The World

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The World's Circulation for September.

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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.

October's sun is welcome again.

Tammany is in the field to fight for its pastures.

In consolidation is the hope of the Greater New York.

"No politics in City Hall." That's a good platform, Mr. Strong.

Honest voters can make an honest government, if they will.

Greater New York does not mean and never will mean a lesser Brooklyn.

The voter is hard to satisfy who can't find his choice of tickets this Fall.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table rests quietly at Mount Auburn to-day.

Will somebody kindly reawaken the New York and New Jersey bridge promoters?

Never mind the policy shops now, Mr. Goff. We all want to see you go Higher Up.

If there was Buddensiekism in Monroe street, let it be found out and dealt with accordingly.

Mr. Goff would get Mr. Croker if he chose to press the question of where Croker got it.

There are your candidates all. Now to the registry—unless you've been there—and then for the vote.

There is a wide difference between voting on one's convictions and convicting one's self on the vote.

The Police Commissioners and the Police Justices, Mr. Goff. There are witnesses for you. Go Higher Up.

A "for" ballot, on the rapid transit issue, is a ballot for "Fifteen minutes to Harlem." It is the right kind.

Tammany has heard something. Hence its nomination of an outside man, of unimpeachable character, for Mayor.

Tammany has heard something. Hence its platform indorsement of municipal construction of a rapid-transit system.

Ex-Mayor Grant was rightly of the opinion that the stampede had figured far enough in this Fall's convention work.

Everybody but McKinley has fallen into the line of adopting the thinking policy with regard to 1896. The Major is still talking.

Speaking of the Wheel Trust suggests the thought that it's a merry-go-round for all the combines while it is Attorney-General Olney who interprets the law for them.

New York's present garbage-handling system is always dangerous to the public health. Yesterday's high winds made it perilous to the men of the dumping crews. It must go.

Platt told Morton, then the Convention told him, then the Committee told him. Morton told Platt, then he told the Committee, now he has told everybody. Really, there should be no chance of a misunderstanding here.

Yale and Princeton, discussing Thanksgiving football, bid fair to outrival the eloquence of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. If the muscle and strategic work of the collegians prove equal to their wind, the game should be a good one when it is played.

The Tammany platform says: "We recognize that improved rapid transit facilities are vital to the continued growth and prosperity of our city, and favor any proposition which promises progress in this direction. The time already lost in unavailing dependence upon private enterprise for a solution of the problems of rapid transit makes plain the necessity for municipal construction of a complete system, with proper safeguards thrown about this expenditure of public money." Yet it was Tammany influence which opposed the rapid transit plans at present under contemplation, and which aided in securing the delay in proceedings incidental to putting the issue to a popular vote. There is only one explanation of the change of heart evidenced by the quoted platform statement. Tammany has heard something.

THE TIGER QUITS MONKEYING.

The Tammany tiger's attempt to roll the ball of harmony up the inclined plane of success has failed. That it would do so was a foregone conclusion. Tammany does not rhyme with harmony. Tammany's strength has never been in deals and dickers, except, of course, its regular, permanent deal with the Republican city machine, but in straight-out fighting.

What has made Tammany great in the past, and what has inspired in Tammany followers the blind devotion which has been the real strength of the organization, has been the fact that, fair weather or foul, come victory or defeat, Tammany was always for Tammany.

And all the planning and scheming, all the bargaining and dealing, to devise some sort of harmony stepping-stones out of the morass in which Tammany finds itself has brought up to the same old issue.

"Tammany, right or wrong!" is the war-cry of the organization, and the question in the municipal contest is not one of candidates, but of Tammany or anti-Tammany.

A CANDID CANDIDATE.

The people will regard it as a good trait in Mr. Nathan Straus that he speaks out in meeting and tells things that more worldly politicians would keep to themselves. But the candor of the Tammany candidate for Mayor will startle the politicians and place great restraint and embarrassment upon them during the campaign.

Mr. Straus says he was offered the indorsement of the Grace-Fairchild Democracy for Mayor if he would pledge himself to use his influence to send Mr. William R. Grace to the United States Senate as Mr. Hill's successor. Mr. Straus positively refused to make any pledges or promises whatever, and so the Grace Democracy indorsed Col. Strong, the Republican candidate.

Mr. Straus also tells of a present which was purchased at Tiffany's and sent to him quite recently. "It came from a good friend of mine, and I would not send it back," says Mr. Straus, "but I cannot help thinking that he had got a 'tip' that I was to be nominated by Tammany."

IS IT ANOTHER BUDDENSIEK?

A new factory building on Monroe street, just finished externally, was blown down by the wind at a little before 4 o'clock yesterday morning. It was seven stories high, and falling on a lower dwelling adjoining, carried it to the ground and buried all its sleeping inmates, eighteen in number, beneath a heap of ruins. Nine were killed and twelve more or less hurt. Not a person in the inhabited building escaped uninjured.

The disaster might have been more extended, for the new building as it fell carried away a portion of the wall of another adjoining dwelling, leaving the third-story rooms exposed and giving the inmates a terrible fright.

At 4 o'clock the previous afternoon there was a convivial meeting of the owners and workmen on the roof of the doomed building in accordance with an east-side custom, and the building was decorated with flags. It had been finished externally and the last nail driven in the roof. The next nails were to be driven in the coffins of the ten victims.

A watchman who saw the fall graphically describes it as looking as if a streak of forked black lightning had run down the front wall and the next instant the building had disappeared.

Where is the responsibility? Could a house properly built have been blown down like a pack of cards? Were the owners, the contractors or the Building Department inspectors to blame? A number of ugly rumors are afloat, but the neighborhood is excited and incensed. A searching investigation should be made. The terrible calamity seems to bear evidence of neglect on its face, and the guilty should not escape. Let us know whether there are any more Buddensiek among us, and whether the Building Department is nothing but a dangerous fraud.

TRYING TO BEAT THE CITY.

There can be no two honest opinions as to the outrageous injustice of the attempt of the State to recover over six hundred thousand dollars of this city as its share of the tax for taking care of the State insane.

New York supports its own insane paupers. It has lands and buildings for that purpose worth nearly ten million dollars, and it expended last year nearly nine hundred thousand dollars for maintenance and care of its unfortunate dependents. If the city should be compelled to pay the State's demand our people would be taxed twice over.

Enough injustice is done to the city by the increase made every year in the assessments by the State Board of Equalization, which puts on New York an undue share of the general taxation and the school tax. But when an attempt is made to tax us twice over and to make us pay expenses that ought to fall on those who derive benefit from the law for the support of the insane poor by the State the outrage becomes unbearable.

A county gets rid of the expense of caring for these unfortunates, and puts the tax for their support on another county which derives no benefit whatever from the law.

Comptroller Fitch does right to resist this injustice. If the State law authorizes this double taxation, then its constitutionality ought to be thoroughly tested before it is submitted to.

Trenton is determined to get the upper hand of its surface car magnates. Since last Spring they have been disobeying orders to institute a five-cent transfer ticket system, the adoption of which is included as a condition to their right of way. Unless they come to terms by to-morrow the Mayor will stop the cars. When shall we see New York City's authorities compelling the surface car companies to live up to their franchises?

Thanks for Kind Wishes.

To the Editor:

Allow me to congratulate "The Evening World" on the seventh year that it has just completed. It has battled nobly for right and justice, which are eternal, and deserves great praise. May "The Evening World" survive seventy more years.

CHRISTOPHER STEWART,
Editor Sunday Union Times,
127 West Twenty-fifth street.

CONUNDRUMS.

A Department Especially for Persons Who Ask Questions That Wise Men Cannot Answer.

To the Editor:

Being a constant reader of "The Evening World," I therefore ask information concerning the moon. What is the moon? I have heard and read that there are mountains and inhabitants on the moon. Is it true? If it is true that there are inhabitants on the moon, what is their moon? Any information concerning the fact will be thankfully received by KITTY.
Harlem, N. Y.

Two Real Posers.

To the Editor:

Please tell me is there any way in which a small person can improve in height or grow tall. Please tell me if a girl is angry with another and she does not like to speak first, but would like to speak, while the other will not speak, which way will one speak to another? V. Q.

Why Not Ask Him?

To the Editor:

I have kept company with a young man for a while. Sometimes when he called on me he was pleased to see me, and at other times he was indifferent. Can you tell me whether he really cares for me or not? Please give me your opinion. MAGGIE K.

A Question of Judgment.

To the Editor:

Will some of your kind readers tell me what I should do? I have a lady friend and we are always together, and I think a great deal of her, and I have been going with a young man also. Now, this young man got angry with my friend for something, and they do not speak. Now, this young man tells me that he will not stop and speak to me whenever I am with my lady friend. What shall I do, give up my friend for him, or shall I let him go and look for some one else?
A JERSEY GIRL.

Vital Statistics to the Last Degree.

To the Editor:

Can a person born in New York find out the day, hour and minute they were born? If so, where? STARLIGHT.

Momentous Questions, These.

To the Editor:

Will you kindly answer in "The Evening World" the following questions:

1. Is cut glass crystal?
2. Are cheval glasses used in rooms other than those designed for dressing rooms? O. F. H.
Goshen, N. Y.

An Anthropological Query.

To the Editor:

Will "The Evening World" or some of its readers settle an argument? A bets that a person is classed among the animal species. B bets to the contrary. Who is right? RATS.

A Zoologist Might Tell.

To the Editor:

About six weeks ago I found a turtle of pretty good size, and took him home. Ever since he has not taken food nor drunk one drop of anything. Would you please inform me whether this is natural. Also let me know what I shold feed him with? FRITZ KICUZI,
171 Railroad avenue, Mount Vernon.

This Will Baffle a Medicus.

To the Editor:

Will some of the readers of "The Evening World" kindly advise us if it is harmful to swallow grape, orange or lemon pits? Also the effects and consequences. INQUIRER.

Nut for Lawyers to Crack.

To the Editor:

A man is on trial for his life, the jury finds him not guilty and he is discharged. A bets he can get upon the stand two minutes after and swear he committed the murder and he cannot be rearrested on the same charge; B bets they can rearrest him and have him suffer the penalty of his crime; C bets they can rearrest him but must secure a new jury to try him. Please settle this for us in your columns in "The Evening World," the people's paper. FRANCIS J. RADLEY.

When Is a Bookkeeper an Expert?

To the Editor:

Will some of your readers please tell me what a bookkeeper has to do to become an expert. I am a well experienced bookkeeper and would like to become an expert, if I only knew how.
BOOKKEEPER.

A Query for Ward McAllister.

To the Editor:

Should a lady arise to receive callers? When they arise to depart should she stand? When a gentleman is presented should she go forward and welcome him? EMPIRE.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

There is no city in the world, however humble, but has a more decent method of disposing of its garbage than this first city of the land, that dumps its refuse in the bay and permits it to rot and fester on the beaches.—The Advertiser.

The air is full of rumors that the money paid by the victims of the captains has been traced very high indeed.—Commercial Advertiser.

Unless all signs fail, we are going to have a gorgeous time from now till the sun sets on Election Day.—The Telegram.

We should not be surprised to see an epidemic of failing health break out among Tammany statesmen within a day or two, impelling many of them to visit Europe for an indefinite period.—The Evening Post.

Happy Mexico! "Plenty of money!" That looks blest. "Plethora of money in the Mexican banks." That looks bad. The banks are the worst place for money. It ought to be out. That is the true sense of money. When the banks hold a plethora of the stuff the people are in lack of it. Out with it!—The Sun.

The question before the public is whether they want the municipality to construct it as rapid transit system and retain the benefits and profits for the community at large or whether the opportunity shall be passed by in order that corporate monopolies may still further tighten their grip on the metropolis and seize millions of dollars more without returning an equivalent.—The Daily News.

EDITORIAL CLIPS.

May Be Expecting Too Much.

It's harder waiting for the 6th of November and its fun to come round than it was waiting for the Fourth of July in boyhood time when we were a boy.—Dawson Times (Rep.)

Chinese and a Prediction.

Lord Wolseley's prediction that the Chinese would overrun Europe may come true yet. They will run over anything to get away from the Japs.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

McKinley's Probable Discovery.

Gov. McKinley has probably discovered in his rambles from Ohio to Maine and back again to the West that the people of this country are by a large majority in favor of an income tax.—Atlanta Journal.

Nor Get Into Public Life by Money.

There are many fields of enterprise in private life in which an able man may acquire wealth honestly. But no man should go into public life to make money.—Rochester Post-Express.

Ohio!

His (McKinley's) present conspicuity does not mean that any considerable or preponderating number of Republicans are ready to support him for the Presidency, for he represents that extremism in protection which the Republican party distinctly discountenanced in the National platform of 1892.—Minneapolis Journal (Rep.)

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 experience, 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."*]

For General Society.

Don't in a car rush for a seat.
Don't ever talk about the heat.

Don't in people's faces smoke.
Don't try to crack a joke.

Don't at the ladies stare.
Don't at the gents glare.

Don't think you own the earth.
Don't talk of your own worth.

Don't talk of what you have read.
Don't repeat what some one else has said.

Don't chew tobacco or gum.
Don't of others make game or fun.
BLONDIE.

For Women.

Don't try to make a bachelor believe you are young by painting your face and bleaching your hair, because he always recognizes a chemical blonde with a drug store complexion.

Don't try to make a bachelor believe you expect to inherit a large fortune. It won't work.

Don't try to make a bachelor believe you are an angel, because he knows you are not half so nice as you appear to be.

Don't ride bicycles, it won't make you look younger.

Don't, don't, don't tease.
A HAPPY BACHELOR.

Tenderloin Don'ts.

Don't stand in front of any prominent hotel on the east side of Broadway, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets. You are liable to be taken for an actor. And that's tough these hard times.

Don't take any stock in the Lexow Committee. The "Tenderloin" is just as lively, and will be so in 1900.

Don't write "famphlet" letters to "The Evening World" about the "living pictures" or your best girl:

And don't think I am crazy. Yours respectfully, TED D.,
An ex-Tenderloiner, who went from bad to worse by leaving the Tenderloin to come to Jersey City.

To the Hypochondriac.

Don't be afraid to take whiskey when chilled.
Don't give way to every slight ailment.
Don't dress heavily, but always dress warmly.
Don't be careless about draughts and sudden changes.
Don't call in a doctor for the smallest ache or pain.
Don't eat too much greasy food.
Don't overwork.
Don't live only to enjoy yourself, but be useful as well as ornamental. B. C. H.

For Drummers at Hotels.

Don't think that every woman in the hotel is dying to know you.

Don't tell the proprietor that you have sent twenty people within six months to his hotel.

Don't go to the office every fifteen minutes for a telegram "from the firm."

Don't ask the clerk if there is any mail for Mordaunt if your name is Israelitsky.

Don't ogle women in the elevators, nor flash the big ring on them, nor ask the elevator man their name.

Don't, in the writing-room, give your friend Rosenstein the names of New England girls.

Don't tell too many people you had rather travel on commission than be a member of the firm.

Don't try to sell goods in your sleep—or in the barroom.

Don't call the chambermaids Maudies, or tell them you will get them on the stage.

Don't tell every country hotel clerk that you will get him a clerkship in the Imperial.

Don't, if you live in a boarding-house in New York, order everything on the dinner bill.

Don't dress like a song and dance man.

Don't tell that your firm allows you $8 per day when they kick at $4.

Don't imagine that drummers and minstrel men are the only men who "charm" small towns.

Don't, because you register "N. Y.," fancy that you own the town, for the "Joliet" train was in long before you saw the place.

THEIR FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Judge Gaynor:
"And while at length debate and beat the bush
There shall steppe in other men and catch the burdes."

William L. Strong (since the State Democracy's indorsement):
"A sweet, attractive kinde of Grace."

Inspector Byrnes:
"A mighty hunter, and his prey was man."

David B. Hill:
"Boldness, again boldness and ever boldness."

Thomas C. Platt:
"I am here; I shall remain here."

Senator Peffer:
"I am addressing myself to my cap."

A Man from Maine:
"Man is but a Reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking Reed."

Attorney-General Olney:
"I repeat * * * that all power is a Trust."

Richard Croker:
"By any means get wealth and place."

John E. Milholland (of T. C. P.):
"But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna and could make the worst appear
The better reason."

WORLDLINGS.

There are about 175,000 Indians outside of the five civilized tribes, and they earn about $1,000,000 a year from the United States Government in various kinds of labor.

The King of Ashantee is allowed by law to chose 3,333 wives. They live on two long streets in the city of Coomasie, the Ashantee capital.

Of the 953 suicides in Paris last year, more were by drowning than by any other means.

The 250,000 Indians of the United States hold 30,000,000 acres of land.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia is of gigantic stature. He is seven feet nine inches in height.

A Woman's Suffering.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Evadne—And she was cast on a desert island, with half a dozen of the crew, and——

Ernestine—With no provisions?

Evadne—Oh, they had enough to eat, but there wasn't a hat-pin on the island. Her sufferings were awful.

An International Complication.

(From the Chicago Record.)

"Are your sympathies with the Chinese in this war?" asked his wife.

"Just look at that shirt-front," said Mr. Simpkins glowingly, "and ask me a fool question like that again!"

An Altered Opinion.

(From the Indianapolis Sentinel.)

The car was going along at full speed when suddenly there came three bells—the signal for the motorman to stop at once. He did so and looked around frightened, while the women in the car turned pale. The conductor ran down the street, and it took the passengers some time to see that lying on the pavement was an umbrella, which had dropped from the car.

"Well," said the woman on the back seat, with a sneer, "it's only some fool-woman's umbrella!"

The conductor came up to the car, red and out of breath; but he was smiling politely, and he handed the umbrella to the woman on the back seat. It was hers, and she had not noticed that it had fallen. She blushed, while the passengers, recalling her remark, smiled.

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

JAMES W. HINKLEY.

This is a picture of a man who spells his name without a "c." That part of the public which reads other papers than "The World" will never discover this fact, for they all spell him "Hinckley." Mr. Hinkley says:

I suppose that a great many of the newspapers spell my name with a "c," because it is printed that way on the State Committee list. I am glad to see that "The World" spells my name without the "c," which is the way I spell it myself.

Mr. Hinkley is also Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

NOTES ON DECK.

Difficulty of Exchanging Civilities on a Rough Day.

(From Fun.)

(1) Jones—Might I have a light from your cigar?

(2) Brown—Most certainly.

(3) Jones—Oh! I am awfully sorry!

(4) Brown—Pray don't mention it.

(5)—In spite of all this exercise they have not yet attained their object.

(6)—But perseverance, as you see, accomplishes all things.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Furriers' Union No. 2 has called a mass-meeting for next Saturday evening, Oct. 13, at 175 Ludlow street.

Mirror frame workers have recently been organized in this city under the auspices of the International Furniture Workers' Union.

Delegates of the Trades Union Congress of Great Britain will attend the coming convention of the American Federation of Labor, in Denver, Col.

Henry Ifland has been elected Secretary of the Bakers' State Council of New York and New Jersey; G. Grimm, Financial Secretary, and J. Klein, Treasurer.

Painters and Carpenters settled their differences in regard to jurisdiction over certain jobs yesterday, and henceforth no trouble is expected in these two trades.

Financial Secretary H. Hoppert, of Cigar-Makers' Union No. 8, has resigned, and L. Kuhn has been elected to succeed him. The Union gave over 12,000 labels to manufacturers last month.

The officers elected by the Brooklyn Derrickmens' Union are: James Keenan, President; John Lowery, Vice-President; James Hopkins, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; John Dearing, Financial Secretary; Anthony Dougherty, Treasurer, and Robert Coggan, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Polish, Russian and Hungarian bakers have organized a local union in Brooklyn, which has just been chartered by the Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners' International Union, as Bakers' Union No. 163.

These officers have been elected by Cigar-Makers' Union No. 10: William Rau, Financial Secretary; A. Libo, Trustee; J. Leyk, E. Mohrenberg, S. Rosenthal, Auditors. The Union gained twelve new members this week.

Cabinet-Makers' Union No. 7 has unanimously resolved to join the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and a committee is conferring with the New York District Council to secure a charter and an affiliation with that body.

The annual entertainment of the delegates to the Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union will take place at Clarendon Hall next Wednesday evening. Several members of the Actors' Protective Union have promised to be present and contribute recitations and other theatrical entertainment.

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Success of Melba's Concert—Collier Wants to Leave Farce Comedy—Dramatic Pirates Busy.

Mme. Melba, with her operatic associates, gave the first of the two concerts she has promised New Yorkers at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night. She was greeted by a large audience, one of those aggravating assemblages that encore everything and everybody indiscriminately. It was, in fact, a greedy audience, that wanted as much for its money as it could possibly obtain by undue demonstration. It used to be that vociferous applause was looked upon as a graceful and enviable compliment by the artist. Now it is very different. If the artist still thinks about it at all, she probably says to herself: "They are after another song. I suppose my manager expects me to give one." Mme. Melba, however, deserved all the applause she got. She was in splendid voice, and her liquid, limpid tones were delightful to the ear. She sang an aria from Handel's "Allegro" most brilliantly, emphasizing every thread on the labyrinthine lace work of the song. A new "Ave Maria," by Cooper, was also interpreted by Mme. Melba, but her voice is not so wonderful when she does not use it in roulades. For an encore she warbled "The Old Folks at Home" very sweetly, and the song charmed the audience. Melba will probably use this as Patti used "Home, Sweet Home." Mme. Scalchi surpassed herself. Her rich contralto tones showed not the least sign of wear and tear, and she made quite as much of a hit as did Mme. Melba. Scalchi's picturesquely suitable dress was worth looking at. One could have imagined her framed as "The Portrait of a Nineteenth Century Lady." M. Plancon was not as effective as usual. He made very little of the "Anvil" song from "Philemon et Baucis," or of the stirring "Two Grenadiers." M. Mauguere sang quietly and artistically a berceuse by Augusta Holmes, and "Tu me derais," by Chaminade. The second part of the programme was devoted to the third act of "Faust," with Mme. Melba as Marguerite, Plancon as Mephistopheles, Mauguiere as Faust, and Scalchi as Siebel. Altogether, this concert was a most enjoyable affair, and an undoubted success.

* * *

Willie Collier, the jovial young actor, who used to be call-boy at Daly's Theatre, and who finally became so audacious that he finally gave imitations of the manager himself, has been trying to forcake farce-comedy. He is presenting a new play called "A Back Number," in which he does work of the Sol Smith Russell order, and his friends don't like it. They want Willie to keep to the style of entertainment that made him successful. Isn't it funny that the public will not allow actors to get away from themselves? And how anxious the actors are to make the attempt. Look at Nat Goodwin, Sol Smith Russell, Timothy Murphy and John Drew. In the last instance only has the actor been able to do as he liked.

* * *

The "Charley's Aunt" management are having a very unpleasant time with the pirates. There seems to be a strong desire to crib this play that has been so much talked about. The pirates rely upon foreign languages for secrecy and darkness. Nobody attempts to steal "Charley's Aunt" in English. It was cribbed and acted by German and Scandinavian actors in Chicago; an attempt was made to produce it in German in Philadelphia, and another in Salt Lake City. There surely never was a play that called forth so many deep, dark, audacious schemers.

* * *

An enterprising Rhode Island publisher has offered to furnish the "Shenandoah" managers with any number of $2.25 volumes of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan's life for 25 cents apiece. The publisher suggested that they would be so valuable as souvenirs. He did not know that the average theatrical souvenier fiend would sooner have a five-cent plaque or a ten-cent ash receiver than all the literature published. The souvenir fiend is a strange, uncanny brand of humanity.

* * *

"The Cotton King," just produced in Boston, was very tactfully boomed by Messrs. Brady and Corbett. While they were in London they sent out pretty cream-laid invitations from the English metropolis to the residents of the Back Bay, asking them to be present when "The Cotton King" was produced in Boston. This gave a sort of intangible veneer to the production, dontchernow. Before the piece was produced the name of Corbett was pasted over on the posters, because the Bostonians don't like him. The first performance appears to have been a gala affair. Miss Bijou Fernandez, who seems to have made a very good impression, received the following despatch before going on the stage: "May you hit Boston as hard as Corbett hit Sullivan."

* * *

That will be a splendid programme at the Empire Theatre this afternoon for the Twelfth Night Club. It is long enough to last through the evening up to the witching hour. How thoughtless of John Drew to interrupt the programme at 8.15 with "The Bauble Shop."

* * *

James A. Herne, of "Shore Acres" renown, is a proud popper. He has a new boy, of the style so conventionally known as "bouncing." Congratulations are distinctly in order.

* * *

George Walton is the name of a comedian with a long history, who will make his debut in America Monday night in "Little Christopher Columbus." Mr. Walton is not beautiful to gaze upon, but he has that which managers are always looking for, known as "a comedy face." Mr. Walton made his first appearance on the stage when he was two months old, and he has been acting ever since. He has been in forty different pantomimes in England, and he is said to be the man who led George R. Sims to fame and fortune by making that writer's early plays popular. Walton has appeared under the management of Edward E. Rice when that ubiquitous gentleman was in Australia.

* * *

The treasurer of the Star Theatre has one joke, and to him it is furiously funny. There is quite a draught in the box-office, and when a man or woman places a bill in the opening of the window, the air wafts it inside. "Oh, oh!" exclaims the person, "there goes my money." "All right," replies the treasurer, "you've blown it in the right way," and then he chuckles all over.

Both of the German theatres will be very busy to-night. At the Irving Place, Lucie Freisinger will make her first appearance in America as Magda, in Sudermann's play "Heimath," and at the Germania Theatre, Phillipp's latest skit, entitled "The German Brewer and His Family," will be produced for the first time.

COMING EVENTS.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst and Rev. Dr. John L. Campbell will speak in the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church, One Hundred and Eleventh street and Lexington avenue, this evening under the auspices of the City Vigilance League.

Semi-annual exhibition of the Merchant Tailors' Society of the City of New York, to-day, to-morrow and Saturday, from 3 to 10 P. M., at 241 Fifth avenue.

Masquerade and civic ball of the Charles E. Ellis Association, Monday evening at Wendel's Assembly Rooms.

There will be a public meeting under the auspices of the City Vigilance League and Good Government Club B, at the West End Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam avenue and One Hundred and Fifth street, to-morrow evening. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., William R. St. John and others will address the meeting.

Woman's Way.

(From the Chicago Record.)

"When a man's wife tells a funny story I'd like to know how he's going to know when she's got to the point?"

"Easy enough. The point's the part she tells half an hour after she's finished the story."

Instinctively Commercial.

(From the Chicago Record.)

Teacher (in the geography class)—Tommy, what is the easiest way to get to the Pacific coast?

Tommy—Git a pass.

HOUSE AND HOME

Delsarte Relief Cures.

Exercise No. 1.—If your right shoulder has grown higher than the left by careless habits of sitting at school or by desk work, drop that shoulder down backward and simultaneously lift the left shoulder. Repeat many times.

2.—If your head has been twisted around to the left from desk work, turn your left side to the desk and reverse and exaggerate the usual desk position; also straighten up. Do this frequently, and you will find relief and restfulness from it.

3.—If you are troubled with writers' cramp in the hand, lay aside the pen; hang down the hand and shake the stiffness out of it; now expand it to its utmost; allow it to slowly close of its own will; now sway it aloft and shake the stiffness from it; expand it to its utmost; now allow it to close of itself; now swing the hand, relaxed, around in a circle, the action mainly at the wrist; now drop the hand for three seconds and return to your writing feeling comfortable.

Rolled Beefsteak.

Take a large sirloin, remove the bones, beat well, cover with a plain dressing, forming a layer half an inch thick; roll up tightly and tie with soft twine; put an oiled paper around the meat roll; tie at each end; pour over a cup of boiling water; cover closely with another pan and bake until done. A large steak will require an hour. Brown a little at the last; thicken the gravy with browned flour; take off the covering and strings; pour the gravy over and send to the table. It is nice cold.

For a Pretty Walk.

No woman is ever distingue who doesn't walk well. In Europe every lady of the nobility is an object-lesson for the common women. The Princess of Wales is slightly lame, and rarely walks, but she carries herself superbly, sitting and standing. Her daughters move in dignity and grace. They are neither healthy nor handsome, but their shoulders are square, their heads are in the air; their narrow, tight-laced backs are as straight as shingles, and if the streets were strewn with £20 notes, they wouldn't see one of them. For a pretty walk, little ladies, learn to toe; put a mirror on the floor, and practise till the step is light and fantastic. Stage pupils do it. Keep the shoulders still and the hips quiet. Look up. If the chin is pretty, tilt it; throw the chest out and the stomach in, and, for the sake of femininity, walk quietly.

Foods That Restore Harmony.

Proper foods do more than appease the appetite. Nourishment is certainly obtained from such articles as meat, milk, eggs, butter, beans and bread, but other things are required. The menu should be three-quarters fruit, vegetables, nuts and coarse grains, like hominy, cracked wheat, cornmeal, oatmeal and graham flour. These foods rebuild the tissues, they cleanse the system of impurities, restore harmony so as to resist disease and often eradicate the germs of consumption and scrofula. But something else is needed, in bulk. When the food has been converted into blood the blood goes to the lungs to be aerated and receive life-giving oxygen from the air, without which neither health nor beauty can exist.

Borax as a Washing Powder.

In Belgium and Holland, where the washwomen are famous for the snowiness of their linen, borax is used a great deal. It is a natural salt, and is not injurious to the most delicate fabric. It should be used in the proportion of a handful to ten gallons of water.

Soup of Chicken's Feet.

Don't throw away the feet or heads of chickens. They make the most delicious soup on the long list of Japanese soups. In the land of fans, screens and dolls' houses, the eyes, toes and spurs are removed and the head and feet washed in forty waters. Then they are put into a stew pan and boiled until all the jelly is extracted. This rich white liquid is perfumed with lime, bay, onion, clove and essence of lily or rose, according to taste, and seasoned with raw sweet peppers and sugar and white pepper. The soup is as clear as arrowroot and quite as glutinous, nourishing and considered a great delicacy.

The Way to Be Loved.

All the real advantages of life have their roots in virtue, just as the observances of polite society sprung first from the Golden Rule. Everyone, except, perhaps, the few shrinking spirits akin to those of Thoreau and Hawthorne, loves to be loved; no one, with honesty, despises a popularity which has been gained without loss of self-respect. The recipe for such need of affection is very simple, but one which is, nevertheless, hard to follow. "Love and you will be loved," is not a paradox, but a logical certainty; "seek the happiness of others and your own will follow" is a truth founded in the very nature of things.

Soft Crabs.

The season for soft crabs is over. They come in May and leave in September. The few red laggards in the markets should be very much alive when they go on the fire. Dead crabs are dangerous food. The nicest way to serve soft crabs is to dip them in a flour bath and cook in boiling lard, like croquettes.

Grow Healthy and Beautiful.

Breathe, bathe, exercise and eat properly. That is the way to be healthy. Dress, walk and talk properly. That's the way to be beautiful.

Lemon Ice.

The lemon-ice served in many restaurants is in reality what is often called a milk sherbet—that is, milk is used in place of water. A well-known New York caterer uses one quart of milk to a pound of sugar and the juice of three lemons. Mix the lemon juice and sugar and add to the milk. Freeze as a water-ice.

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.*]

A New Idea in Taxation.

To the Editor:

I have a plan which I think would benefit the workingman if it was carried out. It is to levy a tax in case of death of 1 per cent. on estates over $100,000, to be divided among the deceased's employees. It was the employees that created the wealth, and they should be entitled to a share of it. It would be the noblest and most honest tax in the world. When a woman marries a man her right of dower commences, and when a man enters the employ of another his right to a share of the 1 per cent. tax should take place. It would be as favorable as the income tax, and better than Henry George's single tax. It would abolish poverty. It would place capital in the hands of the people that cannot save a penny, and allow them to engage in business, and the industries of the country would increase. It would allow a man's relatives to be abundantly provided for, and at the same time provide for his honest and faithful employees, for without them his wealth could not be produced. If I was worth a million I would not begrudge 1 per cent. or $10,000 to go to my employees at my death. The man I am employed by has made thousands while I have been in his employ. He is worth several millions, while his honest and industrious employees have made nothing. I have worked for him nine years, and only been able to save a few dollars by the strictest economy, although I have got the firm a large amount of trade. I think it no more than just if this man's estate was taxed 1 per cent. at the time of his death, the money to be divided among his employees. EDWIN P. C.

Won't Fight His Wife's Battles.

To the Editor:

Will some of the readers kindly advise me. I am a married woman thirty years old and my husband earns a good salary, we have a nice home, he is kind, &c., but no matter whom I have any difference of opinion or difficulty with, he will invariably take up with the opposite party. If I am insulted he will greet that person cordially and welcome them to our home when he sees them again, although he knows the truth, and if I protest he will say he has only my word for it, and I must resent my own insults. Ought not a man to resent an insult rendered his wife? IN TROUBLE.

A Lodging-House Inmate Kicks.

To the Editor:

In the interests of fair play to numerous of your readers, would some one say what right Supt. Byrnes has to order a census of any hotel or lodging-house and an examination of its books and to dictate who is to vote therefrom. Several men who make these houses their permanent home were absent on that night only. Does such failure to meet the census-taker disqualify them? If so, what is liberty? Respectfully,
JOHN T. PARSONS.

Why He Is Glad to Be a Widower.

To the Editor:

In reading confessions of husbands, I would like to tell of my experience with my wife before she died, some three years ago. A short time after we were married she asked me to put on a skirt for her to fit for herself, which I did, when she would have me act as a model for her for two hours at a time. After I had done so a few times she looked upon it as if I had to do so whenever she told me to. When I objected she became very indignant, and said when she told me to do anything she wanted it done without a word. So once when I refused she was very angry, and said that I needed a lesson. She produced a lady's riding whip, which she said she was going to use on me. That night when I was ready to retire she came in the room with her whip and a strap, which she fastened about my wrists. She then proceeded to apply the whip very severely until I promised to obey her, which I did. After that she made a wrapper to fit me, so when I would be at home she would say to me to go and put on the wrapper, which I did, and she would keep me in the wrapper only at all times when I would be at home. Then I would have to do all the work about the house, such as washing, scrubbing and wash the dishes, while she would sit and read, and if she wanted to go out, which was very often, she would say what I must do, and if I neglected it she would say she would use the whip on me, which she would never fail to do, and she was very severe with the whip. She would say that a man was made to wait on a woman, and she was going to make him do so. Well, I must say I did, for I had to or feel the whip at her hands, which she was ever ready with. I believe she must have had taken lessons in using it. She was always very commanding when she would give any orders as to what she wanted me to do. One thing I did not think was right for her to do was to bring some lady friends of hers in to show them how I obeyed her when I had only a wrapper on. She would say before them that she would whip me if this or that was not done to suit her. I must say that now she is gone, she taught me how to wash and to wash dishes, and much other housework. I am alone now, and I am glad I understand how to do it. A WIDOWER.

Doctor or Lawyer? Money No Object.

To the Editor:

I am a young man just about to start upon the path of life, and would therefore like to have some advice. I am a graduate of a well-known college. I have always had, from my youth for or lawyer. Now I must soon decide upon one or the other of the above professions. I may become proficient in either, as I have considerable money in my own right. I should like to know which one of the professions is to be chosen for one who aspires to fame. I am full of ambition, and therefore would also like to know which of the heretofore mentioned vocations offers the more rapid ascent to fame. Rem