a large pattern for a small room. It is like putting a palm leaf wrapper on a two-year-old boy or setting a trunk on a chair.

In a room less than twelve feet square the design in floor, wall and furniture covering should not exceed the diameter of a watch. If the "snow crystal" patterns, which vary in size from a silver dime to a fifty-cent piece, are selected in light brown, pearl or cream shades the apartment will have the bright, roomy effect that is the attraction of colonial styles.

There is a line of carpets made for the church trade that cost no more than "the regular," wears much longer and looks decidedly better. They run to geometrical and scroll figures in low tones and are a yard wide.

It is hard to understand the motive of a housekeeper who first buys a flowery moquette, velvet or Brussels carpet, has it laid with a still more gorgeous border and then buys rugs and covers it all up. To say nothing of vulgar extravagance and superfluous furniture, this arrangement is bad hygienically. If the carpet is old and worn take it up, stain or paint the floor, and lay the rugs where comfort requires. If the carpet is in good condition rugs are out of place. With terry or matting for a background a good rug is a picture and a delight.

Upholstered furniture is a dangerous thing to buy. If it is good it will cost more than the average family can afford, and if it is not it is worthless, and very soon becomes a receptacle for bugs and dirt. One hears and reads a great deal about home-made divans and couches built with dry-goods boxes or straw mattresses and jute drapery, but it is the wisdom of fools. When sickness comes and the doctor and trained nurse are summoned, the first move made to improve the surroundings of the patient is the banishment of the distortions in upholstery. Better a $4 wooden rocking chair and a $12 willow couch than a $32 set of furniture in brocade with plush trimmings every time.

Let the poor home builder who has a taste for first-class articles be content to buy them one at a time and not in sets. In this way she will get good springs and hard wood, well-made frames that will last generations. She will also get rid of the monotony of having things in pairs.

Another irritating question is window-dressing. It is a mistake to buy silks and brocades unless the family owns its roof tree, and cheap stuffs are tawdry. First of all hang two sets of holland shades, dark green for shutting out the light and white or custard for furnishing. Good lace is costly, but all the point patterns are to be had in everlasting Nottingham. For an outlay of $4 a window you can buy a pair of Nottingham curtains, 60 inches wide, so nicely copied from an Irish point lace that only a judge can classify them. Even a $2 set of lace curtains is better than silk at $2 a yard because cleaner, more pleasing to the senses and more of a finish to the room. It is a good plan to let the curtain hang straight, as it falls into graceful folds, but if ribbons must be used let them be the same color as the curtain. Complementary and contrasting colors are popular, but they give a hoopla strain to the room unless they are just right. Cheap silk hangings, cheap portieres, cheap scarfs and cheap draperies give the impression of a clothes line hung over a bargain counter to show remnants. Throw a breadth of silk across a picture or cabinet, but let one such effect suffice in a room.

Throw the tidies out the window if you can't get rid of them any other way. Those tantalizing lace napkins went out of fashion with hair oil and curl papers. Photographs are often very precious, but rarely ornamental. Their place is on the dressing table or in the privacy of a sleeping-room or study. Portraits belong in the hall. Stage beauties and character pictures stuck round a mirror or pasted on the panels of a door may be interesting until they get dust-laden and fly-specked.

There is only one way to keep books and that is behind glass doors, but never under lock and key.

Put a table in the centre of the room and you at once make the place homelike, for here the children and the grown people instinctively gather to play, study, read, smoke, sew or chat. A good oak or a fine walnut will endure untold abuse; a mahogany will grow beautiful with the tide of time and a well-made cherry is as good as any. Abhor trimmings and fancy effects as you value usefulness. Dispense with a cover. If there is a lamp put a nine-inch square of the handsomest brocade or velvet you can afford under it. About it pile books, stack magazines and still leave room for the daily paper, a tray to hold a paper cutter, scissors, pair of spectacles and meerschaum and a dish of oranges.

Serious colors produce the best effect in household as well as personal attire. The only way to subdue a chair with a pink vest, yet seat it to sit on it, while a gaudily draped sofa or arm-chair should be moved into an open field where it will have the room it requires. If you must have gold in your wall paper hang the gilt-framed pictures in another room.

NELL NELSON.

Taking an Unfair Advantage.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

Strawter—What is your idea in having a room up so high?

Featherstone—On account of my tailor. He has only one leg, and can't climb stairs easily.

Opera Prices—the Whole Story.

[From Puck.]

Inquirer—Why do so few people come to the opera?

Manager—Because our prices are so high.

Inquirer—Why do you keep the prices so high?

Manager—Because so few people come.

Explicit Directions.

[From Life.]

Young Tutter (who has been invited to call)—I hope I won't have any difficulty in finding your house, Miss Calloway.

Miss Calloway—Oh, no; I don't think you will, Mr. Tutter. You can tell the house in this way: Just before you get to it, on the first corner, is a florist's establishment.

All women who are overworked, "run-down," or debilitated, need just one medicine—and that is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a broad statement, but facts bear it out. These are the facts:

If you're a weak and delicate woman, then the "Favorite Prescription" builds you up; if you suffer from any of the painful disorders and derangements peculiar to your sex, it relieves and cures. It invigorates the system, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. All the chronic weaknesses, irregularities, and disturbances known as "female complaints" are permanently cured by it.

These are *facts*, and they're strong enough to warrant the makers in *guaranteeing* their remedy. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. No other medicine for women is sold on such terms. That proves that nothing else can be "just as good."

DEBILITY FROM GRIP.

Spring Debility—Weak Nerves.

The experience of Mr. Charles H. Stevens, of South Effingham, N. H., is one of greatest interest to our readers. He says: "If it had not been for Dr. Greene's Nervura *I should have been dead before this time.* I had the Grip, and it left me prostrated, extremely nervous, limbs stiff in the joints, bowels bloated badly, and breathing terrible. In fact, I was almost a complete wreck, and could do but little work of any kind. I commenced to take Dr. Greene's Nervura, and at the end of one week was better, and now I am able to do a full day's labor."

How many thousands there are suffering from Spring Debility, or the weakening effects of the Grip, or from overwork, who feel dull, without energy; do not eat or sleep well, have liver or kidney complaint and constipation. Above all, they are weak, tired, nervous and debilitated. *There is danger in these symptoms*—the danger of serious disease following, if the symptoms are neglected.

Use Dr. Greene's Nervura in all such cases. This wonderful tonic and invigorator will immediately strengthen the nerves, invigorate the brain, enrich the blood and vitalize the whole system. Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists, $1.

"I Am Strong Again."

"I employed 23 doctors for my wife. Many pronounced her incurable; some advised placing her in an asylum, while others did her no good. She had poor blood, was weak, nervous, debilitated and half crazy. She had female weakness and her kidneys were very bad. *Dr. Greene's Nervura has completely cured her.* She thanks God that I bought Dr. Greene's Nervura. N. B. KING, Danvers, Mass."

Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease will be returned free.

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