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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.

The Czar's secret police are of no avail against the enemy that threatens him now.

Mr. Croker has got it for keeps, but it can be so arranged that he will no longer keep getting it.

They have received a loud warning in Newark to keep live wires and iron conductor pipes far apart.

New Jersey will regret the Palisades when they are gone. Wouldn't it be wiser to remember them now?

Commodore Gerry found he had met a fully protected cruiser when he ran head on, against the Lexow craft.

No city in the world can boast a finer October. But the next October should come to a much better New York.

It is not exactly true that the parade of street-cleaners was called off because the proposed route was blocked by heaps of garbage.

Mr. Goff produced no new sensations yesterday. He took a breathing spell, as it were. Was this preliminary to a determined leap Higher Up?

In concluding their deliberations to-day, on the subject of a municipal ticket, let the anti-Tammany conferees make this a lucky Friday for New York.

The Milhollandites demonstrated their thorough independence last night in several conventions by indorsing the regular Republican nominees for Congress.

When Mr. Goff calls the Police Justices there should be a telling of interesting tales. Especially if Divver retains his memory and Grady his eloquence.

Flying Jib took another reef in the pacing record yesterday. The figures for the mile are now 1.58 1-4. And the wonders of the track have not yet ceased.

It is the good fortune of Massachusetts Democrats that John E. Russell has reconsidered his determination not to be listed as an available candidate for the Governorship.

"Municipal government should be entirely divorced from party politics and from selfish personal ambition or gain." A right solid plank in the Committee of Seventy's proposed platform.

In voting for real rapid transit, you will vote for all local interests except those of the "L" road corporation, which body, you need not be reminded, has little enough regard for your interests.

The proposed platform of the Committee of Seventy puts into more words the planks set forth by "The Evening World," namely: Better New York; Greater New York; Fifteen Minutes to Harlem.

The Committee of Seventy proposes to advocate "adequate public baths and lavatories for the promotion of cleanliness and increased public comfort." Clean people and a clean city. It is the voice of progress that calls for this system of public improvements.

It is too evident that in winning the baseball pennant, Baltimore lost its head. The Monumental City was a city of monumental ruffianism yesterday. In New York, to-morrow, the Baltimore team and its accompanying "rooters" will receive a practical lesson in hospitality and courtesy.

Here is something to the point:

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York believes that the police force of the city of New York should be divorced from all civilian and political control, and that it should be constituted on some such basis as the army of the United States, or the militia of the State of New York, with all grades of officers and a commander-in-chief, all of whom shall have risen from the ranks, with provisions for court-martials and for appointments to the force, by strictest civil-service rules, with promotions based upon civil-service examination and the previous record of the applicant.

This is part of a resolution presented at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce yesterday, and referred to the Committee on Legislation. It was preceded by a preamble relating to the present revelations made before the Lexow Committee, as to how the police force is not controlled and disciplined under the present administrative system.

ARE WHEELS IN HILL'S HEAD?

Any man who has ever taken the family sewing-machine to pieces, and upon getting it together again has found one wheel left out, and nothing except the fact that the machine won't work to indicate where it ought to go, will appreciate the plight of Chief Engineer Hill, of the Democratic machine.

After a thorough cleaning, repairing and general overhauling he has the machine set up again and ready for business, all except that measly little Harmony wheel, which clearly belongs somewhere, but he can't for the life of him tell where. Whether it goes in between the Tammany wheel and the Grace wheel, or whether it belongs next to the Shepard wheel, or whether again it ought to be just under the Committee of Seventy wheel and over the Cleveland wheel, is a puzzle that the chief engineer, familiar as he is with the working of the machine, is unable to solve.

If he puts it in the wrong place perhaps it will smash the whole machine as soon as steam is turned on, and he can't leave it out entirely, for if it were not necessary to the proper operation of the machine it would never have been made.

Meantime, while the chief engineer worries and wonders, time passes, election day draws near, and over in the other shop Chief Engineer Platt is peacefully grinding away at his own machine, which seems never to get out of order.

Contemplation of Engineer Platt's machine in operation might suggest an idea to Engineer Hill. The Platt machine is very simple, like a wringing machine. You just shove in Republican principles, platform, candidates and other raw material on one side and it comes out on the other side squeezed dry of everything but Platt.

Engineer Hill's machine is more elaborate and complicated. It has wheels within wheels, springs within springs, and lots of other intricate and complicated contrivances. It is very ingenious and beautiful, but it is apt to get out of order.

NO PUGILISTIC IVANHOE NOW.

From a purely pugilistic point of view, it is eminently gratifying to note that Mr. James J. Corbett, champion, etc., has returned to his proper senses and acceded to the determined demand of Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons for a meeting in a squared circle arranged for two. But the matter is not without its disappointments for the select few who had grasped at a recent straw of hope for a new and chivalric turn in the affairs of the prize-ring.

When Mr. Corbett issued his now superseded manifesto, declaring for a week's steady occupation of the arena, with a fresh opponent every night, there was in the proposition a suggestion of a return to the fashion of that chivalric period when armored knights met each other in the tournament; when champion downed champion, one after another, until the lists were exhausted and one remained victor over all to receive the conqueror's garland from the Queen of Love and Beauty. To be sure, the old knights broke lances, while the specialty of Mr. Corbett and his ilk lies in breaking faces. But that is a matter of detail.

It required little stretch of imagination to see, in the mind's eye, a Front-de-Boeuf in five-ounce gloves or an Athelstane in the pink of condition facing the doughty Californian under ring rules and also under the eye of a Prince John of sportingdom, present with all his retinue. And in the mind, too, one easily heard the crash of swinging blows, the crack of upper-cuts and the dull thud of the straight-from-the-shoulder sockdolager. There might even be a Black Knight in the muss, though sporting gentry do declare that Mr. Peter Jackson has gone to Australia under circumstances strongly indicating a desire to place the earth between himself and Champion Corbett.

But it's of no use to imagine anything now. The thing is probably to resolve itself into a plain Corbett-Fitzsimmons "go." Except, that if easy-going Robert should win, the excesses of the banquet, at old Ashby Castle, after Prince John's tourney, are more than likely to be surpassed.

IT SHOULD BE FIVE CENTS.

A lively contest is going on between rival applicants for the Staten Island ferry. The old Company wanted the lease. John H. Starin wanted it and set a dummy to work to obtain it. Now, complications arise and no one knows what the end will be.

It is noteworthy that all this time the last things seemingly thought about are the interests and wishes of the people of Staten Island. The value of real estate there will, of course, always be dependent in a great measure on the character of the ferry facilities. The business of the county can be aided or injured largely by the increase or decrease of ferry accommodations. But the people are not considered in the scramble of speculators for the ferry privileges and profits.

A ten-cent fare to Staten Island is exorbitant. A five-cent fare would very largely benefit all the inhabitants of the island, add to the value of its real estate, increase its population and raise its availability as a pleasant Summer residence and popular resort.

Why should not the public interests be guarded by the terms of the lease in preference to the protection of the profits of the lessees? There would not be such a scramble for the ferry privileges if a ten-cent fare was not a mine to the speculators who secure them.

A WAR FLUTTER.

There has been a war flutter in England. The Cabinet was called together hurriedly last Tuesday, and a report spread that the country was threatened with a rupture with France. The Stock Exchange was excited, and speculators began knocking securities about like the ball in a college game of football.

It was soon discovered that nothing was the matter with France; that she was all right, and that no bone of contention was threatened in Madagascar.

But is the outlook so wholly free from danger? The Cabinet meeting, it appears, was called to consider the expediency of sending English troops and battle-ships to China for the protection of British residents.

What danger is really to be guarded against—Chinese disturbances or Russian designs?

Russia is philanthropic. She has feeling for the under dog. Her sympathy gushes out towards the pig-tailed Chinese. But is she really incited by compassion for the Celestials or by a passion for Corean ports? Is the mission of the English troops and ironclads to protect the British in China or to guard the ports in Corea?

Russia is not often humane and philanthropic. There is a good deal of the bear in her hug. Has she not a design of her own in her display of friendship for China? Is the peace of Europe so secure as people seem to think, even if there is no real trouble with France?

THE STORY OF THE WAR.

"The World's" exclusive special details of the complete victory of the Japan army over the Chinese at Pingyang are of much interest.

"The World" took the precaution to engage the services of a capable, educated Japanese in addition to those of its own able American correspondent in obtaining a truthful history of the Corean war. This attache was present at the Pingyang fight, and was in a position to secure the fullest and most reliable details of the engagement and its results, being assigned to duty on the Commanding General's staff.

The summing up tells that an army of more than twelve thousand men was practically annihilated; four Generals of renown surrendered; the entire store of weapons and ammunition fell into the hands of the Japanese, and a good amount of treasure was captured.

It is shown by the story of this eye-witness that the Japanese army was well handled, that considerable military skill was displayed in the conduct of the campaign, that the men fought bravely and that good discipline was secured both before the battle and after the victory. "The World's" special and exclusive account fully explains the causes of the evident superiority of the Japanese forces over the Chinese. Japan had an army in the field, China had a mob.

It is gratifying to learn that the rumors of excessive barbarity are unfounded and that there was no unnecessary and cruel slaughter beyond that required by the stern necessities of war.

NO HIGHER YET.

Mr. Goff made the session of the Lexow Commission lively yesterday, but it was not as sensational as that of the preceding day.

One witness testified to the arrest of a sandwich peddler for plying his trade on Sunday. Mr. Meredith, the banker, related the particulars of the assault on him by some thieves in a chowder club procession. Thomas Lucas, the clubbed truckman, told the story of the needless violence alleged to have been used upon him. Mrs. Sarah Brown, colored, who kept Russian and sulphur baths and asserts that she was persecuted by the police because she would not submit to blackmail, graphically described the wrongs she claims to have suffered. A witness from Brooklyn described how his brother had been arrested and made to pay $25 for having erected an awning in this city without a permit.

The record of grievances was relieved by a somewhat acrimonious attack on the philanthropic President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Chilren by Lawyer Goff. Commodore Gerry asked to be heard as to the Society's action in the case of Mrs. Urchittel's children, but was refused the privilege, and was told by Mr. Goff that he had better hire a pilot when he next wanted to appear before the Committee.

Now, this is all very interesting, but then, Senator Lexow, you know, it is not "going higher." It brings us no nearer the heads of the police, whom the people have been taught by the Committee to regard as the principal offenders in the corruptions of the Department.

Go higher, Senator. Go higher, Mr. Goff. The time is short, and the people expect it of you.

"We demand the adoption of a thorough system of street cleaning, which shall also include a proper disposition of the refuse and garbage, so that our harbor may be kept free from obstruction and defilement and the neighboring shores clear of offal, thus conforming to the methods in other great cities." Right again, Committee of Seventy.

New York City has every advantage except that of a clean and economical government. How long it shall be without that, it is for good citizenship to say.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

Sparring for position will do for some days yet, but local statesmen must not overlook the fact that there will be an election early in November.—The Times.

Who will be the modern Joan of Arc to head the column and unfurl the standard which shall never be lowered until New York is made, what it should be, the best governed, as it is the fairest, city on the continent.—The Recorder.

Representative government is at stake in the city of New York. The crisis makes a supreme demand upon that indomitable spirit of patriotism which is the glory of Americanism and the safeguard of civil liberty.—The Press.

The complete failure to obtain rapid transit in New York is operating to bring New York's growth to a standstill; Chicago meantime growing more rapidly than before, because it can expand in every direction, while New York can only grow in one direction—uptown.—The Advertiser.

The record is already burdened with the history of the misdeeds of policemen. The time is ripe to examine the Commissioners and make them tell why they have allowed the force to fall into its present horrible condition.—The Herald.

The cable cars have drawn a good deal of travel from the Elevated road, but they will not be able to retain it unless the service is improved.—The Tribune.

MERE QUESTIONINGS.

Is the man who passes a bad quarter of an hour guilty of handling counterfeit time?

Is it good match-making to run a shortness in accounts against a long chance on the penitentiary?

Isn't it possible, also, for political haymakers to cut and dry too soon?

Is the Celestial Empire to become a China closet for the Mikado

Is the man who descends to pugilism to be considered as having knuckled down?

Is it quite the thing that pieces of Africa should threaten the peace of Europe?

Is a boss more censurable for getting it than a people would be for letting him get more?

Has the Committee of Seventy a 10 to 1 chance over the Tammany Committee of Seven?

A Disappointing Dress.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

Clara—I'm terribly disappointed with my new suit.

Edith—I don't see why when it fits you perfectly.

Clara—Well, I'm sure there is some mistake, for the dressmaker failed to charge me two prices.

"The Evening World's" Gallery of Living Pictures.

GEN. COUNT YAMAGATA.

This is a picture of the man whose plan of campaign against the Chinese has proved such a magnificent success. Like his great opponent, Li Hung Chang, he hasn't much of a chin, but what he lacks of persistence, force and vigor there must be made up for in the heaviness and width of his head behind the ears, for it is evident that he has no lack of the bulldog qualities in his make-up.

THE CARDINAL'S LABOR SPEECH.

A Courteous Answer from Baltimore to The Sun's Coarse Attack.

The following correspondence explains itself:

407 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET,
NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1894.

To His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons:

Your Eminence will no doubt have read before this reaches you the editorial article in yesterday morning's Sun on your sermon on "Labor" at Frostburg on Sunday last. This article says that you did not present "that subject with the rigid accuracy which must be at the bottom of all teaching worthy the name, and which is especially to be expected from an eminent dignitary of religion. Cardinal Gibbons discussed the trade union upon the premise that 'corporations combine, and it is quite natural for the laboring men to follow their example.'" The article proceeds to say that one would suppose that laboring men were "driven to organize because of a previous organization formed by their employers, and this picture is altogether imaginary. The first union was that of the wage-earners."

This is a palpable falsehood on the part of The Sun, that shines for capital only. If this luminary was not so wrapt up in its own conceit it would know that the original trades union was called into existence in consequence of an organization of employers to reduce the wages of their employees. Testimony to this effect was given by Mr. Henry Self, of the London Society of Compositors, about 1869 or 1870 before a committee of the House of Commons, of which Mr. Roebuck, of Sheffield, was Chairman, and can be found in a Blue Book of that period.

The whole of the article in this luminary's false premise must have been begotten in dreamland. An overtaxed brain must be responsible for the attempt to belittle an honest statement of labor's cause by a Prince of the Roman Church, and who has presented the case of the worker in a manner worthy the name he bears and the high and responsible position he holds in the Church of the People—the Church of the Masses.

There is a rigid accuracy in your statement of the case worthy the cause you have undertaken to defend, and Almighty God will defend and sustain you in your efforts to state truly the workers' position. Yours in Christ, P. DEAN.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 3, 1894.

Mr. P. Dean, 407 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Dear Sir: Your kind favor of the 3d, addressed to the Cardinal, was received to-day. His Eminence begs to thank you for your zeal in the cause of labor, as manifested in your just interpretation of his sentiments.

The error of The Sun lay in supposing the Cardinal, in his remarks at Frostburg, referred exclusively to the Pullman strike.

His Eminence said that the associations formed by capitalists were the occasion of the associations formed by laborers.

He employed the word "associations" in its ordinary meaning, i. e., to designate such companies as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, the New York Central Railroad Company and others of like formation.

The Sun understood him to mean by association a combination of companies, such as was formed by the Pullman Car Company with the railroad corporations.

If you see fit to publish your letter, the Cardinal sees no objection. As a rule, he does not deem it worth while to correct the errors of the newspapers.

He thinks it very strange that any one should find fault with him for espousing the cause of the laborer. Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM T. RUSSELL.

EDITORIAL CLIPPINGS.

What of Waite and Those Bridles?

John Swinton nominates Gov. Altgeld for President. What's the matter with Altgeld and Pennoyer as a ticket that would add a ruddy tint to the campaign of '96?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Place for a Pure Food Exhibit.

Many a man would think more of the pure food exhibition if it were at his boarding-house.—Chicago Post.

'Twas a Peaceful Strike in '92.

It is not a new law of the land that people may strike peaceably. That's the way they struck at the ballot-box in '92.—Philadelphia Record.

A Political Obituary.

It is not a pleasant task to write the political obituary of a man who is still physically alive, but John R. McPherson has himself made that unpleasant duty a matter of present necessity. * * * His connection with the Sugar Trust scandal was the final blow, and by his course in connection with that unsavory matter, he ended his political life.—Newark Advertiser.

A Sound as of Great Rejoicing.

Bring forth the wine of joy and the oil of gladness, kill the fatted calves; hang our banners on the outer walls; lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; tear the azure robe of night and set the stars of glor there; sound the glad anthem; blow, bugle, blow, and set the wild echoes flying; now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are—the baseball season is over and for full six months at least no conglomeration of Weary Williams can travel over the country tail-ending the name of Louisville through the dust.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WORLDLINGS.

The discharge of one of Krupp's big guns at Essen can be heard farther than the loudest clap of thunder.

Coal oil was first used in 1826. The product now is about 40,000,000 barrels a year.

Cotton seed meal is now made to produce a product which cows eat as well as they eat molasses from the sugar beet.

It used to be the custom in Holland to nail up a door after a wedding party had passed through it, and never open it again except for a funeral.

The existing Government of Japan has held unbroken sway for 2,500 years.

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

"Dr. Syntax" Professional Matinee an Enjoyable Affair—Effie Chapuy Here to Stay.

The "Dr. Syntax" matinee for the "perfesh" yesterday, was a chatty and a meaty affair. It wasn't one of those common, pass-me-in, professional matinees, at which Miss Tottie Coughdrop, fresh from her triumphs at Coldwater, Mich., occupies the most conspicuous box. Not a bit of it. Mr. McKinney announced that the entertainment was given merely for the members of various companies now in the city. The hangers-on were not admitted. The fluffy soubrette, with tresses a la peroxide of hydrogen, was left lamenting—like an up-to-date Lord Ullin's daughter. So was the comedian with the ultramarine colored chin, who handed in his card, with what Hopper would call "an apolomb that is simply maddening." The highly respectable organizations of the city were all represented—the Francis Wilson, Della Fox, "Shenandoah," "Girl I Left Behind Me," and John Drew companies. As for the Gaiety girls—they attracted almost as much attention as the performance. And they positively tinkled with glee. They clapped their little hands, and effervesced with laughter. Their jubilee-bun coiffures were in colossal evidence, and made a hit with the audience. Certainly "Dr. Syntax" never went better. Hopper worked most industriously, and made a characteristic speech, in which, however, he forgot this time to mention Della Fox and Francis Wilson; which was probably an oversight. He declared that he had never felt so nervous in his life, but he was, of course, very, very pleased and honored—and all that sort of thing. "You know all the tricks of the trade," he remarked. "You are aware that my nose is made of putty, and you quite understand how I put it on." The Gaiety Girls howled at this sally, and the audience joined in their laughter. Altogether, it was a very jolly afternoon.

* * *

Benjamin D. Stevens, Mr. Hopper's manager, who met with such an unfortunate accident a few days ago, hobbled to the theatre on crutches, and indulged in the general jollity. Mr. Stevens will be all right again in a week or two. "The rest has done me good," he declared. "The doctor would not allow me to move, and as I'm very nervous, I feel all the better for my idleness."

* * *

Bubblesome little Effie Chapuy has just returned from England, after a nine weeks' holiday there. "I hadn't been home," she said yesterday, "since I first came over here with Agnes Huntingdon. I didn't intend to stop, but I liked the country, and now I'm going to remain. Things are very dull in London. George Edwardes made me an offer, but I declined it. I'm thoroughly Americanized, and I've been very happy here in the various companies in which I have played." Miss Chapuy was last season with "A Trip to Chinatown."

* * *

Ramsey Morris tells an amusing story of Arthur Larkim, the little Englishman who plays the leading role in one of the "Charley's Aunt" companies. Larkim was in Boston and was devoting himself to the task of seeing the town. A dime museum poster attracted his attention. There was a dwarf there upon which he thought he would like to gaze. He went in and did the museum thoroughly. When he saw the dwarf, however, he grew highly indignant. "Why," he exclaimed to the proprietor, "he's taller than I am." "Ah," responded the proprietor, unabashed, "that's his strong point. You see he is the tallest dwarf we have ever had."

* * *

Clinton Stuart evolved "The Price of Silence," which was to have been presented at Palmer's Theatre next week. Mr. Palmer is paying the price by closing the theatre. By the bye, the title of this play refers neither to Mr. E. D. Price nor to Mr. W. T. Price. They are not the least disposed to be Prices of Silence. (Ha! ha! wild jest!)

* * *

Tortajada, the sinuous Spanish dancer has left "Old Glory," in the Chill scene of which she did her Terpsichorean "turn." She was dismayed by the prospect of incessant travelling in little fly-by-night towns—poor young thing—so she came back to New York. With her brothers and her sisters and her cousins, she will appear at Proctor's next week.

"True hope is swift and flies with swallows' wings," says Shakespeare. That's probably why Miss Hope Booth flew back from London with such rapidity. As yet she has not completed arrangements for her American starring tour, but she is not letting the grass grow beneath her feet.

* * *

David Belasco expects that his play, "Heart of Maryland," will be produced at Palmer's Theatre after the Christmas holidays. It is entirely finished. Mr. Belasco will probably go to San Francisco again shortly. His mother is still very ill there. Fred Belasco, his brother, whose marital misfortunes have been so frequently ventilated, is still in California and it will not be David's fault if he does not remain there.

* * *

Most actresses keep scrap-books in which they retain all the pretty and unpretty things that are said about them. Miss Olga Nethersole goes a step further than these ordinary actresses. She has a scrap-book in which she has collected every line that has been written about her for years, and has also kept samples of the dresses in which she appeared in the various plays mentioned. She has failed to inscribe the names of the shops at which the garments were purchased—or the price per yard.

* * *

At the Irving Place Theatre last night Manager Conried presented another novelty in the shape of a four-act comedy by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, called "Mauerbluemchen." The play was very well presented, but it does not merit much consideration. It is conventional. The main thread of the story deals with the adventures of a manufacturer of wall paper, who falls in love with an elderly bookkeeper in his employ. He has a nephew, and the young man usurps his place in the affections of the elderly bookkeeper. "Mauerbluemchen" is not particularly witty, but the audience, being extremely good-natured, laughed at times. In the cast were Max Hanseler, Max Bira, Arthur Eggeling, Mme. Habelmann-Teller, Anna Braga, Adolf Link, Anna Franosch and others.

COMING EVENTS.

Mask and calico ball of the Woodbine Club, tomorrow evening, at New Irving Hall.

Annual ball of the Union Star Social Club at Adelphi Hall, Fifty-second street and Seventh avenue, Wednesday evening, Oct. 17.

First annual ball of the Ambulance-Drivers' Association of the City of New York, Wednesday evening, Oct. 17, at Central Opera-House.

Reunion and social of the Francis X. Hennessy's Organization of Old Country Irish-Step Dancers at Military Hall, 193 Bowery, to-morrow evening.

St. George's Men's Bible Class, led by President Seth Low, of Columbia College, will resume its Sunday morning sessions Oct. 7, as usual, at 9.30 o'clock, in the Men's Club-Room, 207 East Sixteenth street.

A public meeting in the interests of Home Rule for Ireland, under the auspices of the O'Connell Branch of the Irish National Federation of America, will be held in Union Hall, Second avenue, between Eighty-second and Eighty-third streets, Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Rev. Dr. John L. Campbell, pastor of the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church, will preach a series of sermons on "The Lights and Shadows of New York City" on the following Sunday evenings: Oct. 7, "The Increase of Crime;" Oct. 14, "Municipal Corruption;" Oct. 21, "Catholicism and the American Protective Association;" Oct. 28, "If Christ Came to New York;" and Nov. 4, "The Duty of Christians." Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst will speak in the church Thursday evening, Oct. 11.

An Ineffective Alias.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

"How didt the bolice ged on to you?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"I tond't know," responded Mr. Schwindellmann, sticking his nose between the bars. "I toogk der name of Patrick Hoolihan ven I vent avay, pudt somehow it didn't vork alretty."

QUESTIONS FOR CUPID.

A Lot of Conundrums That Only the Little Blind God Can Answer.

"Forever Thinking of Him."

To the Editor:

I was introduced to a young man in December last. I went with him off and on, but of late more frequently, and loved him more than I could ever show.

But of late he became very distant on account of repeated stories which made considerable trouble.

I am forever thinking of him and would like to gain him back, but don't suppose he ever gives me a thought.

Can some of your kind readers assist me?

A READER.

An Expert's Advice to "Hugh."

To the Editor:

I think I can tell the young man who signs himself Hugh the way to get acquainted with the girl that his won his heart. When she is coming home ask her if she would mind if you would escort her home, which I know she won't refuse. TUDIE K.

One who has been there before.

How to Find Out.

To the Editor:

"E. F. R., Harlem": Your letter shows that you do not love the lady you go out with; if you did you would be happy with her, and no other (be the other ever so charming) would disturb your peace of mind. But, to convince yourself which one you love better, stay away from both these ladies for about three months, and you will have no difficulty in deciding. Be careful that you do not commit that irrevocable wrong of marrying one woman and being in love with another.

MINERVA.

Does She Mean It?

To the Editor:

Would you or some of your readers please advise me what to do with a girl who, every time I mention marrying will always tell me she is going to be an old maid? I love the girl very dearly, so her answer causes me much worriment. HENRY.

Loves Him "Above All."

To the Editor:

Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your paper what I could do? I have been keeping company with a young gentleman for about a year, and fell out with him for a mere trifle, through another girl. I have not spoken to him since, two weeks, but I love him above all other men I ever kept company with. Now, I would like to know what I should do to get in with him. FLORIE VIOLET.

Loves "To the Point of Madness."

To the Editor:

On Thursday last I quarrelled with my sweetheart and we parted. Sunday I met her and asked her to go with me again, and she said yes, and on Monday evening, when I asked her the same question she refused, saying that she had been told a number of things the night before. She would not tell me what they were, for she said it would not do any good.

I love her to the point of madness, and we were engaged to be married, and now I am inconsolable. Hoping that some reader will kindly tell me how to regain her, I remain,

BROKEN-HEARTED FRANK.

A Harlem Youth on Tenterhooks.

To the Editor:

I am a young man of twenty, deeply infatuated with a young lady about the same age. I was introduced to her a year ago. I have the heavenly pleasure of seeing her home after the meeting of the club. She seems to be very much devoted to me. I love her madly. The puzzling part is, she never suggests to me to call on her. Would you advise me to ask her if she is keeping company? She is so angelic, so lovable; quite nice-looking and wealthy. We live within five blocks of each other.

HEART-BROKEN YOUTH, of Harlem.

Another Sad Case.

To the Editor:

I am a young lady, eighteen years of age, and in love with a young man, and would rather die than lose him. As far as he is concerned he treats me rather cool. We have spoken of marriage and he tells me he cannot think of it for some time to come. Would your kind readers inform me what to do in gaining his affections, and also whether it is proper for me to continue going out with him after what he has said.

UNHAPPY.

She Really Needs Advice.

To the Editor:

I am a young lady seventeen years old, and have a great acquaintance of young men, but it seems so strange that I cannot get a young man to go with steady. I go out with them several times and then I never see them any more, which seems a mystery to me. Hoping your kind readers will inform me what to do.

LOVELESS.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Burt Hatcher is the new Corresponding and Recording Secretary of Machinists' Local Lodge No. 235.

Infant cloak makers will hold a mass-meeting at 209 East Broadway this evening, to organize a union.

Henry Miller, 675 East One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, is the new Recording and Corresponding Secretary of Carpenters' Union No. 464.

The members composing District No. 2, of Cigar-Makers' Union No. 90, will have an evening entertainment at 213 Forsyth street Saturday, Oct. 13.

John Haveman is the newly-elected President of Journeymen Tailors' Union No. 39, and William Schwarz was chosen Recording and Corresponding Secretary.

German Workmen's Relief Association No. 2 has elected: John Georgen, President; H. Schnell, Vice-President; W. Billig, Secretary; Theodore Wagner, Cashier; John Bender, Treasurer; J. Reuter, G. Fleischer, G. Schwemmle, Trustees.

The officers elected yesterday by Machine Wood Workers' Union No. 38, are A. Krueger, Recording Secretary; M. Thein, Financial Secretary; M. Kraemer, Treasurer; W. Schwarz, N. Auer, H. Neumann, Executive Committee; C. Schneider, H. Vechtier, Auditors.

Boss horseshoers purpose to form an organization at Washington Hall, Eighth avenue, between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth streets, this evening. The committee on organization consists of Messrs. Thomas Buckley, F. O'Rourke and Charles Mackey. Delegates to the National Convention of Boss Horseshoers, to be held at Boston next week, will address the meeting.

This city may become the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators. The local unions are now taking a vote upon the question of removing the general office from Baltimore, where it has been ever since the organization was formed. Of all the cities being voted for New York is said to be far ahead.

Wilson & Bailey have settled with Artificial Stone Masons' Union No. 1, signing a contract for the employment of union men at union conditions until July 1, 1896. The firm also paid fines of $25 and $50 for members who were suspended for working for them during the strike, which lasted one year. The new officers are J. Becker, President; Theodore Weissenberger, Recording Secretary; H. Stubenrauch, Financial Secretary; J. Fischer, Treasurer; F. Kane, Assistant Secretary. The dues were raised from 25 to 40 cents for the months of October, November and December, 1894.

An Exception.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

"Yas," said Mr. Jason, "I allow that women air the sentimental sex and all that sort of thing, but I've always noticed that when a couple git engaged it is the woman that first thinks of figgerin' out how they air to live on his salary."

An Energetic Writer.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

"Isn't someone shooting off a pack of firecrackers?" asked the State fair visitor who had wandered into the newspaper office.

"No," answered the police editor. "That is just the railroad editor in the next room getting out his copy on the typewriter."

Trouble in the Museum.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"You'd better go and look after those freaks," said the assistant in the dime museum.

"What's the matter?" inquired the manager.

"The cross-eyed giant is courting the two-headed girl, and she's getting jealous of herself."

HOUSE AND HOME

Smart Walking Coats.

It is getting cool and the trade in wraps is picking up. Cutaway coats are not altogether the thing for street wear. In a "blow" they are apt to get full

of air and shake the lines out of grace. If a buyer wants a thoroughly satisfactory wrap, by all means give the model consideration. The cut shows the beauty of figure, the sleeve heads are sufficient to take in the undersleeves, the collar is a protection for the chest and all together the design is seasonable.

Elements of Health.

Uninterrupted funcional activity throughout the system is dependent upon orderly nerves, and orderly nerves are dependent upon nerve nutrition. Food does not in itself strengthen, but it builds the material into which strength is projected. It matters not how much one eats, he still has to rely upon exercise for the cultivation of strength. A diet chefly of fruit and cereals will construct the material, but it remains for proper exercise to conduct and deposit that material in the proper parts of the body and imbue it with strength. Proper food is the material and proper exercise is the builder of a perfect body.

Chocolate Bread Pudding

Lay slices of bread in a bowl. Heat one cupful and a half of milk with two tablespoonfuls grated chocolate. Pour over the bread, and rub well into a batter. Then add three well-beaten eggs. Pour into a pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. Serve with cream or vanilla sauce.

Shoulder-Blade Flattener.

Obtrusive shoulder blades are not admirable. They spoil the back and mar the fit of coats and waists. These wings of bone can be set back in place very ready by the following calisthenic exercise: Stand straight; extend the arms on a level with the shoulders and try and roll them. Four or five revolutions will make the arms ache. But when the muscles are free and 100 rotations can be made, the protruding blades will fall in where they belong, and the chest will be raised into the prominence it deserves.

Expressionless Fat.

A fat body is utterly expressionless. Adipose tissue is not capable of receiving and expressing emotions. Fat is a non-receptive, unproductive, and consequently unexpressive material. Muscle is not put on in lumps and patches, but symmetrically. Only a very little adipose tissue can be used to advantage in making up the clothing of the soul. Muscular tissue is full of life, vitality, action. It is capable of receptivity, conductivity and expressiveness. All muscular tissue needs is freeing, training and inspiring to make it an agent that is useful and pleasing to its master and to those who behold it. Remember, that development is always seen along the line of use, and that practice will make perfect.

Sauted Potatoes.

Sauted potatoes are, in common parlance, fried, an incorrectly used term. Unfortunately we have no English equivalent for the French term saute, which means to brown first one side, then on the other. To fry means to immerse in hot fat.

Daisy Whiskbroom Holder.

A daisy whiskbroom holder is made by cutting a loose plaiting of white felt. Narrow, white ribbons, the ends turned over to a point, are sewed in a circle over this. The centre should be of cardboard covered with yellow plush. To the back attach a semi-circle of covered cardboard through which to put the broom.

A Fruit-Closet Hint.

Put your jellies and preserves in a dark closet. All fruit which is preserved in glass jars keeps better in dark places than in light ones. In a dark closet is impossible wrap each glass with brown paper. Canned fruit should be kept moderately cool and at the same temperature all the time.

Amenities of Home Life.

The innate refinement of every person is said to be more apparent at the table than anywhere else; therefore, every child should learn at the home table the fine art of dining. Conduct, conversation and dress as the hygiene of foods should have the nicest consideration.

Look Aloft.

Teach the little folks to sit up, look up, grow up, climb up. Symbols of hope are never planted in the dust; they are up, on high, on the mountain top. True culture implies physical, moral and mental effort, united in harmonious action.

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 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

One Summer's Idyl.

To the Editor:

She was tall, aesthetic, charming:
She was most divinely fair,
And she set his heart to beating
Like a wild and prancing pair
Of dapple grays.

He met her at the seaside,
Where he gave to her his heart.
And she took it with an idle grace
Which quite became the part
Of a belle.

But the season's end came quickly,
Fond good-bys were gently said.
Back to town and stocks and business
He most heavily did tread—
Loveless goal.

Each day's dreaming brought her nearer
To his life-dream's high ideal,
And even when he sauntered out
To get his noonday meal
He thought of her.

Thought of her when he was toying
With a much-soiled bill of fare,
When a tap upon the shoulder
Reminded him that he was there—
In the dairy.

Wearily he gave his order
For boiled eggs and apple pie.
Then, tossing down the bill of fare,
He gazed into the laughing eye
Of the maid.

What a shock went through his being,
As he slowly realized
That the dairy maid before him
Was the belle whose smile he'd prized
At the seaside.

V. H. MONTROSE.

Father Is Breaking Her Heart.

To the Editor:

I am a young girl, twenty-two, and have kept house two years for a family of six, my father and four smaller brothers and sisters, doing all the housework, sewing, washing and ironing. My father, in constant work, earns $21 a week. Is it right for him to go out nearly every night? Two or three times of the week he comes in at 3 in the morning. And I have worked hard all day and at night watched out the window until 3 in the morning. I am so worried. My heart breaks, thinking how to keep the house together, as he pays out to saloons $4 to $9 a week.

BROKEN HEARTED.

A Girl House-Painter.

To the Editor:

There is a young lady friend of mine living in Brooklyn. She has painted the entire interior of her house, stairs, walls, everything included. I have been arguing the matter with a friend. My idea is that it is not the proper work for a girl. I believe that she ought to draw the line at house-painting. A READER.

What Is the Soul?

To the Editor:

As we are all interested about a future existence, would it not be as well for some of the writers to give us some information or intimation what, in their idea, the "soul" really is and what constitutes its "immortality?" Modern science and the wise men in all ages have been so far, unable to agree about what constitutes the "soul," or if there is such a soul as theologians teach. Many suppose the brain, or the life-given property of the human family, would be its "soul." But theology refuses to admit this, because, they say, "all living animals would have a soul, consequently they, too, would be immortal." Then, I would ask in all sincerity, what is it, and what part of the human frame embodies it? Let us have a reasonable or scientific answer. In this decade of the nineteenth century it will not do to quote passages from Scripture to prove the truth of Scripture; it is too much like proving the efficacy of a patent medic