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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.

The Senate asks Mr. Cleveland a fair question. That Broadway cable is making up for its recent spell of good behavior.

Life on the Netheroy seems to be cheerful enough with the enemy out of sight. Let parents do their share in encouraging Commissioner Hubbell's Anti-Cigarette Smoking League among the boys of the public schools.

"The Evening World" Christmas-Tree Fund can't grow too fast for the good of the thousands of little ones who are to profit by its use.

There is no excuse for the fact that New York has no police patrol wagon service. There will be no excuse for a long delay in providing one.

Mayor Hooley is out for a popular vote on the "Greater New York" question. This is a tardy but gratifying seconding of the motion made by the best Brooklyn citizenship.

New York does not care properly for its police. The wearers of the municipal blue are daily exposed to dangers and degradations which a proper signal and patrol-wagon service would remove.

Well, the Park Commissioners heard clearly enough yesterday that the people demand the riverable highway that is the new speedway. So there is only one thing for the Commissioners to do—that that pathway into the plans.

Sometimes it is true that it is as short to go around a hill as over it. This is not true as regards the rapid transit mountain in New York, for there is no way around it. The present Commission has got lost in the effort to find such a way.

Good for the Board of Health! The soft-coal smoke nuisance is to be abated. Corporations using the dirty fuel are to be forced to consume their black smoke and not leave it for the community to swallow. No Chicago atmosphere for Father Knickerbocker's family.

Col. "Tom" Axworthy, three times City Treasurer of Cleveland, stole \$80,000 from the city, kept enough of it to fit himself out with a substantial income and self out to Canada. He spent five years in exile, with plenty of money, but no peace of mind. Now he has died with an unsatisfied yearning to be permitted to return to his old home. Did it pay?

The Rapid Transit Commission has achieved absolutely nothing in the way of bringing Harlem within fifteen minutes of the City Hall. It has not even raised a lasting hope of such a consummation. It has, indeed, become an obstacle to real rapid transit. The Commission, if it is to do anything, must get off from its stilt.

There is nothing like the ups and downs of that unlucky-lucky number "13." The other day thirteen sailors escaped from a sinking ship. That was lucky. Then, in quick succession, came the shaking up of thirteen New York police captains, and the disastrous running away of Broadway cable car No. 13. These were unlucky affairs. But to-day's addition to the list is the story of thirteen nieces and nephews who are to divide a rich uncle's \$2,000,000. Who's to decide, when thirteen disagree?

When the Brazilian ship now known as the America, but erstwhile called Britannia, was being fitted out for war purposes at this port, "The Evening World" printed exclusive news of the presence in the city of agents sent by Helio to "approach" the crew. It was felt that unless scrupulous care were taken in the selection of men, Peixoto might find his new ships in the hands of the enemy before they had fairly passed into his own. Several morning contemporaries indulged in mild incredulity over the story. To-day, the news from the Americas is that the lying seriously disabled at Bridgewater, Barbados, a traitor in her crew having tampered with her engine. "The Evening World" was right, as usual.

The novelist who yearns for lurid mystery could get his fill in New York just now, and out of the remnants, after the novelist's feast was over, a melodrama or two could be constructed. There is one mystery of jewels stolen from a stoop where their owner had dropped them for a moment, returned by the police and no prosecution. Then there is a mystery of jewels taken at the pistol's point from the owner's bosom, an arrest, a doubtful identification, a

return of property by a veiled lady and an end of proceedings. Next, a young man walks into his home and is informed that he has been stabbed. He is wearing a pound-and-a-half dagger, with the point of it thrust completely through the side of his face, but does not realize it until his head is struck with the weapon. The stabbing is laid to a beggar who approached the wounded man a few minutes before he felt a sharp blow in the face. Then there is the mystery of Mr. George Gould's kindness to a distressed Chicago young woman turned into a domineer for a \$100,000 check. This metropolis is sometimes a strange world all by itself.

WELL, WHY NOT!

The Senate yesterday adopted Senator Hoar's resolution asking the President to send to Congress, in his opinion, not inconsistent with the public interests all the instructions sent to our representatives in Hawaii since March 4, 1893.

It is seldom wise to withhold the facts in any manner from the public. There are, of course, occasions when it would be injudicious to let facts be known. But in such cases the President will hold his tongue and give his reasons as well in this instance, provided he considers such a course expedient.

The only mistake Senator Hoar made in his designating the words "in his opinion" not inconsistent with the public interests, is unnecessary. They are essential in all such cases, and their omission would have been unwise.

ASPHALTIC ALDERMEN.

Aldermen "combine" are by no means rare. History records the conception, progress and results of one in 1884, together with the subsequent fate of the combiners.

It is observable that these combinations are rarely if ever made in the interest of the city. They have their origin in a burglarious desire to break into a "good thing" wherever one is discovered, or supposed to be discovered, from which the Aldermen are excluded.

The "good thing" just now scented by the Aldermanic nose is the spending of more than a million dollars a year on asphalt pavement. The well-drilled, "soberly" Aldermanic mind cannot conceive how this money can be expended in a way without that comfortable and comforting perquisite known as a "divvy" being realized, and the Aldermen want to be "in." So some six or eight of them "combine" to block every resolution ordering asphalt pavement to be laid, and it is evident that they will continue to do so until they are satisfied by "concessions" of the folly of their conduct. They have adopted the war cry: "And must the asphalt lie; and must the asphalt lie?"

"Then half a dozen Aldermen will know the reason why?"

As the Tribunal asphalt, according to Mayor Hoar's statement, is laid in the city more cheaply than in any other city in the country, and as a "security" fund of 30 per cent. of the contract price is retained as a guarantee of good work, this Aldermanic venture will probably come to grief. Meanwhile the combiners will please bear in mind that the people of this city are satisfied by "concessions" of the folly of their conduct. They have adopted the war cry: "And must the asphalt lie; and must the asphalt lie?"

HE DIDN'T BREAK THE BANK. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has been enjoying himself at Nice, yesterday he drove over to Monaco, and visited the rooms at Monte Carlo. It is said, for the first time in his life.

Naturally, a man with Mr. Depew's inspiring mind became at once interested in the game of roulette et noir. While he stood looking on, a lady, one of his companions, slipped a five-franc piece on one of the little spaces at the end of the row of figures, and soon drew back three five-franc pieces as winnings.

Mr. Depew's attention was attracted by the President, and the lady did it three times, but each time her five-franc pieces were raked in. "Ah! I see," remarked Mr. Depew, "the bank gets it all."

Well, is it not the same everywhere? In New York, as at Monte Carlo—in railroad cars, as in the street—is it not the rule that "the bank gets it all?"

The experience was enough for the President. He passed scathlessly through all the rooms. Even the charm of trente et quarante failed to captivate him, and Mr. Depew went back to his hotel without making an attempt to emulate the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

ITALY'S KING TIRED OF HIS JOB.

King Humbert of Italy is thinking of throwing up his job, which pays him about \$5,000,000 a year. The people do not seem to like his way of running the Italian Kingdom, and rather than keep on hurting their feelings by retaining in a style that doesn't meet their approbation he is willing to pack his tools and march up to the cashier's desk next salary day and be paid off.

He wants to keep the job in the family, though, and will make arrangements to have his son tackle the throne and sceptre business after he quits it. Old Hum. shows his good sense in doing this, as \$5,000,000 a year is a lot of money for a royal family to be separated from suddenly and without any certainty about where the next half-penny of mazarin or pint of garlic was coming from.

Hard times don't hit crowned heads as hard as they do heads of families in Mulberry street, which fact King Humbert would soon learn if he had to climb out and hustle for his living when he gets through kingdom. And men are not throwing up \$5,000,000 a year salaries every day. Not many of us could afford to do that, or to present ourselves, any way. But our friend Hum. is doing what he thinks is best for himself and his country, and he has a string the size of a Broadway cable tied to his salary. So little Italy need not fear that it will have to raise a fund for the King this Winter should he quit work.

Dynamite Found at Alderbrook Barracks Was Home-Made.

DUBLIN, Dec. 7.—Analysis of the dynamite found recently in front of the Alderbrook Barracks shows that it was evidently home-made, but of a very destructive character.

CALVE'S HEART IN IT.

The Popular Prima Donna Praised the Christmas-Tree Fund.

She Volunteers to Sing for the Poor Children.

Numerous Contributions Received for the Charity.

Letters containing money for the Christmas-Tree Fund should be addressed to Mrs. Emma Calve, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles, should be addressed to "The Evening World's Christmas-Tree, 100 East 23d Street."

The American National, United States and Western Express Companies will convey all packages of five or five-pounds weight and under, addressed as above, free of charge.

The New York Transfer Company (Dodge's Express) will call for and deliver packages free of charge on notification.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"The Evening World" \$100.00 Previously acknowledged \$49.97

Employed \$2.50 T. L. M. Knickerbocker, Brooklyn \$2.50

Edgar C. Elizabeth, N. J. \$1.00 A. Moberg \$1.00 Emma, Alida and Hubert Brennan, Brooklyn \$3.00

J. Zippor \$1.00 Mrs. A. M. Rosenberg, Brooklyn \$1.00 Mrs. A. M. Rosenberg, Brooklyn \$1.00

Mary A. Barber, Elizabeth, N. J. \$1.00 Edith Galtby \$1.00 Mrs. Emma Calve \$1.00

Edgar C. Elizabeth, N. J. \$1.00 Theodor, Prospect Hill, \$1.00 J. A. Keeler, New Durham, N. J. \$1.00

Jessie Tans, Clinton, N. J. \$1.00 Jessie Lewenthal \$1.00 J. Zippor \$1.00

Little Brothers, Clinton, N. J. \$1.00 Mrs. Emma Calve \$1.00

Prima Donna Mrs. Emma Calve's \$1.00 She is going to sing for "The Evening World's" Christmas-Tree guests.

When told that there were 50,000 destitute little children in New York depending upon the kindness of "Evening World" readers for a glimpse of Santa Claus she wept.

"Don't forget 50,000 children, all too poor to have even a little Christmas Eve! Can't it be possible? In Providence we have many poor, I thought. But here there are 50,000, all little ones and all in doubt of receiving gifts from the Christ child! How pitiful! How lamentable!"

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SHE SHOT AT A PARIS DOCTOR.

Says She Was Hypnotized by a Pupil of Charcot.

Italian Troubles Grow Worse—General News by Cable.

Three Little Brothers.

'Twill Cheer Some Child.

Hasten Much, but Give.

God Bless the Little Ones.

Her Second-Last Dollar.

Edgar's Pennies.

It Makes So Many Happy.

ITALIAN TROUBLE CONTINUES.

Rumor That Signor Farini May Be the Next Prime Minister.

King of That Country Asked to Intercede with the Czar.

CATHOLICS APPEAL TO DENMARK.

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SPANISH OFFICIALS INVOLVED.

Importation of Contraband of War Discovered at Melilla.

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Disturbers at Free Lectures.

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LETTERS.

Not Enough Money to Marry On.

No Wife on \$8 a Week.

FOR A FAMILY DINNER.

CHRISTMAS.

FOR A FAMILY DINNER.



Decorate with Black Lace. This is a handsome gown with a loose front, made after the Empire style, and of yellow brocade and jetted net. It has black velvet epaulettes, with short eras of jetted net on top. Though them (not before) lay them wrong side up on the ironing table, and with a dampening cloth (a clean sponge is better) make them thoroughly wet all over. Then iron with an iron as hot as you dare use without burning. A piece of white flannel put under them when ironing will make the embroidery stand out better. Iron until perfectly dry.

Nice Christmas Gift. A handsome imported handkerchief sachet is made of heavy violet bengal silk in waffle pattern. Velvet and ribbon bows of contrasting shades of purple are combined, and the top of the sachet is ornamented with violet, embroidered in tiny bunches; it is laced with cotton sprinkled with violet orris and lined with pale yellow Indian silk.

A Pretty Dish. A very pretty dish is quickly made in this way: Cut the top from a sponge cake and remove all the centre, leaving only the base and sides, and put this in a glass dish. Spread it inside lightly with strawberry jam, heat a bottle of the whole preserved strawberries in a little syrup for a moment, and, just as you are about to serve them, moisten them with a little sherry or champagne (or one of the liqueur syrups), and pour it into the case of sponge cake, pouring a little of the syrup over this outside.

Another form of it is to line a glass dish with slices of the cake, pour the hot compote in it, and when cold cover it thickly with whipped cream.

Among the curiosities brought home from Chicago are live chameleons, which are for sale in plenty. With a tiny gold chain attached, the delicate little thing is fastened to the coat collar, or necktie, and makes a lively but rather uncanny breakfast. They change color when frightened or excited and sometimes just for luck. On the dark purple velvet on which they are exposed for sale they generally maintain a dark, dull color, but even then one will occasionally turn a deep grass green and stay so for hours, for what reason no body knows. They are perfectly harmless, of course, having neither teeth nor claws nor stings.

A Photographer's Don't's. Don't tell the photographer that you are the worst subject in the world to photograph, and never had a successful picture. It is a stilted remark resulting from a species of egotism which simply means that no camera has ever yet succeeded in producing the beauties that you see in yourself. Don't practice expression and so succeed in disgusting yourself. Don't tell baby that birds and monkeys will jump out of the side of the gallery to amuse him. His disappointment will make him cross.

Don't bring the entire family along to keep the baby a good humor. Don't bring a friend along to the gallery to amuse him. His disappointment will make him cross. Don't bring a friend along to pose you. Trust to professional rather than amateur skill. Don't, if you are an amateur, try to instruct an artist of thirty years' experience how to make a successful photograph. Don't grow angry if you cannot break the business rules of the studio because they do not happen to meet with your approval.

Aschotch Cook's Oatmeal Porridge. "As you have recommended oatmeal porridge to your readers, you may like to give them a recipe for mixing it. This quantity will suffice for a soup plateful. Put two breakfast cups of water into a sauce-pan. When the water is on the boil add the oatmeal little by little, stirring it all the while with a wooden spoon, till you have made it thick enough. Then boil for twenty minutes, stirring it sufficiently to prevent burning. Allowance must be made for thickening while boiling. If the meal is ground very fine it will not need so much. If it is coarse, which makes the best porridge, it will need a good deal.

Pink Silk Crepon. The semi-classic gown, with the girlish and the softly falling drapery, is particularly pretty, I think. It looks well made of crepon. The model is of pink gauze.

Bound Turkey. If your skill or that of your butcher can compass it, a bound turkey is a most delicate dish. Place inside of it a small boned fowl and fill the interstices with sausage meat or any preferred dressing. When you carve cut the slices quite through. I should prefer a well-seasoned bread dressing for filling the body, but how the matter is to be done is left to the turkey itself. A wild turkey is a great delicacy if you can procure one that is not too old.

To Launder Embroidered Linen. Make a suds with good laundry soap and water, not too hot to bear in hands comfortably. Wash the piece by rubbing with the hands letting the water "swish" freely around it, but don't put any soap on the embroidery or rub on the board, mind that—for it tears the work, or at best makes it rough. When it has been well washed in this water throw it into a clear water of the same temperature; wash well through that. Then put it into cold water, with some bluing thoroughly mixed with the water. The article must not be allowed to lie after being once wet, but must be passed from one water to another as fast as possible, for the very best colored silks will run if left lying wet. Now comes the most important part: Never dry these things out of doors, for the sun and even the hot wind will surely fade the silks; if they get perfectly dry and when you are all ready to iron

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