The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 38 to 42 PARK ROW, New York.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1894.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(including postage):
PER MONTH 50c
PER YEAR $3.50

Vol. 35. ..... No. 12,109

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave. at 33d st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—369 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Inquirer Office, 929 Chestnut st.
WASHINGTON—703 14th st.

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.

Register day after to-morrow.

Thomas Brackett Reed came, saw and—talked.

Goff evidently wants to go "higher up"—to the Recorder's bench.

Richard Croker was registered at the Murray Hill Hotel, this morning, Mr. Goff.

Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall may yet prove himself a fighter after the Bowery's own heart.

"Duffy leads at the bat." Isn't that a familiar sound? Or was it Casey we were thinking about?

This is a year when it is especially important for voters to look behind the men who head the tickets.

Registry reports from all over the State tell the same story. The people are going to vote this time.

John W. Goff as Recorder would never be guilty of indorsing Patrick Divver as a man fit to be a Police Justice.

Yesterday was another thirsty Sunday—for New Yorkers who hadn't the refreshing springs accurately located.

A good many fallen leaves already carpet the ground within Tammany's preserves. But there'll be many more after the frost.

Put in a good three weeks for a Better and Greater New York. And at the end of that period, put in ballots for the same ends.

Poor "Sojer" Flynn! Rejected by Tammany, despised by Platt and backed up by "The" Allen. Verily, misfortunes do hedge him 'round about.

Both of last week's big train robberies seem to have been very easy for the bandits. Their day of settlement should be made correspondingly hard.

All the local platforms indorse the municipal construction plan for rapid transit. It was a case of popular will against political inclination, and the people won.

It is a wonder more people are not hurt by the elevated pillars on Third avenue. Passengers who jump off at crossings are often carried dangerously close to those pillars.

The President was at Gray Gables yesterday, the Vice-President was in Illinois and the Cabinet, or most of it, was at Niagara Falls. Nevertheless, the country was still safe.

It is trusted that Mr. Police Justice Grady's return to the public performances for which he draws his modest salary involves no sacrifices in the matter of his pressing private political business.

Pennsylvania strikes in with the season's first snow-storm. The States will snow all together three weeks from to-morrow. And woe to the candidates that are not well prepared for the heavy fall of white flakes.

Mr. Goff won't give any advance information about his programme for to-morrow. It is hinted, however, that something sensational is to strike the city when the Lexow inquiry reopens for the week. If it will hit something Higher Up it will be a more than welcome stroke.

The West Fourth street furnished-room-housekeeper's scheme of smoking out boarders she didn't want succeeded so well that, probably, other landladies will try it. The boarding-house stove has the fumaceous habit so bad, though, that boarders have become thoroughly accustomed to smoke, both as a diet and a delight.

Mr. John Swinton has discovered a more economical way than Gen. Schofield suggested to increase the strength of the United States Army. Mr. Swinton declared to his audience, last night, that there were 6,500 soldiers on Governor's Island to preserve the peace of this city. Faith works wonders. Let everybody have faith in Mr. Swinton's figures for the Governor's Island garrison, apply them to the whole regular force, and there you have the army straightway multiplied many times without cost of equipment or of maintenance. There are just three batteries of the First Artillery on Governor's Island.

VENDER OF POLITICAL CHESTNUTS.

William McKinley would be a great statesman if he knew anything about statesmanship, a great political economist if he knew anything about political economy, a great politician if he knew anything about politics, and a great orator if he had anything to say. Being densely ignorant of the living principles of statecraft, economics and politics, and having nothing to say that has not been said before, he remains merely a lond-mouthed, common-place vender of political chestnuts.

This would not, under some circumstances, be a serious matter. There are lots of politicians and even statesmen, so-called, who peddle that sort of truck, and still retain the respect of the community.

But the trouble with McKinley is that his goods are spoiled. His chestnuts are worm-eaten. The grub of fact has nested in his antique theories and waxed fat on their rottenness. The tree of political wisdom has budded, blossomed and borne fruit since McKinley's crop was gathered.

People know now that the foreigner does not pay the tax, that cheap coats do not make cheap men, that raising duties does not raise wages—in short, that protection does not protect.

McKinley is trying to work off last year's fruit upon a market overstocked with a new crop.

NO, THANK YOU.

The Government of the United States has been asked to join with England, Russia, Germany and France in a friendly effort to stop the war between Japan and China. It is said that our Government has very politely declined the invitation.

There is no good reason why we should interfere to save John Chinaman from a further drubbing. We have no particular love for the Chinese, and there is no certainty that Japan would thank us for intermeddling with affairs that do not concern us, however thankful China might be. It is all very well for European nations, whose nerves are shaken by every threatened change in the "balance," to seek to bring about a peace. If the war continues it may involve them in complications that may seriously affect themselves, so self-interest sharpens their humanity. But it is different with us. Our wise policy in the past has been to refrain from any entanglement with the affairs of other nations in which we have no concern, and it is not likely we shall depart from it now.

Japan will need no prompting from us when she is ready to dictate terms and make peace, and she is not likely to do so before she is ready. At the same time the more her power increases and the power of China declines in Asia the better it will be for the people.

A PULPIT TOPIC.

The Baptist ministers in Baltimore have commenced an organized pulpit crusade against the street railroad companies for running their cars without fenders to guard against fatal accidents. Last Sunday they all preached sermons calling on the corporations to do thus much in the cause of humanity.

The pulpit might be used for a much less useful and commendable purpose. No congregation is likely to be divided in sentiment on the subject. Everybody must be in favor of saving human life.

When politics is preached in a church the congregation is certain to be divided in opinion. While some approve the preacher's sentiments, others disapprove them, and dissensions and angry feelings among the people are the result.

Besides, while some ministers hold forth in favor of one party, others are outspoken in favor of another party, and we are left in doubt which of the reverend advocates is right.

Now, nobody can take the other side in a question of saving human life. No clergyman would deliver a sermon in favor of mangling and killing people by means of street-cars without fenders.

By all means, let all denominations preach protection from street-cars and leave politics to be discussed elsewhere.

A NOBLE PAIR.

No more gallant rescue than that of Walter Booth, of Staten Island, by the Bailey brothers from the wreck of a catboat off the Coney Island shore yesterday was ever recorded.

The catboat was swamped by the heavy sea, and the four men sailing in her were in terrible peril, clinging to the two feet of mast which appeared above the water. The accident was seen from the shore and it was evident that the Health Officer's steam lighter, the Two Brothers, which was on hand, would be unable to approach the wreck and rescue the nearly exhausted men.

John and Daniel W. Bailey are lighthouse keepers. They are sturdy young men and were formerly on John Y. McKane's police force. Despite the storm they put off in a flat-bottomed skiff. After great difficulty and at the imminent risk of their own lives they succeeded in rescuing one of the men, Walter Booth. The other three were drowned. But one human life is sufficent to entitle the brothers to a crown of glory for their noble work.

An effort is being made at Coney Island to procure a medal for presentation to the Bailey boys. They deserve a more solid evidence of the public admiration for their bravery and devotion.

A QUIET GAME OF DRAW.

The half dozen gentlemen who were engaged in a quiet little game of draw poker in Sam Yarnell's gambling rooms in Denver last Saturday must have had a novel experience when three masked visitors invited themselves into the game and not only "called" the other players, but ordered them to simultaneously lay down their hands and throw them up. They complied, and the visitors took the stakes, amounting to four or five hundred dollars, and walked off with them regardless of what cards the astonished players held.

The occurrence was hard on one of the company, who alleges that he had just drawn an ace full to a pair. He lost because he did not have time to draw a revolver as well. He consoles himself, however, with the thought that if the "three of a kind" had not captured his money, it would have gone in the end, in all human probability, to swell the profits of Sam Yarnell's establishment. He says it's just as well to let it go to the robbers who came into the door as to the robbers who sit behind the table.

Sam says the three six-shooters are the biggest "draw" he has seen at poker during his experience.

A FALSE ALARM.

District-Attorney Fellows has written a letter giving the opinion that the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment of section 10 of article 1, which extends the provision against lotteries to "pool-selling, bookmaking or any other kind of gambling," would stop the business of the large Exchanges in the city of New York as to purchases of stock for future delivery. The District-Attorney says with a great deal of sententiousness, he shoud feel it his duty, in case the amendment becomes a part of the constitution, to "present all such cases to the Grand Jury."

Mr. Franklin Bartlett concurs in the opinion expressed by the District-Attorney, and says the courts have already held that "a contract for future delivery when no actual delivery is intended is a gambling contract."

Either Mr. Fellows is wholly in error as to the effect of the amendment, or he is neglectful of his duty as District-Attorney now.

The law at present is so positive against gambling that even raffles at church fairs are held to come within its scope. Yet Mr. Fellows has not presented the operations on the Exchanges to the Grand Jury.

Why not? If those transactions would be "gambling" under the constitutional amendment, they are gambling now.

Does Mr. Fellows hold that he is bound to enforce a law only when it is written in the Constitution, and not when it is written on the statute books? If Mr. Bartlett is correct in his assertion that the courts have already held Exchange contracts for future delivery to be gambling, Mr. Fellows's present neglect of duty is the more glaring.

The whole fuss is a humbug and a fraud. The business of the Exchanges will be no more gambling if the Constitutional Amendment is approved and adopted, than it is now. But the amendment would stop gambling on race tracks as well as elsewhere, and would thus take from the jockey clubs and race track owners the best part of an income of about two millions and a half during the racing season.

THE "BOYS" AND THE BAR'L.

The campaign is open but the bar'l isn't. Whose bar'l, you may ask? Anybody's. The "boys" are enthusiastic and shout so loud of nights that they are hoarse as fog whistles in the morning.

Yes, the "boys" are hurrahing like sixty. But they are not in the campaign for kerosene torches or oilcloth uniforms only. They like the flare of a night parade and know that they look as picturesque as a lot of red, white and blue fire flies as they swing down the street with their pretty lanterns. But joys like these are not enough for the "boys"

They are waiting for the bar'l, as the folks in the song waited for the wagon. They don't care particularly whose bar'l it is, but they want it with the largest bunghole that's made, and they want it to bung—and bung all through the campaign at that.

"It's like Americans to laugh." Right you are, Mr. John Swinton, and in that fact lies one of our soundest defenses against the doctrine of "a gun or a dynamite bomb in every man's hand," which you tried to preach to a small Populist audience last night. A nation's pulse is pretty regular, Mr. Swinton, and its constitution very sound, as long as it can find a good time to laugh.

EDITORIALLY PUT.

Love of State Before Gratitude.

A Populist Legislature having given the women of Colorado the ballot, it becomes the solemn duty of the women of Colorado to restore credit and prosperity to their State by overthrowing Populism at the polls.—Rochester Democrat.

Chinese Get a Pointer.

The Chinese are at least gaining a valuable experience from the present war. Next time they will do their running before, instead of after, calling the Japs "miserable wojen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Anent the Titled Foreigner.

If there is any foreign gentleman of noble lineage and misty finances who has not been engaged to an American heiress a couple of times his position in society may be viewed as doubtful.—Chicago News.

When Quay's Away.

Senator Quay has gone to Florida, and the chances now are that the Republicans will carry Pennsylvania.—Cleveland Press.

All the Cities Want to Be Good.

Toledo now has a Citizens' Federation. Its object is to better municipal government and purify the moral atmosphere of the city. It is a part of a great movement which is springing up in all the large cities of the country. There is plenty of work to be done along these lines.—Toledo Blade.

Lillian Russell a Scientist.

Miss Lillian Russell is a Christian Scientist. Her sister, who has been giving treatments for several years is very magnetic, a convincing talker, a close student and an earnest searcher for truth. Under the spell of her affection and influence it is not remarkable that a susceptible nature like the fair Lillian's should become absorbed. Miss Russell has been a frequent attendant at the Christian Scientist Church-room, in Madison avenue. Her friends say that she quit banting when she became interested, and in accordance with the scientists' doctrine, "worked her mind" and grappled with the theory of universal sweetness, brightness, slenderness and fatlessness. With her success in working matrimonial incumbrances off her mind, the public is already familiar.

Had to Wait for Mushrooms.

(From the Washington Star.)

Guest—Waiter, bring me a steak and some mushrooms.

Waiter—Yes, sah. You'll have to wait a few minutes foh the mushrooms, sah. They are being used on a steak foh another customer jes' now, sah.

He Had Reason to Hustle.

(From the Buffalo Courier.)

"Is it true that Houser is hustling for the Post-Office?"

"Guess it is. I heard his wife tell him if he didn't get her letter mailed inside twenty minutes she'd know the reason why."

Had to Spend It First.

(From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

Impatient Husband—Come on, come on, dear! You don't want to hang around the store all day!

Wife (sweetly)—Pretty soon, darling! I've only a quarter left!

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

"The Case of Rebellious Susan" Is of an Oscar Wilde Order—Langtry's New Version of "Patrie."

Daniel Frohman has evidently secured a gem of the Oscar Wilde glitter in Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, "The Case of Rebellious Susan." Mr. Frohman is now digesting the reports that come from London, where the play was produced about ten days ago. These reports say that the new play is a tempest in a teacup, as far as plot is concerned, but that the characters are of the finest importance and the dialogue brilliant and thoughtful. Jones has been encroaching upon the domains of Oscar Wilde for a long time—his encroachment in "The Masqueraders" will be seen by New Yorkers very soon at the Empire Theatre—but in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" he appears to have gone even further. Here is one speech indicating the pretensions of the "new woman" that appears to have made a hit: "There is an immense future for a man at his own fireside. There is an immense future for women as wives and mothers, and a very limited future for them in any other capacity. While you ladies without passions are raving and trumpeting all over the country, that wise, grim old grandmother of us all, Dame Nature, is simply laughing up her sleeve and snapping her fingers at you and your new epochs and new movements. Go home! Be sure that old Dame Nature will choose her own darlings to carry on her own schemes. Go home! Go home! Nature's darling woman is a stay-at-home woman, a woman who wants to be a good wife and a good mother, and cares very little for anything else. Go home, go home, and don't worry the world any longer about this tiresome sexual business, for take my word, it was settled once for all in the Garden of Eden."

* * *

Mrs. Langtry is going to bring with her to this country a new version of Sardou's Patrie. (Not a new play by Sardou—oh, dear no.) There's a "Patrie" epidemic in England at present. Mrs. Langtry's secretary sends veritable budgets of instructions to Joseph Reynolds by every mail, and Mr. Reynolds is employing all his spare time reading them.

* * *

That little coquettish skip, introduced by the most famous soubrette in the world, Adelina Patti, is now a feature of Mme. Melba's repertoire. The Australian prima donna, albeit portly and impressive, makes her exit skittishly, and, in time, may be as successful as Patti. It has also been noticed that Mme. Scalchi, the voluminous, substantial contralto, is also imitating Patti. At the Metropolitan Opera-House concert last Wednesday night, it was observed, with some sort of consternation, that Scalchi, as well as Melba, skipped off the stage—perhaps it was rather a trot than a skip in Scalchi's case. It is wonderful how popular the Patti methods are.

* * *

Business Manager E. D. Price, of the Garden Theatre, loyal to the interests of E. E. Rice, tried hard to advertise the Columbus swords, given away as souvenirs Friday night, in a way that would have rendered them memorable in the history of managerial tokens of esteem. It was night—Friday night. Mr. Price slumbered pacifically in his home. He was aroused by a cry from his wife. There were burglars in the house. She knew it; she knew it. Mr. Price arose and looked around for an implement of warfare. His sleep-veiled eyes fell upon the Columbus sword. Even with the lethargy of nature's sweet restorer in his brain, he bethought himself of Rice's infantine glee if a burglar should be killed with the Columbus sword. He brandished it aloft, and made a tour of his house. To his infinite disgust, he found nobody. His wife told him afterwards that she must have been dreaming, but he was furiously indignant about it.

* * *

California is reviving the history of Miss Helen Dauvray and rejoicing in the present fact that she was once known as "Little Nell, the California Diamond." The cruel chronicler who discovered this declares that it happened "many, many years ago." That's surely a very nasty way of putting it. How is a poor actress, struggling for juvenility, to overcome the irresistible testimony of dates?

* * *

Theodore Kremer's play, "Church and Stage," in which Miss Jeffreys-Lewis is to appear in San Francisco—the first performance is due to-night—will be presented in London by Mrs. Bernard-Beere, Dec. 15.

* * *

Lillian Russell and her sister Susie Russell—who has now blossomed forth as Susanne Leonard—are singing in a series of afternoon concerts organized by Hayden Coffin in London. Miss Russell wanted Mr. Coffin for the position in her company now occupied by Hubert Wilke. Coffin couldn't accept. So the prima donna is now heaping coals of fire upon his head by appearing at his concerts.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Willie H. Kendal begin their second engagement in San Francisco next Monday night. Their first season there was somewhat unfortunate, and they were no happier than Crane, Lillian Russell and others among the Californians. They are willing to try again, though. They will probably present their new play, "A Political Woman," for the first time in America, in San Francisco. That may square things. It will undoubtedly achieve that result if Mrs. Kendal gets in her diplomatic fine work, and says to the susceptible far Westerners: "I have saved this play for you, dears, because you are the most critical people in the States."

* * *

Miss Martha Morton has written two new plays, but she is very mysterious about them and will say nothing. She has just returned from the West, and flitted about the lobby of the Empire Theatre at the Twelth Night Club's matinee Thursday. Miss Morton has not been dramatically heard from since W. H. Crane produced "Brother John."

* * *

Here's a novelty. In "Phantoms," a five-act drama, by George Conquest and Arthur Shirley, now running at the Surrey Theatre, London, the chief villain is done to death in a diamond mine at the end of the second act! His place is filled by his murderer, who parades through the remaining three acts as a scoundrel of even deeper dye than the defunct villain.

* * *

Miss Annie Alliston, the stout, good-natured Duchess of Dixey's "Adonis" company a few years ago, is going to play the part of the impressive wife in the touring "New Boy" company. It is a role that does not seem to lend itself to success, but Miss Alliston will surely make more of it than does Miss Helen Kinnaird, although she will be freighted with Willis Searle as a husband.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Dion W. Burke is now the business agent of the Cloak-Cutters' Union in this city.

Brewers' Union No. 69 was readmitted to the Brooklyn Central Labor Union yesterday.

Painters' Union No. 4 has removed its headquarters to 948 Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn.

Henry Schuermann was elected walking delegate by the New York Framers' Union yesterday.

William L. Brower, of the Shoemakers' General Council, was elected judge of District Assembly 49, K. of L., yesterday.

George Herzberg has been re-elected Financial Secretary and walking delegate of Waiters' Union No. 1, and W. Wiese Treasurer.

Maggie Ryan, Jennie Moran, Susie Willis and others will speak at to-night's mass-meeting of the striking cloak-makers at Clarendon Hall.

"What Shall We Do to Be Saved?" is the subject upon which Sam Gompers has promised to lecture before the New York Universalist Club, at 131 West Forty-second street, on the evening of Oct. 22.

The officers elected by the United Machinists' Union, of Brooklyn, are Charles Velta, Recording Secretary; Frederick Scharf, Financial Secretary; G. Schneider, Treasurer; an office manager will be elected at the next regular meeting.

Joseph R. Buchanan, Chris Evans, Sam Gompers, John B. Lennon and other well-known men will speak at next Friday evening's meeting at Cooper Institute, when Eugene V. Debs will deliver an address upon the aims and objects of the American Railway Union.

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

JOHN BURNS.

This is a picture of the man who taught the English workingmen how to win strikes, and who is coming to America to deliver addresses to American workingmen. He is a member of Parliament and is high in the regard of English public men.

A FEW ENGLISH SMILES.

Jokes Taken from One of London's Quaintest Weeklies.

A Doctor's Shot for Birds.

(From Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.)

Friend—Your wife tells me you're going away for some pheasant shooting.

Young Doctor—Yes, my uncle's place in Hampshire; but I'm not much of a shot; don't suppose I shall account for many birds.

Wife—Ah! What a pity you can't prescribe for them, dear—you'd get wonderful bags then.

Good for You, Pat!

(From Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.)

Beak—You are accused of not supporting your wife.

Irish Prisoner—Your Honor, you don't know how insupportable she is!

Oh, Woman! Woman!

(From Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.)

"I am sure you ask too much for your pictures, Dick; if they were quarter the price people would buy twice as many."

Why He Wore It.

(From Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.)

Edith—Not ill, Mr. Barnstorm! Then what can you want with such a coat a warm day like this?

Actor—Ah, yes; but you don't know what a frost there is at the theatre.

The Latchkey Headache.

(From Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.)

"I hope it is not serious, doctor; he never goes to sleep till morning, and wakes up with a dreadful sick headache. What ought I to do?"

"Take care of his latch-key, madam."

COMING EVENTS.

Annual ball of the John E. Milholland Association at Webster Hall to-night.

Twenty-fourth annual ball of Farragut Post No. 75, G. A. R., to-morrow evening, at Richmond Hall, One Hundred and Sixteenth street, near Eighth avenue.

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

Lotus Club's exhibition of paintings, Thursday, 3 to 5:30 P.M., 556 Fifth avenue.

DON'TS.

[Brevity, which is the soul of wit, is also the mother 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."]

When You Go to Get Shaved.

Don't fail to get your own shaving cup and brush, and see that the barber uses it.

Don't be erratic. Find a good shop and stick to it.

Don't be a hog. Take notice of the next man who comes in in a crowded shop, and don't claim a chair until you're sure it is your "next."

Don't forget that you are a gentleman even if you do need shaving.

Don't look for better. Pick out the man who suits you best, and make him take interest in your face.

Don't be stingy; tip him generously and he will repay you by taking care while waiting on you.

Don't be foolish; never tip a barber if you don't expect to return to the same shop.

Don't forget that a tip is an investment—not a gratuity or a reward.

Don't ask a barber to shave your neck; you are not paying for it; he is out by it; you can go around longer without having your hair cut.

Don't prevaricate. If the barber wants to cut your hair and you don't want him to, don't get out of it by saying you have no time, but refuse plumply.

Don't submit to anything you don't like; you need not fear because he has the razor.

Don't snub the barber. If he wants to talk go to sleep or talk back.

Don't fidget around until he cuts you and then swear at him; he's not savage as a rule.

Don't think that you have any more right in the shop than anybody else because you have a shaving cup there.

Don't fail to tell the truth when the barber asks you if the razor hurts; don't forget that his feelings have been hardened if your face has not.

Don't run up an account with the barber; but if you do don't forget it and don't get angry at the barber.

MAX ABRAHAMS.
Rockaway Beach.

For Female Theatre-Goers.

Don't, when buying your tickets, treat the gentleman at the box-office as if he was placed there with the understanding that he must answer ten questions to every purchaser.

Don't ask him more than three times at the most if he is "sure that they are the best that he can give you."

Don't, when dressing for the theatre, try and see how much of your person you can decorate with diamonds and jewelry.

Don't wear a hat sufficiently large enough to put the person who sits behind you in an exceedingly bad frame of mind.

Don't make a point to come walking down to your seat several minutes after the curtain has risen, thus causing a whole row of people the greatest inconvenience to enable you to reach your seat.

Don't abuse the use of your opera glasses by gazing upon the surrounding audience, thus embarrassing your victims.

Don't, if you should happen to have seen the play before, tell your companion in a loud tone of voice, so as to disturb many others, what is coming next, &c.

Don't, should you be so inclined, severely criticise the drama or whatever it may be, until you are at least outside of the doors of the theatre.

H. M. S.

For Our Young Men.

Don't turn up your trousers, as it is not always raining in London.

Don't smoke cigarettes or chew gum.

Don't go into saloons on a Sunday.

Don't play pelter.

Don't bang you hair.

Don't stay out late at night.

Don't let your best girl pay car-fare.

Don't forget to pay your board.

Don't "hang up" your tailor.

Don't forget to register.

Don't forget to vote, and

Don't forget to buy "The Evening World."

PANTATA.

For Married Men.

Don't tell your wife how much better you mother can bake than she can.

Don't grumble and make wry faces when you receive a letter stating that your mother-in-law intends visiting you.

Don't stay out late at night, and forget to find the keyhole upon your return home.

Don't come home at night and tell your wife how "awfully glad" you were to see one of your "old girls" on Broadway.

Don't spend all of your salary on yourself; remember your wife works as hard in her way as you do in yours.

Don't, if you have been playing cards the night previous, ask your wife to sew a button on your coat; she may find a blue button in it that she can't sew on.

GYPSY.

For the Only Human.

Don't daily. Shaving is the only thing a man may linger over with safety.

Don't look down upon a man because he wears a coat that is not ragged; you may be rich yourself some day.

Don't tell sea-serpent yarns anywhere but in an inland town.

Don't try to be absent-minded because it seems to betoken genius; it isn't profitable.

Don't sleep late; life is short.

Don't use your employer's stationery in writing to your friends.

Don't neglect to shun a garden in which a woman is using a hose.

Don't commit suicide; this life is the best thing we have yet come across.

TYLER.

Tragedy of Two Lives.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

The lifework of Farmer Millsap's wife was over. Like a head of wheat fully ripe she was about to be gathered in by the grim harvester.

"Obadiah," she said, in a feeble voice, as the end drew near peacefully and painlessly, "you have been a good husband to me."

"I have tried to be, Lucindy," replied Farmer Millsap.

"You have laid yourself out to make things easy and comfortable like for me."

"I have always tried to do my sheer, Lucindy."

"Obadiah," she went on, "we've lived together fifty-five years, hain't we?"

"We have."

"And ever since we were married you've eat all the bread crusts, hain't you?"

"I won't deny it, Lucindy, I have."

"You've eat the crusts for fifty-five years, so's I wouldn't have to eat them, hain't you, Obadiah?"

"I don't deny it, Lucindy."

"Obadiah," said Farmer Millsap's wife, after a pause, "it was very kind of you. And now you won't mind my telling you one thing, will you?"

"No. What is it, Lucindy?"

"Obadiah," and there was a world of self-abnegation in her voice, "I always was fond of crusts."

Not a Good Investment.

(From the Washington Star.)

"Oh, yes," said the Count de Faique, "these ideas of social equality are very charming, but undeniably there is a certain interest about the man of title in this country."

"Yes," she replied, "more interest than principal."

They Never Thought of Time.

(From the Detroit Tribune.)

First Dry Goods Merchant—The ladies say they never have to wait for change in your store. How do you manage it?

Second Dry Goods Merchant—Oh, that's easy. Just have plenty of full-length mirrors at hand.

HOUSE AND HOME

Health and Ventilation.

One of the sanitary officers of the Board of Health calls the average house "a reservoir of poison." From the Fall closing to the Spring opening of windows and doors the chances of health are 60 per cent. lower than during the free and easy life of Summer. "It is of vital importance," this authority says, "that an upper opening be kept in every living room, kitchen and sleeping-room for the escape of the foul air emanating from life, labor and decay. Rooms that are not provided with an upper register or a window ventilator can be perfectly ventilated by lowering the window a fraction of an inch. This imperceptible opening is a regular life insurance. Cold can only be caught by the mind. If this precaution is heeded all Winter long, day and night, there will be a reduction in lung and throat diseases. In consumptive cases this law should be rigidly inforced.

Muffins.

One quart of flour, one pint of warmed milk less two tablespoonfuls, one teaspoonful salt, half a gill of yeast; mix at night and beat till light. In the morning drop the well-risen batter into buttered cups; let stand twenty minutes, then bake and serve. These can be made of water instead of milk, but are much less tender.

Lung Bathing.

Man may live without food several weeks at a stretch and be all the better for the fasting, but he must have air, 3,000 cubic feet of it every hour of his life for average health. Fresh air is the most active agent in maintaining life and preserving health. Pure air destroys impurities, just as pure water cleans the impure. Foul air is the most active factor in producing disease and death. The lungs are composed of cells. These cells strain the blood, and in so doing fill up with the poison vapors or gases which are bred in the bodies of all living animals. Every one of these cells must be flushed with fresh air and exercised daily. The cold bath and the morning exercise is a good beginning, but aside from this there must be lung-bathing in the open air.

Creamed Sweetbreads.

Rinse one pair sweetbreads thoroughly in cold water. Cover with boiling water and simmer for twenty minutes. Drain, throw into cold water, let stand five minutes, then remove the membrane and pick to pieces with a silver knife. Make a cream sauce as follows: Melt one tablespoonful of butter, without browning, add one tablespoonful of flour, stir until smooth, then add one cup of cream and the sweetbreads. Stir gently until it thickens, take from the fire, season and serve.

Chamomile Tea for the Hair.

Here is the Austrian way of keeping the hair fair and fragrant. The recipe comes from Mlle. Marietta Di Dio, the $300 a week concert hall singer: "Have the hair combed and brushed an hour a day in the sunlight. If the scalp is dry oil it; if it is soiled apply bay rum. Once a month wash it with warm water and white castile soap. Make Shamomilatea, and while hot put a cupful in the water. This herb cleans the scalp and makes hair bright. It brings out the color of fair hair and makes black hair shine."

Quince Marmalade.

Quinces make a delicious marmalade. One of the best and most delicious of marmalades is prepared from apples and the core and peeling of quinces left after preserving. Put the peeling and core in just water enough to cook them and let them simmer. When they have cooked for three-quarters of an hour and are thouroughly tender, strain off the juice and measure it. Add two pounds of apples, cored and peeled, to an equal weight of juice, and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of this mixture. Boil it down till it is a thick, clear marmalade, stirring frequently, so that it does not burn.

A Work Bag.

A pretty work bag, which is really a set of six bags in one, is a dainty gift and a most useful one, as it holds tape, spools, scissors, thimble, and the various furnishings of the work basket in a compact space that makes it especially of value in travelling. The six little bags are made of ribbon, and are about four inches wide and five inches long when finished. Cover a piece of cardboard of hexagonal shape with silk of the same shade as the ribbon. The sides should each measure three inches. Overhand the bags together, leaving an inch or more at the top, gather them at the bottom and sew to the bottom piece of covered cardboard, a bag on each side of it. Draw up each one with silk tape of the same shade as the bag. The little bags may be made of silk, if preferred, though, in that case, they will need to be lined. Contrasting colors for this are very effective.

Oysters Stewed with Milk.

Take a pint of fine oysters, put them, with their own liquor and a gill of milk, into a stewpan, and, if liked, a blade of mace; set it over the fire, take off any scum which may rise; when they are plump and white turn them into a deep plate; add a bit of butter and pepper to taste. Serve crackers and dressed celery with them. Oysters may be stewed in their own liquor without milk.

Now Is the Accepted Time.

The highest duties oft are found
Lying on the lowest ground,
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household works on common days.

—Monsell.

Hash Omelet.

Stir finely chopped meat with one beaten egg, and fry like an omelet. Do not make it too thick. This makes a nice variation of an every-day dish.

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.]

More Tariff Views.

To the Editor:

"G. G." says "dull times occur in all trades, regardless of tariffs," and "one-tenth of labor is idle in the best of times." Let him explain why. If he does he will accomplish what no protectionist has honestly attempted—and remained a protectionist. Single-taxers assert and prove that the reason is monopolization of natural opportunities and "protection." Will "G. G." deny that land, mines, &c., are monopolized? Assuming he admits the undeniable, will he assert it is good for labor to give up four-fifths of its earnings to get at those opportunities? That labor pays this fearful price is demonstrated, and capital, engaged in legitimate enterprise, is in the same boat. Hence dull times. Could "G. G." adopt the common sense view that all industry consists in production and interchange of commodities, he would see the fallacy of his arguments and the utter futility of trying to stimulate industry by placing tariff shackles on the producers, capital and labor.

FELIS MAGUIRIENSIS.

Why Should Not Dogs Be Muzzled?

To the Editor:

You will be conferring a great favor if you will, in your valuable paper, agitate the above question. During the Summer my little son, while walking along the street, was attacked and bitten by a large dog. It took more than five weeks to heal the wound, with an able physician in attendance. Not only that, it spoiled the child's vacation. But the shock to myself was so great that I have been ill with nervous prostration ever since. This is only one case in a thousand, for since the new law has been passed making it unnecessary for dogs to be muzzled these accidents happen daily. In the street I live in four persons have been bitten in the last six months by licensed dogs. Perhaps you can explain to me why these animals should be taken into more consideration than human beings. Even if we admit that there is no such disease as hydrophobia, the harm done to victims and their families by shocking the nervous system, is too great to allow the present condition of affairs to continue.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Why Post-Office Clerks Kick.

To the Editor:

In answer to the complaint of my fellow Post-Office clerk, I will say it's a wonder we get any show whatever to better our conditions when we have such men as Mr. Morgan and Mr. Gaylor and a few other stanch Republicans as our superiors. These men, because they have been in the service many years, think they own the New York Post-Office. Anything which is suggested to the Postmaster to benefit the clerks or carriers, Morgan always steps in the way and, with his economical view, always blocks our way to success. My fellow-clerk need not ask why these examinations do not take place, and we need not expect our condition bettered any way while Morgan and Gaylor are retained in the service.

G. P. O. CLERK.

Hard Lines for a Boy.

To the Editor:

I am a colored boy, born at Kingston, Jamaica. My father was a white man and my mother a negro of Maroon parentage. I received my limited education in London and have travelled the world. Since I arrived in New York I fell in love with a white girl, who is nice and polite, but her family objects to her going with me, and my father forbids me to go with colored girls. Will some reader give me advice what I am to do about it?

RICHARD SMITH.

How to Get Work.

To the Editor:

F. Thornton and M. O. Smith ask what the poor man out of a job will do in anticipation of the coming Winter. A word to the wise is sufficient. Let them vote either for Hill or Morton. By so doing they will help perpetuate present conditions, and maybe after a few hundred workingmen have starved to death there will be work enough for those left, including F. T. and M. O. S. If they survive. Wheeler and his supporters have the peculiar notion that the workingman's condition is due to vicious laws, which they propose to change. But the politicians want no radical changes, and what they want must be our rule of faith. Perhaps!

GAMMA.

Plain Words for Brooklyn Hogs.

To the Editor:

Kindly publish this complaint and use your great influence to help us. I say "us" because I speak for many. We live in Brooklyn, but are employed in New York as stenographers, typewriters, cashiers, saleswomen, typesetters, &c. We come over in the morning and return at night on the boats of the Atlantic Avenue Ferry. Each boat has one side room over the doors of which appear the words "FOR WOMEN," but, as a rule, the men—young, middle-aged and old, especially the young, and boys—start on a run the instant the ferry-house door is opened, and as we can't and won't join in the unseemly scramble, they get the seats and keep them. You will see notices on some of the boats, "No smoking on this side," and yet the vulgar herd is permitted to occupy the seats, and flood the floor with tobacco juice, which is much more offensive than smoke from cigar or pipe. Again and again have I seen women with young children in their arms forced to stand, while the "lords of creation" keep the seats and obliviously bury their faces in their newspapers. Help us, and as in duty bound, we will ever pray.

NETTIE G., and many others.

Nothing New in Telepathy.

To the Editor:

I read the article about Miss Maud Lancaster performing her mystifying tricks of telepathy. Permit me to state that similar tricks I saw fifteen years ago in Kovno, Russia. They were performed by a man, and more wonderfully than those of Miss Lancaster. That gentleman, in order to find the pin, had to secure a step ladder, as it was stuck away up in the external wall of the theatre. No doubt many of my country people will read this letter who will substantiate my statement. I must admit I did not know at that time of the word "telepathy," but I know it was done.

S. M.

Brooklyn, Oct. 12.

Would Like to Be Morton's Coachman.

To the Editor:

I have always been a Republican and I am sorry I will have to vote any other ticket, but I see that Levi P. Morton could not find enough laborers in this country, with all of the thousands out of work, but had to import a coachman from the other side. What I object to is, with all the people in this country clamoring for work, a rich man like Mr. Morton goes abroad to hire his help and then