



Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 26.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

PER MONTH.....\$0.05
PER YEAR.....\$0.50

VOL. 23.....No. 11,176

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY—between 114th and 115th sts., New York.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—1275th St. and Madison Ave.
BROOKLYN—405 WASHINGTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 149 East 125th St. Advertisement at 237 East 117th St.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—LEONARD BUILDING, 113 South 5th St.
WASHINGTON—410 14th St.
LONDON OFFICE—83 COCCAGNE ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances hold itself responsible for the return or safekeeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, or whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made in this rule with regard to either letters or pictures. No will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unsuitable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Mr. Borsow's second published the scandal.

The Park management investigation is bringing out some ugly facts.

When political legislators disagree legislation halts and the people say the penalty.

The Kaiser is soon to go a-whaling. That old story about Johan has no terrors for him.

Police Supt. Murray has again fallen sick and Capt. BARRY, of the Park Police, dropped dead to-day. Police work is wearing.

Emperor WILLIAM is particularly anxious to attend the Austrian Ambassador's dinner. His people are particularly anxious as to what he will say there.

Mr. BLAND will try again Monday with his silver bill. For his opportunity he has to thank the inexorable dereliction of Congressmen CAMPBELL and STANLEY, of New York.

It is not an edifying state of affairs when it comes to appealing to the President of the United States to settle a factional political squabble in the Eleventh District of New York.

For the first time in Georgia's history a lyncher has been convicted of murder in that State. It was a good beginning, but a costly one, for a witness against the accused man was shot dead by a mob after the conviction. Now, for the mob.

Uno Hoxo has a right to smile the most villainous of Celestial smiles. He has been ordered out of the United States, but Canada won't have him and there is nobody to take him back to China. So he goes free and the Exclusion act goes begging. This is the story of how one heathen's path has been made smooth up in Niagara County.

The successful issues of real diplomacy, between the United States and the Republic of France make all the more conspicuous the mournful outcome of the bluster policy pursued by this Government towards the Republic of Cuba. It was just as much wrong while to "be friends" with the little one as with the big one.

A museum "human ostrich" has just died in St. Louis. At a post-mortem examination his stomach was found to contain a choice assortment of old nails, screws, tacks, broken glassware and odd pieces of hardware. In the revelations thus following the death of this man the glory of the hitherto all-devouring Harlem goat fades into obscurity.

The sense of humor differs strongly in different people. To one Tom Edwards, of Maine, it seemed the funniest thing in the world, the other day, to cover an aged couple with his shotgun and make them dance and pray until they were exhausted. But a grandson of the pair happened along and didn't see the joke at all. Indeed, he took the affair as a jest, only that he proceeded to fill the jerker full of buckshot. The question as to the last laugh is still in the balance.

Yale and Harvard debaters wrestled manfully over the immigration question last night. "Without unrestricted immigration in the past," argued one speaker, "this country would now be a weak and struggling agricultural community." Without unrestricted immigration at one time there would have been no country, therefore no Yale and no Harvard. But that doesn't demonstrate that the nation as it is should not to-day look pretty well to the soundness of the immigrants it will receive.

The Tennessee Rifles, of Memphis, a crack colored company, will be disbanded. They can't be soldiers without arms, and their guns have been taken away by order of a local judge. The funny part of it is that every body concedes that the Judge had no authority to have the arms seized, that they belong to State property. Yet the military authorities have made no attempt to recover the pieces. It is not unusual that the men of the Rifles should find their soldierly ardor a good deal diminished.

It is not pleasant, perhaps, to come out of a state of blissful intoxication and find someone has, while in that exhilarated

condition, entered also into the state matrimonial. Nor to remember dimly that there were certain threats on the part of one's big brother to break every bone in one's body unless the ceremony was promptly consented to. But in the Court of Common Pleas a plaintiff swearing to these circumstances has just been informed that he is just as much married, in the eye of the law, as if he had known all about it, and as if the big brother had not been there. The plaintiff is a sad victim of the inevitable, if he told the truth.

REPEAL THE SPEEDWAY LAW.

The law recently passed authorizing the construction of a speedway along the west side of Central Park, should certainly be repealed. It is a permissive law. The Park Commissioners have refused to avail themselves of the privileges it granted. So the law is utterly without use, and should not go to cumber the statute books.

Besides, if there was danger to public interests in the law before the Commissioners had resolved not to construct the speedway, that danger still remains, for another Park Board may resolve the other way.

There is only one thing for the Legislature to do about it. Repeal the law.

THE BEHING SEA SITUATION.

The despatches from England declare that the Liberal party will oppose Lord SALISBURY in his policy of refusing to renew the Behring Sea modus vivendi. This is in accordance with a rational British sentiment. It is an expressed agreement with the simplest method of holding the sealeries problem well in hand until the treaty between Great Britain and the United States shall have been fully ratified and put into effect.

All that is needed to settle the whole question, at last, to the best interests of all concerned is a course on the part of the Administration at Washington as rational as the sentiment of the British Liberals.

Foolish bluster, untimely talk of "force" and aggravating taunts, conveyed by Executive messages, will undo all that has been done and lead to a most lamentable crisis over what is really a very small affair, as considered in its national bearings. Dignity, with discretion, should be the order of the day at Washington.

THE WALTER AND DIVORCE.

It is a fact that some of the most valuable remedies used in the practice of medicine have been discovered in quarters far removed from those where have chiefly arisen the afflictions they are eventually brought to relieve. They have been in many cases brought to light by accident, through experiments pursued with an entirely different result in view to the one actually accomplished.

For some little time past the attention of this nation and an occasional side glance from abroad has been attracted to a serious social affliction which has seemed to be on an especially steady growth in America. As a disease, it might perhaps be technically designated as divorcophobia, though the authority for such a designation is a little unorthodox. Its most severe manifestations at present are exhibited in South Dakota, and there is no indication that it will soon run out its course there without the prompt application of new remedies.

With great hope that the needed cure has been found just in the nick of time, the yearning and as yet undivorced public will turn to a piece of news which comes from the State of Maine—far enough to be sure, from South Dakota. The welcome story is that of a Judge who had, at one and the same time, to contemplate the opening of a divorce case which promised to take several days in the trying and the words of a note from a friend, telling him that the finest trout-fishing of the season was on at a pond not many miles away. The Judge reflected. He knew that fishing was good. He reasoned that divorce was bad. The case in hand was particularly regrettable, since the couple had lived together forty years. He sent for the man and wife. He reasoned eloquently with them. He sent them away to talk it all over. And he went to fish.

That divorce case never has come on. The trout fishing at Wald Pond knocked it out and furnished the point for this editorial discourse. Here is the suggested cure for divorcophobia: Transfuse into the veins of the judges the trout sporting blood of a Maine trout-fisher; file with every application for the legal separation of man and wife a notice that the season for seeking piscatorial beauties is somewhere most promising; then bring in the parties to the suit and keep out the lawyers in the case—and the notice will do the rest.

The time may yet come when ISAAC WALTON will be the patron saint not only of good fishing but of restored domestic felicity, as well.

NO TROTTER FOR RACEHORSES.

A jockey was detected at Guttenberg race track yesterday wearing an ingenious electrical arrangement, by which, in connection with his spurs, the horse he rode was to be tortured into such a burst of speed as would win him his race.

The jockey was a mere boy and burst into tears when detected. He got off with a warning. The horse's owner was ruled off the track, and that penalty was light enough, if the owner was the party guilty of arranging the electric scheme.

When horses are subjected to torture on any track in order to bring out unusual speed sport ceases to be sport. No track can prosper long when it becomes understood that the practices of "shocking" horses and poisoning them by the use of Bery injections are common there and are winked at by the authorities.

A sharp lookout for tricks by which the horses are made to suffer the track officers must keep, for their own interests, if not from humane promptings.

reflect that if she had not insisted on banking her money in the house she would not have lost it. Also, that if she had kept with her a companion, for whom she was abundantly able to pay, instead of insisting on her lonely life, the robbery would probably have been impossible.

THE CLEANER.

Among those who will take a prominent part in the coming Fall Union Convention, to be held with the Columbia Chapter in this city, are Dr. Willard Parker, Rev. Dr. Marvin H. Vincent, Chauncey M. Depew, Dr. William H. Draper, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst and John Kendrick Bangs, the poet.

Col. J. Henry Story, of Surveyor Lyons's staff, is making a large and robust reputation as a pincher of smugglers. The large Office contingent look upon him as a greater detective officer than the great American Voodoo himself.

The Cortis family are great in the steamship line. H. J. Cortis was for many years the head of the White Star line on this side of the water, and is now a leading official of the Hamburg-American Packet line. One of his brothers has charge of the steamer department of the White Star line, and another holds a similar position with the Cunard company.

Hughy Leonard, Billy Muldoon's famous pupil, and now instructor in wrestling at the Manhattan Athletic Club, neither smokes, drinks, or chews, but goes to the gymnasium, and is a magnificent model of physical development.

James W. Alexander, Vice-President of the Eutawite, is one of the most popular clubmen in Gotham. He is President of the University Club and the Princeton Alumni every year, and a member of the Union League, Century, Metropolitan, Lawyers' and Nassau clubs. It is said that early in life he was wavering on the brink of a literary career, but the law finally captured him.

It is clear that Jay Gould feels that he is among friends down on the border land, for they say he is taking now of building a Winter residence at El Paso. The St. Patrick's Day cheers were a soothing balm to the ears of the Wizard of Wall street.

The gallant Col. Michael C. Murphy is now upholding the dignity of the First Ward in the Port Wardens' office. He leads a solitary and quiet life on the Commencement programme.

According to Lieut. Totten, of Yale, the Day of Judgment is already at hand. Perhaps President Dwight and the Union League are sending him a quiet tip on the Commencement programme.

WHERE LOVE EXISTS, &c.

A true woman's love is man's best gift. For the husband to manage to keep it he should keep her respect. Be gentle, kind and loving. Never deceive her. Seek her companionship above all others. Do all in your power to make her life happy. Where love exists, the woman does not marry a man for his money. Love will unconsciously do all that.

GIVE HER ALL YOUR TIME.

To the Editor: How to manage a wife? Spend all the time allowed by your business with her. This is the point. DOMINICK YARANO, Brooklyn.

THE RIGHT WORD AT THE RIGHT TIME.

My idea of managing a wife is to speak the right word at the right time. Mrs. W. A. HARKING.

EVEN THE POET TRIES HIS HAND.

To the Editor: With gentle speech, With kind address, With fond caress, With sweet kisses, With words of blame, With face serene, With reason firm, With love sincere, With lack of reserve, With loyal love, With joyful love, So sweet a life.

A BACHELOR'S PLEA.

To the Editor: I think if I had a wife I would let her be the manager. I would let her hold the money, for nothing pleases a wife more than when she can handle the money. I would remain in her company all the time, and if she were to go out I would let her have her way in nearly everything in reason. I would not let her break her word, and if she were to break her word I would make her atone for it. I would let her be the manager of the household, and if she were to be a failure, I would let her be a failure.

AND THE STILL PURSUES HER.

To the Editor: We pluck the just-blown rose, with all its leaves and buds of morning dew, And guard it till its leaves fall: The altar reached, oh, still pursue: We delve into the faultless gem, We seek in words and ways and new, And guard it in our diadem: The altar passed, oh, still pursue.

NOT IN IT.

To the Editor: Jones—a man at the circus last night jumped on a platform with three elephants on it. Acacia—That's nothing. A man jumped a ball bond last week with three brown-stone houses on it.

A LIMITED SUPPLY.

To the Editor: Honester McInnis—So you are going to marry one of those Joneses? Gus De Smith—Yes. "You have been married to two of them, haven't you?" "Yes." "And there are only two unmarried sisters left." "Well, then, that's all." "Well, then, you ought to be careful about those Joneses, girls and not waste any more of them, or they will not hold out."

KEYS TO WEDLOCK.

Wife Management as Outlined by "Evening World" Readers.

Hints on How to Run the Matrimonial Partnership.

The Question Viewed from Many Different Standpoints.

Every mail brings quantities of letters on the subject of matrimony, and the views expressed cover a wide field. Grave and gay opinions in prose and poetry abound, but of a necessity only a portion of them can be printed at a time. All contributors must comply with the following conditions.

The Evening World will give a gold double eagle to the writer who shows best in 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 WIRE EDITOR, THE EVENING WORLD, P. O. Box 2,364.

Both Sides of It.

To the Editor: When a husband washes dishes while his wife reads the latest novel, minds the twins while she gossips with her neighbors, surrenders to her every penny, gives up his cigars, smokes some evenings when necessity demands his presence elsewhere, and never uses due courtesy towards lady friends, fearing his wife's displeasure, he is not managing her, but vice-versa. A woman is considered the weaker vessel, not in intellect, but in physical strength. God created her man's equal, and only through transgression of his laws did man assume the right to rule over her. He has not succeeded well. Management is not government, but a mutual respect for each other, and a horse by beating him into submission. No sensible man would waste his time in an unending fight with a woman who does not marry a man for his money. Often it is the direct cause of infidelity. Love and duty are the secret, hence the commandment, husbands love your wives. He should show her every reasonable attention, always treating her with the same respect after as before marriage, never forgetting his maxims by joking her in the presence of others, and if he prove himself worthy of her devotion, whether her home be a palace or a cottage, as long as she is content with his lot, and he is her throne and she acknowledges him as her king.

Where Love Exists, &c.

To the Editor: A true woman's love is man's best gift. For the husband to manage to keep it he should keep her respect. Be gentle, kind and loving. Never deceive her. Seek her companionship above all others. Do all in your power to make her life happy. Where love exists, the woman does not marry a man for his money. Love will unconsciously do all that.

Give Her All Your Time.

To the Editor: How to manage a wife? Spend all the time allowed by your business with her. This is the point. DOMINICK YARANO, Brooklyn.

The Right Word at the Right Time.

My idea of managing a wife is to speak the right word at the right time. Mrs. W. A. HARKING.

Even the Poet Tries His Hand.

To the Editor: With gentle speech, With kind address, With fond caress, With sweet kisses, With words of blame, With face serene, With reason firm, With love sincere, With lack of reserve, With loyal love, With joyful love, So sweet a life.

A Bachelor's Plea.

To the Editor: I think if I had a wife I would let her be the manager. I would let her hold the money, for nothing pleases a wife more than when she can handle the money. I would remain in her company all the time, and if she were to go out I would let her have her way in nearly everything in reason. I would not let her break her word, and if she were to break her word I would make her atone for it. I would let her be the manager of the household, and if she were to be a failure, I would let her be a failure.

And the Still Pursues Her.

To the Editor: We pluck the just-blown rose, with all its leaves and buds of morning dew, And guard it till its leaves fall: The altar reached, oh, still pursue: We delve into the faultless gem, We seek in words and ways and new, And guard it in our diadem: The altar passed, oh, still pursue.

Not in It.

To the Editor: Jones—a man at the circus last night jumped on a platform with three elephants on it. Acacia—That's nothing. A man jumped a ball bond last week with three brown-stone houses on it.

A Limited Supply.

To the Editor: Honester McInnis—So you are going to marry one of those Joneses? Gus De Smith—Yes. "You have been married to two of them, haven't you?" "Yes." "And there are only two unmarried sisters left." "Well, then, that's all." "Well, then, you ought to be careful about those Joneses, girls and not waste any more of them, or they will not hold out."

JIM, THE MAN-EATER.

TO LOOK AT JIM, YOU'D NEVER THINK HIS SCISSOR COULD LAST HIM OVER NIGHT. Why, thanks! I sometimes take a drink. You bet your boots, though, he is bright. It was not many years ago that Jim and I were up in Maine. Where times were then exceeding slow, and honest work brought little gain. As meals were scant and far between, and lodgings, too, were somewhat rare, we spread our table on the green. And made our home in open air.



In summer this was gay enough, and we enjoyed it hugely, too. But then the sport grew rather rough when winter's icy bellows blew. I thought of death, and made my will by which the worms were left sole heirs; and then I lay, resigned and still, and chewed the cud of ancient prayers. But Jim was huddled up in thought, evolving some enormous scheme; until he struck the thing that brought 's back upon good fortune's stream. Well, this is what he meant to do! You see, he knew a lot of tricks with cards and beans, and not a few with handkerchiefs and gloves and sticks. So he proposed to give a show; and to that end engaged a hall, on promises that wealth should flow as fast as leaves drop in the fall.



And then we walked about the town, with show bills pinned on back and breast, proclaiming Signor Jim's renown. Who, in a week would be their guest. In order to insure a crowd the Signor promised—what a plan! That, if the audience allowed, he'd eat and then restore a man. The night of the performance came. Jim had no cards, nor gloves, nor beans; and what was threatening greatest shame, the Signor's clothes had burst their seams. But, nothing daunted, he stood nigh. Whilst I took in the shekels bright, until there were enough to buy the things he needed for the night. The house was packed; and all were there on purpose for the final feat. And not a soul appeared to care. For aught but see the Signor eat.

Loud clamors rose to make an end of all the pre-choosing scenes, and shouts of "Eat" were heard to blend with "Hang your disappearing beans." Jim smiled and bowed and blandly asked: "Will some one kindly volunteer?" And, when none rose, he gently tacked the anxious crowd with showing fear. But, heavens! what is he that goes, straight to the stage, determined, grim; whose massive frame no terror shows, whose boots alone weigh more than Jim's?



Awful the Signor stands aghast in presence of his proffered meal. But hitting on a plan at last, he bids the healthy giant kneel. With hocus-pocus long drawn out, Jim plants his grinders in an ear. Well, sir, that fellow gave a shout. I think the dead themselves could hear.

Where Woman's Knowledge Falls.

To the Editor: Mrs. W. A. HARKING—This paper says that silver is to gold as 10 to 20. What does that mean, W. A. HARKING—Why, that one dollar in gold is equal to twenty dollars in silver. You women know nothing of finance.

The Hint Dropt.

To the Editor: Gwendolyn—I don't think you love the music of the chinking of clocks, Mr. Verloot. Mr. Verloot—I care very little for it. Gwendolyn—I thought so. You didn't seem to remark that our clock downstairs just struck twelve.

Nothing Familiar About Her.

To the Editor: Gasket—That woman's face seems familiar to me. Mrs. Vanastorbil—I must be mistaken. That is Mrs. Vanastorbil, and she is one of the most exclusive ladies in the city.

CHEAP SILKS ARE PLENTIFUL.

And They Can Be Put to a Variety of Uses.

French Pattern Bonnets—Other Fashion Items.

New York is overrun with silk sales just now, and very pretty printed tissues may be bought for 50 cents. These goods are useful for many purposes. They do very well for trimming a house gown or dressing jacket down the front; they are nice for sofa pillows, slumber robes, wrappers to be worn by invalids or as night dresses for traveling, and they are plenty good enough for library, music rack and such curiosities. Dressmakers buy bolts of the slightly figured or dotted silks to line the skirts of handsome dresses, using always a better quality of material for the ruffle or facing at the bottom. For dress material it is not wise to use these silks unless the waist and sleeves are made of velvet or a good grade of India silk that will be equal to the wear required. It is also a waste of time to face the collar and cuffs of every day dresses with trail silk. Little aprons, shirt waists and slips for girls, boys and babies to wear on festive occasions may be made of these bargain silks and made very prettily, too.



Some of the French pattern bonnets have the strings fastened at the back with a small rose, dahlia, chrysanthemum or a closely imitated ribbon rosette. This will do well enough for the woman with the slender, long head, but it is a dangerous fancy for the girl with the big head to indulge.

A business house in Chicago has established a physicians' bureau of service and information, which it proposes to make of great value to all members of the medical profession who may visit the Exposition. The firm intends to fit up spacious rooms at which visiting physicians may make their headquarters, and where they will be provided with the facilities for reading, writing and sending and receiving mail and telegrams, can also themselves of telephone, messenger, livery and express; can purchase Exposition, theatre and railway tickets; can have banking conveniences and the service of German, French or Spanish interpreters, and can receive information generally about the sights of the city, as well as the location and rates of desirable hotels and boarding-houses. All of these accommodations the firm intends to provide free.

A contributor to the Women's Exchange in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street supports herself from the home-made bread she contributes. The loaves retail at six cents, for which she probably gets four cents. But the bread is as fine as pound cake and it sells. Children who are growing rapidly require more vegetables, fruits and cereals and less concentrated nourishment; more milk, barley, rice, oatmeal and wheat preparations, those possessing the brown elements, containing the phosphates which feed the brain and give tone to the muscles. They also assist the teeth in forming and supply the bone-making materials. Children properly fed give but little trouble during their teething period or infant life. When all the teeth are developed a more general diet may be allowed, and if parents used only plain, wholesome food such as children required both would be gainers thereby.

Fashionable mothers who follow extreme styles have adopted for their girls the so-called French dress, with abnormally long waist, and short skirt barely reaching to the knee; but, as a matter of fact, girls in Paris now wear the English gown, with short waist up under the arms, and long skirt almost touching the floor, and also the English Greenway gown that has long been familiar here. In selecting styles, however, every thing depends on the child, and a short frock which is the best, and an elaborate picture-gown being more becoming to another. Mothers of conservative taste are slow to accept the extremely short skirts, preferring those of medium length extending half way below the knee and the top of the high shoes. All skirts for small girls are straight and full, measuring from two yards and a half to three yards or a trifle more in width. A hem of four to six inches is at the foot. The top has usually two rows of gathers, with much of the fulness thrown towards the back, and is sewed to the waist with a velvet cord. Rows of insertion and of velvet ribbon are the trimmings preferred; tucks and ruffles are also used.

Won.

To the Editor: He—I love you madly. She—Who could blame you? I was your wife to my wit. "I hear you." "My family would welcome you with open arms." "That would be nice." "I would make our lives a continual honeymoon." "Splendid idea." "All right." "My darling!"

Badly Bitten.

To the Editor: Broncho Jim (falling on his knees)—Miss Begad—Dorcy—I feel that I kin kneel before you an' say—oh! Ouch! The devil! Miss Begad—Oh! what's the matter, Jim? Broncho Jim—I don't think you love the music of the chinking of clocks, Mr. Verloot. Mr. Verloot—I care very little for it. Gwendolyn—I thought so. You didn't seem to remark that our clock downstairs just struck twelve.

Nothing Familiar About Her.

To the Editor: Gasket—That woman's face seems familiar to me. Mrs. Vanastorbil—I must be mistaken. That is Mrs. Vanastorbil, and she is one of the most exclusive ladies in the city.



Take in the Spring DR. GREENE'S NERVURA For Strengthening the Nerves, Curing Kidney and Liver Complaints, Invigorating the Blood.

"I deem it my duty to say that I think Dr. Greene's Nervura the best medicine in the world. I cannot speak too highly of it, for it cured me of a terrible kidney complaint, headaches and suffering at certain periods."—Mrs. LILA C. ROOT, 38 Elm st., New Bedford, Mass.

"The Most Wonderful Discoveries." SURELY Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless. "I recommend all troubled with nervous complaints to by all means use this really wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura."—PAULINE ROE, 806 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is for sale by all druggists at \$1.00. Do not allow druggists to persuade you to accept their own preparation, or one which they make a greater profit. Buy Dr. Greene's Nervura.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The season of five Thursday afternoon Seldi concerts at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall will be brought to a close next Thursday, Miss Margaret Reid will repeat, by request, the mad scene from Hamlet and sing a number of English ballads.

During Mr. P. S. Gilmore's season of band concerts, which begins on Memorial Day in the Madison Square Amphitheatre, two concerts will be given daily—public rehearsals at 3 P. M. and evening performances at 8.15 o'clock.

This evening Gilmore's Band will give a concert at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory. This will be Company D's gala occasion.

Among the numbers to be performed at the Damosch concert to-morrow evening will be Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," Wagner's "Dreams," with violin obbligato by Cules Conus, and De Kover's "March des Gnomes." The second part will consist of the principal numbers from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," with Mrs. Arthur Nikisch as Marguerite, Sig. Campanini as Faust and Max Heinrich as Mephisto.

At the last of the Young People's concerts to take place at Music Hall next Wednesday afternoon Mme. Amalie Joachim, of Berlin, the famous lieder songstress, will make her first appearance here, assisted by her pupil, Miss Viola Whitney White, soprano.

William H. Riege will sing the music of Siegfried and Frau Antonia Mielza that of Brunhilda, in the great duet from the third act of Wagner's "Siegfried" at the final concert of the Symphony Society. The orchestral numbers will be Schubert's symphony No. 1 in B flat, two movements from Bach's suite in E, and Strauss's new symphonic poem "Macbeth."

When Messrs. Abbey and Grau settle down for their second season in New York operations of this town may expect to enjoy a few of the promised novelties which the first experimental season failed to bring forth. The list of works which might very properly be added to those which have recently been produced with success would naturally include: "Esclarmonde," "The Cid," "Marian," "Roi de Lahore," by Massenet; "Signora," and "Salammbô," by Meyer; "La Roi d'Ys," "Kismet," "La Gioconda," by Puccini, and "Il corsaro," by Gomez, as well as Botta's "Metastasio," Wagner's "Tannhauser" and "Flying Dutchman," Gounod's "Mireille," Rossini's "La Favorita" and "William Tell," and Verdi's "Falstaff del Destino," "Ballo in Maschera," "Ernani" and "Don Carlos."

Gilmore's Latest March. A new march, dedicated to the memory of Gen. Corcoran, will be played to-night at Gilmore's last concert in the Twenty-second Regiment Armory. Mr. Gilmore in profile of surprise, and a new march played by his band is sure to be of interest.

Make 'n' Great Progress.

Senior Partner—How is our new buyer getting on? Junior Partner—First rate. He writes that he has already been introduced to fifteen models.

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

A Full Page of REAL ESTATE NEWS in the Sunday World To-Morrow.

463 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. SIMIS \$2.90 WORTH \$4.00 463 SIXTH AVE., N. Y.

ASK FOR "DUCK"