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THE WORLD'S GROWTH.

Daily Average Circulation for First Nine Months of

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GAIN PER DAY,

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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'S Net paid bona fide actual daily Average Circulation is greater than the combined circulation of the

Evening Sun,
Mail and Express,
Evening Post,
Commercial Advertiser,
Evening Telegram.

Is Rapid Transit again lost in a dream?

The Senate began to vote when it got good and ready.

New York has reason to be abundantly ashamed of that mobbing of the Parkhurst officers.

Registration up to date indicates that New York's growth in population has exceeded her growth in politics.

The mob that attacked the Parkhurst officers yesterday brutally assailed the good name of New York.

Mr. Myers's "average citizen" is largely in negative evidence this Fall from the fact that he hasn't registered.

The gold reserve is creeping up again. Under the beneficent workings of the Repeal bill it may be expected to run up.

The Park Commission is not in the dark regarding public sentiment on the matter of a riverside pathway along the new speedway.

Dr. Depew's prediction of victory for the Republican ticket shows that he does better in post-prandial oratory than in ante-election prognosticating.

Senator Teller says free silver will rise again. This in itself is not half so disturbing as the after-thought that then Teller, Stewart et al. will also rise again to talk about it.

The Marine Hospital Service is wise in not letting down all the bars, even though all danger of an importation of cholera from Europe does seem to be over for the present.

Emperor William will stop gambling in the German Army. The European situation, he probably considers, affords all the game of chance in which military men can afford an interest.

If the mission of the State conventions in New York this year was to discourage the desire to vote for anybody, it has been satisfactorily accomplished, judging from the small registry lists.

A notable true tale of the sea was that printed in yesterday's "Evening World" of the fire on the steamship Gellert and the splendid courage and discipline of the endangered vessel's officers and crew.

The report of assets and liabilities of the Cordage Trust shows that the entire amount of the stock has nothing for an offset but the good-will of the concern. This is probably the smallest item that has ever appeared in a business schedule.

Disapproval of the Parkhurst Society's proceedings and agents is not to be expressed by the use of sticks and stones. Steps should be taken to detect and punish the leaders in yesterday's outbreak of mob violence, which was as disgraceful to New York, in its way, as was ever any lynching to the wild West or the hot-blooded South.

The decision of Justice Williams, at Syracuse, that women cannot vote for School Commissioners in this State, and that the enabling act of 1892 is unconstitutional, is disappointing to the women and important to the State. Members of the gentler sex have been registering in great numbers in various districts in the Commonwealth. Justice Williams says their names must be stricken from the lists. Of course, this decision will not be allowed to settle the question for good. Appeal will undoubtedly be made to a higher court; but, so far as the present campaign is concerned, the active work of women as prospective voters is brought to an end. It seems more than passing strange, if the act of 1892 is really unconstitutional, that the Legislature which passed it and the parties which have accepted it could have been so generally deceived.

STANDING BY THE PARTY.

When a Convention fairly representing a political party makes free and deliberate choice of a nominee for a public office, it is conceded to be the duty of loyal members of the party to support him in good faith, although he may not be the candidate some of them would have preferred had their wishes prevailed. But it is notorious that Judge Maynard was not the choice of a Convention honestly representative of the Democratic party, that he was forced upon the ticket by the orders of a few leaders, and that his nomination was not made in the interest either of the public or the organization, but as a personal reward for a partisan service of which the dictating leaders were the principal beneficiaries.

Under these circumstances, the election of Judge Maynard would not be a Democratic triumph, neither would his defeat be a Democratic disaster. Those who may choose to vote against him cannot justly be accused of treason to the Democratic organization. They are not the enemies of Democracy, but rather its best friends, inasmuch as they seek to shield it from the commission of a serious blunder. They owe Judge Maynard no allegiance. He is not a Democratic principle, not a Democratic platform, not a Democratic plank. He has no claim or title to the support of a Democrat simply because his name has been placed on the ticket at the dictation of a few bosses who, while they have the power to compel his nomination, cannot blind the eyes of the people to his record nor force them to cast their ballots for him at the polls.

The fight against Judge Maynard is not a Republican fight, not a Mugwump fight, not an anti-Democratic fight. It is a fight within the party lines, and led by some of the leading Democrats in the organization. Gov. Flower's contention that to stand by Maynard is to "stand by the party" is a fallacy. Many thousands of sturdy Democrats, whose fidelity to Democratic principles is not open to doubt, believe that to vote against Maynard and thus to save the Democracy from the stigma of his election to the Bench is the very best way of "standing by the party" an honest Democrat can pursue.

THE BOWERY MOBBING.

The mobbing of a party of Parkhurst agents in the Bowery yesterday was an outrage that cannot be too severely condemned or too promptly punished. Doubt is attempted to be thrown on the story told by the assaulted men, but there is no question of its truth, and the assailants should be severely dealt with if they can be caught and convicted. It is the duty of the police to make vigorous efforts to arrest the guilty parties.

The methods of the Parkhurst Society are objectionable in the eyes of many good citizens. The whole system of an amateur police clothed with extraordinary powers is regarded as dangerous, and tending rather to increase than diminish crime. It leads directly to bribery and blackmail, as the recent conviction of the chief agent of the Parkhurst Society proves. But the remedy should be applied by the law, which ought to strip every such association of police authority and to compel them to do their work through the regular responsible force.

The very worst thing the lawless classes against whom the efforts of such societies are directed can do is to resort to violence against their agents. No mob rule can be permitted in New York, especially where the rioters are notoriously habitual violators of law or their tools.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

Again that season of the year has rolled around when football makes a demonstration of the part it takes in the college education of the American youth. And the part is generally acknowledged to be an important one. Competent authorities have maintained with much show of reason that the seemingly rough and tumble game imparts to those who play invaluable qualities of self-control and self-reliance; while it is also held that if the men who go into the contests with the pigskin are properly trained and hardened, the struggles of the elevens are relieved of much of what seems to outsiders the inevitable physical perils.

Certain it is that the game of football has grown wonderfully in popularity, both among players and spectators, within the last few years. Perhaps some of those who look on at a game are actuated to some extent in their enjoyment by the privilege of noting one event in life where somebody else does all the kicking. But this is not the case with the majority. The enthusiasm of the vast crowds that attend the annual contests is the outgrowth of genuine inspiration. It is the reflection of the emotions that thrill the actual participants in the struggle in the field.

Football is a good tonic, whether taken actively or passively. Properly played, it is a manly game for manly young men. Long may it thrive and its admirers continue to increase apace.

FOOT PASSENGERS' RIGHTS.

A decision handed down by the Court of Appeals yesterday established the fact that the public have the right in the use of the streets and avenues, but that the sidewalks belong to the pedestrians.

The case on appeal arose through a suit brought by the guardians of a young lad for damages inflicted on the latter by a wagon which had been driven onto the sidewalk to deliver a load. The Superior Court gave the boy a thousand dollars damages. The Court of Appeals in confirming the judgment lays down the law that the sidewalks belong to the foot passengers, and hence the cart had no right to be there.

In some streets of the city this interpretation of the law seems not to be well understood or not to be very scrupulously observed. The sidewalks are rendered useless to passengers by blockades of boxes and trucks and packages continued for hours. In many localities the sidewalks are thus rendered impassable for the greater part of the business hours of the day.

The Court of Appeals has made a good and welcome decision. But how much will it practically benefit the long-suffering citizens of New York? Will unfortunate pedestrians have any greater privileges on the sidewalks than they have had for years past?

HOME RULE PROSPECTS.

Mr. Gladstone will make no attempt to again pass the Home Rule bill for some time to come. There is no prospect that the measure will be revived for a year at least. It is said, moreover, that one faction of the Irish party is indignant at the delay, and will desert the Premier when Parliament meets.

Whether this report is or is not official, it is not at all probable that Mr. Gladstone would again introduce the Irish bill before an appeal has been made to the people through a dissolution of Parliament. But he will improve the interim by passing through the House of Commons the liberal measures relating to the extension of the franchise, the workingman's vote, the hours of labor for miners and the county rights which he has already foreshadowed. Whether these bills pass the House of Lords or are rejected after their passage by the Commons, they will add materially to Mr. Gladstone's strength in the elections when dissolution does take place. If they become laws they will increase the Liberal vote. If defeated by the Lords after their adoption by the Commons they will arouse a popular sentiment favorable to the Liberal party.

It would be madness on the part of any true friends of Ireland not to aid Mr. Gladstone in carrying out his liberal programme. It is the one thing needed to make the cause of Home Rule invincible and to compel the Lords to assent to the bill if it again reaches them, approved by the English people at a Parliamentary election and adopted in the Commons by an increased majority.

Without such an indorsement it would be mere child's play to send the Home Rule bill back to the Upper House.

CUPID AND THE VACCINE QUILL.

See here, doctors of the vaccinating corps, we want you to be as gentle and painless and Chesterfieldian as you can possibly make yourselves in stabbing the arms of the telephone and cigarettte girls. Tip your lancets with love, and let gallantry guide your hands when you are jabbing your blades into their bared biceps.

Go slow, toy coyly with the tender cuticle, say sweet things, quote poetry if you know it, and let your cutting be so clever that the dear creatures will not know of the laceration until it is all over. Coax the vaccine into its epidermal lair, and do not let the germ-freighted quill cause a girl to give vent to even the faintest "ouch!"

Make the vaccinating process a pleasure to the lovely wage earners, and fix it so that it will not interfere with their evenings at home when Cupid covers the face of the parlor clock and shades the gas jet with his wings, and speeds the happy hours as the joy-hearted girl shares one chair with the nice young man who thinks she is the only woman worth knowing in the whole wide world.

Remember, doctors, that these girls have beaux, and these beaux have strong arms, and this vaccinating business is going to make two young people miserable for five or six days, for when the ardent swain gathers his only own to his side and gives her a squeeze she is likely to jump four feet in the air with a shriek and say: "There, now, Charley, you've just gone and hurt me on my vaccinate again!"

And, doctors, please don't tell the dear, huggable creatures that the vaccination will prevent them, perhaps for one long week, from having the breath squeezed out of them by their sweethearts. It would make them feel too bad.

Chicago liberality to the front once more. Marshall Field gives $1,000,000 towards founding an art museum and school of natural history. George M. Pullman follows with $100,000, and $275,000 worth of World's Fair collections is turned in as a starter for the museum. These gifts, added to the funds which have been presented at various times to the Chicago University and other great public enterprises in the Exposition City, make a showing which New York can but regard with envy. The moral of it is that Chicago rich men, who have made their money in Chicago, make what return they can by spending money for Chicago.

Rather a notable Washington item is that which tells of the difficulty experienced in finding young physicians who are qualified for appointments in the medical corps of the War Department. It would be interesting to know whether this is the result of slipshod methods in the turning out of newly made doctors from the medical schools, or whether it is that the appointments lack the attractiveness necessary to bring out the best men.

Just as a learned Judge has decided that women cannot vote, even for School Commissioners, in the State of New York, word comes that the members of the fair sex have been granted full franchise in New Zealand. It is not expected, however, that any wholesale emigration of Empire State wives, sisters and mothers New Zealandward will follow.

It isn't necessary that you should be able to fill a whole car, all by yourself, on "The World's" Southern relief train. Just help a lot of other people to furnish the load for the whole train.

A good word for consolidation is never out of season in this metropolitan district. And such a word is spoken more and more often as the days go by.

WORLDLINGS.

The poet Shelley was haunted by a fear of being buried alive, and to assert such a fate he left directions to have his heart taken from his body after death.

The Sultan of Turkey has made a collection of 300 carriages and vehicles of all kinds.

It is estimated by a statistician with a penchant for the odd that all the people that have died since Adam's day could be lodged in a cemetery covering eight miles square.

In Brazil it is not customary for servants to reside in their employers' house. They come to work early in the morning and return home in the evening.

There are said to be 100,000 different kinds of bottles in the world, and as for the numerousness of other things old species make their homes in the oak tree alone.

Injured by a Kicking Horse.

Emil Swanson, thirty-one years old, of 10 Willett street, was kicked by a horse in the car stables at 535 Cherry street, to-day, and had his leg badly injured. He was taken to Gouverneur Hospital.

WHERE GIRLS FARE WELL.

Factory Owners Who Treat Their Help with Consideration.

Mrs. Nagle, an Inspector, Finds Much to Be Commended.

Some very interesting facts have come under the observation of Mrs. Nagle, who although but recently appointed, is one of the most efficient deputies on Factory Inspector Connelly's staff.

Her policy is directly opposite that pursued by the W. C. T. U. Instead of hunting up the worst features of factory life, she uses the remedies at hand to correct them, and by calling attention to the "good in everything" excites emulation among employees as well as employers.

Taking her district through and through, Mrs. Nagle finds a general disposition on the part of manufacturers to treat their people well. Many injustices attributed to greed on the part of capital are in reality the result of the fiercest kind of competition which often renders the proprietor as anxious about his income as are the people in his employ.

The very worst taskmasters she finds are women. The wife who superintends the shop while her husband is away attending to other interests is merciless in her exactions, while the forewoman in charge of a department is frequently unjust as well as unkind.

Scores of complaints against firms reach the Board of Factory Inspectors anonymously, and on investigation prove not only to have been prompted by jealousy or revenge, but bring into prominence methods of government as admirable as they are surprising.

To list the factories deserving honorable mention would require several leaves from every deputy inspector's notebook.

There is a food factory at the corner of Greenwich and Spring streets where a hundred odd girls are engaged in the sweet and savory task of making jelly and catsup. These preserve makers are well paid and most kindly treated. The matron, Miss Margaret, who looks after the wardrobes and dining-room, has a weakness for soap and towels, and the supplies in the bathroom are inexhaustible.

She has been in the establishment forty years. There is nothing in the fruit market that she couldn't "make jell." A generation ago she was an expert preserver. Now she keeps the wardrobes, makes salves and poultices for the girls when they damage their fingers and prescribes baths for every ill from the "blues" to a broken heart.

The Wallach Candy Company is an admirable firm to work for. The relations existing between the employees and heads of departments are as cordial as in a school, and the surroundings of the girls are as sweet and clean as the product of their fingers.

In Huyler's factory the chocolate cream and gumdrop artists are permitted to eat themselves ill. Then they are sent to the hospital, a parlor reserved for that purpose being managed by a motherly woman, who knows all about the candy business and considerable about hospital nursing.

The result is scarcely a girl in the house who has not taken her turn on the willow couch. Remedies are prepared in the adjoining pharmacy, and if they fail to restore the patient at the end of the usual time she is sent home in a cab at the firm's expense.

Another feature of this establishment is a cook who serves a course dinner at actual cost of material, and heats coffee-cans and cooks eggs, chops and any other delicacy free of charge.

Not less than 20,000 girls are employed in the biscuit factories. The work is light; there is employment all the year, the treatment is invariably kind, and if the young women did not abuse their privileges and get a surfeit of jam, jelly and jumbles, they would not be under the expense of a lunch. Here, as in the candy business, the first thing the new girl does is to get sick.

One of the biggest biscuit factories in the world is at the corner of West and Twelfth streets. There are 400 girls; their beauty is the boast of the firm, and the consideration they receive is the boast of the entire force, men and women.

There are girls in the W. W. Haynes factory who have been making straw hats and bonnets for the last thirty years. The firm provides, among a number of modern conveniences, a gas-range, where the girls make tea and coffee, toast bread, broil bacon and roast apples and sweet potatoes.

The Ash & Jacket fur company, the American Biscuit Company, the Dillan & Wormser Company, manufacturers of white goods, and the Kinney Brothers' Cigarette Company are conspicuous among the multitude of clean, convenient and well-managed concerns.

Mrs. Nagle grows eloquent in speaking of the unselfishness prevalent among the factory girls of New York. Frequently the laws are violated against the protest of the employers and under the stress of biting poverty. Piece-workers refuse to take the noon recess. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see an operator on fur goods or clothing open a drawer in the machine table, take out a roll, and, without stopping to remove the fluff from it, feed herself with one hand, while she guides the work under the needle with the other.

Girls who work this way are, as a rule, poor immigrants from Russia or Italy. These, too, are the indefatigable toilers who take work home and sew half the night. They are strong, or they couldn't do it. Few of them do it long, however. They marry early in life, work a few months, save all they make and go West or South with their husbands.

These girls are not afraid of work. They are found in the heaviest lines of trade, operating on and finishing caps, hats, furs and men's clothing. The German girls make flowers, fringe, passementerie trimming, bead work and knitted goods for infant wear.

Irish girls curl feathers, finish suits and make underwear. The American girls take clerkships. The Swede girls either go into domestic service or work on tobacco, and the girls of all nations are found in the biscuit, candy, pickle, soup and preserve factories.

Mrs. Nagle pays the shopgirls the compliment of calling them the most sensible class of wage-earners. They are not addicted to frills, paper-soled shoes and glass earrings. Those fancies are characteristic of the saleswomen and stock girls. Their dresses and shoes may be, and generally are, cheap, but they are comfortable and serviceable.

She also relates the charges that they are large consumers of beer and ginger pop. The girls who do patronize the theatrical drummers, and who are called who go through the shops with bottles and glasses set in a board carried on the shoulder, are forced to do so because there is no drinking water on the premises. Wherever coolers are supplied, and they are generally, the three cents charged for small beer is saved for clothing or spent for some palatable morsel for lunch.

Under other circumstances, a delegation to market and boys for all hands refreshing with Napoleans, chocolate eclairs, cuts of pound and similar pastry that chews without satisfying the appetite.

There are ten women among the nineteen deputy inspectors (Joy Flower now about to be added), and it may be said that as two-thirds of the operators in the New York industries are women and children they were entitled to such interest and protection as women's sympathy alone can give them.

The benevolent work done in connection with the routine of factory inspections by these ten women despites world surprise many of the people who take a profession of missionary work. When baby-farmers and juvenile operators are dismissed, provision is made for the family. Nobody ever knows the source.

Private appeals are made to the rich and influential, and to compensate for the lost labors of the poor shop children employment is secured for one or several members of his family.

NELL NELSON.

LETTERS.

[This column is for the benefit of everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a question to ask or a public service to subserve, and who can put the idea into less than 300 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Jamming on "L" Trains.

To the Editor:

As the "L" roads are run on the "Public be ——" principle, it is perhaps useless to enter a protest, through your columns or otherwise, against their management. Nevertheless, for the purpose of relieving my mind on the subject I desire to have my say regarding the shameful crowding on the Third avenue line every morning about 8.30, the time I go downtown. The so-called "Summer schedule" seems to be still in operation. I think I can say, without being open to the accusation of exaggerating, that fully five minutes elapses between the departure from the Seventy-sixth street station of each train and the arrival of the following train. It is true some sort of an express is run from Harlem, but it is small consolation for the weary individuals on the station mentioned to see two or three almost empty trains go thundering by without stopping, while they patiently wait fifteen or twenty minutes for a train in which they can obtain standing room. YORKVILLE.

He Never Refuses Without Cause.

To the Editor:

A says that if he is sober and orderly, and goes into a saloon to buy drinks, the proprietor is compelled to sell them to him. B says that he is out, as the goods are his, and he can sell them or not, as he chooses. Which is right?

P. O. and F. R.

Loafing in Sixty-fourth Street.

To the Editor:

I wish to express my gratitude to you for your kindness in publishing my letter concerning loafers on West Sixty-fourth street. While the nuisance has abated somewhat, thanks to you, there is still room for improvement, and what improvement there is is in no way due to any effort on the part of Policeman No. —, who still continues his uninterrupted conversations with his lady friends, entirely oblivious of his surroundings. This officer should be given a beat that is more secluded, as he would then be able to devote his entire time to them. I sincerely hope that he is not married. I hope this in justice to the taxpayers, as they pay for protection, and should have it, and it is a few men such as No. —, married or single, that reflect by their conduct a shadow on the bravest and finest body of men in the world. A. J. F.,

207 West Sixty-fourth street.

A Sunday Law for One Class.

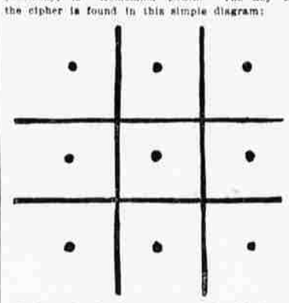
To the Editor:

On going downtown on Sunday I noticed that several tailors were arrested for disobeying the Sunday law. Now, I think this unjust, as other mechanics are working. Why not, for a good reason, stop all barbers who have their shops open? In the matter of noises, I consider it better to hear a machine than hear a barber shave a man with a strong beard, or trying to make a pompadour on a bald man's head.

MIKE, Morrisania.

That Queer Epitaph.

The translation of the symbols engraved on a tombstone in Trinity Church yard, as published yesterday, is "Remember Death." The key to the cipher is found in this simple diagram:



Each section is a letter, arranged in alphabetical rotation from left to right, with the letters I and J allotted to the same position. Beginning again at the upper left hand corner the letters continue from K to S, two dots being made to distinguish them. From T to Z the sections are used without dots. CRYPTOGRAM.

Nellie D.'s Curious Coin.

To the Editor:

If "Nellie D." will look on page 21, under the caption of "Hard-Times Tokens," of Scott's Standard Catalogues No. 5, she will see a very good illustration of the coin in her possession. She will also be a little surprised, no doubt, to learn that the "horse" on her coin is a donkey, that "Executive—1837—Fiscal Dmerit—Experiment" is in reality "Executive, 1837, Fiscal Agent, Experiment." However, it may please Nellie to know that a fair specimen of this coin is sold for $2.50, while a good one costs $5.

C. R. T.

Complain to the Building Inspector.

To the Editor:

The fence (made of boards and about fifteen feet high) between my court-yard and that of my neighbor, is hanging over in my yard so much that it may fall any moment, and is thereby a real danger to the inhabitants of my house. I have drawn the attention of the owner of the fence repeatedly to it without any result. He never had the said fence rebuilt or repaired. Now please answer the following questions: 1. In case any person in my court-yard should suffer bodily harm through the falling of that fence, can I be held liable? 2. Will I have to contribute my share when my neighbor will rebuild his fence, that fence standing on his ground? 3. To whom have I to apply or to what court, to compel my neighbor to remove that cause of danger, if he shall not do it himself? A remark: My neighbor, the owner of that fence, is feared by all the neighbors on both sides, and he also offers spite to every one, as his son is a lawyer and in partnership with an influential and prominent politician. D. M.

Veils Are All Right, Day or Night.

To the Editor:

Will you kindly inform me whether it is improper or bad taste for a young lady to wear a veil at night? I have heard that it was, and, having no desire to be thought improper, would like to set my doubts at rest.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

Can a Woman Sharpen a Pencil?

To the Editor:

It has often been a source of curiosity to me to know why it is that it is next to impossible for a woman to sharpen a pencil properly. I have seen clever, well-educated women, who held good positions, requiring an almost constant use of the lead pencil, but who, for the life of them, never could cut a smooth, straight point on that useful little article. I would very much like to hear from some of your numerous female readers. It would, I think, be of interest to some.

BITSOF.

Danger Signals for the Cable Road.

To the Editor:

I wish to say that I think if the Broadway Cable Company would put one of those bells that ring whenever the car is in motion upon a car 59 back on every car there would be fewer accidents, as I have often noticed that car 59 attracts everybody's attention. A RIDER.

It Depends on the Young Lady.

To the Editor:

I am a hard-working young man and have $1 a week from my wages to spare. Please let me know if it is enough to go and take a young lady out with. If not, please let me know how much have I to have? E. F. E.

Wives No Longer Slaves.

To the Editor:

I read in your worthy paper of a young mother complaining of a husband who asked her what she did with herself all day. I think, if she has three children to take care of, and keeps everything in order, and if she does her duty, she has all she can do to get done with her work. This loving so-called better half ought to be left alone for one day to do all the work. Then he would think differently of the subject. Some husbands think their wives are slaves, as they used to be, but we are too much advanced in the woman question now to be slaves any more. A WIFE.

Houston with a Texas Twist.

To the Editor:

There's at least one "L" guard in New York—he's a conductor on the Third avenue line and his number's 369—who doesn't pronounce Houston street "Howston." I rode with him yesterday and was startled to hear him call out "Hoos-ton" when we reached that station. I was still more surprised to learn that he was a native New Yorker, for I had never before heard a Gothamite call the street anything but "Howe-ton." The only reason "369" gave for his pronunciation was that he thought it sounded better. WEBSTER.

Menu for Five on $5 a Week.

To the Editor:

I would advise the following "menu" to "Constant Reader," of Brooklyn, who asked how he could support himself and four children on $5 a week:

Oatmeal and molasses three times a week for breakfast; griddle cakes four times a week for breakfast. Sunday—Corned beef and cabbage and potatoes. Monday—Hash the remainings of corned beef with onions and potatoes. Tuesday—Steak and potatoes. Wednesday—Stewed tripe or mutton with potatoes. Thursday—Soup; two pounds of beef; potatoes and turnips mashed. Friday—Fish and potatoes. Saturday—Haslet; potatoes and boiled rice. For supper serve what is left from dinner, with stewed prunes; tea. Coffee at breakfast. You can make biscuit or shortcake for tea also. Bake your own bread and buy vegetables from the peddlers. Cost: Half gallon of oil, 5 cents; six pails coal, 48; one pound oatmeal, 5; salt, 3; three and a half pounds sugar, 20; seven pounds flour, 24; one pound butter, 20; half pound coffee, 16; quarter pound tea, 13; five pounds corned beef, at 8 cents, 40; cabbage, 6; two pounds soup meat, 16; two pounds stew meat, 16; two pounds steak, 24; haslet, 6; three quarts potatoes, 24; two pounds prunes, 16; one pint molasses, 6; one pound rice, 6; one yellow turnip, 5; onions, 5; soup greens, 2; fish, 20. Total—$2.56. And if your children are big enough, after school they can sell "The Evening World." That will help you greatly. E. JACQUOT,

225 East Twenty-fifth street.

Answers to Questions.

R. M.—There were plenty of roller skating rinks in Brooklyn in 1883.

Stenographer.—Inquire at room 4, Post-Office Building, about civil-service examinations.

A Crank, Peekskill.—A tunnel under the Atlantic is impracticable. It could not be ventilated.

Frank M. Elliott.—The Leader, Dispatch and Commercial Gazette are leading newspapers of Pittsburg.

Ben Ali.—Constantinople is 5,810 miles from New York City. Apply at steamship offices for cost of passage.

Grateful, Portchester.—If you must flirt, do it personally and not by postage stamps. Then it will be more satisfactory to the flirtee.

Anxious to Be an Actor.—There are schools of acting that will charge you about $200 a year. See advertising columns "Sunday World."

An Inquirer.—It ought to be obvious to you that we cannot undertake to give the standing of building and loan associations or their stability.

James Swift, Peekskill.—Peter B. Olney was District-Attorney of New York in February, 1854, and his assistants were John Vincent, John R. Fellows, Edward L. Parris and George H. Adams, Assistant District-Attorneys; James Fitzgerald and Henry C. Allen, Deputy Assistants; Le Roy S. Gove, Trial Assistant.

Julia and Ettie Rodman.—The best road for a bicyclist to follow from New York to Paterson, N. J., is this: Take Riverside Drive and cross ferry at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to Fort Lee; take road to left at top of hill, through Fort Lee and Leonia, across the meadows to Hackensack; follow Main street north to Passaic avenue, where turn left; continue to Paterson road; follow sign posts. Hackensack may also be reached by following road at top of the cliff from Fort Lee to Englewood, down Palisade avenue, cross tracks to Hackensack road, turning left. This road is about four miles longer, but is a more attractive route and is better riding. A shorter route to Paterson is to cross Forty-second street ferry to Weehawken, through Union, crossing meadows to Rutherford, thence direct to Passaic, thence following river road to Paterson.

"I DIED OF A BROKEN HEART."

Message Found in a Coat Picked Up on a Pier.

A case that will bear investigation was reported to the Madison street police station at 9.30 o'clock this morning. Whether it is a case of suicide or a hoax the detectives detailed on the case have as yet been unable to ascertain.

Chrisopher Smith, employed on the barge D. S. Miller, lying at the foot of Maret street, took to the station a coat and vest which he said he picked up on the pier at midnight. In the pocket of the coat was found a note which read as follows:

"My name is George Munn. My mother lives at Kearney, Hudson County, N. J. I died with a broken heart. Love to all."

No such person as George Munn has been reported to the police as missing, and no cases of drowning in the vicinity of Market street has recently been reported to the Coroner's office.

The police will at once endeavor to learn if a Mrs. Munn resides at Kearney and if her son is missing.

BOTTLE WITH A MESSAGE.

The Message Was About an Alleged Suicide.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Oct. 28.—Supt. Franklin, of the Elizabeth Water Company, yesterday found in the reservoir a tightly sealed bottle containing a piece of wrapping paper on which was written: "I have shot myself, as I am tired of life. Notify my mother. E. Meller, 164 Barclay street, Newark."

The Newark authorities have been notified by Chief of Police Tenney.

CLUMSY FORGERY DETECTED.

Colored Lad Charged with Theft of a Checkbook and Its Use.

Robert Marshall, a dull-looking colored lad of twenty, living at 116 West Twenty-ninth street, was held for trial in the Jefferson Market Police Court today charged with forgery, and a charge of larceny is also hanging over his head.

Marshall visited the store of Joseph Shoder, at 124 West Broadway, yesterday. While Shoder was in the office Marshall stole a long pocketbook out of his coat which hung near the door.

In the pocketbook were three blank checks on the People's Bank, and in the afternoon Marshall presented one of these, made out for $16 and signed with Shoder's name. Assistant-Cashier Mohoff at once detected the fraud and detained the lad until an officer arrived. Marshall explained the clumsy forgery by saying that a man gave him the check and asked him to get it cashed.

Brothers Injured in a Fight.

Daniel McGrath, a United States marine at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, came over to visit his family yesterday. He and his brother, John, who lives at 755 Second avenue, went out to have a good time. Both got drunk, and early to-day they had a fight at Second avenue and One Hundred and Fifth street, in which John received a scalp wound and Daniel had his arm cut. Both were taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, prisoners.

Searching for Absconder Silva.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 28.—Every effort is being made to locate Louis J. Silva, the defaulting Secretary of the Rainwater Bradford Hat Company. The experts at work upon the books of the ruined Company have not completed their labors, but the defalcation, it is positively known, will exceed $100,000, practically all of which has gone to the race track and grain pit.

Preferred Bullet to Consumption.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 28.—James Cairn, a young merchant, of Royalton, came here a few days ago suffering from throat trouble. He was informed by one of the physicians that he was developing consumption. Brooding over the affair, he went to his room in his mother's house last evening and shot himself dead with a 44-calibre revolver.

HOUSE AND HOME

The Boys Coat.

Beige-colored cloth bordered with a treble row of machine-statching, and set off with chestnut-brown feather trimming and fancy galon. It is cut

loose all round, and gradually widens towards the hem to hang in slight "godets," to correspond with the fluting of the double shoulder frilling.

MENU.

SUNDAY, OCT. 29.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Granula. Sugar and Cream.
Veal Cutlets. French Fried Potatoes.
Waffles. Coffee.

DINNER.

Clear Soup.
Roast Chickens. Rice.
Sweet Potatoes. Cauliflower.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Orange Souffle.
Coffee.

SUPPER.

Fried Scallops.
Brown Bread and Butter.
Fruit Salad.
Tea.

Fancy Work.

Sofa pillows; sachets for gloves, handkerchiefs, neck-ties and veils; table covers and bureau scarfs and chair backs are now made of white linen embroidered in colored flax. The designs are sketchy and the composition, leaves, shells and blossoms, being combined with keys, chain, rope, scrolls, &c.

Health-Building Beef Tea.

Beef tea is wasted on strong people. Sick persons who refuse all other foods will often relish it and gain strength. Ordinarily it is more of a stimulant than nourishment. To make a tea that will contain more nutriment than stimulant cut a piece of juicy steak into lumps the size of a walnut. Boil slightly and squeeze the pieces thoroughly in a lemon squeezer or meat press. The quantity of juice will be very small, but the quality will be strong and sufficient nutriment for the invalid. It can be served hot or cold and seasoned to taste.

Tights Made to Order.

Brooklyn has a ladies' tailor who makes tights to order for stage, street and saddle wear. Measures are taken from the arm and waist. More orders are received for woollen goods for street wear than for any other class of goods. Silks are $10 and the wool tights range from $5 to $8 a pair according to the weight desired.

Hallowe'en Charms.

Many and strange are the rites and superstitiuos that cling to Hallowe'en. Here are some of them.

If you are brave enough to tempt the powers of darkness, supposed to be abroad on the last night of October, walk three times around a church at midnight strewing hempseed and repeating:

Hempseed I sow,
Hempseed I strow,
He that is my true love
Come after me and mow.

On the third round your future husband will appear behind you with a scythe.

A favorite but ghastly trick in the old countries is the throwing of a ball of yarn into the well. Begin to wind it up and say:

I wind, I wind,
My true love you to find.

With the end of the yarn he will rise, seated in his coffin.

Comb your hair before the parlor mirror, at the same time eating an apple, and he will look over your shoulder in the glass as the clock strikes 12.

Leave soap, towels, brush and razor on the bureau, lie awake and watch, and at 12 o'clock he will enter, shave himself and retire. If he fails to come you are doomed to be an old maid.

If there happens to be a new moon on Hallowe'en, go out to the gate alone and repeat the couplet:

New moon, true moon, reveal unto me
This night who my husband is to be.

He will appear before you. It is recounted that a lass who tried this was whipped up and borne away by a horseman in a black cloak.

Less tragic was the experience of the girl who put a pan of ashes at her bedside, expecting to see the name of her future husband written in it next morning. During the night her brother stole slyly in, and this is what she found:

Trying tricks is but a notion,
Death and hell shall be thy portion.

If you would bring the absent love to your side, make a little rag doll and name it with his name. Wish that he will have neither rest nor peace until he comes, and bury it in hot coals and ashes on the hearth, where it will smoulder slowly. By the time it has burned away he will arrive. This seems to have originated from the melting of the wax image of an enemy before the fire, an old Scottish superstition embalmed in Rossetti's poem, "Sister Helen."

Eat a thimbleful of salt, go to bed backward and in silence, and the man you are destined to wed will bring you water in your dreams. If in a tin cup, you will be very poor; if a glass, comfortably well off; but if you quench your thirst from silver you will be wealthy.

In Germany the fraulein goes into the garden backward at midnight, and pulls a cabbage. If earth adheres to the roots she will marry rich.

More pleasing, however, are the tricks that can be tried in gay company, such as the naming and burning of nuts, as having been blindfolded, to dip your hand into one of these bowls set before you, one empty, one filled with clean and one with dirty water. The clean signifies that you will wed a man never married before, the dirty a widower, and the empty one means you will not marry at all. It is also very amusing to drop melted lead into a bowl of cold water, when it will assume fantastic shapes, supposed to indicate the calling of the future partner of your joys and sorrows.

Cape Cod Cranberries.

The choicest cranberries in the New York markets come from Cape Cod. Instead of being sour, like so many marsh meadow berries, they are savory, which makes the sauce prime for meat and game courses.

Draping Pictures and Screens.

A vogue in Paris is to drape pictures and screens, and ornament the table with heavy ropes of flowers. Not only does this coil go on the table, but the floral rope is sometimes attached across the backs of the chairs about a round table, so that when guests are seated they have the appearance of being united by a chain of blossoms and foliage. A brilliant effect was produced at a dinner recently by the use of scarlet geraniums twined in this way with smilax and fern leaf asparagus.

Plaint of a Parasol.

I used to live in a nice long box,
In tissue sheets they wound me;
But now I hang in a wardrobe dark,
And dusty gowns surround me.
My white silk lining is soiled and gray—
Most sadly flecked am I;
My ruffles of chiffon fall in shreds—
Oh! a parasol wreck am I.
Quite often this Summer a man carried me;
He kissed me one time, too;
Then with my point wrote in the sands:
"My dearest, I love you!"
And since that day my life has been
A wearisome, endless blank,
Except when she hauls me out and says:
"You helped me capture Frank."

—Chicago Record.

Pretty Tea Cloth.

A very pretty tea cloth may be made of a very large dinner napkin or a piece of table linen of suitable size. Select a pretty pattern and outline the design with wash silks. Old gold, deep rose or dark blue is pretty. Another is of fine linen with an inch-wide border, hemstitched, then a row of drawn work, then a wide border of cross-stitching worked in wash silks.

Gracious Josephine.

In 1803, when Empress Josephine was forty years of age, her beauty was a little faded, says Saint Amand, but she dressed with such taste, her expression was so charming, her smile so sweet, her bearing so graceful, and her manners were so fine that she was very attractive and passed for a pretty woman. She received so well, she had such command of the art of saying a kind word to every one, her memory was so good and her tact and politeness so conspicuous that she seemed to have been born on the steps of the throne.

Linen Photograph Frames.

Weary of plush, tapestry and silk covers for photograph frames, the ingenious needle-women who supply the trade are using linen in white and unbleached, with Wat