The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 31.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including Postage):
PER MONTH.....50c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 32.....No. 11,181

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY—between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125TH ST. AND MADISON AVE.
BROOKLYN—369 WASHINGTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 159 EAST 125TH ST. Advertisements at 287 EAST 115TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 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 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.

CHAMBERLAIN calls GLADSTONE a political pope. Tiara-boom-der-e!

Isn't it rather late in his life to begin calling Count DE LESSEPS a swindler?

Now the safe builders are going to combine. It will be a burglar-proof trust, of course.

That umbrella trust is a timely scheme. April showers begin to-morrow if they are on time.

It can't be called singular that the safe manufacturers should be looking to a combination.

The Brooklyn "L" roads seem to be simply all that their unaspirated abbreviation implies.

Lots of people lose their intellectual bearings in trying to follow up the Behring Sea business.

Senator STANFORD's standard dollar speech has a canned California-fruit flavor to it and that is about all.

The Rubber Trust means to be just elastic enough to make a snap for the manufacturers who are in the combine.

We ought to have that Columbian naval celebration next October. We've got the water and the ships for it, anyhow.

A regimental dog at Konigsburg has been promoted to the rank of sergeant. Thanks caninedly, said the dog in return.

Dr. PARKHURST wants to be a detective. The dive-keepers would like that, because then the Doctor mightn't detect so much.

Pugilist CORBETT had a soda bottle thrown at him the other night. Bottle-holders, not bottle-throwers, is what prize fighters want.

The record-breaking season has begun for ocean greyhounds. It is to be hoped that nothing but the so frequently assaulted record will suffer.

President HARRISON is said to have ordered the slaughter of the Silver bill in the Senate. As the signs go, the operation will strongly resemble an attempt to kill a corpse.

The wisdom of M. Bluebeard's course in letting his various wives before they [illegible] lean so heavily on his hands as to get him into deep matrimonial troubles is demonstrated in the case of Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, at present in the Tombs. This gentleman is credited with having married sixty-one women, of whom the larger proportion—perhaps all of them—are still alive. Yet he is cheerful. He even expresses a desire to meet some of his earlier wives to talk of bygone days. Mr. TAYLOR is a rare husband—fortunately so for the piece of mind of many an unwary spinster with a bank account.

PUSH IT THROUGH.

The bill providing for the Constitutional Convention ordered by the people long ago, but strangled by Republican Legislatures, has been reported to the Assembly. Push it through, gentlemen, and you will perform a long neglected duty. When you have held your extraordinary session and made a fair legislative apportionment you will at least be able to point to some things to make amends for much of the bad conduct attributed to you. A fair census, a new Congressional and legislative apportionment, a Constitutional Convention and the clearing out of the old hold-over State officials in this city and elsewhere, are very creditable as one year's work.

MORE TIME TO THEIR OWN COURTS, RATHER.

The bill to permit Police Justices to practise law has passed the Senate. The Assembly ought to kill it, although it is not likely to do so. Our Police Justices receive $10,000 a year. The present law requires them for this to give all their time and service to the business of the Police Courts and the Special Sessions. There is enough for them to do if they performed their work efficiently and thoroughly. But the office has been made a political sinecure. The Judges attend to politics much more diligently than to police business. The cases are rushed through in the morning with a view to despatch rather than to a proper administration of justice.

When the number of Justices through a political "combine" was increased, it was shown how little the Judges did for their liberal salaries and how disgracefully they all shirk police work in order to spend their time running political districts.

Instead of being allowed to practise law the Police Justices ought to be required to give more time to their public duties. If the pending bill goes to the Governor he would do well to kill it in the Executive Chamber.

THE TOTTEN STAR THAT DIDN'T TOT.

There are still cricks in the backs of the necks of the handful of New Haven citizens and Yale College boys who believe Prof. TOTTEN is a prophet with a protruding eye that penetrates far into futurity. Goose grease and witch hazel have been rubbed liberally into the stiffened vertebræ, but the afflicted New Havenites and Yalensians still move their heads slowly and carefully when occasion requires, and they have come to regard the spinal fulcrum upon which the skull is propped with almost as much love and veneration as does the man who is about to be hanged. Prof. TOTTEN himself is feeling a little sore under the rear wall of his collar. He experiences a strange suspicion of ossification behind and below his ears; his medulla oblongata and scapulæ can now salute each other only in the most stiffened and dignified way.

This lameness of the Totten and Tottenite necks was brought about by the widely advertised Totten star, that refused to Tot, as per schedule, last Tuesday. "The long-sought star hiding behind the sun" is the way the Professor had labelled it. If the mystic and momentous twinkler had had the slightest respect for its discoverer it would have emerged from its place of solar concealment and given him and his disciples a comforting blink or two at least at the time announced in the small bills for the performance to begin. But it didn't, and the Tottenites who gazed all of Tuesday through smoked glass at the sun simply got it in the neck, to use a Fourth Ward technical phrase.

The appearance of the star was to "mark the beginning of the last week of Anti-Christ" and the initial day of the final seven years of judgment or something of that sort. Prof. TOTTEN discovered this when he Ignatius-Donnellyed the Bible and abstracted a brocaded cipher from it, which showed that we and this world of ours were in the purlieus of the hitherto unarithmeticized hence. The star and the cipher haven't "geed" so far, and Anti-Christ must be in a wild state of excitement somewhere waiting for his last week to begin. This show was a brilliant disappointment all around, and the Tottenites have a lot of second-hand smoked glass and a nice assortment of inflexible handle-with-care necks for sale at prices within the reach of all. The smoked glass will be offered at a sacrifice, because it is understood that New Haven astronomers will look for Prof. TOTTEN'S sun-hidden star through smoked hams.

A GRANDMOTHER AND A ROMANCE.

Blessed be the grandmothers! So the whole race of men has cause to cry out. And an especially fervent "Amen" may be expected, just at this time, from down the Scranton way. If anybody asks why, the answer will involve the telling of a pretty little romance; which is perfectly proper, as the world was never yet injured by such a relation.

In certain songs of the day the grandmother is pictured too closely and too exclusively as the occupant of "an old-fashioned rocker," from the depths of which, in some snug corner, she spins quaint yarns for the delectation of the household's younger members. The old lady's real scope of usefulness does not begin to be indicated in such terms and conditions, as the Scranton story will plainly show.

There come into the little tale, as chief figures besides the grandma, a pair of youthful lovers and a pair of objecting parents. The old lady had a keen and watchful eye on all parties. She had also a very sharp taste for the romantic aspect of the family complications, and even before her granddaughter tearfully asked her advice she had resolved to devote her best efforts to the smoothing of true love's course.

It is necessary to understand that this grandmother, too, had her little romance. She had loved and run away and had never had cause to regret her choice. For it will happen that way, sometimes, despite the dreadful moral of some story books. And the old lady was a diplomat. She persuaded the stern parents that their daughter needed a change. The girl was sent on a visit to friends in New York State, whither she went with a strange smile and a heart not a little perturbed.

The grandmother smiled also, but her old heart beat very evenly, and when she had whispered a word or two to the young man in the case she smiled again. Her whisper bore fruit the same day it reached the young man's ear. The town to which the young woman had gone had another visitor before many hours had gone by, and presently it had besides a quiet little wedding.

A pleasant story so far, indeed, and not less pleasant in the ending, for when the blushing couple came back the angry father first stormed and then forgave, and now all is well and everybody is happy. Hence, again: Blessed be the grandmothers, and especially this grandmother and all like her.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The expediency of abolishing capital punishment in this State and of substituting life imprisonment as the penalty for murder has been frequently and thoroughly discussed time and again by the press. The subject is once more brought to the surface by the progress of the bill in the Assembly providing for such a change in the criminal laws.

There will always be wide differences of opinion on this question. The opponents of the death penalty are actuated in their views in a great measure by sentimentality, and are doubtless honest in the conviction that even the law has no right to take human life. Practical men, however, consider that widest humanity is in protecting the people and not in acting tenderly towards a murderer. They view the question only from one point—would life imprisonment be as effective as the death penalty in checking the crime of murder?

It is certain that men never despair of regaining their liberty when sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. "While there is life there is hope," and does not the existence of hope make life imprisonment much less a terror than death to the murderer? But why should the proposed change be made? Is it expedient in these days of crankism and fanaticism to interfere so radically with our criminal laws?

WHY, THEN, THIS OPPOSITION?

According to the eloquent and persuasive Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, who appeared before the Legislative Committee at Albany yesterday to oppose the bill creating a commission in this city to investigate and regulate telephone charges, there is no dissatisfaction with the present charges among the subscribers. The learned counsel, indeed, "challenged" the production of a single grumbler. The whole "army of martyrs," according to Mr. CHOATE, bear with meekness the annoyances of crossed wires, cutting-ins and cutting-offs to which telephoners are subjected and pay the charges of the companies with cheerful alacrity.

"Hello! Mr. Choate; is that you? Hello: Don't you think you are mistaken?" Can it really be true that our people are so philanthropic and liberal as to willingly pay in New York four or five times as much for a service as is paid in other cities? Besides, if the subscribers, who number over 9,000, without counting those who have private wires, are so entirely satisfied, and the charges are so reasonable and fair, why should Mr. Choate's clients object to a commission which would be sure to speedily discover those facts?

The bill does not interfere with the present rates. It simply provides a commission to investigate the service and regulate the charges. The telephone companies enjoy valuable privileges in running their wires through the city. They pay nothing for such privileges and they are bound to give the people the benefit of this means of communication at as low a cost as possible. The use of the telephone in business is of great advantage, and the lower the rates the more general will be its use. High rates operate as a monopoly, excluding from the benefit of the service business men of limited means, and confining its use to the rich. The Malone bill ought to become a law. If it is a "strike" it is a very poor one, for only the telephone companies would pay to defeat the bill, and if they have nothing to hide or to fear they can keep their money in their pockets and let it go to the Governor.

Chicago negroes refuse to sing "America" until this is made a real "sweet land of liberty." An English negro leads a delegation of workingmen to demand employment from a Corporation Board. A New York negro sues a theatre manager for $10,000 for the refusal of the manager's clerk to sell him a parquet seat. Is there to be a general advance along the color line?

Now comes an inventor who claims to strike fog by tame lightning and disperse it, entirely clearing for a time an area proportionate to the intensity of the electrical discharge. If he can give London a good view of itself on a foggy day, or even clear the mists from the New York Central's Fourth avenue tunnel, he will speedily become a magnate.

It is a splendid Democratic campaign in Rhode Island—a campaign of education and enthusiasm, and, by present promise, to be rounded off with a fine victory. Ex-President CLEVELAND will speak in Providence Saturday, and it is to be hoped that the plans for a joint debate between the Ohio giants, ex-Gov. CAMPBELL and Gov. MCKINLEY, on the same day, will be carried to a successful issue. THE WORLD is doing yeoman's service in the canvass, and to its efforts is due much of the Democratic enthusiasm in the struggle.

Train robbery is a comparatively new industry in New Jersey, and it doesn't promise well. One of a gang working on the Erie road has been shot and four have been taken as prisoners. A little good work of discouragement like this will soon stop the business.

The Grant Monument movement looks like business, as it should, seeing that it is conducted by business men. Not only were subscription books opened yesterday, but large subscriptions were made. Sentiment talks of monuments; money builds them.

First it was a wife murderer in Pennsylvania who was willing to be hanged. Now it is slayer of wife and children in Ohio who expresses his concurrence with the law's decree. Undoubtedly a strong popular sentiment is exactly struck in both cases.

A ninety-year-old Massachusetts man ran awry from his wife, whom he married eight years ago, because he feared his life was in danger. This nonogenarian would have no business in THE EVENING WORLD'S wife managing contest.

Kentucky Republicans have declared in favor of HARRISON. Now, if Pennsylvania Democrats will unite in swinging their hats for HILL or CLEVELAND, there should be great consternation in both political parties.

What the Russians imagine to be German war balloons over the forts and encampments of Poland may be simply a few of King WILLIAM'S speeches that have broken loose from their moorings.

Floods of rain in the Northwest have ruined thousands of bushels of wheat, and still there is more than plenty for this land. It is worth while to have a country of great things.

The Sweinfurth apostle who thought he would never die is better off in the undertaker's hands than elsewhere.

Activity that Kills.

[From the Chicago Post.]

It is a sure sign: When a Chicago man pauses at a crossing to allow a wagon to pass instead of dashing across in front of it he is not feeling well.

Shortens Their Joy.

[From the Kansas City Star.]

There is great rejoicing at Yale over the abdication of Lieut. Totten. The University has no sort of use for a man who predicts the end of the world while Harvard has the prestige of the last victory at New London.

WORLDLINGS.

Two of the leading American manufacturers of brass band instruments are situated in Indiana, where they were established when the State was young and sparsely settled.

Miss Minnie Wanamaker, the Postmaster-General's daughter, is a tall and graceful blonde, with manners so pleasing that they make her a great favorite in Washington society.

Mrs. Morton is said to spend as much money on her gems as any other woman in the capital, and her costumes are noted for their elegance.

Fewer patents are granted to Mississippians in proportion to population than to the citizens of any other State in the Union.

The remarkable statement is made that there are only 810 Roman Catholics in Sweden, out of a population of 4,774,409.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Rondeau.

My sweetheart smiled! The hour was late,
Yet still we lingered at the gate
And talked of love, yes, o'er and o'er.
While love knocked softly at the door
And placed me in the hands of fate.

The old gate groaned beneath my weight,
And I, through love, grew meditate.
Strange as I sadly stood, the more
My sweetheart smiled!

What made her smile? I hesitate—
Shall I this tale of woe relate?
That gate, that fence, the whole thing wore
A coat of fresh paint! How I swore!
For this is why, by all that's great,
My sweetheart smiled!

—*Harold MacGrath, in Chicago Mail.*

A Life Sketch.

Just a baby, eyes of blue,
Cunning smiles and dimples, too.

Just a boy, full of play,
Heart so light, spirit gay.

Just a lover whisp'ring low,
Oft-told tales of long ago.

Now a father watching o'er
Little ones about his door.

Now gray hairs begin to show;
Wrinkles deepen on his brow.

Tot'ring step and eye that's dim
Tell how time has dealt with him.

Tolling bells and fun'ral mien
Drop the curtain on the scene.

—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Too Previous.

Upon the strength of two jack pots
He bought his wife a gown,
But he kicked himself for doing this
The next time he sat down.

—*Cloak Review*

THE CLEANER.

Miss Helen Gould has now three lovers who are inmates of the insane asylum. The cranks seem to be determined to get their clutches on the Wizard's millions by hook or by crook.

* * *

Society is doing all it can to console Mr. J. Coleman Drayton in his troubles. He has "dined out" every night since he returned to New York, and is said to have more invitations from the representatives of the "inner circle" than he can attend to. He is a queer sort of a chap to make a hero of.

* * *

I dropped into Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, yesterday, and had my eyes gladdened by the beautiful exhibition of fancy articles made there under the auspices of the Woman's Exchange. This Exchange is a mart for the encouragement and development of artistic taste and skill among women. Here their exquisite wares are sold. Mrs. Wm. G. Choate founded the Exchange. At Tuesday's exhibition Carmencita danced. Yesterday the Romanys and Kovahs were the extra attractions. The hall will be open in the evening.

* * *

It looks as if the timely interposition of Sergeant-at-Arms Redmond, of the Maynard Investigating Committee, at Albany yesterday, when young Mr. Peckham and District-Attorney Ridgway began to boil over, prevented what might otherwise have been an exciting heavy-weight scrapping match.

* * *

Valero, the little Spanish tenor, gets his peculiar vocal style from Tamberlik, the once famous singer, whose pupil he was.

* * *

It appears from his own statements that Congressman "Tim" Campbell and ex-Alderman "Tommy" Shells have established a sort of reciprocity treaty. Mr. Shells attends all the funerals in the Congressman's district, and the latter feels in duty bound to return the compliment whenever any one of the ex-Alderman's friends dies.

Isn't it a little strange that Col. Tom Ochiltree, while professing the utmost sympathy and regard for the lady whose name has been dragged in the mire, should have been the person directly responsible for the publication of the Drayton-Borrowe scandal.

* * *

The $12.94 which Lawyer Frederic R. Coudert received as his witness fees for attending the Senate Committee's investigation in Albany is probably the slimmest pay the distinguished counsel has collected for three days' hard work in many a long year.

* * *

Among the recently elected members of the Aldine Club are W. Lewis Fraser, James Thorne Harper, Julian Ralph, Charles A. Watrous, Colin Armstrong, Charles De Kay and George R. Gibson, all formerly members of the Fellowcraft.

* * *

Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis, who enjoys the distinction of having treated the throats of some of the most loted prima donnas and operatic tenors who have come to these parts, is a great lover of music and an able critic.

* * *

I saw a picture of Playwright Gus Thomas's new $15,000 house at New Rochelle in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The house represents Gus's royalties from his first great success, "Alabama." The play paid him nearly $1,000 a week. He ought to call his villa the Alabama Claim.

PATTI.

Patti returned to opera last night and appeared in "La Traviata" at the Metropolitan Opera-House. There was a great rush to hear her, for people seem to imagine that Patti's voice cannot possibly last much longer and that it would be a dreadful thing not to have listened to her farewells. Cheer up, ye loyal ones. Patti will sing for some years to come, probably until every vestige of voice has left her. The people of the operatic stage never heed the advice of Bulwer Lytton to retire while the plaudits of the public are still ringing in their ears.

The audience last night was a peculiar one. It was not an assembly of music lovers, but such a gathering as would go to gaze at Tocci, the two-headed boy, if Tocci charged a little more than he does at present. Patti is now a curiosity, a wonderful vocal curiosity, more marvellous than Edison's phonograph, and—be it said parenthetically—far more expensive to listen to. The diva sang charmingly, and it must be confessed that by her superb art she manages to conceal as much as possible the ravages that time has made in her upper notes. Nearly all her music is now transposed to a lower key. She sings it, however, as no other living artist can, and no music lover of to-day need be in the least afraid of gushing over Patti. She is still distinctly worth gushing over.

At the end of the third act she sang "Home, Sweet Home," with the pretty pathos she always has in stock. She sang it entirely without fireworks and the audience received it with the utmost enthusiasm. Patti's audiences always conduct themselves in the same way. The enthusiasm pours forth at a given moment, and is kept up for a stated length of time.

Patti's support was somewhat feeble. Valero made a fair Alfredo. Her voice suggested that of Tamagno after Tamagno had emerged from a Russian bath. Ida Klein, according to the programme, was Flora. If Miss Klein sang, however, the writer did not hear her. He heard a few murmurs, as though somebody were trying to sing. This may have been Miss Klein. Del Puente was Germont and Mlle. Bauermeister Annina.

How Mean Some Men Are.

He—Brown? Oh, yes, he's a great scholar. He's forever studying; studying the race problem.

She—You do not tell me! I never would have thought so. What race is he most given to the study of?

He—The horse race.

HAVE SOME H-O FOR BREAKFAST

463 SIXTH AVE., N. Y.
SIMIS
$2.90
WORTH $4.00
463 SIXTH AVE. N.Y.
ASK FOR "DUCK."

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

And Cause Blessings to Shine on Every Family's Hearth.

That Is the Object of the Wife-Management Discussion.

Many More Interesting Letters to the "Evening World."

A recipe for making homes happy is what every letter sent to THE EVENING WORLD in the wife-management contest really is. For certainly where the husband wife are in harmony, peace and joy will prevail around the hearth and the blessings of perfect domesticity will shine. The suggestions are all valuable and should be preserved and studied by wives and husbands.

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.*

She Wants a Poet.

To the Editor:

In reading over the many answers to the question, "How to Manage a Wife," the only one that has really suited me (I am a woman, you know) and tells how to manage one, is that of J. F., the poet, in the Saturday EVENING WORLD. That is the only way I wish and want to be managed for life, when my day comes, if ever it does. CARRIE MORTIMER.

This Was a Good Husband.

To the Editor:

I know of one husband who bore that relation for a few years only, but whose loving and kind management of his young wife will never be forgotten by her, as well as those who knew him. He was a husband in whom his wife found a mountain of strength concealed in his loving touch, and ever ready advice. When their baby lay sick unto death he was the one to comfort her and watch with her the long, weary nights, doing all in human power to alleviate the sufferings of their little one, and when the crisis was safely passed, and the doctor pronounced it out of danger he was the first to kneel and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving which her heart was too full to utter. And when this husband was taken sick and lay for weeks upon a bed of terrible suffering his thoughts were only of his wife; ever patient never complaining until he found relief in eternal sleep. E. M. R.

Listen to This Bit of Rhyme.

To the Editor:

As I glance at THE WORLD every night of my life
A column of wisdom I see;
'Tis advice very sage, "how to manage a wife,"
As if such a thing ever could be.

No management's needed. A husband that's bright
Can have his own way every time;
Days sunny and peaceful, his home a delight,
If he listens to this bit of rhyme.

Be just and be generous, tender and true
To the woman you chose as your wife;
A well spring of pleasure, of joy ever new,
She will prove to the end of her life.

"WIFIE."

No Secrets.

To the Editor:

The husband must have no secrets from his wife. Of course, she must not be harassed with the little details of business, but when a change takes place not for the better she must be told at a good time. No man should make light of his wife's opinion, for in the time of trouble they have usually greater instinctive judgment. Husbands should give their wives an allowance for household expenses, and for the expenditure he should not call her to account unless for some good reason. She should also have an allowance for dress within which limits she ought always to restrict her expenses. E. H.

Bet He Daren't Do This Himself.

To the Editor:

A good method of management is, I think, to be always devising means of proving your love to your wife. It is best, according to experience, never to meddle with the kitchen fire. Explain to her the mechanism of the stove and the best manner of handling it. At night while she is engaged in clearing away and washing the tea things and performing the other evening chores indigenous to the household, such as drawing a supply of water from the cistern with a pail, the pump being out of order; splitting a box of kindling wood for which purpose you will furnish an axe dull enough to form a comfortable seat during a ride of ten or fifteen miles; cleaning and blacking your shoes ready for the morning, &c.; give her a few kindly points as to the easiest methods; likewise of carrying up two scuttles of coal at once from the cellar, while you enjoy the luxury of resting yourself on the lounge. And then in the morning—particularly if it be cold—practise self-denial enough to remain in bed, giving her full sway in the kitchen. A MODEL HUSBAND.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

They found her 'neath a shed,
Where she lay all cold and dead
With her child;
And though no one knew her name,
Rumor said it was her shame
Drove her wild.

They said that in despair
She had come to perish there
All unknown.
Her sin to them was red;
So, reproach fell on her head,
For a stone.

How could they on that form,
Which had sunk beneath the storm,
Heap abuse!
When Virtue curls her lip
At an erring sister's slip,
Something's loose.

Perhaps a mother mourned
In the home this girl adorned
Ere she fell!
Oh, be merciful ye proud;
Your heads also may be bowed,
Who can tell!

A Visual Falling.

[From Judge.]

"I tried to get your father to indorse a small note for me to-day," said Mr. Hojack to his wife, "but he couldn't see it."

"Poor papa has become quite near-sighted lately," replied Mrs. Hojack.

His Only Chance.

[From Judge.]

"I can't make a living for myself and wife here in New York," said the young man.

"Why don't you go West?"

"What for?"

"A divorce."

Had His Eye on Something.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

"My daughter," said the loving father, with perhaps a shade of harshness in his voice, "what does that young man who calls on you every evening in a dress suit do for a living?"

"He hasn't determined yet, father," replied the fair girl, with a glad look in her eyes, "but he is thinking something of getting a position as life companion to a young lady."

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.

FLOWERS FOR SPRING HATS.

Cowslips, Buttercups and Daisies Will Be Worn.

The Watteau Styles Spreading—Other Items of Fashion.

Field flowers are always the fashion for Spring hats and bonnets. This season cowslips, blueys, buttercups, thistles and daisies are clustered like toy Christmas trees for ladies' hats, but the wreath two or three flowers deep is the best style for school hats.

Sashes worn in Watteau style are very becoming to some figures, and there is a tendency to elaborate Watteau arrangements, which, if very light and ethereal, are graceful and do not disguise the figure. Even walking gowns have been shown with the back fulness carried up to the shoulders, and both capes and jackets have been shown with Watteau backs. These are, however, conspicuous fashions that the economical dresser must avoid.

Florists in Europe are sending large quantities of roses to Chief John Thorpe, of the World's Fair, to decorate the wooded island at Jackson Park. Recently 1,500 rose trees were received from Dickson & Son, Belfast, Ireland, and 800 from Kelter Freres, of Luxemburg, Germany. Fully 27,000 trees of different varieties have already been received for decorating Jackson Park. Chief Samuels has been promised a number of tropical plants from the island of Trinidad.

Pluck is often more of a success than patronage. Miss Elizabeth Strong fought her way to success, while her brother through liberality of California citizens, was sent abroad to perfect his studies in the same line. She too, went abroad, paid her own way, and now has a studio in Boston. Matilda Lotz makes a specialty of animals, and has, her friends say, "been lucky." The "luck" of genius and work, evidently.

Few of the so-called umbrella-skirts deserve the name. The real thing is made of one piece of cloth gored like an umbrella-cover, and as tight-fitting as it is possible to have it for grace of locomotion. The gored skirt, which is a Parisian fancy, is also close-fitting, but very much gored, each seam extending the full length and being hidden by a string of beads, a jetted gimp or a fancy cording made of passementerie.

Laundry work is now being taught in eighteen districts or centres of the London Board of Education. Little girls of eleven are eligible for this instruction, which is thoroughly practical. The children bring any garments they wish to launder with them in the morning, the danger of infection having been previously taught, and go from the classroom to the wash-room when the session closes. During the night the baby wash dries and is ironed the next afternoon and carried or worn home in triumph.

The woman of limited means will do well to suspect all diagonal, serge and rep cloths. These wools are stylish and tempting, but they are also treacherous. They pull away from the stitching, and after a few days' wear leave the waist seams yawning and ragged. These are nice goods, but look out for them if you are limited to one dress.

It is stated upon what appears to be good authority that the recipient of the Pope's "Golden Rose" this year will be Queen Amelia of Portugal, and that the impressive act of presentation will take place on Easter Day. A superstition exists that on all occasions when the Pope's valued gift has been bestowed the possessors thereof have immediately been fated to misfortune. If I remember rightly, Mr. Besant has a story in which the "Holy Rose" plays a prominent part. There was no truth whatever in the report current during the last twenty years of her life that Mrs. Gen. Sherman received the "Golden Rose" on account of her charitable work and the many converts she brought to the faith. The "Rose" is not a decoration, as many suppose. Mgr. Preston described it to the writer as a little rose plant, such as one can buy for 15 cents from a flower wagon in Summer. It is about as tall as a tallow candle at its highest point, with leaves, buds, and one full blown rose, all wrought in Roman gold of about fourteen carat. This precious little rosebush is planted in a small flower pot filled with "consecrated ground." It has never been given to any but royal ladies of not lower than the Princess rank.

The Peeley Cure.

[From Judge.]

Rev. Mr. Dillsworth—g's called, Dr. Peeley, to 'quire 'bout yo' absence frum our fold.

Dr. Peeley—It's a goodly cause, pawson; a goodly cause. I's bin workin' night 'n' day fo' three months tryin' t' diskiver a cure fo' de chicken-stealin' habit.

No Change.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

Cleverton—What are you going to get for a Spring suit?

Dashaway—I thought I would get the same thing I had last year.

Not So Absent-Minded, After All.

[From Texas Siftings.]

First Sneak Thief—Three times last Winter did I forget my overcoat in the restaurants.

Second Sneak Thief—But you were always elegantly dressed, nevertheless.

First Sneak Thief—When I forgot and left my overcoat, in my absent-mindedness, I always went off with somebody else's.

Something Like the Grant Monument Fund.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"Papa, I'm getting up a subscription to buy a lovely dollar doll I saw in a window yesterday."

"Well, my child, is your subscription nearly up?"

"Oh, yes, papa, almost; all I want from you is 98 cents."

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.

THE WORLD'S REAL ESTATE INDEX saves many weary footsteps.

A GREAT LECTURE.

A Theme Which Interests Thousands.

The Whole City Talking About These Free Lectures.

Enthusiastic Audiences Fill Chickering Hall.

Matters of the Utmost Importance to Humanity.

Well Worthy Our Readers' Careful Attention.

Another great free lecture in Chickering Hall. And to our mind one of the grandest, most interesting and, at the same time, most instructive lectures to which the people of New York and vicinity have been treated for a long time.

But it has got so that we always expect something of far more than ordinary interest and attraction when Dr. Greene, the well-known and eminent physician of 35 West 14th st., New York, announces a course of his magnificently illustrated lectures, for both Dr. Greene and his lecture courses, each fall and spring, are among the established institutions of our city.

Dr. Greene is conferring great benefits upon the community by these free lectures, which, while he makes them of the most absorbing interest to the great audiences invariably present, contain as well a deep fund of valuable instruction and information.

But these benefits, great as they are, bear no comparison to the widespread good accomplished by this skilful and successful physician in his enormous practice among sufferers from disease.

Dr. Greene is a specialist in every sense of the word, treating only that class of affections known as chronic or long-standing diseases. He has devoted his life to the thorough knowledge and understanding of these diseases, which include those troubles and ailments of a lingering nature affecting the blood, nerves, stomach, throat and lungs, heart, kidneys, liver, bowels and other organs, and which the ordinary family physician or general practitioner among acute fevers, accidents, &c., has neither the time, facilities nor inclination to investigate or understand.

In curing this class of diseases Dr. Greene has been eminently successful—so successful, in fact, that he at the present day has, without doubt, the largest practice of any physician in the world. His discoveries of wonderful and remarkable curative remedies among medicines, and the almost absolute certainty with which he perfectly and completely cures the large majority of cases who apply to him for treatment, have made his name known and his skill understood not only all over the United States, but his reputation has brought many sufferers from foreign countries to be healed by his really marvellous treatment.

Another thing of great importance to most sufferers from disease is the fact that Dr. Greene can be consulted free of charge. He never under any circumstances makes any charge for advice and consultation, either when the patient calls personally or writes for such advice.

The Doctor believes that patients should not be burdened with the payment of fees, that it is for treatment only which the sick should have to pay—that is, for the medicines necessary to effect the cure. For this reason his consultations are entirely and absolutely free to all, and as he manufactures at his great medical laboratory all the marvellous remedies and preparations which are so wondrously effective in restoring the sick and diseased to health, he furnishes them to those who apply for his advice and treatment at a price easily within the reach of all.

If you are suffering from any form of chronic or nervous disease, and have failed to receive help from your family physician, be sure and consult this most successful specialist, Dr. Greene, at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York, either personally or by letter. We are positive that you will never regret the day you placed yourself and your disease in his skilful hands.

IMPORTANT TO KNOW.

This Is a Most Valuable Piece of Information to Thousands.

There is a large class of sufferers from nervous, lingering or long-standing diseases, both among men and women, who live so far away that they cannot well call at Dr. Greene's office. For such Dr. Greene has perfected a mode of treatment through letter correspondence.

If you write him a full description of your case, its symptoms, &c., the Doctor can get a perfect understanding of your disease and condition, and be thereby enabled to prescribe with great accuracy and precision the exact medicines to cure.

We have positive knowledge of such a vast number of sufferers from disease thus cured by Dr. Greene through letter correspondence, and have seen such remarkably successful results follow the practical operation of this system of letter consultation and treatment, that we earnestly advise all who are troubled by nervous or chronic diseases, and who cannot call personally at the office, to at once write to Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th st., New York, in regard to their cases.

The Doctor gives each case who thus writes careful attention and examination, and returns an answer giving your exact condition; tells you plainly whether your case is curable or not, and furnishes advice in regard to treatment.

For all this there is no charge whatever, you having the privilege of consultation, both personally or by letter, free. He will state exactly the cost of the medicine necessary to cure your case, and you can adopt the treatment or not, as you please.

HIS WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

Something Which Many People Need, Especially at This Season.

We do not feel that our duty to the public would be complete unless we speak of that greatest of Dr. Greene's medical discoveries—indeed, the greatest medical discovery of this century—Dr. Greene's Nervura. It is the greatest cure for disease ever discovered, and restores to health thousands upon thousands of sufferers.

We have for years advertised this remarkable remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, in our columns, and our readers can readily turn to such advertisement in almost any issue of our paper. We know of a great many cures effected by this deservedly popular medicine; in fact, we publish testimonials of wonderful cures almost every day—cures from nervousness, weakness and exhaustion, insomnia, malaria, poor blood, dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, kidney and liver complaints, constipation, and the weakness of spring debility. Most of us, after having the Grip, have been left in a weakened and nervous state, lacking our old-time strength and vigor. Dr. Greene's Nervura is the very best thing to tone up the system and restore our strength. Most every one needs a spring medicine to strengthen the nerves, invigorate the blood, and start up the action of the liver and kidneys at this season of the year, and this is the greatest and best of all Spring Remedies. It is purely vegetable, too, and perfectly harmless. All druggists keep it at $1 per bottle.

We assure sufferers from disease that they cannot do better than to use this really wonderful medicine.

A Problem Solved.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

Clara—I want to break off my engagement with young Dudkin, and I don't know how.

Maud—That's easy. Buy him a necktie.

Royal Baking Powder.

[Extract from Marion Harland's Letter to the Royal Baking Powder Co.]

It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

Marion Harland