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.

Farmer Dunn got his storm this time.

Is there to be no end of slate-breaking?

If you didn't register yesterday do it next Wednesday.

The campaign does not lose interest in gaining candidates.

Municipal home rule cannot be refused to the Greater New York.

The Shepardites decided not to care if three tickets did make a crowd.

The Czar has every cause to be alarmed at the disagreements of his doctors.

"The Evening World" does not deny that it's a precocious seven-year-old.

Tammany complains that last night's indorsement of Strong came with an ill Grace.

Staten Island's Greater New York mass-meeting was a glowing success. On with the work, in all directions.

The first day's registration beat the records in New York and Brooklyn. It is well. And let everybody not only register, but vote.

McKinley does not find an open date for a speech in Louisiana. He evidently doesn't consider it necessary to carry taffy to the sugar-planters.

Divver may keep Depew off the Bowery, but nothing can keep Divver from the Lexow Committee, except Mr. Goff's failure to call him.

It was concluded that with a new Wheeler, a previously offered team would do very nicely to draw the Reform Democracy State coach.

The good women of New York are not mistaken in their belief that they can help greatly in the work of making a better New York.

Policeman De Gann says Capt. Schmittberger wanted all. That's the way with the New York public and this investigation, Mr. Goff. Get everything. Go Higher Up.

The Commercial Travellers' Association laid the corner-stone of a beautiful home at Binghamton yesterday. Strength and endurance to the building and long life and prosperity to the hustling C. T. A.

In coming into the benefits of the Greater New York, Flatbush will not receive everything and give nothing. She has a police captain who is six feet three inches in height and well over the 300-pound mark in weight.

Policeman De Gann rendered M. Forget's lapses of memory of little consequence. Capt. Schmittberger's defense will be awaited with much interest, despite the impatience of the New York public to have Mr. Goff hurry Higher Up.

Remember, in casting ballots on the Greater New York question, this city expresses its opinion as to the consolidation of the whole affected district. The other places vote only as affecting each its own interests. It is thus made especially important that the returns in New York shall be heavy. Give the incoming parts of the new and splendid municipality assurance of a hearty welcome.

If it is true that Divver is responsible for the closing of Thalia Theatre doors against Orator Depew, the Bowery, thus possibly deprived of the warming influence of the doctor's eloquence, should rise as one man in revolt. The Boys like a good story-teller. And besides, after its experience with Fassett, the great East Side should have a chance to discover that there is a G. O. P. nabob who can talk and keep his coat on.

Chief Engineer Parsons assures the Rapid Transit Commissioners of the complete practicability of an underground railway system, with electricity as the motive power. He also points out many advantages of such a system for local transit purposes, including rapidity of locomotion, comfort, safety, saving of surface space and convenience. He makes no recommendations, confining himself to a statement of facts obtained through extended personal observation of established local transit systems abroad. The Commission can undoubtedly be trusted to act wisely upon his representations and upon other statements laid before them. The voters will make no mistake in authorizing the projected proceedings towards real rapid transit by voting the "for" ballots Nov. 6.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

"We are seven." The old line of the poet, adapted to a new and pleasant meaning. It is "The Evening World" that counts seven to-day. On Oct. 10, 1887, the paper made its first earnest offer of public service—its first modest bid for public favor and confidence. The months and years since then have brought added pages, added experiences, added resources, added usefulness and—best of all, because testifying to a general appreciation of the paper's sincerity of effort and substantiality of accomplishment—hosts and hosts of added friends.

But while "The Evening World's" possessions have multiplied, its purpose has remained as it began, a single one. At the opening of its career it declared its intention to be "Above all, a Newspaper; beyond all, the People's Friend." How faithfully it has lived up to the standard thus set, the public whom it trusts and whose trust, in turn, it has never abused, is telling daily through the medium of a constantly strengthening support.

It has been given to no other afternoon newspaper to acquire within so few years so many and such steadfast friends and readers. The paper has never found itself alone. And seeing the circle of its adherents growing thicker and thicker, day by day, month by month and year by year, it has been encouraged to extend again and again the sphere of its earnest endeavor. It has accomplished many things. Some of these are referred to in other columns and none of the details need be brought in here. But in whatever it has done, the paper never has failed to divide credit fairly with the people, who, realizing that it meant to serve them, returned all the aid and encouragement within their power.

So "The Evening World" feels that it does not celebrate alone to-day. The joy of the anniversary is shared with the thousands and thousands to whom the paper is a daily messenger, a welcome visitor, perchance an instructor and always a friend. There is good cheer enough to go all around. Let us grasp and treasure it as an inspiration to win still more within the eighth year, that opens as the seventh is rounded off.

A GRATIFYING RESULT

The first day's registration in this city and Brooklyn is the largest ever known in either city. In New York the figures reach 102,906, against 92,644 in the last Presidential year; and in Brooklyn the total of the day is 75,858, against 67,469 in 1892.

These results are encouraging evidence of the interest the people feel in this year's election, and indicate a full vote on the 6th of November. They show that the citizens are thoroughly aroused on the question of local reform, and encourage the hope that the methods so long prevailing in the city government are to be changed at last.

The rule that the larger the registration in a city the better is the outlook for the dominant party does not hold good in this instance. The Tammany Democracy almost always registers nearly its full machine vote. It is an important part of the duty of those who run the machine, the district bosses, to take care that this is done. The extraordinarily large registration at this time is beyond question due to the awakening of the people through the exposure of police and other corruptions and the determination of the citizens to make a complete change in the administration of our public affairs.

A full vote is always desirable since it renders more certain a distinct and faithful expression of the sentiments and wishes of the people.

A full vote in the city is no longer a Tammany victory.

NOW WE KNOW.

At last the people of New York begin to know who's who and what's what. The election takes place in four weeks, and up to this time it has been difficult to understand where we were at politically. But yesterday's doings have made things clear. Light has come out of darkness.

In the State, citizens of all shades of political sentiment can now be accommodated. They can choose between Tom Platt's man, Levi P. Morton; Dave Hill's man, David B. Hill, and Edward M. Shepard's man, Everett P. Wheeler. Mr. Morton represents high protection, heavy taxation, profligate expenditures, sumptuary legislation and the championship of the cause of trusts and monopolies. David B. Hill represents the regular Democracy, from a machine point of view. Everett P. Wheeler represents the anti-Hill Democracy and the organizations denied representation in the Democratic Convention. The people can take which they please. Like the little boy in the circus, who inquired of the showman which was the elephant and which the kangaroo, they "pays their money and they takes their choice."

The nomination of the regular Democratic candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Judge of the Court of Appeals on the Wheeler ticket will probably insure at least the election of those candidates, and will prove the State still Democratic, even if Gov. Hill should be defeated.

The Mayoralty muddle is, happily, over. There will be only two tickets in the field, and while the folly of putting a Republican at the head of the anti-Tammany ticket has been committed, the candidates are better than they seemed at one time likely to be.

A good result of this is likely to be the nomination of carefully selected candidates by the Tammany Democracy. This is desirable, even though Tammany is doomed to be driven from the city government.

SEVEN GREAT DAYS.

Occasions on Which "The Evening World" Exceeded Even Its Own Previous Great Record for Circulation.

Jan. 25, 1894--475,192.

The greatest circulation ever attained by any newspaper in the world in a single twelve hours was **475,192**, which was the circulation of "The Evening World" on Jan. 25, 1894. The occasion was the prize-fight between Corbett and Mitchell in Florida, of which "The Evening World" gave the earliest, most complete and most accurate account.

July 9, 1894--408,529.

The record of Jan. 25 was almost equalled on July 9 of the same year, at the crisis of the Chicago strike, when the circulation of the evening edition alone of "The World" was **408,529**.

July 8, 1889--404,980.

The circulation of "The Evening World" had once before, early in its career, attained nearly the same figure. On uly 8, 1889, when the Sullivan-Kilrain prize-fight took place, **404,980** copies of the evening edition were printed and sold.

May 8, 1893--399,397.

The day Carlyle Harris was killed at Sing Sing the circulation of "The Evening World" once more overtopped the mark. Its circulation that day, May 8, 1893, was **399,397**.

July 10, 1894--357,731.

"The Evening World's" circulation on July 10, 1894, was **357,731**. This, like the great record of 408,529 on July 9 of the same year, was on account of the Chicago strike.

July 11, 1894--355,973.

The next day, July 11, 1894, was another great one, "The Evening World's" circulation reaching **355,973**.

The circulation of "The Evening World" for these three days, in which it gave the earliest and most decurate accounts of the condition of affairs in the strike-smitten city, averaged **375,000** per day, a record unequalled before or since on any three days by any newspaper in the world.

May 10, 1893--355,666.

"The Evening World" on May 10, 1893, had a circulation of **355,666**. The occasion was the finding of the body of Rohle, who escaped from the death cells at Sing Sing.

High-Water Marks--355,666 to 475,192.

These seven days of enormous circulation are the high-water marks, not alone of the tremendous tide of "The Evening World's" circulation, but of newspaper circulation throughout the world. The greatest claim for a single day's circulation ever made by any other newspaper in New York is that of 210,700, made by one morning paper. That is nearly 150,000 less than the lowest of "The Evening World's" high-water marks, and much less than half "The Evening World's" highest mark.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

Some organization concerned for the future well-being and greatness of the city should take up the cause of Greater New York and help to bring out a vote that shall have an unmistakable meaning.—The Times.

Where New York sits is the head of the table, but Baltimore is at her right hand as an honored guest; and here's to the Orioles and Giants, with three times three and a tiger for the men who have done their best to keep up the prestige of athletic America!—The Recorder.

English politics will be enlivened if Gladstone shall again come to the front. The Cabinet has missed him for a year; Parliament has missed him, as have the Liberal party, the Irish members, the Tories and the British people at large. Things are different since Gladstone retired for a rest.—The Sun.

Secretary Lamont has fully made up his mind to have no soldiers in the regular army, not even in the rank and file, who cannot read and write the English language. If this is a good thing, a period of profound peace is the time to put it into practice. It would never do to apply the education test when war's dread thunders roll.—The Advertiser.

Without implying any neglect of duty or lack of zeal on the part of our naval commanders in chief, it is safe to say that our service is practically untrained in even the simplest forms of fleet evolutions. * * * It is probable that, except from the deck of the torpedo boats Cushing or Stiletto, a torpedo has never been discharged from an American man-of-war.—The Herald.

EDITORIAL HITS.

Gotham Campaign Fashions.

Latest news of campaign fashions in New York shows the continued prominence of the Tammany stripe and the Morton check.—Philadelphia Times.

Must Be Real Lightning with It.

It appears that there are people in New York who cannot be made to understand that the Tammany tiger cannot be scared by sheet-iron stage thunder—Washington Post.

Wanamaker's Unkindest Thrust.

McKinley has not publicly said so, but he doubtless considers it an act of base ingratitude on the part of Wanamaker to thrust his bargain counter into the tariff question.—Oakland (Cal.) Times.

An Epitaph to Be Desired.

Men have various ideas as to the inventory they would like to have set out on their tombstones, but how is this? "He was an honest voter."—Kansas City Star.

Withal, He Should Be on the Square

The ideal policeman should be something of an athlete. He should carry no superfluous flesh. He should have a good muscular development and should know how to handle himself. He should be quick and active, able to run a moderate distance at good speed without puffing and blowing.—Rochester Democrat.

A Bay State G. O. P. Promise.

The stingy Massachusetts Republicans did not offer a single cent per capita in their platform; but they were generous enough to promise "an equal share in the Government for every citizen"—which means an office for everybody if it means anything.—Philadelphia Record.

Silence Is Golden.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

"Oh, how thoughtful Bobbie looks this evening!"

"That's right. You wouldn't have him give himself away, would you?"

SOME GIRLS AND OTHERS.

Poetry and Prose from and About Them Which Have Come to "The Evening World."

To the Editor:

Her name is Fay. There is to me
No nicer name than Fay.
A graceful, willowy form has she,
As all who see her say.
She has a pretty little nose;
Her pretty little ears,
A pretty little mouth; a rose
Beside it pale appears!

I used to love the stars; my dreams
Dwelt nightly in the skies.
Now, day and night, I am, it seems,
A lover of two eyes!
'Tis natural to love what all
Admire and love, when seen;
And for my dreams from stars to fall
To light upon a queen!

All persons are in love these times!
For love they live—and die.
Now all the world is writing rhymes
On love, as well as I.
To any lad who proves his lass
Can with my pet compare,
My splendid property I'll pass—
I am a millionaire!

L. L. B.,
407 Eighth street, South Brooklyn.

Heart's-Ease for Heart-Broken.

To the Editor:

I am almost moved to tears when I contemplate "Heart-Broken Youth of Harlem's" future without his "angelic, lovable," &c. This "point of madness" love, is, however, a mystery to me. Judging from the effects it must be pretty severe to evolve these heart-rending wails. And now a word of advice. Heart-broken, unhappy and loveless creatures, to produce the desired result on meeting the adored one should present, if possible, a dignified, unruffled appearance and throw in an extra dash of indifference. If it is possible to attain a reconciliation this will shift the desire for it to some extent to the "other's" shoulders, thereby relieving you of the humiliation which must be felt on one side when these differences are patched up. Always shift the humiliating role to the other to prevent unpleasant remembrance of the part you took in these youthful and short-lived love affairs. HEART'S-EASE.

The Shopgirl.

To the Editor:

From day to day from month to month,
From early until late;
Without a minute to herself,
This is the shopgirl's fate.

And when her day's work it is o'er,
As homeward she wends her way;
She hopes the future has in store
Something better for her one day.

So don't despise the shopgirl,
For it only her trial embitters,
Besides, appearances are often deceptive,
And all is not gold that glitters.

She has no diamonds or riches,
With this world's goods she's not blessed.
But she has a good heart and clear conscience,
And these eclipse all the rest.

JOHN CANAVAN.

Advice from One Who Has Been There.

To the Editor:

Let me suggest to the young man signing himself "H. M." who was "a lover once but stranger now" to the only girl he ever loved, to follow my friendly advice and he will seal his fate—for better or worse. Having had experience in the same drama I offer these suggestions: You say you have written a love letter to her—that won't do. Go to her like a man, tell the sincerity of your affections, but above all, don't make a fool of yourself. Simply relate in plain, honest (no beating around the bush) language how much you care for her. If you are deserving of that love which comes to only true, passionate lovers, and she proves herself a warm-hearted girl, she will yield to your pleadings and love you more than ever. Your persistence to win her will be proof sufficient of your yearning love. Should you win her back don't practise deception, but be faithful, and I warrant you will not fall out again with your idol. Don't be too independent. It does not pay. HARRY.

A Schoolgirl's Sad Plight.

To the Editor:

We all have the heartache, the young and the old.
Attention! I have a sad tale to unfold.
A young girl am I, most uncommonly shy,
And sighing for love, though in vain do I sigh!
Living beneath my fond parents' stern rule,
When I'd rather be married than going to school.
To carve little hearts, transfixed with darts,
On my desk with a pin, consolation imparts.
Each reader, have pity on one in distress,
Who neither by day nor by night can find rest.
Remember! Beware then, of dark, curly haired men;
From all this love-lornity you will be spared then!

CLARA.

If You Want Acquaintances Advertise.

To the Editor:

As the subject of making acquaintances has been mentioned in your columns of correspondence, I would like to tell your readers my experience with a method that is accessible to all. I refer to the system of advertising in the personal columns of the daily papers. Young men who cannot dance or make acquaintances at social affairs are sure to find a companion by means of an advertisement. Of course, there is a prejudice against advertising for this purpose, and there is danger of being caught by unworthy persons, but those who can judge character and keep their eyes open run no larger risk than those who rely on balls or picnics for making new acquaintances.

ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

The Everlasting Question.

To the Editor:

Would some kind reader of "The Evening World" inform me at what I can make a living, and where. I am a young woman, twenty-three years old, with a child five years. I have looked for work, but as every place requires experienced hands, have failed. I am depending on my parents, but as my father is growing old, I have to look out for myself.

C. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.

How to Be a Winner.

To the Editor:

Would "The World" please give advice to W. K. L. B. how she can win a young man she likes very much. He has been home with her once in a while, and asked if she would go out with him one night. She said yes, and went. She likes him better than any one she knows. How can she have his steady company?

W. K. L. B.

Girl Famine in White Plains.

To the Editor:

Will some reader kindly tell why it is that the New York City males and females, especially those who are just going out of their "teens," have so much heart trouble? Let them come up to White Plains, where "girls" are scarce, and the boys will, I am sure, love them little and love them long. "ONE OF THE BOYS."

A Chance for Everybody.

To the Editor:

Will you kindly suggest a few modern names for a girl in your evening edition or by return mail. We have a new arrival and are in want of a name.

Passaic, N. J., Oct. 4. Mrs. G. N. SEGER.

All Depends on Your Husband.

To the Editor:

Please let me know through your paper is it right to send an invitation to a young man whom I used to go with before I was married, the party to be held at my home? I have not seen him for a year, but we speak when we meet.

M. I. B., Brooklyn.

Unfeeling Aunt Causes Trouble.

To the Editor:

I am desperately in love with a young lady in the far South, and her aunt objects to our corresponding, simply because we are related to each other. Can any of your readers tell me what to do? "DISCOURAGED HIGH."

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

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

This is a picture of the absolute ruler of the widest country on earth, with power of life and death over more than 100,000,000 human beings, but unable to save himself from the sentence of death pronounced yesterday by a learned professor of medicine, in these words:

Your Majesty's malady is incurable. With care and attention your valuable life may be prolonged for some months, but it is useless to conceal the fact that no remedies will avail beyond a certain period.

TONY PASTOR'S SHOW.

Tony Pastor is back in town. He crept in at the north end, and is drawing gradually upon New York, as it were. The Columbus Theatre, Harlem, is a very good starting point, and it was there that I heard Tony last night. He has been doing the seaside resorts and listening to the roar of the Summer ocean. He has transferred some of that roar to his voice, for it is healthy and vigorous, and you can even hear it outside the theatre. You should have seen Tony frisk through one of his songs. He did a breakdown that wouldn't have been amiss from a sixteen-year-older, and he was as earnest and magnetic as though he had just made his debut. He sang a "Telephone" song, a plaintive little something—etta entitled "Man Not Required," and that exquisite little ode, almost Tennysonian in its swinging, soulful rhythm, called "A Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin." How they all applauded Tony! The women dote on his songs, and he always sings some domesticated verses about gentlemen tottering home at 2 A. M., or babies crying for their feeding bottles, women clamoring for new bonnets and so forth. He is never obstruse. The New Woman is nothing to him. He is satisfied with the old one.

Mr. Pastor's company included those two gorgeously clad, dainty-looking balladists and imitators, Janet Melville and Evie Stetson. They made their appearance in dresses that they probably wore when they were presented at Queen Victoria's last Drawing Room. Don't tell me that they are not intimate friends of Her Majesty. I know better. Where else could they have obtained their lofty airs and their double-distilled refinement? They are shy young things though, are Melville and Stetson. They stand there demurely, and you imagine that they are going to chant something from "The Elijah" or "The Messiah." Not at all. Before you know it they are warbling "Johnny, my old friend John," and with pensive faces are telling you about the youths whose "pants" were cut alike in the front and back, so that his gentle grandmother could never tell whether he was going east or west. I think I detected tears in their eyes as they sang about this. It was so sad. One of their best songs is called "Girl Wanted." As for their imitations, in which they showed how variousactors would recite the nursery rhyme "Jack and Jill"—well, the audience simply howled with delight. Their "turn" is immense.

Miss Annie Hart, a stout woman, who is evidently trying to outdo Maggie Cline—and is not succeeding—is all very well in her way. But Maggie still has a warm place in my young heart, and I want no would-be usurpers of her place. Miss Hart sang "The Bowery Girl" very well, and she wore a lovely peculiar silk gown. McAvoy and May are very good in a rough and tumble way, and they were most fervently applauded. Miss May does a wooden shoe specialty, and Mr. McAvoy falls about the stage very audaciously. Then there were Billy S. Clifford and Maud Huth, in their "comedy creation" entitled "The Johnny's Call;" the three St. Felix sisters, in blonde wigs and red stockings; Musical Dale, who pegs away at the same old story, the Nawns and others.

Tony has returned, however, and that is the most important point. The season incomplete without him, can now proceed.

ALAN DALE.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

The union cigar-makers of McCoy & Co., 182-190 Avenue C, are on strike for higher wages.

Mass-meeting of sailors at 51 South street this afternoon. President Gompers is expected to speak.

Quarterly working cards will be given out at this evening's meeting of Journeymen Horseshoers' Union No. 8.

Charles Christensen is the newly elected Treasurer of Bakers' Union No. 68, and C. Rasmussen has been elected Sergeant-at-Arms.

The organized barbers of New Jersey are preparing a bill to be submitted to the next Legislature providing for Sunday closing.

It is expected that within a few days the Order of Railway Telegraphers and the Train Despatchers' Association will be amalgamated.

The Architectural Iron Workers' Union has called a special meeting for Tuesday, Oct. 16, for the purpose of electing a Walking Delegate.

John F. Crowley, 111 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street, is the new Recording and Corresponding Secretary of Plumbers' Union No. 2.

An application for appointment as Inspector of Buildings, made by John O'Keefe, Vice-President of Bricklayers' Union No. 2, has been indorsed by the General Executive Council of the Local Bricklayers' Unions.

Of the 1,289 members of the Journeymen Tailors' Protective and Benevolent Union, 1,217 are entitled to benefits. The union supports 21 widows and 48 women are affiliated as helpers. This evening new officers are to be elected.

The Board of Plumbing Inspectors of Yonkers is considering a large number of applications from plumbers in New York and vicinity. The new charter of Yonkers provides that non-resident plumbers cannot work there without a license.

To forty-one members of Branch 3, of the Independent Bakers' Union, work was given last week at the Union's employment bureau, and twenty-seven men found jobs as helpers. George Spindler will act as office manager for another week. At next Sunday's quarterly meeting of Branch 1, the question whether or not to permit members to work with non-union men is to be discussed.

The officers elected by Cigar-Makers' Union are: E. Barents, President; J. Bremer, Vice-President; M. Brown, Recording Secretary; M. Dampf, Corresponding and Financial Secretary; J. Jaeger, Trustee; M. Goldsmith, G. Pape, L. Goldstein, Auditors; H. Nide, Doorkeeper; M. Dampf, D. Harris, L. Wolder, Delegates to the Central Labor Union; M. Dampf, M. Vandervelden, S. Benjamin, Delegates to the Culinary Trades' Council.

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Wilson Barrett's Success with "The Manxman"—Powers Is a Good "New Boy."

Wilson Barrett, who will open his New York engagement at the American Theatre seems to have "struck ile" at last with "The Manxman." Fortune has treated Barrett very capriciously of late, and the former idol of London seemed to be slipping backward all the time, both in America and England. "The Manxman," however, has put Barrett once more upon his feet, and the English papers have been raving enthusiastically about the play. He has been compared to Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," and the author of "The Manxman" novel, Hall Caine, has declared that the dramatization was made with "admirable discretion, much force and great skill." Barrett has two other plays on hand, and they promise to be sensational. One is based upon the life of Edison, the inventor—whom Barrett has been told he resembles. The play deals with some highly dramatic episodes in Edison's life, and is said to be very human and interesting. It will probably be a very good play for this country, and the unlimited opportunities of advertisement that it offers will surely not be lost by Mr. Barrett's agents. The other play is "purely and simply a psychological study of two souls, a man and a woman, who are brought together under most painful as well as startling conditions. Mr. Barrett, to a London interviewer, says: "We shall have to touch upon a great social problem, and handle it with considerable frankness. But surely no harm can come of pointing out the perilous pitfalls that beset innocence—for the innocence that is born of ignorance can never be secure."

* * *

James T. Powers, who, like Frank Daniels, and one or two others, has ceased to star this season, appeared as Archibald Rennick, in "The New Boy," at the Standard Theatre, last night, in place of Willis Searle. The role is well suited to Mr. Powers, and he did very well with it. Who knows but that he may lead "The New Boy" into the channels of success? More impossible feats have been accomplished.

* * *

Miss Elita Proctor Otis is very much put out at the result of the "New Blood" engagement. She is money out of pocket by it. Miss Otis spent the cosy little sum of $500 for costumes—one must look chic, don't you know—and dressmakers cannot be bought off by announcements of the non-success of a play.

* * *

The Hammerstein-Koster-Bial-Fromme episodes are beginning to pall upon the Rialto-ites. Enough is as good as a feast, and too much is equal to none at all. Hammerstein, himself, is as jovial and ebullient as ever. After his fracas Monday night he walked quietly into Hoyt's Theatre and saw "A Milk White Flag"—a play that should remind him that life is but a fleeting shadow, and that we are here to-day and there to-morrow.

* * *

Really, Mrs. Kendal—now, really—you mustn't say such awfully candid things. As the Mommer of the English Drammer, you should remember that we look upon you as some one beyond the pale of criticism. Seriously, Mrs. Kendal, in her article signed "Madge Kendal" on women bicyclists, in a Chicago paper last Sunday, is bewilderingly frank. She says: "I suppose my objection to the woman bicyclist is based on my belief that there is no harm in woman doing anything man can do, provided she can have a few minutes' conversation with her Creator, and alter a great deal he has so wisely ordained, and nobody has dared to dispute till we came across the bicycle."

* * *

T. B. Thalberg, the young English actor who played the leading role in "Olaf" at Niblo's Garden last season, is going to star in the English provinces. He has purchased the English provincial rights from E. S. Willard, of J. M. Barrie's play, "The Professor's Love Story." In the language of the immortal Steve Brodie—Hully Gee

* * *

A young woman who was desperately in want of an engagement was confronted by a manager looking for an actress who could sing and dance. The young woman in question couldn't do either, but she felt that these trouble times called for audacity. She boldly announced that she could sing like a bird and dance like Carmencita. She was engaged. At the rehearsals she told the stage manager that she didn't care to rehearse her song and dance. It would be all right—and so on. Everything went very well until the opening night. The first performance took place 600 miles from New York. Of course the young woman was found wanting, and a very tempest was raised by the management. But being so far away from the metropolis, she was retained in the company. That is one instance of audacity's success.

* * *

How the Londoners received "A Trip to Chinatown" is not yet known, but before the production at Poole's Theatre, Mr. Tripp-Edgar received ten offers for the provincial rights of the farce.

* * *

William Gillette sat with Charles Frohman and watched the first performance of "A Milk White Flag" with unfathomable stolidity. When one of the characters in the play announced that he had written a war drama called "Hell by the Enemy," Gillette never even smiled, although as the proud author of "Hell by the Enemy," a little grin of self-consciousness would have been pardonable.

* * *

One of the ponderous dramatic writers in Chicago is fearfully scandalized at "The Passing Show," and preaches a sermon on the suppression of vice with the harmless skit as a text. What arouses his ire is the costumes worn by the Phrynettes. "The full leg and hip in tights," he says, "may be a dreadfully scandalous impeachment of morals, but it is chastity personified compared with the dresses worn by the Phrynettes."

* * *

Next Monday night has been selected for the first appearance of Miss Olga Nethersole in "The Transgressor," at Palmer's Theatre, and for the first production in this country of "Little Christopher Columbus" at the Garden. The former will call for serious criticism, and the latter will not, but both promise to be entertaining in their different ways.

COMING EVENTS.

Initial ladies' reception of the Holy Cross Lyceum this evening at 321 West Forty-third street.

Third annual ball of the James E. Hastings Association, this evening at Wendel's Assembly Rooms.

Semi-annual exhibition of the Merchant Tailors' Society, of the city of New York, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, from 2 to 10 P. M.

Fourth annual concert and ball of the Morris Park Association this evening at Phil Behring's Washington Hall and Park, Westchester.

The Galway Men's Association will hold its annual reception Saturday evening, Nov. 24. The Committee of Arrangements, James F. Ryan, Chairman, is now actively at work.

The Al Wiener Association, composed of well-known merchants, residing in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, holds its thirteenth annual ball in Arion Hall, 12 Wall street, Tuesday evening, Nov. 13. The affair will be the finest event thus far held by the organization. Prof. Frank will furnish the music, and the hall will be handsomely decorated by Theilman, the florist. The officers of the Association are: A. L. Kramer, President; Morris Goldsier, First Vice-President; Samuel Wiener, Second Vice-President; Jacob Marks, Recording Secretary; Stephen Allen, Financial Secretary; Gus Wiener, Secretary, and William Newman, Treasurer.

Reversing the Situation.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Fogg—Poverty is a misfortune, not a crime.

Figg—I don't know about that. At any rate, poverty has been the cause of much poetry-writing.

Fogg—You mean that the writing of poetry has been the cause of much poverty.

HOUSE AND HOME

Charcuterie and Comestible.

In every quarter of Paris there are many shops under the above title. At these places the housekeeper is able to find many dishes that are prepared for cooking. Here she can purchase the most delicious cooked ham, in any quantity from an ounce to any number of pounds, and if she wishes she can have a clear meat jelly to garnish it. The best York hams cost about 40 cents a pound. Chopped ham is hashed very fine, pressed in moulds, turned out and covered with bread crumbs and browned. These moulds vary in size and make a convenient and inexpensive dish. Hams are cooked to perfection here. They are thoroughly well done, cut as finely and smoothly as butter. One of the secrets of the perfection of this dish is the long, slow cooking. In the charcuteries will be found nearly every form of pork, sausages, sausage meat, truffled pigs' feet, pork pies, hams and tongues in jelly, &c.

Economical Little Cakes.

Very little rich loaf cake is made in France, but there is an infinite variety of small rich cakes. Brioche is found in all forms in the boulangeries and patisseries. In America we find it in all first-class shops, in the form of wine or rum cakes, but in France it is baked in tiny little cakes that are sold for one or two sous. Basketfuls of petite brioche are found on every counter. It is also baked in large loaves and in rings, and combined with fruit in small moulds. These are served with a flavored syrup poured over them; the rings are served with a syrup also. The loaves can be ordered hot for an evening spread.

Exercise and Outdoor Life.

Exercise and outdoor life that give firmness to the flesh and elasticity to the muscle in childhood are needed in womanhood to preserve those attributes. Let the grapes, peaches and tomatoes go without preserving, and instead of braiding Tom's Nassau jacket, ruffling Lulu's petticoat and weaving patches into the heels of 25-cent socks, go out and lung bathe. Aimless walking is advisable. A wise plan is to go shopping without even car fare. There are too many good women buried in the flats of New York. The world needs them, and their first duty is to be healthy.

Baked Tomatoes.

Select firm, ripe tomatoes, and arrange with the cut side on top in a buttered baking-pan. Salt and pepper and set in a well-heated oven. Bake for half-hour, and then transfer, without breaking, if possible, to a platter or dish, where the gravy is poured over them. A sprig or two of parsley may be laid around each tomato as a garnish.

A Nursery Wall Panel.

A very pretty bit of decoration for the nursery is a wall panel of blue linen, made eighteen inches wide, and a yard and a half long. Take a Mother Goose book, illustrated in colors, cut out the pictures and paste them on the linen panel, making as regular and artistic an arrangement as possible. The pictures should be cut in squares, and, when transferred to the linen, should be bordered with gilt paint, as if framed. An irregular border of the same is painted all around the edge of the linen panel, which is fastened with brass-headed tacks to a gilded curtain rod cut the required length.

Fricandeau of Veal.

Lard on top a four-pound fillet of veal. Put thin slices of pork in kettle, lay on them sliced carrot, a stalk of celery, parsley and onion with cloves stuck in it. Put meat on top, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with buttered paper. Fill the pan with boiling stock, cover, and bake in a moderate oven, basting several times.

Travelling Thread-and-Needle Case

A useful case for the travelling bag is a miniature shawl-case in shape, made of dark blue linen, lined with white linen braid, and feather-stitched with white silk. It is made three and a half inches wide, with a covered cardboard disk an inch and a half in diameter, forming each end. One long edge is curved down a little for a flap, and is buttoned over the other long edge. Inside there is just space for two spools, one black and one white, leaves of flannel for needles, a small pair of scissors and a thimble.

Sauce Tartare.

To one cup of mayonnaise dressing add one tablespoonful of capers, one of chopped cucumber pickles, one of chopped parsley and one teaspoonful of onion juice. Mix well and serve.

The Beauty of Loveliness.

"The beauty of a lovely woman," says George Eliot, "is like music." Who does not know what music is? Who can define it? Loveliness is the sum total of beauty, and may or may not include perfection of feature or form. Sense, sympathy, gentleness, taste, tact, pride, modesty, charity and health discount golden curls, pink cheeks and sparkling teeth and eyes.

Useful Pillows.

Enormous pillows a yard or more square, and plump in proportion, covered with gay madras plaids are the correct things for Summer cottages. They are scattered about the floor and on the piazza and lawn, and save a multiplicity of chairs.

Broiled Lobster.

Split meat of tail and claws, cover with soft butter, dredge with flour, and broil. Bechamel sauce.

Personal Attractiveness.

"Be clean, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." Personal cleanliness is the most enduring of all the auxiliaries of personal beauty.

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.]

Giants, Alphabetically.

To the Editor:

A is for Amos, the pitcher so bold,
Who left all the Baltimores out in the cold.
B is for Burke, the pride of the roost,
No pitcher can fool him with in or out shoot.
C is for Charlie, who catches foul flies,
The Orioles thought they could put out his eyes.
D for Dad Clark, with nerves like the rocks;
The cranks never tell him to get out of the box.
E for the egg that an Oriole laid—
Since Saturday's game it is kept in the shade.
F is for Fuller, called "Shorty" for fun,
His play in this series was beaten by none.
G for George Davis, a fine player we know,
His fielding and throwing make all the "fanks" crow.
H is for Hoyler, the good-natured boy,
The plays of his comrades fill him with joy.
I is for interest, which all rooters felt,
As each batsman stepped up and tightened his belt.
J is for Jack, with his saucy, bright face,
He's the general favorite who covers first base.
K is for kickers, who hampered our boys
In their chase for the pennant and championship joys.
L is for Lester, so nervy, but lame,
Illness unfits him to pitch his fine game.
M is for Meekin, by nature and name,
Who carries our faith when he pitches the game.
N is the nonsense which some people say—
That our boys would throw even one game away.
O stands for Orioles, Baltimore's pride,
Who under their wings their heads will soon hide.
P for Park Wilson, one of the team,
Who plays his position with a great deal of steam.
Q is for queer, the result of the race,
Which landed the pennant in such a poor place.
R stands for rooters, who go to the game,
With bells, horns and whistles prepared to raise Cain.
S stands for Stafford, "old silence and fun,"
His complexion is ruddy, just kissed by the sun.
T is for Tiernan and Tod Murphy, too,
With either in right field the flies muffed are few.
U stands for umpires, a place hard to fill;
The cranks often threaten the poor man to kill.
V for Van Haltren, so nimble and spry,
A hard, earnest worker and sure of a fly.
W for Ward, almost last on the list,
His hand on the helm would sadly be missed.
X "The World's" Extra, which tells of the play,
Is eagerly scanned by the rooters each day.
Y is the yelp that the Baltimores gave,
When their reception at home was as cold as the grave.
Z stands for zeal, that filled each of our boys
In their earnest endeavors for championship joys.

MAMIE REYNOLDS,
one of the Giants Mascots.

Workingmen to Blame.

To the Editor:

Mr. Samuel Ball's letter on police outrages, even at this late hour, is timely and may act as a spark of fire the indignation of New York's toilers, so sadly dormant in the face of Lexow developments. It is inconceivable how a great body of intelligent men, as represented by the trades unions of New York, could in the first place have given such unlimited power to this irresponsible body of men and then sit down quietly for the last twenty years and suffer the terrible consequence without a protest. They have been wont to talk of the "pauper labor of Europe," to indulge in denunciation of Germany's militarism, England's tyranny, and Russia's despotism, while right here in New York, the first city of free America, they have abjectly submitted to unheard-of brutalities by creatures of their own make. Counting on the servility of the workingmen the New York policeman could well afford to disregard all law, human and divine. If ever a God-given duty devolved on the clergymen of New York, of all denominations, it is to help the noble Parkhurst to break the bondage, and why is not the voice of organized labor heard through its leaders, side by side with the Great Reformer, thundering forth protests from the platform of the city's largest public halls? It means the emancipation and very life of two millions of people.

J. W. F.

Life Is Continuous.

To the Editor:

Your correspondent, George Smith, of Nyack, N. Y., in this evening's "World" asks "What is the soul?" I believe that all things in nature and life are governed by a universal law, and that there must