The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 15.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including Postage):

PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 32.....No. 11,165

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

☞ BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1307 BROADWAY between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125TH ST. AND MADISON AVE.
BROOKLYN—392 WASHINGTON ST., HARLEM—News Department, 159 EAST 125TH ST. Advertisements at 327 EAST 115TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—3 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

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 safekeeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

TOM REED has heard some more Democratic news from Maine by this time.

Dr. PARKHURST is invited to appear again before the Grand Jury. Is he any better prepared?

The fine for throwing doughballs in the Produce Exchange has been raised from 50 cents to $1. Evidently a bull market in this kind of fun.

Finding that his liabilities had swallowed his business prospects, a merchant in Denver swallowed poison. A weak man's way to dodge creditors and responsibilities.

Train-Robber PERRY is suing a museum manager who exhibits his effigy in wax, for $10,000. Train robbery doesn't seem to be Mr. PERRY'S only forte in the money-making line.

Tough MICKY MATTHEWS, who was shot by THOMAS REILLY in East Seventy-fourth street, attributes his condition to mixed ale. He and PETER MAHER can shake hands and share condolings.

Lynchers in Taney County, Mo., shot and killed a deputy sheriff who was doing his duty in defending his prisoner from the mob. Strange things, these popular uprisings for "law and order."

Post-office and mail-box robberies continue to be frequent. They are among the meanest forms of theft. There should be a special form of punishment for such offences, making the risk an extremely heavy one.

The hasty legalizing by the New Jersey Legislature of the Reading coal deal has given rise to some questions as to the how and why of the act which might be embarrassing if pressed right home to the legislators.

Mayor GRANT wisely agrees with the Governor in the matter of municipal franchises for railway corporations. His letter of objection to the present form of the "Huckleberry Road" bill is on the popular side and the right side.

Well, it happened again at Yonkers yesterday. A New York Central brakeman, whose train had stopped, was sent to flag the train behind. He didn't go far enough. There was a crash and a blaze. Nobody was hurt, but travel was delayed for hours. When will the list stop growing?

The charges of "boodling" made in connection with the Brooklyn L road franchise granted in 1883 are exceedingly grave. They threaten the City of Churches with a scandal of more than ordinary proportions. But they are charges, also, which it will require more than the ordinary weight of evidence to sustain. They cannot, even if true, be hurriedly pushed. The investigation of them must be deliberate, thorough and such as to establish completely either their truth, or their utterly falsity.

RUSSIA AND FAMINE.

According to advices from St. Petersburg the Russian Government has not failed to learn at least a part of the lesson taught through the suffering of the people in its famine-stricken districts.

The Council of the Empire has ordered that in the future two grain depots shall be established to every three hundred peasants' huts, and that from these depots seed corn shall be distributed in the Spring to the peasants, who must return equal portions in the Autumn. Special bureaus will be established to report annually as to the condition of the grain harvest of the Empire, so as to enable the Government to adopt measures to avert a famine in the future.

So the Government recognizes the necessity for systematized measures of preparation to meet circumstances that might lead again to famine. But, as has been pointed out by men whose personal observations have shown them the true state of affairs, such steps as this of establishing grain distributing stations are only a small beginning in the great task that changing times and influences must accomplish.

The people who are suffering now need an inspiration to save themselves from the perils of starvation. They will not get this through the mere furnishing of seeds. They need the pressure of responsibilities in citizenship and an education and elevation to the point of bearing such a pressure. Until something of this sort is at least under way the danger will be ever present of famine brought about largely, as the present one was, by the utter shiftlessness and irresponsibility of most of the people affected.

While the Czar's great standing armies of soldiers are perfectly organized and drilled for almost any emergency, greater armies of labor about the farms and outer provinces of the Empire remain without any idea even of such unity as might advance at the same time their own interests and the country's. It could hardly be otherwise in a land where the chief efforts of the central Government as directed towards its people have so long been in the two lines of collecting its taxes and suppressing mutterings against its despotism.

Nihilism has grown naturally among such people, since they have had no spur to develop real patriotism in its stead. They could not foster deep affection for a country which gave no evidence that it either desired or would return their devotion. So with love of country absent, love of family and almost love of life itself have been weakened. Russia needs to found real citizenships before it can be sure that its own foundations are good. It is behind other nations in learning this truth. That is one reason why it shocks other nations with a great famine like that existing within its bounds to-day.

THE LOADED HEN-ROOST.

The colored individual that goes foraging after nightfall in South Carolina wants to be very careful. He may find the hen-roost loaded, and the tender and succulent bird that he gently coaxes with both hands from its dreamy perch may be as deadly a case of false pretenses as the serpent which the man warmed at his breast and was ungratefully stung by.

The telegraph wires throbbed last night with a delicious little idyl from Columbia, S. C., and the papers this morning use it freely as a news decoration for their columns. It treats of the care and skill with which an old negress fed poison to her hens, that was harmless to them, but sure and sudden death to the partaker of the pot-pie in which a perfumed bird's obsequies might be celebrated. The hens fattened on the poison, but a neighbor who crept forth when "nox was lit by lux of luna" and decreased the population of the roost by a hen or two soon sickened and died. Other's hens and other neighbors disappeared, the former from the roost, the latter from this earthly sphere. Then the gourmets of that section got on to the toxic pate-de-fois-gras game of the old negress, and the dark hand of the despoiler was inserted in her roost no more. Her chickens are now safe and she wears a wide smile when she hears how the other roosts all around her are made to suffer.

There is no reason why this ingenious old lady should not make a fortune out of her secret. She has as good a thing in her way as Dr. KELLY possesses. It is probable that her successful hen-protector may be applied to the woodpile, the watermelon and the clothesline. Some scheme for circumventing the night vandals who visit these hallowed institutions for the purpose of pounder world have immediate and immense popularity.

A formula that will make the watermelon undesirable by the single-taxer who believes in getting possession of it while the rightful proprietor is not looking, or that will render the flannel shirt as it swings in the night air of the backyard invisible to the eye of the prowler who peers over the fence, will be hailed as a boom in many quarters and its discoverer and promulgator would be entitled to a monument even if he didn't get one.

LICENSE IN THE PULPIT REBUKED.

A preacher who lately appeared in the role of a book agent in a Kansas town was invited by a local pastor to fill his pulpit on Sunday night. He accepted the invitation and proceeded to demonstrate to the local minister what a mistake that gentleman had made.

The tramp preacher, for he seemed to be little else, not only filled the pulpit with his bodily presence, but he filled the church with vulgar ravings over the sinfulness of women in Texas, contrasting it with the piety and circumspect conduct of the women he had met in Kansas. The "sermon" was broadly indecent and the congregation only sat throu h it because the people were astounded and dazed at the audacity of the fellow in the pulpit.

Monday morning, however, the citizens who had heard the preacher had recovered from their temporary paralysis, and they proceeded to convince the vagrant of the error he had made in lingering about town. He was chased about a mile beyond the outskirts of the place, and was bombarded continuously with eggs of most uncertain ages and conditions.

This case of an alleged minister violating the proprieties of the pulpit is novel only in the extreme to which it was carried. He simply out-Jonesed the Sam Joneses of the day. And perhaps it needs a case like his, once in a while, to show people the danger of encouraging in the pulpit a style of ranting license which is never in place there, and which may so easily cross to the wrong side of the line of common decency.

Amherst College boys are to hold a make-believe Republican National Convention. Will there be a letter of positive declination read?

THE CLEANER.

Inspector Steers has also gone to Florida for his health. Southward the office-holder wends his way.

* * *

Register Frank T. Fitzgerald is in the field for the new Surrogate proposed in Senator Ahearn's bill. He may get there, too.

* * *

The kite track is not so generally despised as it was. Old Orchard Beach is to have one, and I hear that they are being considered for other well-known places.

* * *

Patti didn't go to Philadelphia yesterday. She said she was too tired. Perhaps she feared the effect of the sleepy city's influence on her.

* * *

The butterfly dance is the latest. Now for the sparrow hop, the moth flutter and the glow-worm quadrille.

* * *

I see that Justice Patrick Divver indignantly denies that he is going to move up town with his family. He was radled in the Fourth ward, and he says he will die there.

* * *

Jean de Reszke, the tenor, is said to have a horror of singing at parlor entertainments, even when invitations are accompanied by $1,000 check for a couple of songs.

* * *

Columbia students are going to turn their little campus into an athletic field. Field sports will now be the order of the day between lectures.

* * *

I hear that the Author's Club has resorted to a unique scheme for raising money to build a club-house. They will publish and sell a book to which each member will contribute an original sketch. Some of the members who have promised to contribute are: Charles Dudley Warner, William Dean Howells, Frank R. Stockton, E. C. Stedman, Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, T. B. Aldrich, Eugene Field, Rossiter Johnson and Richard Henry Stoddard.

* * *

Patti and Scalchi are at loggerheads, and and the two archly mature vocal Kittenettes cannot appear in the same company. It appears that one night when they sang together they got a curtain call. Patti wanted to respond to it. Scalchi didn't, and the result was, it is claimed, that Scalchi scratched Patti's arm. The diva pocketed the scratch, so to speak, and said nothing at all about it. She has, however, owed Scalchi one ever since. Patti declared yesterday that she knew nothing at all about the matter; that she never quarrelled with artists; that she had never refused to appear with Scalchi, and so on. Count Lolli, who is Scalchi's better half (imagine a prima donna having a better half! ha! ha!), asserted that Patti received her scratch from a bit of wire attached to a bouquet that Scalchi handed her. The situation is a tragic one, of course, and it is not good to jest about it. Still you may indulge in a little bit of a smile, if you like, as you think of the set womight-be grandmommers coquettishly scratching each other and then sulking in metaphorical corners.

Miss Lottie Huntley

Is Not This

Marvellous!

And Does It Not

Prove the Merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla

This was our expression on receiving the following frank statement from the sister of Mr. W. S. Huntley, of Cortland, N. Y., a well-known carpenter and builder. Such a cure is certainly worthy a place in the Medical History of our times. Read it.

"Dear Sirs: Twelve years ago I began to have hemorrhages, and four years ago became so low that the physicians told me

There Was No Hope

and I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed. Under my face were napkins continually reddened with blood from my mouth. I could eat nothing and had no action of the bowels for a week. The doctors said the cause was ulcers in the stomach. At this time my mother said she wanted to make one more trial, and asked if I would take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I told her it would be a waste of money, but in due it would comfort her, I began taking it. In a few days the bleeding began to subside, I seemed to feel a little stronger, but thought it only fancy. I was so weak I could only take ten drops of Sarsaparilla at first. In two weeks I was able to sit up a few minutes every day. In a month I could walk across the room. One day I asked what they were to have for dinner, and said I wanted something hearty. My mother was so happy she cried. It was the

First Time I Had Felt Hungry for Two Years

I kept on with Hood's Sarsaparilla and in six months was as well as ever in my life. It is now four years since I recovered and I have not had a day's sickness since, nor any hemorrhage. If ever a human being thanked the good Lord on bended knees it was I. I know

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that Hood's Sarsaparilla, and that alone, unquestionably saved my life."

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills.

DOMESTIC HARMONY.

It Can Be Secured with a Perfect Plan of Wife-Management.

Some Good Suggestions for It Are Here Made.

The Plans Proposed Are Sugar-Coated, but Quite Effective.

Some of the wives of this community seem to be indignant that such a thing as wife-management should be made the subject of a public discussion. But it is all right, ladies. The kind of management that is sought is that which manages without letting the managee know that she is being managed, and it strikes THE EVENING WORLD that such is the kind of management a wife would like. It is for the purpose of arriving at a plan which will assure domestic harmony without permitting the efforts made in that direction to protrude at any point that this discussion is conducted. Anybody who can contribute a suggestion that will help to cement the love of husband and wife and smooth their paths through life will add to the sum of human happiness, and perhaps win THE EVENING WORLD'S $20 gold piece.

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 2,554.*

No Management Needed.

To the Editor:

The less management the better. If there is any needed it should never be called by that name. The love which led to marriage must continue to produce harmony and happiness. Treat your wife with the same courtesy, kindness and loving attention after marriage as you did before it, and you will retain her love; your will then be her pleasure; no management required. The heart of woman cannot be won by rule or rear, and without winning her heart you cannot govern her mind. The husband should encourage independence in his wife and make her feel that married life is a success. If the husband dislikes any of his wife's opinions, habits or companions, he must have patience for her to grow away from them, and not try to talk her out of them. Let him avoid reference to matters which displease, and cultivate in himself the habits and principles which he would like in her. Thereby his fondest hopes will be realized. Husband, manage your wife by the principles of love and kindness, of virtue and honesty, and there will be

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

P. F. M.

This Man Has a System.

To the Editor:

In managing a number of working-people the writer has found it of great advantage to enjoy their good will. This was invariably obtained through uniform courtesy, kindness and earnest endeavor to deal impartially with them. The above will also hold good in any home. In household affairs better drop the word "manage." My wife knows the amount of my salary, and is kept posted in regard to all my daily expenditures. Each payday (saturday) we lay aside one-quarter of our rent, money for provisions, coal and gas, and an estimated amount for incidentals. The balance, for by this system we always have a balance, is put in a savings bank. My wife cheerfully and willingly obeys my slightest wish the moment it is made known, and having no monetary troubles, is comparatively happy. We attribute our placid life entirely to our system of "pay in advance," or rather, having our money ready beforehand. "CASH."

A Few Valuable Pointers.

To the Editor:

If the husband will consider that as a human being his wife has a right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" that as a wife, circumstances, custom and law combine to make her dependent on him for nearly everything; that as an individual she has needs peculiar to herself which he may not understand, but must take her word for, and, if in addition to these considerations, he follows out the injunction of the Apostle Paul—"Husbands, love your wives even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it"—he will not find his wife hard to "manage," unless she is more selfish, ungrateful and unresponsive than the average woman. As a further "pointer," let me add that too much thought give to the pleasures and too little to the obligations of marriage makes a great deal of "management" necessary that might be avoided if duty and principle were studied more. POINTER.

Thinks Husbands Have a Hard Time.

To the Editor:

Although

I have no wife
To bother my life,
No lover to prove untrue,

apropos of wife management allow me to say a few words. From what I read of American wives in THE WORLD newspaper I really think husbands have a hard time of it, and instead of observing the matrimonial vows, "To love, honor and obey," as a wife should, they seem to love, bother and go gay. Men should not put up with it. When a man marries his wife is his property, and it is his own bookou if he is not able to manage her or if he lets a woman dominee over him. A husband should study the whims of his wife and see that she has every luxury his means can afford, participate with her in pleasures and condone with her in her grievances, and, like Adam and Eve, share the fruit with each other, be it for better or worse. A husband should see that his wife has a little independent money of her own, for a woman needs it to get her own personal requirements. If husbands who believe themselves henpecked read and follow the above maxims "marriage will not be a failure."

MISS EVA FORMELL.

It's a fact. The Table d'Hote dinner for 75c. at THE COLUMBIA, on Union Square, 9 to 8 P. M., is the best in the city. Charming music.

Off.

(From Judge.)

She—Mr. Cadsby is no longer fashion editor of the *Solar System*.

He—No; he was discharged for inebriety.

She—I didn't know that paper was a temperance organ.

He—It isn't. But Cadsby put in an item saying that black caps were very much worn at hangings now.

Found Wanting.

(From Texas Siftings.)

The Republicans were discussing the various Presidential candidates.

"If Mr. Blaine is put on the scales of public opinion he will be found wanting," remarked one.

"There is no occasion for any scales. He has been found wanting—an office every time there has been a vacancy for the last thirty years," was the reply.

WOMAN AND THE LAW.

Lectures Which Open to Them the Doors of Our University.

Good Work of the Woman's Legal Educational Society.

The Laws of Marriage and Divorce Discussed at Yesterday's Meeting.

The Woman's Legal Educational Society is an organization of brilliant and progressive women whose object is the advancement of practical legal education for their sex. A couple of years ago it occurred to the Society that women were entitled to enjoy the advantages of the University of the City of New York, and the work of opening the door to the Law School was undertaken. The Directors made the fight, the merry dozen including

Mrs. Leonard Weber,
Mrs. Anna C. Field,
Mrs. Alexander Forman,
Dr. Mary P. Jacobi,
Mrs. Abraham S. Hewitt,
Mrs. H. Herman,
Mrs. Mary Manning,
Mrs. Henry Dormitzer,
Mrs. Norton Q. Pope and
Mrs. C. K. Hood.

The class for admission numbered three, but the students passed good examinations and in November, 1890, were admitted to the Law School. Last year twenty-one women entered the school, several of them being lawyers' daughters.

At first the students had a most unhappy existence. The University men resented their intrusion and endeavored to drive them out by making them the victims of unmerciful quizzing, criticism and college jokes. The posters were doctored, the programmes dislocated and the raillery, banter and bathos were carried on in the examination as well as the lecture room.

The lonely three were neither surprised nor disconcerted. They took the fun in good part, and when the tormentors were tired they quit and ridicule turned to admiration, for, as a matter of fact, the women surprised the University people by the excellence of their work.

To-day Mrs. Cornelia Hood, of Brooklyn, fills the office of Class Treasurer, to which she was elected by 150 men, while Miss Julia Wilson, of San Francisco, who is competing for the prize essay, is the Librarian of the University.

Miss Wilson and the Misses Hogan, two public school teachers, will be graduated from the Law School in June.

All students must pass an examination before they can enter the University, and it is to enable women to do so that the "Law Lectures to Women" have been provided by the Woman's Legal Educational Society. By becoming a member of the Society a woman is entitled to one course of lectures, and the privileges and benefits of the Society as well, the membership fee being $5.

The lectures include four courses of twelve lectures each, and the fee is $5 a piece or $20 for the four courses. No examination is necessary to enter the course. The lectures begin in November and last till April, when the students are examined by a board composed of Judges of the Supreme Courts. The examination is not compulsory except for those women who desire to enter the University.

The last course of the year began yesterday, and includes the laws affecting husband and wife, marriage, divorce, the rights of parents to children in case of litigation, wills intestate, succession, &c.

Prof. Christopher C. Tiedeman is the lecturer. The lectures are given Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. to those women who are unable to attend in the afternoon.

Yesterday there were twenty ladies in room 38 when Prof. Tiedeman began to talk about the marriage laws. They occupied big chairs with expansive arms, wide enough for the blank books in which they took notes of the lecture. They were a nice lot of girls, between the ages of eighteen and forty, and they gave the learned professor their undivided attention. They did not look like women who needed the patronage of the Woman's Legal Education Society or any other organization. Diamonds glistened and pearls gleamed upon the ungloved hands that took notes; some of the pencils were pretty conceits in gold and enamel work; some of the gracefully poised shoulders were wrapped in sealskin, and altogether the make-up of the class was genteel and attractive.

Class and teacher entertained the most friendly relations to each other, the lecturer being interrupted by frequent questions concerning the marriage laws, not only in the United States, but those governing the Roman, Turk, Greek and German.

A fair, lithe, little widow, wearing simple mourning, startled the lecturer a trifle by declaring herself in favor of the civil marriage contract, and a classmate bothered him somewhat concerning the supposed marriage of an American heiress and an ardent Mahomedan. The validity of runaway marriages, compulsory marriages and marriages among minors and imbeciles were discussed. The subject announced for study and the next lecture was "Divorce Laws."

NELL NELSON.

ANY one can get Furniture, Carpets, Bedding and Stoves by paying 10 per cent. cash down, balance long time, at COWPERTHWAITE'S, 123 to 205 Park row; no deposit required when long time is not wanted.

Her Aim to Please.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Mrs. Greatchum—How can you wear that glaring bonnet, my love? I never liked it.

Mrs. Toosweet—My husband likes it, and as long as it pleases him, I don't care.

(Intermission of two hours.

Mr. Toosweet—Can't we have a little of that quince preserve for tea to-night, Clarissa?

Mrs. T.—Not much! That's for company.

Bad Company.

(From the Rider and Driver.)

Gambler—I wouldn't play poker with that horse, even if he knew how.

Owner—Why not?

Gambler—Oh, he "shies" too much!

The Wisdom of It.

(From the Epoch.)

Cora—Don't you think that law preventing one from marrying his deceased wife's sister was a very foolish one?

Merritt—On the contrary, I've always considered it a wise one, because there's seldom more than one pretty girl in a family.

Free from all impurity.

Royal Baking Powder

"MERRY GOTHAM."

There was a novelty at the Lyceum Theatre last night, and it was not a play. It was a series of clever sketches adapted from "Paris, fin de siecle" by Elizabeth Marbury, and entitled "Merry Gotham." The indications are that it suited Paris much better than it does Gotham, for the two cities are absolutely unlike in morals, in civilization, in ideas, in literature, in types and in slang. It is possible in Paris for very swell men and women to discuss politics in a very swell restaurant. It is scarcely a possibility in New York, where politics are looked upon so frequently as inefficiently low and beery, the perquisites of the saloon rather than of the *salon*. Consequently the first act of "Merry Gotham," which takes place at the "Cafe Bouverin," and introduces a number of American aristocrats, is not convincing. In Paris undoubtedly it went well; in New York it is far fetched and suggestive of next century's possibilities.

There are four acts to "Merry Gotham." I should love to tell you what they are all about, but I cannot. I do not know. There is not a vestige of plot to them. A score of well-dressed people say smart things in a smart manner. Many of the smart things might have been written by Oscar Wilde, for they sound very much like his epigrammatic style. For instance, Tom Clyde is a very English young man, who drawls and eyeglasses it perpetually.

"Is your friend English?" Arthur Becker is asked.

"No," says Mr. Becker. "He's an American, but he has lived in England a week."

Alice Darlington, a very charming widow, relates her methods of entertainment to her friends. "When I want a man to go," she declares, "I talk to him about myself; when I want him to stay I talk to him about himself."

This is the key in which the entire four acts are sketched. They are amusing; they sparkle, but they end by fatiguing, because there is too much of them. A New York audience likes a plot; in fact, it has a distinct prejudice in favor of a plot. Just as many smart things could be said during the evasion of a story as amid the cheerful sketches adapted by Miss Marbury. There are twenty speaking parts; couples walk on and walk off, and there is no reason for it. Americans are practical. They love to believe that nothing is wasted, and it does seem rather wilful to lavish so many epigrams upon nothing at all.

With the exception of the first act "Merry Gotham" was well acted. This first act, however, clearly showed the limitations of Mr. Frohman's company. The scene was laid in a restaurant, where all the principal characters assembled sitting at tables. In France this would have been capitally acted, with consummate naturalism. At the Lyceum the people sat there waiting—not for their food—but for their cues. They looked uneasy when their cues were coming. They were stagy, stilted, amateurish. In the rest of the play the company shone, its shining lights being Fritz Williams and Mrs. Walcot, an actor and actress who have no superiors in this city. Mr. Williams was "a laborer in society's vineyard" and Mrs. Walcot a society woman without a memory. Georgia Cayvan and Herbert Kelcey had very little to do. The former looked triumphant and the latter appeared to be on disgustingly good terms with himself, for no earthly reason that I could discover. I imagine—on general principles—that Kelcey quite believes in Kelcey. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen was excellent, and so were W. J. Le Moyne and Miss Elliott Page. E. J. Radcliffe and Eugene Ormonde looked as though they were not enjoying themselves.

"Merry Gotham" is a very fanciful affair, and New York is not like the picture presented. It would like to be—but it isn't.

ALF DALE.

AN ATTACHMENT.

(From Judge.)

"He's a little timid at first, pard, but he'll soon take hold an' become attached fer yer."

Two minutes later he takes hold and become attached.

Rebuked.

(From Puck.)

Parson Black (pausing in his sermon)—Hi doan' want to interfere wif de sleep ob de just, Deacon Yallerby; but I wish you'd wake Brer Johnsing up, an' tell him if he's righteous 'nuff to snore durin' my sermon, he'd better go home.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Tasteless—Effectual.)

FOR ALL

BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Such as Sick Headache, Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, All Nervous and Trembling Sensations, and Irregularities Incidental to Ladies.

Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a Box.

LOW-CUT SHOES ARE POPULAR.

With Cloth Spats They Are Worn the Year Round.

Swiss Belts in Various Forms—Items for Woman Readers.

A sixth avenue shoe dealer reports the sale of thousands of low-cut calskin shoes to New York women, who wear them the year round, with cloth spats in bad weather. These low shoes are of the sort so many Englishwomen select for outdoor wear. They are made on a man's last with pointed toes, long vamps and low heels, and may be bought for about $3.50. They are a very comfortable style, and considerably more slightly than the common-sense last.

Annoyed by the tale-bearing and harsh criticism of her pupils, an uptown schoolteacher had this sweet couplet written on the parlor blackboard in bold letters:

We are all of us human and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should always be stirring.

It was Peter the Great who said, "It is easy to splash mud, but I would rather help a man to keep his coat clean." The very thing our cruel-hearted school-girls should be taught.

A teacher of household economy gave this advice to her class the other day: "Buy nothing to save. If you don't need the supplies of food, clothing or furniture for immediate and permanent use don't buy, for foods spoil and most materials change their fashion so rapidly as to be almost grotesque in a few years. It is bad economy to buy what is not needed, and it is worse economy to hoard the thing bought. Save your money and your strength for old age, but make good use of all other privileges. That is good philosophy. It is living."

In Warsaw a society has been formed for the encouragement of good servants. Every servant who can produce testimonials showing that she has performed her duties to the satisfaction of her employers for a term of two years will get a prize given by the society.

The Swiss belt appears in various forms, the newest being in the Russian style, viz., a light toned leather tooled in gold. Steel plays its part alone, and with gold and silver; there is much guipure of silk and tinsel thread, as well as of jet, introduced for trimmings, and also as jacket-pieces, which are appliqued on to the bodices of whatever material they may be.

A well-known physician in Madison avenue, who is an enthusiast on the subject of properly feeding the lungs, gives his personal attention to the care of his home. Every vase and vase-form used in decorating the cabinets, mantels and tables is filled with fresh water the first thing in the morning; the window in each room is kept open, no matter what the condition of the weather may be, until each rug and drapery and sofa pillow has been shaken in the open air. In the sleeping-rooms the body as well as the bed clothing is treated in the same way. This he claims not only freshens the room but the very articles that are most receptive of dust and germ-life.

Pretty little toast-racks, made of pink, blue and yellow china, with gold-line finish, come from Germany and are being sold at $1 each to novelty-hunting women, who use them not on the breakfast, but the library table, to hold writing paper and envelopes. They are quite as serviceable as the regulation palmwood stationery boxes and very much more ornamental. Then, too, they are quaint, and that is a charm in these days of individuality.

There are more than 2,000 girls in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, nearly all of whom are fitting themselves to become independent, either as teachers, artists, musicians, kindergartners, clerks, librarians, modistes or scientific cooks or laundresses. While there are no fair students in the trades schools, five girls are taking architectural drawing and laboratory work in the carpenter shop. Every afternoon they work at a bench in the regulation suit of ticking, and do equally as good work as the young men. Just now the class is erecting a hip roofed house and the girls are making the sash frames.

Miss Emye Reade, a London newspaper woman, who has for some time past devoted her attention to the condition of young girls who are being trained for acrobats, gymnasts and circus life, has just completed a new novel entitled "Slaves of the Sawdust," dedicated by permission to the poet laureate, Lord Tennyson. It deals with the same subject as her last novel, "Ruby," which created sufficient interest to cause a meeting of some fifty or sixty Members of Parliament to be held in one of the committee Rooms of the House of Commons, when Miss Reade produced evidence and explained the whole subject.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Removal Sale.

We beg to announce to our friends and the public that we will open our new store, 162 & 164 W. 125th St., 1 door from 7th ave., April 9.

We will open with an entirely New Stock, and will close out at our 42d St. Store our large stock at greatly reduced prices.

SIMPSON'S,

6th Ave., below 42d St.

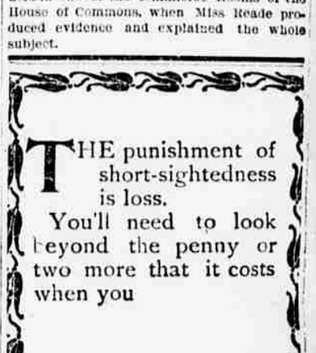
IMPORTANT FACTS.

What All People Ought to Know.

The nerves which control our liver often become weakened, irritated, diseased, especially in the Spring. The function of the liver is disturbed, and torpid liver or disordered action result. Hence the bile, which is waste and poisonous material designed to be expelled, is not properly secreted and eliminated from the body. Thus retained, it causes indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, bloating, biliousness, constipation, bad taste, headache, dizziness, dull head, nervousness, and, particularly during Spring, weak, languid and tired feeling. *If not cured, this condition* leads to fatal liver and kidney diseases. *Liver troubles are always worse in the Spring, for the change of season tends to clog and disorder this organ.*

THE LIVER.

The best remedy, and most certain cure, is Dr. Greene's Nervura, which restores digestion, corrects the disordered liver, regulates the bowels, invigorates the blood, and by strengthening and vitalizing the nerves, re-establishes health and strength. Use it now. It is purely vegetable, harmless, and sold by druggists, $1.50.



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"I was taken sick with liver disease and ulceration of the bowels; my heart was also affected. I was finally confined to my bed three months. A consultation of physicians was held, and *I was pronounced incurable*. After that I stopped taking their remedies and began the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. Previous to this I could not sleep, my nerves were excitable and spasmodic, my stomach would not bear food, vomiting almost constantly. Soon after beginning Dr. Greene's Nervura I slept better, and my stomach would bear light food. I continued to gain until I could get out. I now work the greater portion of the time, and feel that Dr. Greene's Nervura saved my life."

JAMES MEEHAN, 57 Granite st., Quincy, Mass.

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Have some H-O for breakfast.

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A rare display of handsome Parlor Suits in attractive coverings.

Also, we are showing a large and fine assortment of Willow and Reed Furniture—Sofas, Easy-Chairs, Rockers, Couches.

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