The World

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The World's Circulation for September.

AVERAGE PER WEEK-DAY,
484,075.
AVERAGE PER SUNDAY (no evening edition),
324,904.
Gain per Sunday over last year,
75,425.
Gain in number of advts over last September.
7,711.

They elect down in Georgia to-day.

The Giants don't mean to have any slip over the Temple Cup.

Take your eyes off the horizon, Mr. Goff. Hoist your gaze higher up.

China is well convinced of the sincerity of the Japanese cry, "On to Pekin!"

Clubbers, as well as blackmailers, must be weeded from the police force.

To the Giants—Come home with that Temple Cup, and all will be forgiven. Mother.

"Get Together!" isn't one-half as good shibboleth for the pending campaign as "Get Votes!"

Michael Riordan is discharged. But it is still important to press the inquiry as to who stabbed George Appo.

Use the dynamite of public indignation to blast the rock of party politics out of the path of municipal reform.

The Druggists' Convention at Delmonico's will probably before adjourning open several small bottles—of liver pills.

"Fellows will not act." This is an old act on the part of Fellows. He knows why he is District-Attorney.

For the trotting-bred ponies which Mr. Croker decided not to sell, he had to "pony up." Where did he get it?

Consolidation, failing at the polls this Fall, will fail for an indefinite time. Work for the Greater New York now, and vote for it Nov. 6.

Streets of the new world's metropolis littered and rendered malodorous by uncared-for heaps of garbage! Oh, the needless shame of it!

"Machine-made policemen" isn't such a bad name for them, especially for those who dropped $300 in the slot before they were appointed.

It didn't need heaps of foul-smelling refuse, left to grow bigger and bigger in the public streets, to show that the present administration in this city is unclean.

The two great aerated fakes of the day seem to be the Fitzsimmons-Corbett long-distance talk and our own Rapid Transit Commissions'. Both seem to be nothing but wind.

Mr. Milholland having been to see Mr. Morton, it seems likely that Mr. Platt is once more to save a bit of cake out of what a less astute observer might have taken for hopeless dough.

If Dr. A. Conan Doyle wants pointers concerning detective business, Police Commissioner Sheehan can give him a few, based on his knowledge of the big detectory at 300 Mulberry street.

Samples of penalties imposed by the Commissioners in the cases of convicted policemen: For being absent from roll-call and duty, one night, dismissal from the force; for clubbing a citizen nearly to death, a fine of thirty days' pay.

"I am a policeman. I could kill you if I wanted to." As long as there is a single man on the force whose expressed understanding of his privileges reads like that, there is still an imperative demand for a fresh vacancy in the ranks.

Don't be misled by the idea that rapid transit has got to come whether you vote for it or not. Failure to get their plan indorsed at the polls this Fall will leave the Commissioners powerless for the time and put off, for nobody knows how long, the possibility of "Fifteen minutes to Harlem." Vote the "for" ticket Nov. 6.

Testimony before the Lexow Committee, yesterday, showed that the police force still includes one man who has been convicted on fifteen out of sixteen complaints before the Commissioners, four of them being charges of brutality; another man who, having been a policeman three years, has been on trial twenty-three times; a third, who has been ten times on his defense, and others who have been convicted time and again and lightly fined for offenses which would justly have earned dishonorable retirement. "I think the Commissioners are worse than he is for not breaking him," was Senator Bradley's comment, as the interesting details came out, regarding the career of one of these unworthy wearers of the municipal blue. And Senator Bradley was quite right.

TO STATEN ISLAND FOR FIVE CENTS!

It is to be hoped that Staten Island people will not be unnecessarily alarmed over the ferry situation. If all bluffs were carried out, this would be a queer world to live in, and Staten Island people might have to swim or stay at home. But as long as bluffs are bluffs, there is no danger that Staten Island ferry people will throw away the profits of even a single day's business.

Staten Island is much more apt to have two ferries than none.

When $10 will take a man across the ocean on a fast liner, 10 cents for the trip to Staten Island is a dazzling lure to transportation companies. If worst comes to worst, and both Starin and the Rapid-Transit Company fail them, let Staten Island people gather on the shore and hold up their little ten-cent pieces. There'll be boats enough there in an hour to float the universe.

The most satisfactory outcome of the affair that we can imagine would be for the city authorities to declare the sale off for non-fulfillment of conditions and sell the franchise over again with a five-cent fare provision. If a separate fare is to be charged on the railroad five cents is enough for the ferry.

A CONDITION PRECEDENT.

The German Emperor William is a touch and go sort of a young man. If he had been so fortunate as to have been born on this side of the Atlantic he would have had considerable "Young America" in him.

His latest freak is the announcement of his intention to visit Paris during the next World's Fair. This declaration has been received with varied feelings both in France and Germany. By some it is regarded as evidence of a desire to live in neighborly relations with the French people. Others attribute it to self-conceit and a wish to let the French people see the grandson of his grandfather, while others again believe it is simply an inclination on the part of a young fellow who has been reading Zola's novels to break loose a little and "do" the gay capital.

But one French journal, La Patrie, fires up at the Emperor's effrontery and announces that he will never be permitted to enter Paris until he shall have returned Metz and Strasburg to France. Exactly how William is to be prevented from going to Paris as a private individual is not made clear. But La Patrie, looking upon the young gentleman as a receiver of stolen goods, would probably cause his arrest on that charge.

So now Emperor William knows what he has to do. He must send back to France Metz and Strasburg as a present, express charges paid, before he can expect to enjoy a drive in the Bois, lounge in the foyer of the Grand Opera, smoke his cigarettes in the cafes chantants or chat with the grisettes at the Jardin Mabille.

A NEW CLEARING-HOUSE.

The proceedings at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Clearing-House yesterday were of much interest. The address of Mr. G. G. Williams, the President of the Chemical Bank, and the President of the Association, was a review of the operations of the Clearing-House since its establishment in 1853, and a merited eulogy of its patriotic course during the war and in the panic.

If the modesty of the President had not stood in the way, it would have been only just to have paid a tribute to the valuable services rendered by Mr. Williams himself during our recent financial troubles.

The new building will occupy an imposing site, from 77 to 83 Cedar street.

What a pity it is that a political clearing-house cannot be established in this city, in which the debits and credits of organizations, machines and bosses might be set off against each other and a balance struck. The people would then learn the true condition of parties and leaders and be able to judge for themselves whether Platt or Croker, Gilroy or Grace, Milholland or Barney Martin has the most—or, rather, the least—to recommend him to public confidence.

THE WIFE WON BY A NECK.

A West Virginia farmer quarrelled with his wife and went out doors and hung himself to a tree. His wife cut him down and resuscitated him. When he had recovered his full strength he doubled the rope and whaled her with it, so that she went several laps closer than he did to that bourne whence no traveller returns.

A meddling wife does an awful lot of harm at times. The West Virginia woman may have snatched a golden crown right out of her husband's hands. She doesn't know how far he had got in his negotiations for shining wings and a wedge of celestial joy when she cut him down off that tree. He may never have another chance at golden slippers and glory. No wonder he was mad when he returned to earth. She deserved the lambasting she got.

When a husband hangs himself he has plans for his future. The wife that interfere with his plans is simply standing in her own light. Wives should let husbands alone in these matters, particularly when they are considerate enough to go outdoors to choke themselves off.

THE CAT'S CLAUSE AND OTHER THINGS

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is holding a meeting in Albany. The whole State is represented.

Yesterday the Society resolved to petition the next Legislature for a law to authorize cities to tax cats as well as dogs, so as to give felines the dignity of recognition under the law, now confined to canines. Such an amendment to the Dog Licensing law will be appropriately named the cat's clause. The Committee on Legislation, consisting of John P. Haines, of this city; Col. Rockwood, of Buffalo, and Rev. Dr. Dennis, of Rochester, was requested to attend the next session of the Legislature and see how the cat jumps.

It was also resolved by the Society to petition women not to wear the plumage of birds in their hats or hair. The Society believes that the universal prevalence of the custom causes the destruction of the lives of a vast number of birds of beautiful plumage.

But how far is this humane movement in the direction of woman's dress to extend? How is it with the harmless seal, squirrel, sable, ermine, beaver, coon, and others of the weasel family, whose skins supply the furs in which woman looks so charming, and takes so much delight? How about the innocent, playful kids sacrificed to make woman's hands and feet so attractive in high boots and close fitting gloves?

If every living thing slaughtered to contribute to the beauty and attraction of a well-dressed woman is to be "protected" by the Association, where can substitutes be found? Or, will our female population be reduced to the condition of Flora McFlimsey of the medici Venus?

A BURGLAR AT HARD LABOR.

There is an enterprising burglar in New Jersey who, should he, perchance, receive a sentence to hard labor in State prison, will hear his doom pronounced with misgivings peculiarly his own, founded on the facts of a singular experience. He knows what hard labor is. He has had the knowledge fired into him, as it were, at the mouth of a roaring furnace and the muzzle of a threatening revolver.

This burglar was a victim of circumstances and an inspiration. He brought the circumstances about by breaking into a manufactory at Metuchen through the scuttle-hole of the coal-cellar. The inspiration came to a watchman, who was taking care of the furnace as well as guarding the works.

The watchman did more than see the burglar at his game. He raised him, and had a handful of big pistols to back up his venture. It was a neat play, and a prompt one. The burglar could see that, even through his own veil of prejudice against such a proceeding. But though he had got his burglar without a difficulty, the watchman found that he was not to keep him without one. The furnace needed care, and the burglar wouldn't consent to divide attention with it. It was a case of both eyes and pistol on him, or he wouldn't stay.

This is where the inspiration came in. The burglar became a fireman, under compulsion. "You have five hours to learn the business," said the watchman, in persuasive tones, and the burglar is convinced that those five hours were fully improved. He shovelled coal, raked ashes, turned the fire, cleaned the brasswork, swabbed the floor, swore, perspired and became a wreck. But he didn't get out from under the watchman's eye and pistol.

The burglar was very glad when 5 o'clock and the factory workmen came. He welcomed the quiet and rest of the county jail. He admitted that he had done no work before for five years. Upon the question of whether he acquired a taste for honest labor during those five long hours hangs the moral of this pleasing little tale.

A big storm prophet has arisen on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the bursting of an English-French war-cloud that is foreshadowed. The chances are, however, that, like Farmer Dunn's lately predicted cyclone over New York, the disturbance will be blown out before it arrives. Nobody's courage is yet quite up to the point of causing a fracture in the peace of Europe.

It is good news, if true, that the police and the saloon-keepers are to part company. Even the liquor dealers themselves should feel relieved. Their peace has hitherto been purchased at a high price. It may now come to be an assured quantity under Excise laws so amended as to command respect and receive general support.

Don't stay away from the polls, whatever you think about any nominee. There are local issues to slight which will be treason to your city.

SOME POLITICAL MAXIMS.

It is a mistake to put a candidate in the running simply because he is well heeled.

Fat-frying produces the oil to calm many troubled political waters.

The idea that it is votes that count should not be carried to the extreme of considering that principles are no count.

Intelligent selection is never amiss as a prelude to intelligent election.

The rich candidate is bound to be tried by fire. His friends toast him and his enemies roast him.

Full many a political sapling finds that the stump is all there is of what he took for an evergreen tree.

The man who is snowed under on election day feels that fate has cruelly cast him a drift.

It's the man who cuts ice whom the voters can't freeze out.

WORLDLINGS.

When pins were invented it took a man a day to make two dozen. The machines now used in their manufacture turn out 200 a minute each.

The smallest cattle in the world are natives of the Samoan Islands. Their average weight is 150 pounds.

The moon, it is estimated, weighs one-eightieth as much as the earth.

It costs about $700 to transport a carload of fruit from Sacramento to London.

There are more chemists employed in Pittsburg than in any other city of the United States.

A HERO AMONG US.

Engineer Root, of Minnesota Forest Fire Fame, in the City.

The most interesting visitor in this town to-day is James Root, the St. Paul and Duluth locomotive engineer, who

ENGINEER JAMES ROOT.

backed his train through six miles of fire at Hinckley, Minn., several weeks ago, and thus saved 300 lives.

He is a guest of his brother-in-law, Engineer William Higgins, of the New York Central Railroad, at 513 East One Hundred and Forty-sixth street.

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Olga Nethersole Thinks New York Is Dreadfully Noisy.

"I can't get accustomed to the noise of New York," said Miss Olga Nethersole, as she made her first appearance on Broadway yesterday. "I'm stopping at the Savoy Hotel, where they say it is very quiet, but I have already changed my rooms twice. New York seems to be a city of noises. It is never quiet, even at the dead of night. When I'm in London, I always live as far away from the city as I can get, for I am very fond of soothing tranquility." Miss Nethersole did not look as though she were suffering from nerves. She has a serene and unclouded brow that suggests both Mrs. Kendal and Helen Dauvray, and she speaks slowly and deliberately. Her face is interesting, and her appearance not in the least actressy. She wore a dark blue tailor-made dress, with a white silk front, and an impudent little white straw hat, with a white veil. There was nothing about her to suggest the tragedienne. "I'm just going to see Palmer's Theatre," she said, "and it will be the first American theatre I have entered. You know that Willard wanted me to come to this country with him some time ago, but I felt at that time that I was not ripe for America. I went to Australia to practise in a repertoire. Why? Oh, because the system of long runs in London is an obstacle in the way of acquiring experience in varied roles. I worked very hard in Australia, and when I returned to London I found that I had profited by the tour. I am dreadfully, dreadfully nervous about my first appearance here. Before sailing, I played engagements in Manchester and Birmingham, and in the latter city I made my maiden speech. They were enthusiastic, and so I felt I ought to say something." Miss Nethersole was accompanied by her brother, a very pleasant young man, and by Marcus Mayer, her manager.

* * *

Miss Annie Irish, who was to have played the part of the stepdaughter in Miss Nethersole's production of "The Transgressor," will probably not appear in that cast. She is unfortunately too stately and imposing, and she would be better than her step-mommer—a state of things which would, of course, be quite too awful. Miss Irish's last appearance as a stepdaughter was with the Kendals in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

* * *

Augustus Pitou is set down as co-author with George H. Jessop in "The Irish Artist" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The programme also announces him as collaborateur with Mr. Jessop in "Mavourneen"—which is news, as it was generally supposed that Horace Townsend was Mr. Jessop's accomplice. Mr. Pitou was also set forth as one of the authors of Col. Alfriend's "Across the Potomac." It now remains to be seen what this enterprising gentleman will do with "Mme. Sans-Gene." Will it be announced as "by Augustus Pitou and Victorien Sardou?"

* * *

There was a funny scene at a matinee performance of "Lem Kettle," at the Bijou, last week. A lady in the audience applauded Tim Murphy vociferously and irritatingly, going so far as to call out "Bravo, Tim." She also sent him a handsome basket of flowers behind the scenes. When the heavy man of the piece appeared he seemed to call forth the lady's ire. She shouted out "You're rank," and disconcerted him very badly. The heavy man finally got so indignant that he declined to continue unless the feminine interruption was removed. An usher was summoned, and the candid lady was escorted out of the theatre. Mr. Murphy, when he learned that it was from her that he received the basket of flowers, was highly incensed at her removal. He didn't care a snap about the poor heavy man's agony.

* * *

The Kendals have apparently made a big hit in Chicago with "Lady Clancarty," and one Chicago critic is loud in his praises of the way in which Mrs. Kendal practises the art of self-suppression. It's a pity that Chicago likes "Lady Clancarty" so much, but still the unexpected happens at times, and New York may agree with the Western verdict.

* * *

A gentleman named John Griffith takes the trouble to send on a heap of beautiful things that Chicago and Cincinnati have said about him as Mephisto in "Faust." It appears that he "keeps his performance on a judiciously determined plane of sobriety" (which is very nice to know), that he is tall, graceful and intelligent, and that he owns a resonant voice. He is, moreover, sinuous, ductile and magnetic, with a dash of the subtle and sardonic. On the principle that it is good to know everything, these facts are worth recording.

* * *

Harry B. Smith, Reginald De Koven's librettist, has published, for private circulation, two dainty little books, which it is to be hoped that he will give to the public. One is a volume of "Lyrics and Sonnets," containing many quaint conceits and pleasing rhythms. The other is a comedy called "Will Shakespeare," in which the immortal bard appears as "a 'prentice in Stratford, a player and poet in London." It is distinctly worth reading, and there is no reason why it should not reach the footlights. It entitles Mr. Smith to a position in the ranks of the Shakespearianites.

* * *

Messrs. Richards and Canfield, who were formerly members of Hoyt's farce-comedy companies, started out with a play of their own a short time ago. Last Saturday they ended their tour and returned to the metropolis. There are rumors of the closing of one or two far more important companies. Business on the road is said to be bad.

* * *

Minnie Palmer (alas! these foolish tears!) is never coming back to America. She says so herself. She loves England since an English Judge refused to try the Palmer-Rogers divorce suit. Miss Palmer has told an interviewer that she will never forgive her Johnny. "Never!" she declared. "I abominate him. He has slandered me outrageously, and no good wife can forgive that. Although I earned the money in 'Sweetheart,' I had to beg of him whenever I wanted a couple of pounds."

* * *

One of Marian Manola's friends, who went out to see her the other day, says that it is pathetic to listen to her. While he was there she sang a song called "Cast Thy Gold in the Furnace," of which she used to be very fond many years ago. She is perpetually reviving some melody connected with her earlier years. John Mason says he believes that her reason will ultimately be restored through her voice.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

The revenue system of the police shows more intricacy and elaboration than that of the Cæsars when the decree went forth that all the world should be taxed.—The Tribune.

If the Lexow Committee are germ proof they may emerge from their session in the malarial and abandoned old Criminal Court-House without having contracted any mortal ailment. Malaria, typhoid and heaven only knows what else threaten them in that dismal rookery.—The Herald.

There should be no politics in this crusade against debauchery and crime in the municipal government. It is the people against corruption, and it must be a united people to win.—The Advertiser.

Fitzy Job is merely an irregular skirmisher for a line advancing in his rear * * * Some day a successor, going singly, will also pace in 2:08¼, and later a trotter will do the same.—The Sun.

There is a hazy notion about that a police captain is "punished" for taking bribes when he is dismissed from the force. But that is all nonsense. A man who has grown rich by prostituting an office is not punished merely by removal from the office. He is punished only when he is undergoing the legal penalties for his crime.—The Times.

Certain male critics have recently been calling attention to the extreme interest women are now betraying in the Fall fashions and questioning whether this solicitude is not a sign of the inferiority of the sex. No mistake could be greater. Every right thinking man delights in feminine exhibitions of good taste in dress. It is a distinctive evidence of intrinsic womanliness, always grateful to the well balanced masculine mind.—The Press.

ALL ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

Some Fun from London's Latest Comic Weeklies.

"All right, Georgy Arris, now I'll tell your mother o' you!" "You will?" "Yus, I will!" "Take you all yer time—she's stone deaf!"

"I know a man in Camden Town, Who puts his clothes on upside down."

Highwayman Bold (overlaking mysterious stranger on the haunted moor)—Your money or your life!

Stranger—Ga 'long, stoopid! Well, pommy word, you amuse me, you do. I'm the ghost!

Bowler—I hear you've an addition to your family.

Topper—Yes; how did you know?

Bowler—Guessed, my boy. You look so happy over it.

Good for Him.

"Well, Mr. Snapshot, have you had much sport to-day?" "Yes, fairly good, Miss Machaste; I have shot three partridges, two dogs and one keeper."

A Candied Ap-peel.

"I wish you would give me a receipt for this lovely cake, Mrs. Bouncer." "Certainly, Mr. Bounder; but don't you think a receipt for your last quarter's board would do instead?"

A False Start.

Old Party (who has come upon a really gorgeous fight)—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! You mustn't do this; (impressively) d'you know what sort of little boys go to heaven?

Juvenile Reprobate—Dead 'uns!

(Moral lecture postponed.)

OUR FIRST DRY SUNDAY.

[Here are a few experiences that were gleaned by citizens who found the side doorway saloons bolted and barred last Sunday. Any person who sees anything interesting in this regard next Sunday will find their communications welcome in The Evening World.]

A Jingling Protest.

To the Editor:

Oh dear, oh dear, it's very queer
That I must lose my Sunday beer.
I always took a friendly glass
On my way home from early mass;
And then about each hour or so
My Tommy for a pint would go,
And so the moistened Sunday sped
Until 'twas time to go to bed;
And on my couch I'd nicely snooze
None the worse for my Sunday booze.
Oh, Mr. Byrnes, if you were clear
Of every sin but Sunday beer
You could be wearing angel's wings
And playing harps with golden strings;
But you're no angel in disguise;
Just wait till Lexow opes his eyes—
Goes higher up—then 'twill appear
There's worse than drinking Sunday beer.

MR. REILLY.

Prisoner in an Oozy Place.

To the Editor:

It may be the law and the Gospel, this wonderful virtue of Mr. Byrnes and his police, but I am a wife who got a good scare out of the first "dry Sunday," as you call it, and I just want to say that I don't believe in it. My husband is a hard-working, honest man, and he never takes any more than is good for him. Now, last Sunday, after church, he went for a can of beer, as usual, but he never came back. I waited and waited for the beer, but neither the beer nor the man came. After a while I got scared that maybe he had taken a drop too much and was locked up. So I went around to the saloon to inquire. But the door was locked—the first time these seven years—and nobody answered my knock. I went up to the policeman on the beat and asked him had he seen my man. "No," says he, "but I think he's not far about." Then he said something with an ugly look about lawbreakers and Sunday drinkers, and then I knew my man was locked up, sure. I went to the station-house, but he wasn't there. Then, scared half out of my wits, I took the baby on my arm and ran to Bellevue. But nobody had seen him there. I had asked among all his acquaintances and I was tired out. It was after dark, so I went home—and there was Martin! Of course, as I am only a woman, I started in to give him a going-over when he stopped me. "Have done!" says he. "Have done, ye hussy! Isn't it enough to be cooped up in a saloon for six hours with the doors locked and the windows down and a policeman ready to arrest the boss any minute the door opens. And I might have stayed till morning if the man who came on the post at 6 o'clock hadn't been decent enough to go along down the block."

MARTIN'S WIFE.

The Kegs and the Tomato-Can Man.

To the Editor:

This is the result of "dry Sundays." The gentlemanly bum in a chinchilla overcoat and blue overalls who has had the tomato-can privilege at the saloon on our corner these five years, and who has enjoyed lovely siestas on my front stoop and revelled in the beer-drainings since my eldest son was a baby, was on hand as usual last Sunday. He came with his familiar devil-may-care swagger, a beatific smile wreathing his rubicund face, and his strong right arm thrust deep down in the ample pocket of the upper of two garments which, with broken brogans and a derby hat, vintage of 1879, are full dress with him. I couldn't see it, but I knew that his brawny hand, so unused to toil, was fondly fondling his tomato can, and his joyous heart was dancing in ecstacies of anticipation. Like a gentleman he had slept till noon, having gone home to his dry-goods box up a back alley at 2 in the morning, full to the brim with beer got from the kegs the night before. With gentle haste he approached the areaway rack where the saloon-keeper plies his "empties," his eagle eye scanning the streets in either direction for sign of that enemy of luxury, the "copper." Deftly he turned up the first keg, but none of the fragrant juice ran into the can. The turn of a second was not more productive. A third and the amber drops did not come. The others were as empty. Then he paused and looked about him in a bewildered way. The saloon was silent as the grave, with curtains drawn aside. He peered in. It was as empty as his can. Then with one low wail of bitter woe he sank down upon the pavement. Those who found him said his dead face wore a look of terrible anguish. It was a

DRY SUNDAY.

"Tony's" Closed Up, Too.

To the Editor:

When you arise of a bright Sunday morning with a 17 thirst, a taste in your mouth like that new shade of brown, your nerves all unstrung, and your wife calling to you to "Hurry up, or we'll be late for church," and you rush out to Tony's to get that which will unkink your hair, only to find that Tony's doors are bolted and barred, that the vigilant policeman who has never bothered to know anything about the doings on his post is watching Tony's place with an eagle eye, and Tony himself, who is sitting on the bootblack's stand in front, says he is waiting for his wife to get ready for church—and tells you that Herman's and Mike's and all the rest are closed up, too—then, and not till then, are you ready to let your epitaph be written. Then do you rudely awaken to the realization that it is a dry Sunday.

EXPERIENCE.

Brooklyn's Booze Is Jeoparded.

To the Editor:

New Yorkers are a mean and selfish lot. Because Supt. Byrnes has cut off their beer they come whooping and hallooing over to Brooklyn and call public attention to the fact that the flow of Sunday beer over here has not been interrupted. We have a Sunday law, too, but the authorities have too much sense to bother about it. Thirsty New Yorkers, though, may make our quiet Sunday nips so notorious that the police will be getting on to us.

SMITH STREET, Brooklyn.

The Patrolman's Live-Wire Thirst.

To the Editor:

What is the public kicking so much about? This dry Sunday nuisance is hurting us policemen more than it is them. They get cut off from their booze only one day in the week, while we poor sons of sea cooks are now cut off every day. The saloon-keepers that used to be our friends now regard us as poison and refuse us any of theirs. Our suffering begins Monday at 12.01 A. M. and continues until 12.01 A. M. the next Monday. There are some people who think a policeman doesn't know how to be thirsty.

COPPER Q.

Not So Dry on Third Avenue.

To the Editor:

Monday's papers were full of returns of a "Dry Sunday." Where? Not on Third avenue from Forty-second street to Third street, for as I passed at 8 A. M. and 12 noon, also at 2, 4, 6 and 9 P. M., they were all in full blast, particularly —— ——s, at —— street and Third avenue. Men and pitchers of beer all day. I suppose it is hard for a policeman to arrest a man who has given him a drink any day or night during the week for breaking the law on Sunday.

A WOMAN.

A Comedian's View of It.

To the Editor:

One of the best comments on the Sunday law, I heard Press Eldridge, the Ethiopian comedian make. He said the police watched the side doors so closely that the saloon-keepers had to do business through the front doors. Mr. Eldridge was not very far out of the way. There's many a true word spoken in jest. Ha! ha! ha!

P. S. O.

Pantata Business Suspended.

To the Editor:

Why should the police permit the saloons to remain open on Sunday? The saloon-keepers don't "see" the "sic man" any more; and as long as they don't pay the police for the privilege of violating the law the police can't let them violate it, that's all.

JOHN GETZ.

HOUSE AND HOME

The New Prince Albert Coat.

Efforts have been made to adapt the Prince Albert coat. The success of the tailors is expressed in the cut. On paper it is pleasing enough, but it is a design that will not bear amateur handling.

Ladies' tailors who charge ever so much have all they can do to locate the hip line where it belongs; if it is just right the garment is admirable. Only smooth cloths are used for this style.

Bake Shops of Paris.

Winter excepted, a French woman never heats up her house cooking or baking foods. Connected with many of the shops where fruit, vegetables, poultry and game are sold is a place for roasting. This is generally in full view of the public. One can order a roast from these places, or the meat and poultry may be prepared and sent there to be roasted. The cooking is done before an immense wood-fire in an open fireplace. The meat is put on a spit which is turned constantly by clockwork. Sometimes there will be a dozen chickens on one of these spits. The roasting generally begins about 6 o'clock and continues until 8. At these shops one can always purchase cold roast poultry.

Buttermilk and Beauty.

Buttermilk is an old-time cosmetic. The beauties of Ireland and Scotland have no use for cold cream or almond meal while butter-making is in progress. As a drink, the thick milk is a medicine and refreshment. It acts on the kidneys and liver and is recommended for biliousness.

Artistic Draperies.

For portieres a trimming as yet unhackneyed is a fish-net band, a foot wide or more, plainly sewed to the plain material, whatever that may be, six inches from the bottom. It may be finished with small tassels tied into the bottom. The netting should be an inch and a half square. This netting, which is effective in a variety of ways, is done to order by the fish women, or rather by the fishers' wives of the Atlantic coast. Half a century ago our grandmothers netted cotton and silk garnitures and darned them, both for trimmings to bed-hangings and window draperies, and for the old-fashioned "tidies" that have been replaced by "throws" and "head-rests." These were made in the same manner as the fishnets on our Atlantic coasts.

The Way to Walk.

Try and be quiet when you walk, says a physical culturalist; don't wobble, don't beat the air, don't shuffle the shoulders; don't fancy yourself a wiggligig. Keep to a narrow base when walking, and not by any "breadth" or sidewise movement interfere with other pedestrians. How tired all those people look! Their faces are haggard and drawn; their backs ache; their nerves are unstrung, and their brains are muddled. All this is the result of mal-poise and waste of nerve-force through misdirected locomotive action. Walking on scientific principles with unimpeded hip and leg action, and otherwise a conservation of energy, is a joy alike to the walker and the onlooker.

Fat Girls and Hominy.

In the dietary for girls who are trying to get thin hominy may be used as a substitute for potatoes, bread and breakfast cereals. Boiled fine hominy, with butter, crushed fruit, sauces, jelly or milk, is fine, provided it is cooked right; cold hominy, formed in diamonds, squares or balls, and fried in boiling lard, doughnut fashion, beats all the potatoes ever mashed, and the griddle cake that could compare with a corn cake has yet to turn up. Hominy gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and it is not flesh-forming.

Wifely Sacrifices of Beauty.

When a Japanese girl marries, like "Little Totty Coughdrops," she doesn't merely sing "I will be true." She paints her beautiful teeth black and shaves her eye-brows down to a mere line. It is not a fact that the blackening destroys the teeth and injures the gums, as globe-trotters say in their books of travel. The paste is simply a black dentifrice containing gelatine.

Rich Wine Sauce.

One cupful of butter, two of powdered sugar, half a cupful of wine. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, and when very light add the wine, which has been made hot, a little at a time. Place the bowl in a basin of hot water and stir for two minutes. The sauce should be smooth and foamy.

Rice Jelly.

Boil a quarter of a pound of rice in one quart of water for an hour, strain off the water, sweeten to taste and add the juice of a small lemon. Pour into a mould to form.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 200 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Our Girls Are Good-Looking.

To the Editor:

"Charlie" must have lived all his life in the wilds of Africa, for if he were the least bit civilized he certainly would not have gumption enough to insinuate that New York girls are not beauties. Why, such a statement is ridiculous. If he only looked around him while out walking he would be struck dumb by the good looks and gracious movements of our girls. Maybe "Charlie" is some old fellow who is against the world in general, but who found it easier to avenge himself by attacking the fair sex of New York. Let me give "Charlie" a piece of advice, which, if he takes, he will never regret. It is, that he will buy himself a pair of eye-glasses and then visit our principal promenades. If then he does not change his ideas about beauty, he must be hopeless.

DR. OLDFLIRT.

Our Economic System.

To the Editor:

"R. U. Ontoit" is evidently not onto it. An economic system that enables a workingman to become immensely rich has many excellent points. When an employer has millions, united labor can get more out of him than if he has nothing. I see nothing to gain by making the employers of England and Germany rich, instead of our own. Read this morning's papers (Sept. 29), and see with what delirious joy England receives Mr. Wilson, and tells him he has helped to start her furnaces and factories. Under the world's economic system, business is a warfare; one man's loss is another's gain. Until that is changed, free trade means commercial anarchy.

G. G.

Police Amenities.

To the Editor:

Seeing "Bill of Billsville's" account in Friday's "Evening World," I should like to corroborate his statement. As I was waiting for a surface car last Saturday midnight on lower Broadway, with another gentleman, I was accosted by a vagrant, who abused and insulted both of us, and I, for relief, sought an officer. I foud two in "conversazione" two blocks away, and asked for assistance, and one of them merely came along in a "go-as-you-please" way, and by the time we reached the destination the "bum" had assaulted the other gentleman. It merely shows a lack of fidelity of the police.

EDWARD SCHAEFER.

Their Admirers Are Slow.

To the Editor:

We are two young girls, considered good looking, and are accomplished in everything from housework to fancywork, and have a good many admirers, but would like some of your kind readers to tell us why it is the young men are so slow. They talk to us, call at our home, and yet never ask us to go to places of amusement, or even ask us to go for a walk.

EDITH AND ETHEL.

Immortality in the Old Testament.

To the Editor:

The ancient Hebrews, like all other uncivilized peoples, believed in a spirit or soul. The savage who saw his dead friend or foe alive in his dreams would suggest the theory of a spirit or soul. But the immortality of the soul was a much later idea. The ancient Hebrews did not have the idea until after the Babylonian captivity, at which time they came in contact with the much higher civilization of the Persians, many of whose ideas they borrowed. To the Hebrews the only distinction after death appears to have been in placing the uncircumcised and unrighteous in the sides of the burial pit. Those who went to heaven were translated bodily, like Elijah. The Hebrew could dispense with a heaven or hell because he believed in temporal punishment. Individually, he was a cipher. His god blessed or punished the family or nation, even onto the third generation. Herodotus states: "The Egyptians were the first who asserted the doctrine that the soul of man is immortal." The Hebrew saw famine and pestilence strew the land with corpses; the wicked rich and prosperous; the just suffering the torments of disease and poverty, and the idea of another life of retribution was eagerly welcomed among the common people, and almost displaced the belief in the Restoration. Lazarus, brooding over his wrongs and dismal lot in life, imagines there should be a future in which he and Dives shall exchange situations. It is hard to die without ever having really lived. But, instead of an opinion, if immortality were a proven fact, and its full significance fairly presented, it is questionable if the majority of mankind would accept it if left to their own choice. Those who believe in immortality meet death with as much or more reluctance than those who prefer a Nirvana.

M.

Brooklyn Beauties, Forever!

To the Editor:

It affords the writer a pardonable gratification to settle beyond further dispute a question that has been agitating the readers of "The Evening World" for several weeks. The question refers to the whereabouts of the prettiest girls that Uncle Sam can boast of. Such of "The Evening World" readers who have the misfortune to hail from the windiest city on earth rashly assert that Chicago's girls are the ne plus ultra of American femininity. The adherents of the spectacled divinities, who flutter about the city noted for culture and the juicy bean, contend that Boston girls are the only terrestrial seraphim. The little Philadelphia maiden, sweet, demure and prim, has her champion, as have also the little women of Baltimore, Cincinnati and other cities where "The Evening World" is read. But what is most astonishing to a reflective mind is that New Yorkers, who live in such close proximity to Brooklyn, and who, consequently, ought to know better, have the temerity to argue that New York girls are the prettiest in the realm. As Ingersoll would say, it is monstrously unbelievable. It is common knowledge the world over that the fair ones of the City of Churches are the handsomest, wittiest, most attractive, captivating, bewitching, fascinating and dazzling of all the beauties that help to make old earth a secondary paradise. The writer will accept the congratulations of all fair-minded persons for having shown so lucidly the superiority of the Brooklyn girl over all her competitors.

W. B. D., Brooklyn.

We Don't Know.

To the Editor:

I have read with a deal of interest the series of raids by the New York Police Department for enforcing the Excise law, and herewith would like to ask the following question, first stating that I believe there is a law in this State which says that no store whatsoever should be open on Sunday. Now, since the liquor dealers are hounded in this manner, why should not the grocers, butchers, bakers, milkmen and also the cars be stopped from doing business on this day? My idea is that, since this law has not been repealed, why should there be any discrimination between the liquor people and others?

A NEW YORK CITY LIQUOR DEALER.

The Origin of Evil.

To the Editor:

Dr. Justus J. Spreng says, "God is not the author of evil." Now that standard authority on the subject, the Bible, says: "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things." (Isaiah xlv., 7). And further, "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" (Amos iii., 6). Dr. Justus J. Spreng must either repudiate the Bible or climb down.

POYNTS.

Another "Immortality" Verse.

To the Editor:

In answer to S. O. Blunden, who asks for a Bible verse about immortality: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." (Revelation xxi., 4.)

F. S., Newark, N. J.