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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.

Senator Hill is in the race to stay.

The Massachusetts Republicans nominate, to-day.

Will the ferry war make it a case of sink or swim for the Staten Islanders?

It cannot be denied that Mr. Goff would make a Recorder with a record.

Now there is to be a big Wheel Trust. It will be a busy head that carries the stock.

"Fifteen minutes to Harlem" and as promptly as possible to a Greater New York.

It is an exceptional candidate who can get through a campaign without a scratch.

It was easy enough for the Grand Jury to get on the scent of the city's unclean streets.

Missouri has five State tickets in the field. There can't be any half-way work in her campaign.

If platforms were all, the work of the Committee of Seventy would still be such as to commend it to all good citizens.

The compliments of the Greater New York to Mr. Michael Tiernan on the exceeding timeliness of his three-base hit at Baltimore.

Son Russell indicates that while Gen. Harrison will not be an active seeker of the Presidential nomination in '96, he will not refuse to be a passive recipient thereof.

Among the follos of Lexow Committee testimony the void which might be filled by Mr. Croker's story of how and where he got it grows more and more conspicuous.

Dr. Depew is announced as one of the speakers at Oliver Sumner Teall's coming mass-meeting in the Thalia Theatre. It will be a new experience for the Doctor to say such things and do such things on the Bowery.

It seems that the Baltimores may return to normal sizes in headgear after the Giants are fully done with them.

There can be no excuse for a "split" among loyal New Yorkers on the issues of Greater New York and real rapid transit.

"Vote it down!" shrieks the organ of the Manhattan "L" combine, in its frantic urgings against the rapid transit plan. Fortunately, the people know just whose desperate cry it is which is thus raised against metropolitan progress. And knowing this, they will know just how far it is to be heeded—which is not at all.

The Mayor rebuked Mr. Clausen for being absent from a Park Board meeting and again for failing to appear at a meeting of the Board of Street Openings. Who rebuked the Mayor and other officials, during several political conferences and the Convention at Saratoga, when these gentlemen were absent from their posts of duty?

With all due respect to Judge Gaynor, will he please to use a little better English. Careful perusal of his recent writings and interviews on public questions justifies a suspicion that his hesitations and uncertainties have arisen not so much from an inability to make up his mind as from the fact that after his mind was made up and the result set down on paper he couldn't quite tell what it really did mean. He may have had to study over it a few days to find out whether it was an acceptance or a declination. It is a pity that so good a judge should be so poor a grammarian.

An argument in which there never was anything and out of which everything that there appeared to be was speedily knocked, clean as a whistle, when it was first advanced, is again put forward in the endeavor to block the way to real rapid transit. This argument, if it can properly be so called, lies in the declaration that the proposed method of building the road is unconstitutional. The men best versed in constitutional law, as applied to New York City affairs, have given decisive reasons upon this subject, and all of them in favor of the rapid transit plan upon which the people are to have the opportunity to vote. No attention is to be paid to the opposite claim. See that your vote is "For" rapid transit and that it is properly cast. The city and the lessees of the new road will do the rest.

BASEBALL AND POLITICS.

This is a good time to talk baseball. It is a great pity that more persons are not talking baseball, and fewer talking politics. Baseball, in the midst of such a political campaign, is soothing and supporting. It is good for the nerves. It relieves the strain upon the mind.

In Baltimore, of course, devotion to the game to the extent of attendance upon the grounds involves incidental dangers in the way of stray bullets and other missiles, illarmed for the umpire or the members of the winning team. But there is no such trouble in New York.

Here, in times like these, there is no safer place than the baseball grounds. Thugs and highwaymen haunt the city streets, while the police are busy watching the saloons. Mayoralty nominations and other dangerous things lie in wait on every corner for the unwary citizen. The man who escapes the club of the highwayman is morally certain to be struck by a political club next day.

At the baseball grounds all is different. The highway robber forgets his calling, the politician drops his prey, and everybody joins in "rooting" for New York. No man is in danger of being struck by anything worse than a hot ball.

Senator Hill would never have had to catch that Gubernatorial fly if he had been occupying his usual place in the front box at the Polo Grounds instead of loafing around Saratoga. Morton could have saved the money he will lose in backing Platt's game had he paid more attention to baseball and less to Tom Platt. A few baseball games would give Judge Gaynor the mental training necessary to enable him to make up his mind in less than a week whether it is better to stay where he is or to slide for third. Mr. Goff, from a careful study of the pitcher's curves, might better know how to aim a ball at a Captain's head and land it in the face of a Commissioner, which, judging from present developments, is about as near as Mr. Goff wants to come to going Higher Up.

In short, baseball is a great tonic, a renewer of youth, a developer of nerve, a fertilizer for the brain, and we all ought to take some of it before the season closes.

JUDGE GAYNOR DECLINES.

Judge Gaynor has declined the nomination for Judge of the Court of Appeals on the Democratic State ticket.

The Judge's action has taken no one by surprise. It was not expected that he would accept, and it was inexpedient to nominate him. Judge Gaynor is understood to prefer political life to a seat on the bench. He would no doubt have accepted the nomination for Governor. But it was not likely that he would change his present office with a fourteen years' term for one with less compensation and very little more honor.

The reasons given by the Judge for declining to run reflect with some severity on "organizations avowedly working unselfishly for high political methods and for better government," which refused to indorse his nomination in advance of his acceptance or refusal. He declares with bitterness that anything he has accomplished in the correction of political abuses has been done through his own efforts, and that he "was never helped in money or otherwise by any politician or political faction whatever."

Judge Gaynor adds that if he thought the withdrawal of his name would injure Senator Hill's canvass he would allow it to remain, for he regards the Senator's recent development in the National Senate as placing him with the foremost public men of his day, and he says:

"Between him and his opponent he should, and I trust will, prevail."

At Democratic headquarters it was expected that the Judge would accept. The vacancy on the ticket will be filled by the State Committee.

THE "REFORMING" OF SEARS.

"Again at Brockway's mercy," says the Auburn Bulletin of Thursday, in its headline over this story:

James Sears, a young man who was sent from this city a few years ago to the Elmira Reformatory for the larceny of a watch, was arrested this morning. Sears was a well-behaved prisoner at Elmira and was paroled. Employment was obtained for him at the Osborne works, and one of the conditions of his parole was that he would remain in Auburn and write each month to the officers of the reformatory. He did so for awhile, but tired of life in this city and sought fields and pastures new. The reformatory authorities looked for him, but could not find him, and requested the police to keep a lookout for him. Sears returned to Auburn with the result that he was arrested. He was confined in the City Hall to await the arrival of an officer from the reformatory, who came this afternoon.

Sears will be taken back to-night.

No new crime was charged against Sears. No fall from the good behavior which earned him his parole. He was not afraid to return to Auburn. But there was Brockway, relentless and backed by such a law as a Czar might have established.

Practically for no cause Sears goes back to his cell at Elmira. And this is part of a "reformatory" process.

CHAUNCEY'S SPRAIN.

It is not right—really. It is not to spread abroad a rumor that Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's ankle has anything to do with politics, and that his leg will remain in a condition of coiled inactivity until after the State campaign is over.

There is no reason whatever to believe that any politician has been pulling Mr. Depew's leg, or that the accident from which he is suffering is not a genuine one. Mr. Depew may not be overmuch pleased with Mr. Morton's nomination, but he may believe that brains ought to be considered before carrying in selecting a Governor of the great State of New York. But he has the courage of his convictions, he is partial to sound prunes, and will not be crowded into a little man, and publicly proclaim his delightful quality.

PENALTIES OF A CROWN.

The latest reports indicate that the Czar of Russia has very little chance of recovery and that his death may be expected shortly.

What a life has been that of the Russian Emperor for a powerful autocratic ruler! What a fate has been decreed for a man who holds absolute power over the lives of all his subjects!

In hourly dread of assassination at home and abroad, expecting every moment the explosion of the deadly bomb, through which his father met his death; fearful of poison in everything he eats or drinks; finding threats against his life on the dressing table in the privacy of his own chamber; not knowing whether the guard at his room door is faithful or a Nihilist murderer, every hour of his life is a torture. And when it is remembered that the same fear haunts him for the safety of his wife and family, the terrible sufferings he endures without cessation, night and day, may be conceived.

Who would wear a crown that carries with it such horrors? What wonder that the Czar is stricken down by apoplexy, and that his overcharged brain gives way. What wonder if he should become a gibbering idiot even if his life should be spared?

ARE RASCALS TO BE PROTECTED?

The Grand Jury is acting, or supposed to be acting, on Judge Cowing's charge, calling attention to the duty of inquiring into the charges of corruption and blackmail made against public officials in the Police and other departments.

As usual, some reformers have denounced Judge Cowing for his "interference" with the work of the Committee, and have urged the Grand Jury and the District-Attorney to prevent the indictment of the wrong-doers.

Judge Cowing has simply done his sworn duty in directing the attention of the Grand Jury to these notorious and already established crimes. The Grand Jury will prove false to their duty if they fail to indict these malefactors.

If the presence of the Lexow Committee is to have the effect of saving criminals from indictment and punishment every rascal in the city will pray that it may continue in session until the terms of the Senators expire.

Judge Gaynor emphasizes the fact that whatever he has done in the way of helping the work of reform in the community he has done as a private citizen. It is a point worthy of emphasis, because it is worth while to carry the reminder that private citizens can do everything for a community that they will. It is the theory of our forms of government that such citizens will always be on guard, and always ready to put their hands to needed good works of politics.

Richmond County will hold a Greater New York mass-meeting Tuesday evening next. A monster gathering of the same sort is to be held soon in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and the Commission having the matter in charge in this city is making arrangements for a demonstration here. Keep the great movement going. There is a chance for everybody to push.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

The most charitable interpretation of Mr. Gilroy's optimism is that he does his reading, like his magazine writing, by proxy.—The Commercial Advertiser.

With war in Asia no man can foresee what would be the result of the Czar's death. In the Eastern Hemisphere a dying sovereign may fire a powder mine.—The Tribune.

Mr. Grace seems to have got in his work during that momentary meeting with Mayor Gilroy in a Paris barber shop.—The Evening Telegram.

England had better refrain from quarrelling with France, or with Russia, or any of the other strong powers of the world. The British Empire is a big thing, but it is weak in the joints. The hundred pieces of it are scattered all over the globe.—The Sun.

Every voter should make up his mind now to vote for Greater New York, and not postpone the consideration of the subject until the last week of the campaign, when public attention will be distracted by so many other issues.—The Recorder.

Below, a score of the grandest and most costly modern structures in New York, and you will find that more than a majority of them represent earnings of the people, as distinguished from capitalists. The magnificent life insurance and savings bank buildings, which so greatly add to the beauty and grandeur of the city, typify the thrift and providence of our busy population.—The Daily News.

EDITORIALLY WRIT.

Society and the Wheel.

It is time to take the bicycle seriously as a thing, like the cotton gin, the steam engine, the telegraph and the sewing machine, that is to have an effect upon society.—Woonsocket Reporter.

McKinley's Busy Period.

Between looking for that Presidential nomination and looking like Napoleon Mr. McKinley is kept very busy.—Washington Post.

Truth from a Neighbor's Pen.

New York does not want tired Attorneys. It wants officers who will prosecute crime as unflinchingly when it is covered by a captain's braid as it does when it belongs to private citizens.—Newark Advertiser.

Sugar and Politics.

"The sugar industry ought to be kept out of politics," cries a Louisiana exchange. That's all right, but it's the way "sugar" gets into politics that raises Cain.—Oakland (Cal.) Times.

Bristling with Good Advice.

The following legend, printed on a business card which is further adorned with a picture of an alert porker, may be said to bristle with good advice:

YES, BUSINESS IS GOOD.
DON'T SQUEAL, BUT ROOT.
—Philadelphia Record.

Allentown Needs the Curfew.

It's a city Allentown has no curfew bells. If it had one and if its warning voice was truly obeyed, there'd be such scorching matches of sound-loved maidens up and down Hamilton street every night about 9 as would suggest that half the youths in town were practising for a running race.—Allentown (Pa.) Leader.

When Shall We See

Chauncey Tammany's Scott and Depew's Gerhardt Nash's Platt Francis And Home Rule's Anti-Annexationists } this Saturday night?

COMING EVENTS.

Twenty-third annual mask and ratlin ball of the Woodbine club this evening, at New Irving Hall.

Reunion and social of the Frank X. Hennessy Association of old Country Live Stop Dancers at Military Hall, 105 Bowery, this evening.

Third annual ball of the James F. Hastings Association, at Webster's Academy, Wednesday evening.

Social before reception of the Holy Cross Lyceum, 555 West Fifty-third street, Wednesday evening.

Fourth annual concert and ball of the Morris Park Association, Wednesday evening, at Philharmonic Washington Hall and Park, Westchester.

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

National Conservatory of Music's benefit concert for the daughter of the late Mme. Fursch-Madi, Oct. 20, at Madison Square Concert Hall.

Annual ball of the William Oest Association, Tuesday evening, Oct. 23, at Nilsson Hall.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Things Which Some Persons May Have Said to Other Persons Under Certain Circumstances.

Senator Hill and an Unknown.

The Unknown—What did they nominate you for? Senator Hill—Tammany wanted me to pull their city ticket through. Cleveland wanted me in order to get rid of me. Shepard wanted me so as to put the knife into me. Whitney wanted me to protect his street railroad interests. Oh, they're all after something.

The Unknown—Well, it's too bad!

Another Unknown and Senator Hill

The Unknown—Why do you stay in? You know they all want to do you up. You're sure to go down.

Senator Hill—Well, if I do we'll all go to Hades together. I won't go down alone.

Senator Hill and Mr. Shepard.

Senator Hill—Now, what do you want? Is it recognition on the State Committee? Name your men and I'll see that they get there.

Mr. Shepard—U-u-um.

Senator Hill—Is it a share of the local offices? Say what you want and you can have them.

Mr. Shepard—U-u-u-um.

Senator Hill—Do you want somebody else for Governor? Name the man, Gaynor or any one else, and I'll get out and put him on the ticket.

Mr. Shepard—U-u-u-um.

Senator Hill—Well, what in Halifax do you want, anyhow?

Mr. Shepard—We are fighting for a principle.

Senator Hill—U-u-u-um.

Supt. Andrews and the Scow Man.

The Scow Man—There's too much wind outside the bay to take the garbage down there, to-day.

Supt. A.—But, man alive! that wind is nothing to the blow up here, because the garbage don't go down.

The S. M.—Well, if you insist, I suppose we'll have to take the risk. But I tell you——

Supt. A.—Tell me nothing. You dump the garbage and the Department dumps the city. Each of us to his own business.

And the Superintendent winked his other eye so hard that the top fell off from a refuse heap three feet high in West ——th street.

Howard Carroll and General Public.

H. C.—I can duplicate that Staten Island ferry service on six hours' notice.

Gen. Public.—Well, why don't you?

H. C.—Because I'm not as ready as my boats are.

And the rivers still flowed on.

Gov. Flower and Supt. Brockway at Elmira Reformatory.

The Governor—Well, Brock, it looks as if we were pretty near through.

Brockway—Speak for yourself, Governor.

The Governor—Yes, but after I go out, you know, you'll be left to paddle——

Brockway—Sesh! Not that!

The Governor—Excuse me, I was merely about to say that you'd be left to propel your own canoe.

A "punishment record" book falls off a shelf and the conversation lapses.

DON'TS.

[*Brevity, which is the soul of wit, is also the success of advice. The terser and clearer your suggestions, the quicker they get there. If, out of the sum of your experiences, you can provide a few practical precepts for struggling brothers and sisters in this uncertain world, shape them like those you see here and send to "Don't Editor, Evening World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."*]

Don'ts for Stage-Struck Boys.

(A companion for the "Stage-Struck Girls.")

Don't go round with a long face and hair much longer when a haircut is only 15 cents.

Don't promenade the Rialto with the air of a "star," for it won't go.

Don't, of afternoons, linger in the lobby or in front of a theatre, intending to leave the impression that you are fulfilling an engagement at that house, for you are in great danger of being mistaken for the janitor.

Don't read plays in the cars so as to lead the passengers to think that you are studying a "part."

Don't spurn the position of super until you are capable enough to enable you to seek a better position.

D.

For Embryo Authors.

Don't write poetry; the market is glutted.

Don't get discouraged and give up because five or six publishers refuse to publish your book.

Don't copy the style of any noted author; be original.

Don't write stories or novels with nameless names and pointless plots.

Don't, when writing to an editor, say, "Please find space for this article in the columns of your valuable paper."

Don't sign yourself "A Constant Reader," or "A Subscriber Since Your First Issue." Editors don't like falsehoods.

H. SQUARE.

For Geniuses.

Don't pose as a genius before you prove you are one.

Don't think magazines are yearning for your work.

Don't read your poems to people because they ask you.

Don't forget that bad handwriting as a mark of genius is an idea of the past.

Don't write morbid sonnets.

Don't talk about your "art."

Don't spend your working hours reciting to young ladies.

Don't write epics before you can manage sentences.

GEORGE HUNT.

For Ferry Passengers.

Don't poke your elbow directly in the small of your neighbor's back.

Don't insist on depositing your ticket before the people in front of you.

Don't discuss your private affairs moving out.

Don't let your skirts drag and get mad if something happens.

Don't poke your umbrella in the anatomy or eye of the man behind you.

GEORGE HUNT.

For Milady in Her Boudoir.

Don't sacrifice fitness to fashion.

Don't, if you are September, dress as May.

Don't neglect quality for the sake of quantity.

Don't imagine that beauty will atone for unfitness.

Don't spoil the gown for a yard of stuff.

Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.

Don't be dashing—be dainty.

Don't dress to startle people's eyes, but to satisfy them.

SARAH J. ROBINSON.

Brooklyn.

A Few for Girls.

Don't make yourself conspicuous in public places by loud and sudden laughter.

Don't cling to your escort's arm as if you feared he would get away from you and be lost forever.

Don't stroll along the streets as if you were an Amazon on your way to horsewhip some one.

Don't bolt the salesman when you are shopping nor take up his time with foolish chatter about yourself and your affairs, in which he cannot possibly take interest.

Don't attempt to cheapen goods the price of which has been told you; nor handle articles easily stained or broken; nor persist in trying on every hat and bonnet in the establishment when you know you have not the slightest intention of purchasing.

Don't discuss scandalous gossip on the cars. Nobody who is anything ever does that.

Don't munch candy while trying to carry on a conversation.

Don't, Oh, don't chew gum.

A COMING POPULAR PERSON.

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

OTTO KEMPNER.

This is a picture of the man who has made political reform his profession, and who is now named as a candidate for the fattest office under the city government.

LIVE NEWS FROM NEW JERSEY.

(From the Bridgeton Evening News.)

John Burt has five strawberries on his place near North Cedarville.

Bolting corn is the best it has been this season.

Tomatoes are coming in the canning house in Alloway more plentifully than they did a few days ago, and are of better quality.

Cyrus Dman Bennett, of Millville, has placed a handsome iron fence in front of his residence on Vine street.

William W. Bradway, of Hancock's Bridge, has wine and gooseberries growing on his farm. His father also did not use the weed.

Two dogs got into the poultry yard of George Hughes last evening and killed two valuable black Langshan hens. People who have such dogs should keep them chained up or give them a dose of hot lead.

BALTIMORE AND HER GLORY.

Baltimore's excitement over a baseball team is something Chicago is unable to understand.—Chicago Mail.

When we see the idiotic capers in which the Baltimore people are indulging we are rather glad the Washington ball team managed to lose the pennant.—Washington Post.

The reason why Baltimore has bought the Eiffel Tower is now apparent. She wants it to float her baseball pennant at a proper altitude.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Baltimore went crazy over its champion ballplayers last night and received them with fireworks and brass bands. Added to the oysters, this will serve to remind the world that there is a Baltimore.—Chicago News.

Bad Break.

(From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.)

Algy—Willie made a most disgraceful breakn when we were leaving the Spwings.

Reggy—He didn't call his topcoat an overcoat, I hope.

Algy—Worse than that; instead of saying, "Po'tah, is me box in the luggage van?" he cwied, "Is my trunk in the baggage car?"

A Born Gentleman.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near enough to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you want," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

A Thing He Couldn't Tell.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

"I guess Jimmie Jones was mistaken about his brother being a college graduate."

Mamma—Why, what makes you think so?

"Well, papa said they always know everything, and he couldn't even tell what our baby was cryin' about."

Evidence of Boston Culture.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)

It was in a furniture store, in the Hub, of course. The accomplished salesman recommended some carved furniture to the would-be purchaser. "This is after all patterns by Renaissance," he said, "and you know he is all the style now."

His Fisherman Vernacular.

"Dinkles speaks of his as a landed estate?" "Yes; it belonged to his wife before he married her. It is hard for him to refrain from using his fisherman vernacular, you know."—Buffalo Courier.

Objected to the Name.

"Hello, Jack!" remarked Boreas.

"Call me John," responded J. Frost. "Every advanced woman who writes a novel nowadays has a hero named Jack, and I just don't want to be classed with such a crowd."—Indianapolis Journal.

Road to Fame.

Fame now is an honor that's easily won,
Much thanks to the present time's capers;
Indorse some great nostrum, and sure as the sun
Your portrait will be in the papers.
—Boston Budget.

Not Profitable to the Reader.

Bacon—Does Penman make anything out of his writings?

Egbert—I don't know. I never could make anything out of them.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Small Boy's Question.

Tommy—Say, paw.

Mr. Figg—Now, what is the matter?

"When the Fourth of July falls on Sunday, does it fall hard enough to break the Sabbath?"—Indianapolis Journal.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Tailors' Union No. 74 has elected Edward J. Hyland President. The new Secretary is Robert H. Davis.

Perry G. Sommers is the new Master Workman of Local Assembly 218, K. of L., mixed trades. The Secretary is William S. Flynn.

Thomas Ludwig, P. Mauthoff and A. Hoeffler have been elected as members of the Agitation Committee of Textile Workers' Union No. 8.

Messrs. Kalb, Grimm, Weth, Zoemer and Hetz have been elected delegates of Bakers' Union No. 22 to the New York state branch of the Bakers' and Confectioners' International Union.

The German Branch of the New York Painters' Union has elected Louis Kroemer, President; P. J. Blan, Vice-President; E. Grting, Recording Secretary; William Graa, Financial Secretary; W. Dalmann, Treasurer; Louis Tandermann, Walking Delegate.

Walking Delegate Hanrahan found non-union painters working on the new building of the Seamen's Savings Bank, Wall and Pearl streets, yesterday, and the Board of Walking Delegates ordered a strike.

These officers have been elected by the United Wood Carvers' Association: Albert Kugel, President; John Peek, Vice-President; A. Schampf, Financial Secretary; G. Hotter, Librarian; Jacob E. Baisch, Walking Delegate.

Flint-Glass Workers' Local Union No. 86 has elected John Shirly, President; George Argill, Vice-President; Peter Schaff, Financial Secretary; John Schnapp, Recording Secretary; G. W. Lohr, Treasurer; Elmer Evans, Inspector; David Hallett and William Evans, Guards; Henry Weigold, J. Noble and Patrick Lavelle, Trustees.

Cloakmakers will hold a mass-meeting at Cooper Institute this evening to discuss the proposition of ordering a general strike, unless their demands be granted.

Carpenters' strikes were ordered yesterday by Walking Delegate Schulz on several jobs of Contractor Chesley, among which is the Museum of Natural History in Central Park. Chesley refuses to pay union wages. There was also a general strike against non-union mosaic workers on a building at Thirty-first street and Madison avenue, but it was settled when the men joined the K. of L. Hexagon Labor Club.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a contribution to make, a grievance to notify, information to give, a helpful or humorous thought to impart or a public service to render. Write briefly and plainly. Long letters cannot be printed.]

A Dude of Nineteen.

To the Editor:

When a young man is just nineteen
He thinks himself mighty fine—
He thinks all the girls that he has seen
Must think him simply divine.

When he intends to make a call
On some poor lovesick girl,
He can stand for an hour before the glass;
Gee whiz! What ails that curl?

While strolling on the avenue
He thinks he cuts a dash;
He doesn't take time to notice much,
But just coax that little (?) mustache.

This gay young man of nineteen
Thinks country girls rather thick;
But even though they're a trifle green,
I don't think they're fooled quite so quick.

He must study the fashions awhile,
He must know how to carry his (black-thorn) cane
But he'll find in the sweet-by-and-by
That he'll need a trifle more brain.

FLO M. CONNOR,
Port Richmond, S. I.

Getting Acquainted.

To the Editor:

I have read with much interest the letters on lovers' affairs which appear so frequently in your paper. The main point in the correspondence is the difficulty which many parties have in making congenial friendships. Young men are at a loss to know how they are to cultivate the acquaintance of certain young ladies whom they notice frequently, say in the same house, without violating the canons of social propriety, without, in fact, getting snubbed for their "freshness." Young ladies forced to remain in the seclusion of a family circle which offers little in the way of social pleasure, as a result of limited intercourse between friends, &c., are in a plight even worse. Making due allowance for many silly vaporings which some of those letters contain, there is much in them that concerns the welfare of society one claims the attention of the social philosopher. In making acquaintances in cities nowadays frivolity seems to be the leading factor. The young man must be vivacious, "sporty," &c.; the lady must be pretty, &c. The meeting place is usually the dance hall and, of course, each must be a dancer. No show unless you can dance. All these things granted, you can have an enjoyable time and make many jolly friends. But there are others who don't come under this head. Those others not the least worthy. Play with them must take second fiddle and work first. They are plain, steady, sensible folk, who, while they enjoy recreation, have not time nor a taste for the frivolous amusements of balls, parties, picnics, &c. One letter struck me forcibly in this respect, that of a young drug clerk, who didn't go with the young ladies because he hadn't time to take the dear things around. In the majority of those cases one has to depend on the introductions of relatives or friends, which are not frequently to one's taste, like the meeting of congenial souls. But worse still is the fate of those who are strangers in the city, who have no friends to go to for introductions. For them there's no hope. Is not our social system in city life at fault, and is there no remedy?

H. J. R.

The Human Form Divine.

To the Editor:

Will you kindly allow a reader who feels like lifting a voice in the cause of purity of mind and honest admiration of the beautiful in nature, even though it be a "living picture," to ventilate some thoughts called forth by the unwholesome criticisms which appear in the papers upon the human form divine. These criticisms are aimed more particularly at its appearance in the modern bathing-suit, bicycling costume and "living pictures," if you please. I must admit the "living pictures," from the standpoint of beauty alone, are far to be preferred; but I see nothing vulgar unmanly or unwomanly in the freedom and convenience of the bathing-suit or the bicycling costume. Neither does any pure-minded man or woman. I am gratified to note that in all the unwholesome criticism I have observed, in only one instance did it come from a woman. "A Man," in a letter to "The Evening World," exposes his unwholesome mental condition, and in last Sunday's "World" another man poured out such a torrent of mental uncleanness that I was shocked, but persisted in reading his article to the end, that I might the better understand his case and pass judgment upon the effect of the Puritanical training which he professes to have had. Poor unfortunate! If his Puritanical teaching that "women have no legs" produced such distorted moral and mental vision, good Lord deliver us from such teaching in the future. I am of Paul's persuasion: "There is nothing unclean of itself. Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled nothing is pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." In respect to the human form this truth is vereified in the innocence of Adam and Eve in Eden. We have fallen far from their blessed estate, and it seems to me these critics and would-be reformers stand at the extreme end of the "fall."

A WOMAN.

As to Police Outrages and the LXX.

To the Editor:

What person with a spark of manhood in him can read the evidence brought out before the Lexow Committee without thinking Judge Lynch could sit in New York City without doing an injustice to any one? If I were to read that a case similar to the case of Mandel occurred in Russia, I would think it was highly colored by the press. Were such a state of things to occur in England or France the people would rise and sweep all those things away. Not long ago one Biff Elliton was sent to prison for a long term of years for assault; almost every day a Biff policeman commits a brutal assault on some one and gets fined about $12.

The Committee of Seventy means well, but it will make the usual mistake by taking a man who has spent his life in the counting-house. Let it look lower and take a man who is honest and capable and knows life in all its phases. Such a man can be found in the ranks of organized labor. Let them pick out such men as Sam Gompers, Sam Harris and Archibald.

SAMUEL BALL,
116 East One Hundred and Tenth street.

Cheers for Japan!

To the Editor:

I am glad to see Japan getting the best of China. The Chinese are as barbarous a nation to-day as they were thousands of years ago. Just think of it; every prisoner they take in war his head is cut off! and this is the people that England would like to see victorious. But Russia will hold all nations back until Japan gets full satisfaction. Now go in, my brave Japs. Go on to Pekin! Blow the city to the ground! Give it to them right and left! You are doing splendidly so far. Japan forever! Three cheers for Japan!

JOHN HENRY.
Twenty-second street and Eighth avenue.

Exhibit Her.

To the Editor:

I see in "The Evening World" that a mother of a large family wants advice. She said she had two daughters, fifteen and seventeen years of age, the eldest being very beautiful and resembling a Roman goddess. I advise her to cut her in a glass case on exhibition, as there are lots of people who would be willing to pay a small amount to see such a wonderful girl.

WILLIE.

The Origin of Man.

To the Editor:

It is exceedingly simply to find out the origin of every man. Not all men were monkeys, as Darwin said. Some were bears, some lions, some tigers, some lambs, &c., &c. I can tell any man his origin by his name without knowing him. The resurrection of the flesh is a positive fact.

JOSEPH F. GONZALES.

HOUSE AND HOME

Boy's Lounge Cont.

The New York schoolboy is considerable of a dude. Instead of sitting on the back fence or going up a tree to study his lesson, he goes to his room, puts on a lounge coat and gets in a university chair, often the one his papa used in

college. These house jackets are very luxurious affairs. Often the material is a bit of Oriental stuff picked up abroad, but ordinarily it is a soft English flannel of very horsey plaid, a leather-brown velveteen that smacks of the saddle or a cheap elder-down cloth. Sizes run from six to eighteen years, and prices from $3 to $15.

Hygienic Table Decoration.

Take my advice and don't ornament the dinner or tea table with candies, fancy cakes, olives and sweetmeats. Those things look pretty, but they are the ruination of more good systems than science can count. Conversation is a lost art. We are a restless, awkward race, fidgeting all the time and anxious to be doing things or going somewhere. Instead of talking, chaffing, listening, to make and encourage mirth, and so liven up digestion, what do we do? Eat like pigs. Nibble and bite at everything within reach. Well, since that is the habit, the fashion or the vice use decorative articles that will aid instead of abate the processes of digestion. Take away the dishes of crackers, pickles, chocolates, burnt almonds and iced cakes and put little onions, shreds of celery, fresh radishes, fresh nuts and all the season's fruits about. These vegetables exert a good influence upon the vital organs, and even in acute stomach and intestinal troubles fruits are often curative. This theory is advocated by a seventy-year-old M. D.

Sweetbreads.

Sweetbreads, if properly cooked, make one of the most delicate dishes. Care should be taken in selecting them, as there are two kinds, and only one is very good. That one is found in the throat of the calf, and when fresh and in perfection it is plump, white and fat. The other, which does very well for croquettes or any dish where it may be chopped, lies below the diaphragm, and is really the pancreas. However the sweetbreads may be cooked, they should always be soaked first for three hours in cold water, which should be changed two of three times. Then they should be put into boiling water for half an hour or longer.

Epsom Salts for the Face.

Long ago Epsom salts ranked high among the so-called Spring medicines. All the young folks in the family, particularly the girls, got a dose of salts as regularly as they did new shoes and hats for Easter. Now things are reversed, and, instead of dosing the growing children, mothers dose themselves. But the salts are taken externally. The solution is made with rain or rose water and applied as a skin whitener. For the best results, clean the face thoroughly at night, using warm water. The next day apply the salt water instead of powder. Besides whitening the face, the saturated solution is absorbed by the skin, which it bleaches. It should remove tan and sun freckles. It ought to be good for a greasy skin.

No. 5 Shoes Heelless.

Girls who wear No. 5 shoes are often as heelless as babies. It is the practice of the intelligent shoe-dealers to keep the growing girls in spring heels until the strength of the foot is developed. The boots and shoes are worn two sizes longer than the foot, the idea being to ecax development in the "lengths" instead of allowing a spreading growth. This is done with the greatest ease in the vegetable world, and what is a girl any way but a slip of a woman? The footwear, however, is carefully fitted at the heel and about the ankle and instep, so as to make the shoe a part of the anatomy, as it were; there being no possibility for the foot to slip about, soreness cannot be produced by the leather.

Breaded Eggs.

Boil hard and cut in round thick slices; pepper and salt; dip each in beaten raw egg, then in fine bread crumbs or powdered crackers, and fry in nice dripping or butter, hissing hot. Drain off every drop of grease and serve on a hot dish for breakfast with sauce, like that for fricassed eggs, poured over them.

Self Respect Begets Respect.

No lady can afford to be rude or unkind to her maid, cook or laundress. If she desires their respect, she must be respectful. "No man," wrote Lord Bacon, "will be deficient in respect toward others who knows the value of respect to himself."

Chicken Legs a la Diable.

For chicken legs, "a la diable," take six drumsticks, singe them, if they have not been well singed before they were removed from the chicken, boil them for about twenty minutes in a soup pot, and then bone them. Season them with a little salt and pepper, a mere pinch of Cayenne pepper, and a pinch of the best English mustard for each leg. Rub about half a teaspoonful of Parisian sauce on each leg. Rub the pieces of leg thoroughly to see that the seasoning is evenly distributed. Roll the drumsticks and skewer them in shape. Cover each one with a beaten egg, being careful that the egg covers every portion of the chicken. A brush or a common tablespoon will do this work well. As soon as a drumstick is well egged roll it in finely sifted breadcrumbs, and either broil the legs five minutes on each side or fry them in hot fat for three minutes. Serve them with a pint of rich, brown sauce, into which an even teaspoonful of dry mustard, two of Parisian sauce and a pinch of Cayenne pepper have been mixed. Turkey legs may be served in exactly the same way, but they require about one-third longer cooking.

Elegance of Dark Colors.

The ladies of the Japanese nobility dress themselves in dark colors and wear embroidered in the back of their dresses, between the shoulders and sash, a white circle or lozenge with the family crest in the centre. The dress material is of neutral gray, blue or brown, with indistinct designs in low tones, fastened at the waist with a black sash brocaded in soft threads. Only shell or amber pins are put in the hair.

For the house the dresses are of bright colors, shaded in cloud effects and embellished with monsters, storks, birds, branches and blossoms in brilliant silks and gold and silver bullion. The women who appear in public in this style, are vulgarians of the American and European type who wear diamonds and velvets on the street. In the flowery land dark colors are the sign of aristocratic taste, if not social distinction. The hairpins with fan, crescent and butterfly heads, affected by imitative foreigners, are not good form—not at all.

Stuffed Beef.

Boil a neck-piece of beel until so tender that the bones will slip out; then press the lean meat closely together, shaping nicely with the hands. Over the top spread a thick dressing of bread crumbs, seasoned with butter, pepper, salt and sage; place in the dripping pan with the beef liquor pot. Bake until brown, basting frequently. When cold, cut in slices.

Queen Victoria's Sham Rubies.

Real rubies are scarce. Most of the stones in use are shams. Even the Queen of England cherished a pair of imitations. They were, after great trouble and large expense, exhibited in the London Exposition of 1862 and proved to be merely spinels. When a customer goes to a reliable dealer and asks to see some rubies he is asked, "How much are you willing to pay?" There is one ruby in a New York shop. It spends most of its beauty in the safe. Anybody with $8,000 can have it. Rubies are full of sentiment; it is the supposition that they give the wearer health and a happy frame of mind. Rubies were among the delights of King Solomon. Lapidaries say that he got hold of all the fine stones, and since his day the supply has steadily diminished.

Graham Rolls.

One quart graham flour, one quart white flour, one and a half pints tepid water, one gill molasses, one gill of yeast, two ounces of drippings of butter, two even teaspoonfuls of salt; mix all thoroughly together with a spoon and leave in a warm place to rise; when light drop in buttered gem pans that are hot and bake. For breakfast, mix at night.

A Handkerchief Bag.

A dainty handkerchief bag is made with a cardboard bottom, 4 1-2 inches square, which is covered with white India silk, the inner surface being wadded and scented. The b