The World

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Tammany cannot be saved by a name.

Dinna ye hear the slogan? Hill says not.

Tammany is not a blind tiger. It sees what's coming.

And still there is no glowing word from Gray Gables.

Election Day, the Horse Show and Christmas, all are coming.

Lynch law brought on its own worst consequences in Ohio yesterday.

No vote for a Tammany candidate can be a vote for a Better New York.

Who would imagine that so sinless a thing as soda-water had been pantatsed?

The footballists might be content with the pigskin and not try to play the whole hog.

Mr. Fairchild sadly reflects that Mr. Coudert has gone over to Hill and far away.

If Tammany isn't beaten now, it will be immeasurably strengthened for the future.

Vote the union ticket complete on local candidates. Tammany must be beaten now.

Tim Campbell's b'yes are making the campaign in the Oriental hotter than that of the Orient.

Mr. Goff must go Higher Up to find the parties from whom the pantatas took their hire down.

Kaiser Wilhelm likes the yodling of glee clubs. He should try to live out a week in Brooklyn.

Women are growing lukewarm in politics already, but they are going in for golf enthusiastically.

Procrastination is becoming the thief of the Lexow Committee's time. Higher Up, Mr. Goff; Higher Up.

Only 15,000,000 gallons of Kentucky whiskey will be put on the market next year. Remember this and avoid the rush.

The good work of registration was well kept up yesterday. Let all the stragglers come to the front Oct. 26.

Mr. Cleveland passed a quiet day yesterday. He was especially quiet on the subject of the campaign in New York.

More indictments for illegal registration. And there must be more to follow as long as there are offenders left unindicted.

Did you read what happened to the man who refused to take a hint to give a present to the police captain in his precinct?

For variety of detail, the successive Robinson confessions of the Montgomery Gibbs murder surpass all current publications.

The new Bloomingdale is a big place and a beauty. We need large asylums now. "Sweet Marie" and these things are on the increase.

Police Justice Divver is a man indorsed by the city's Recorder. Why not bring him before you to tell his straightforward little story, Mr. Goff?

It is true, as Tom Reed says, that the country has done with McKinleyism. But it doesn't necessarily follow that we are ready for Reedism.

Gov. Flower tells how the State's material expenses have been reduced under his administration, but says nothing of what the retention of Brockway has cost to the State's reputation.

The Hebrew Sheltering and Guardian Society has investigated the case of Mrs. Urchittel. It finds that her story of persecution, revealed before the Lexow Committee, is true, and that the woman is a fit custodian of her own children. The little ones will be returned, and every matter [illegible] The Society has performed an exemplary act of justice through its prompt proceedings in this matter. And it has done more. It has placed the stamp of a reliable, nonpartisan and disinterested organization upon the findings of police persecution and perjury brought out in the pending investigation of matters municipal. It has driven another long and strong nail into the coffin of corrupt bossism in New York.

THE TIGER TAMED FOR ONCE.

It is another evidence of Senator Hill's bravery that he has defied Tammany and thwarted its attempt to prevent the printing of the names of the regular Democratic candidates for State offices at the head of the State Democracy's local ticket.

Every good citizen will wish that so courageous an act might result in an increased vote for Hill, but the prospect of such a result is scarcely encouraging. The party machinery, and to a great extent the election machinery, in this city is entirely in the hands of Tammany Hall. For every vote that Hill gains by having his name on the State Democracy ticket, Tammany will see that he loses two other votes to which he would be justly entitled. By crooked pasters, served out from Tammany booths, by fraudulent counting in precincts where Tammany controls the boards, by trades with Republicans and by other devices familiar to such adepts in electoral manipulation as Tammany's district captains, Tammany will see that Hill's defiance of its will is amply avenged.

Probably Senator Hill is fully aware of this, and took the action he did knowing it. If so, so much the more credit to his pluck.

He will have, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that for once the Tammany tiger has met its master, and for the political lion tamer, the triumph of having once cowed that rampant beast is, at least, a partial recompense for the inconvenience of being subsequently eaten by it.

THIS IS NO PICNIC.

It is becoming daily more evident that there are to be no picnic politics in this campaign. The lions and tigers and other wild beasts are not lying down together to any appreciable extent, and the gentle lambs and lambkins have to climb trees and do other unusual feats to preserve their hides intact.

Tammany has already sold out the Congressional ticket, and will knife Hill in the vain hope of saving Straus. Hill would willing cut the life out of Tammany to save the State ticket. The Grace men will sell out everything else for the Assemblymen. Goff's friends will trade off Strong, and Smyth's friend will sacrifice Straus. All the independent organizations have knives up their sleeves for whoever stands most in the way of their particular candidate. And as for the Republicans, they have knives of every size and shape ready to cut every candidate on their ticket if Tammany offers the proper inducement.

On the outskirts of the fray the friends and enemies of the Constitutional amendments, the municipal rapid transit scheme, the consolidation idea and other side issues prance around eagerly, each with his own little knife, ready to cut somebody or something for the good of his pet cause.

Truly we are living in halcyon and vociferous times, and the flash of a thousand knives will uniquely illuminate the most interesting election ever held in New York.

A MULISH BOARD.

The Park Board yesterday again "left over" the subject of a landscape architect for the Speedway. Letters were received from a number of applicants for the position, and President Clausen said the Commissioners wanted time to examine the applications.

Why is it that the Park Commissioners display such dogged obstinacy in fighting public sentiment and the well-known wishes of the people in respect to this Speedway? Is there a job concealed in the matter with which a landscape architect might interfere? Or is the action of the Board due to mere stubbornness and stupidity?

The idea of dispensing with the services of a landscape architect was mere barbarism. If there had been an honest desire to secure a capable man there would have been no occasion to invite applications. The Board will need watching closely to see that the concession forced from them is not made worthless by the employment of a person as incapable of doing good work as the Commissioners are of appreciating it.

A LARGE REGISTRATION.

Yesterday's registration in this city was not quite up to the standard of the first day. Still it was far ahead of any year, except 1892, for five years past. It fell nearly ten thousand behind 1892, but the total for the two days is still ahead of the last Presidential year. The number is 202,749 this year, against 202,497 in 1892.

In Brooklyn the result is similar. While yesterday's registration fell a little short of the second day of 1892, the total of the two days is nearly two thousand larger than in the Presidential year.

The result indicates great interest in the election and a heavy vote.

PEOPLE ARE WONDERING.

People are wondering about several matters just now.

The Lexow Committee is neglecting to "go higher" in the exposure of police rottenness, and the election is only nineteen days off. People are wondering whether such high game as President Martin, Inspector Williams and others will be aimed at after election by the Lexow gun, no matter which way the election may go, whether Straus be elected Mayor or Goff be made Recorder?

There are factional fights in several Congressional districts, resulting in the nomination of two Democratic candidates, thus making probable the success of Republicans. People are wondering whether the personal jealousies, ambitions and disappointments of individual politicians are thus to be made the instrument of risking the election of a Republican House of Representatives, and stopping the great work of tax reduction and tariff reform already well advanced by the Democratic policy.

When President Cleveland was a candidate before he people David B. Hill took the stump and made speeches in his favor. When the President was attacked in the Senate, and found weak defenders among his professed friends, Senator Hill stood forth as his champion and offered a gallant vindication of his position. People are wondering whether President Cleveland will write a letter helping Senator Hill in his hard fight for the Governorship, and whether, if he does write, he will put it off until the letter is valueless.

There are many things people are wondering about just now.

THE COST OF LAW AND ORDER.

Three lives lost and ten persons wounded is a terrible price to pay for protecting the person of a vile wretch who committed a criminal assault on a respected widow nearly sixty years of age. But the sacrifice was considered necessary to uphold the law and prevent the lynching of the prisoner by the angry mob at Washington Court-House, O., yesterday.

The crime was attended by circumstances of extreme brutality. The prisoner, a negro, had confessed and been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. The people believed he deserved death, and when the trial was over made an attempt to get possession of him and lynch him.

It was found impossible to remove him from the Court-House. The military were summoned from Columbus, and after an exciting day a rush was made which broke open the back door of the building. Then the soldiers fired, and three citizens were killed and ten wounded.

More troops were hurriedly ordered to the scene and it was at last found possible to get the prisoner away. He was landed safely in the penitentiary at Columbus this morning, and the trouble is now probably over.

The killed were young men aged respectively twenty-eight, twenty-five and eighteen years. But among the wounded were citizens forty and sixty-five years of age, showing the sort of people engaged in the attack.

MRS. GRANNISS'S FIND.

A fine healthy specimen of the genus homo must be the old chap who permitted Mrs. E. H. Grannis to lead him into a polling place yesterday to be registered. He hadn't voted in ten years, he said, but was going to do so this time "just to oblige Mrs. Grannis."

Of course, it's not any one citizen's business what kind of citizen any other citizen is, but the community has always concerned itself about the mental condition of its members.

The citizen, young or old, who votes simply "to oblige Mrs. Grannis," and isn't thinking and acting for himself in these times, ought to shake hands with those red-white-and-blue monkeys that the street fakirs keep climbing up and down a string all day and call him fellow-man and brother.

Tammany was forced to indorse the rapid transit plans in its platform. It cannot be depended upon to support them at the polls. It has been an ally of the "L" road combine which opposes the "Fifteen-minutes-to-Harlem" idea. The vote of every honest and thinking citizen is needed to save the cause from betrayal on election day.

Mr. Goff's hesitancy about going Higher Up has already led the sceptics to talking of a "deal." Friends of the counsellor and his cause take no stock in this talk—as yet. Nevertheless, the delay is getting dangerous. It is time to get off the ground floor, Mr. Goff. Take the elevator.

The man who indorses the present Recorder for re-election, practically indorses Paddy Divver as a Police Justice. And even Tammany Hall has been driven, for appearance's sake, to turn Divver down.

A committee has gone off on a long jaunt to learn how other cities dispose of their garbage. They could have learned that at home. There is only one way to dispose of garbage properly—burn it.

Mayor Gilroy left the city last night to chase Senator Hill about the State on political business. When politics gets out of the City Hall the Mayor will perhaps stay in more regularly.

That allowance of $2,000 a year for private office rent, out of the city treasury, is a handsome addition to the refereeships and other perquisites of the Recordership, as now held.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

In the pending campaign there are two questions on which New Yorkers of all parties and shades of party should vote solidly. They are:

First, Rapid Transit, and,

Second, Greater New York.—The Recorder.

The simple situation is that if the people vote for rapid transit on Nov. 6 we shall get it without fail and without delay. If they vote against it we shall have to go without rapid transit for the next ten or fifteen years.—The Herald.

It is reported that Yale does not want to play Princeton at football in New York, because of the notoriety which the big Thanksgiving game has obtained as a metropolitan event. We can quite understand that Old Eli's men would have preferred to have the last contest in the most remote of country towns, with all the wires down.—The Evening Sun.

Mayor Gilroy again emphasizes his denial that he is the leader of Tammany Hall. The question of precedence is important. The Lexow Committee has not much time to spare and would like to know the ultimate repository of the blackmail levied by the police.—Commercial Advertiser.

AS OTHER EDITORS SAY.

Why He Carries Railway Passes.

The shrewd statesman carries his railway passes not necessarily for publication, but merely as evidence of a good thing.—Washington Post.

Anarchy's Loss.

Samuel Fielden, the pardoned Anarchist, can never again be a member in good standing among the reds. He has just declared his intention of retiring to a farm for the rest of his life and letting the millennium slide.—Chicago Journal.

Lodge Not Afraid—Yet.

Senator Lodge condemned the income tax in his speech last evening. It is satisfactory to find one Republican orator who has the courage of his convictions in this matter. Mr. Lodge doesn't come up for re-election for a good many years.—New Bedford Journal.

An Established Reputation.

The Sun has an established reputation for being about the ablest and on all counts the meanest newspaper in America.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

It Is Strange.

Gov. St. John says he will not leave Kansas as long as there is a drop of whiskey in the State. It is strange how strongly some people become attached to a particular brand of liquor.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She Has Earned Her Vote.

The north side lady who captured a burglar yesterday, pounded him up a few and led him to a patrol-box should go out to-morrow and register with a firm hand.—Chicago News.

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Brand-New Idea for a Melodrama—Helen Dauvray Will Shelve "That Sister of His."

Here's a brand-new idea for the melodrama-mongers, who are always looking for novel effects, and who have exhausted the possibilities of limited mail trains, coal mines, yawning chasms, shipwrecks and explosions. The new idea is offered gratis, and it is culled from a French novel by Dubut de Laforest, just issued, and entitled "Les Petites Rastas." The hero is an American millionaire, eccentric, ostentatious and recklessly extravagant. There is a double-distilled villain, of the Uriah Heep type, who works an immense amount of mischief. The millionaire takes his huge yacht to France, and entertains there on a very lavish scale. For the delectation of his guests he brings from America an exact model of the much-discussed pig-killing machine used by the famous pork-packing firms of Chicago. It is in working order, and the millionaire brings forward a troupe of pigs. The animals pass over a "bridge of sighs," are forced into rings, killed, skinned, washed, cut into pieces, and then they finally appear in the shape of sausages and other delicacies. The guests are delighted. The entertainment on the yacht is a huge success. After it is over they dance and make merry. Then—ah, ha!—the villain skulks in. He has been drinking. He is intoxicated. He sees the pig-killing machine as through a glass, darkly. He approaches it; he examines it with maudlin curiosity. He is unsteady on his feet. He falls in, and the fatal machine treats him just as though he were a pig. Later on he is discovered in the shape of sausages, and his watch and collar studs are handed to his distracted widow. Wouldn't this make a grand fifth act?

* * *

Miss Helen Dauvray, who closes her season Saturday night, will not go out again in "That Sister of His." The play has been generally condemned as heavy and talky, and Miss Dauvray could do nothing with it. How is it that this clever actress does not revive Bronson Howard's play, "One of Our Girls," which she produced so successfully some years ago? Bronson Howard is now on the top wave of popularity, and this play is an exceedingly good one. Miss Dauvray carries it around in her trunk, and does nothing with it.

* * *

"The Pacific Mail," the play by Paul M. Potter, which W. H. Crane is to present at the Star Theatre next week, is said to be a new version of the late Tom Taylor's famous "Overland Route." Crane will have a very good part—two or three rolled into one, in fact, and there is no reason why the old favorite should not be popular. Playgoers still remember Lester Wallack's excellent work as Tom Dexter.

* * *

Edward E. Rice, in a burst of generosity, prints the names of all the supers enrolled in the production of "Little Christopher Columbus" at the Garden. Some of the chorus damsels rejoice in deliciously far-fetched titles. A few of them are Lole Riccarti (isn't that cunning?), Nina Alnscoe, Estelle Botsford, Genevieve Hill, Edna Welch, Neona De Rue, Elena Martinez and Lulu Farrance. It was charming courtesy on Mr. Rice's part to print all the pretty names.

* * *

C. P. Wilson, the representative of A. H. Canby, Francis Wilson's manager, had a thrilling experience Monday night. It was very near the witching hour, and Mr. Wilson sat alone in Mr. Canby's office on the fifth floor of the Abbey Theatre Building. The almost midnight was dreary, and Wilson was pondering, weak and weary, when footsteps clanked along the corridor and a stranger made his appearance. He entered the office and shut the door. He wanted $2.50 to get a friend out of jail, and he confidently informed Mr. Wilson that he himself had just left Clinton Prison. He was the inventor, he declared, of an elixir of life, that not only prevented death from natural causes, but caused the patient to grow younger. He was anxious to boom his elixir, but Mr. Wilson was pleased that he did not ask for any members of Francis Wilson's company to experiment upon. They are all such young things. The inventor said that he longed to give Lillian Russell some elixir, and regretted that she was in London. He had just paid a visit to George Gould, he said, but without success. Wilson, after considerable effort, managed to get him out of the office, and he will not pass his evenings there in future.

* * *

"The Cotton King's" manager has been giving Boston a little of that article known as "taffy." He has discovered that nearly all successful melodramas have had their first presentation in the Hub. He cites "Harbor Lights," "Drink," "Michael Strogoff," "The Soudan," "The Exiles," "The Silver King," "Hands Across the Sea," "A Run of Luck," "The Shaughraun," "The Lost Paradise" and "Shenandoah." But where would all these plays have been without a New York indorsement?

* * *

The Gaiety girls, and likewise the Gaiety boys, are all crazy on the subject of Niagara Falls. The height of their ambition is to get there. They are longing for a Buffalo engagement.

* * *

Miss Katherine Grey, one of the unfortunate "New Blood" people, is going to return to "Shore Acres," the play in which she did such excellent work. Like a good many other people in the "perfesh," Miss Grey did not know when she was well off.

* * *

The Hostonians have decided to open their season at the Broadway Theatre next month in a new comic opera called "Prince Ananias," music by Victor Herbert, libretto by Francis Neilson. "In Mexico," C. T. Dazey and Oscar Weil's opera, will not be produced until later. The authors of "Prince Ananias" have another opera called "La Vivandiere," that was originally intended for Lillian Russell. They are going to submit it to Sir Augustus Harris in London.

* * *

One of the London critics, speaking of "A Trip to Chinatown," remarks with infinite pathos that Mr. Hoyt leaves off before he begins. Decidedly, the humor of the two countries can never be brought into one channel.

* * *

Col. Homer B. Sprague is to give a course of six lectures on "Shakespeare," under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, in the Church of the Reformation Parish-House, Quincy street, Brooklyn. The first lecture, entitled "Shakespeare's Cradle and School Satchel," will be delivered Saturday.

A SONG OF THE DAY.

Now and Then!

"When I go out of door of hangers-on a score,
All begging and praying, imploring, inveighing,
Will follow me as before,
I shall discriminate, and dole each one his fate,
For there is no doubt of it, I shan't be out of it,
In city or in State!
A Tammany Hall young man,
A never-to-wrong young man,
An ultra-Thelan-tical, whiskey and fattical,
Finest on earth young man!"

Conceive him, if you can, a somewhat changed young man,
In helpless minority, shorn of authority,
Would-be Republican!
To salary good-by, his perquisites will fly,
So back to his hovel he goes—quite a novelty—
With quite a different cry!
A much-abused young man,
Do anything now, young man,
"Don't mind, if it's mean-er, I'll serve a sub-poena."
God's got you at last, young man!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK, 1751 Madison avenue.

There Were Others as Bad.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Jack—That cigar you gave me was the worst I ever tackled.

Tom—That's because you never tackled any of your own.

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

You have heard of this man. He caused a panic on Staten Island by purchasing a ferry franchise, which led Staten Islanders to believe that they would soon have to walk or swim home. His name is Howard Carroll. He used to be a reporter on a New York paper, but married a rich man's daughter, and—there you are.

SEVEN NOTABLE SAYINGS.

"That's one on me," said the New Year, noting the passing of his first day.

"Love's labor lost," said the Politician, after all the offices had sought other men.

"Clothes make the man," said the fellow on foot, as his tailor drove up the parkway.

"A pitcher borne too oft to the well," said the fellow who would have chosen to bear it to the keg.

"Between two fires," said the beat who had just been thrown out of one place and foresaw his fate at another.

"Held by the enemy," murmured the man who passed a case of pronounced alcoholic paralysis at the street corner.

"It's never too late to amend," protested the honorable member whom the Speaker had ruled out of order.

A NUT FOR McKINLEY TO CRACK.

WORLDLINGS.

The largest salmon trout ever caught in the waters of the Adirondacks weighed a trifle more than twenty-five pounds.

In the new St. Paul's Church, in Milwaukee, there is a window of opalescent glass thirty feet wide and twenty-four feet high. It is the largest window of the kind in the world.

One of the famous "big trees" of California is conjectured to be 4,000 years old.

Scientists say that butter and bacon are the most nutritious of all articles of diet.

By the draining of the Zuyder Zee, at an expense of $106,000,000, 72,782 acres of land, worth perhaps $130,000,000, will be reclaimed.

WITH THE LAUGH-MAKERS.

A Frequent Outing.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"My husband and I never have a discussion before the children. If I see a quarrel coming on we always send them out."

"I thought I had seen them in the street very often."

The Biddleby Family in New York.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Mr. Biddleby—What's that cur'us buildin' over thar to the left, mister?

The Policeman—That's Castle Garden.

Mrs. Biddleby—An' air you the gardener?

The Baby Always Boss.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"It must be strange for the Spaniards to feel that they are ruled over by a mere infant."

"Why?"

"Its so uncommon."

"Humph! It's plain you never had an infant. It's the most natural thing in the world for a baby to boss things."

Hired Audiences.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Hicks—Isn't there some mistake here, Scribb?

Scribb—How?

Hicks—Somebody's sent me a free pass to go and see your play.

Scribb—That's all right. What's wrong about it?

Hicks—I understood people were paid for going.

Genius.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"My wife is a wonderful woman," said Jarley. "Give her time and a shoe-button, and, by Jove, she'll make a bonnet out of it."

He Must Be Great.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"I think my boy is going to be a second Sherlock Holmes," said Wilkins. "He has the keenest detective scent of the day."

"How does he show it?"

"He can detect the humor of a circus clown's jokes."

Had the Floor and Kept It.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"Wife back from the country, Dawson?"

"Yes—just got back."

"Didn't she stay longer than usual?"

"Yes. Couldn't afford to leave, there were so many servants to tip. She had to stay until half of them had gone."

Bigger Than the Board Bills.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"Didn't see you Sunday, Jarley."

"No. I went down to Dillaway's. Had a magnificent time."

"Humph! magnificent? Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Dillaway's too slow for me—never says a word."

"That's just it. I talked straight ahead for about ten hours. They're very agreeable people, those Dillaways."

Talking to Himself.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Schaumburg (to Jacobs)—You vas a liar and a schoundrel. Do you hear dot?

Jacobs (to Schaumburg)—I hear you slow for me—never says a word. I wish I dinks you vas talking to yourself.

A Despondent Man.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Friend—You are looking blue this morning.

Sad-faced Man—Yes, and I am feeling blue. You know my wife ran away with the clown of a circus a month ago.

Friend (sighing)—Yes, I heard of it. Dear friend, my heart bleeds for you, but we must try and look on the bright side of things. Perhaps she will return.

Sad-faced Man—That's just it; that's what keeps me awake at night; that's why I have the blues. I have got a letter from her saying she is coming back. What have I got to live for now?

FROM WOULD-BE VOTERS.

Questions Relating to the Right of Franchise Submitted by "Evening World" Readers.

Here is another batch of questions on election matters submitted by "Evening World" readers. Some of them are so obscure as to render direct and satisfactory answers impossible.

To the Editor:

You will greatly oblige a few readers of "The Evening World" by answering the following question: If a foreigner comes to this country by name Patrick Joseph Brown, which is his real name, but as soon as he lands goes by the name of Joseph Brown, and is known by no other name here but the latter, after having resided here ten years, can he get his citizen papers in the name of Joseph Brown, and can he vote?

X. Y. Z.

It has been held that a man may assume as many names as he sees fit, yet we do not think it advisable for you, without an order of the Court, to apply for citizenship under any other name than the one in which you were baptized.

To the Editor:

Kindly answer through your paper this question: I used to live at 229 Broome street, corner of Essex, opposite the dispensary. I removed from there to 42 Forsyth street on the 6th of October, just one month before election day. Please answer if both places are in the same district, and if yes or not, if I have a right to register and vote on election day next? Inclosed please find four cents worth of stamps, and send to me your paper, with the answer, by mail. Yours, &c.,

R. MENDELSON, 42 Forsyth street.

You may register if you have been a resident of the election district in which you live for the thirty days preceding election day.

To the Editor:

Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I take the liberty of asking you for the following information: A man is arrested and brought before the Court of Sessions and found guilty of burglary in the third degree; he is sentenced to three years and three months in the Kings County Penitentiary, but is given his liberty after serving two weeks and a half years. Can he become a citizen of the United States? If he got his citizen papers out after serving his two and a half years, can he vote?

H. G.

You have not informed us whether the convict is an alien or a native. If a native he has undoubtedly lost his citizenship which the Governor may restore. If an alien, then it is for the Judge to pass upon his character and fitness for citizenship.

To the Editor:

Kindly let me know through your valuable paper what steps I must take to become a citizen of the United States. I am a Spaniard and have resided in this country for about twelve years. Thanking you beforehand for your great kindness and wishing your paper great success, I am respectfully yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

If you arrived in this country under eighteen years of age, then without having filed a previous declaration in court you may become a citizen by applying to a court of record and proving that you arrived here when less than eighteen years old, that you have continuously lived in the United States five years next preceeding your application and one year in the State, and by proving that it has been your intention to become a citizen for at least two years before making application. If you arrived at eighteen years or over then it will be necessary for you to first declare your intention before a court of record and then two years after your declaration of intention you may apply to a court of record for naturalization; but upon making such application it will be necessary to show that you resided in the United States five years and one year in the State in which you apply next preceding your application.

To the Editor:

Being a reader of your valuable paper I look to you to enlighten me. How am I going to get my full citizen papers? I came to the United States in March, 1889, and took my first papers out in Bradford, Pa., April 21, 1893. I have since removed to New York, and having lost my first papers I am at a loss to know what I have to do to get my full papers. Will I have to go to Pennsylvania to get them, or can I get them in New York by swearing to the above facts? By answering me through the columns of your very valuable paper you will confer a great favor on a reader and hoping to be a

CITIZEN.

Write to the clerk of the court for a duplicate of your first papers. Then appear in court with a witness who can certify to your having been a resident of the United States for five years next preceding your application.

To the Editor:

Would you be kind enough to inform me through "The Evening World" if a man eligible to the office of President of the United States if born in a foreign country under an American flag? By so doing you will oblige a

READER.

P. S.—Parents being Americans, must the child not be born on American soil?

The child takes the country of his parents unless the parents have renounced allegiance prior to his birth.

To the Editor:

To settle a dispute, can the son "of an unnaturalized foreigner," being twenty-one years of age and born in this country, vote at an election? Very respectfully,

HENRY BOCK.

Certainly. He is a native American and is entitled to all the privileges attending such a fortunate nativity.

To the Editor:

My home and family are at Williamsbridge, N. Y., on the Harlem Railroad, and my business keeping me in the city late at night, I sleep at my office as much as I do at home. Do I lose my vote? If not, where shall I vote, in the city or at Williamsbridge? I do not want to lose my vote, as I am in favor of the Greater New York. Very respectfully,

PONTICELLO.

Your residence and voting place is Williamsbridge.

To the Editor:

There are in this harbor of New York several hundred men employed in the lighterage business—men from all parts of the State. These men have been here in this business from two to ten years; never lived on land in either city of Brooklyn, Perth Amboy, New York or Jersey City. What we want to know is can they lawfully register and vote in any or either of their cities? Never having lived in any house on shore, but always on their boats, we sometimes stay from two to six months in one place, and in one instance the boat G. W. Martin has been two years in the same basin, captain and family on board. Please let this appear in your column, with answer, so we have the right we will have time to register. LIGHTERMAN.

Present your case to the Board of Elections.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Frank Rheinisch has been made an honorary member of Cabinet-Makers' Union No. 7.

The Working Women's General Union has elected Mrs. Lieberherr Secretary and Miss Bading Treasurer.

Silver badges were distributed among the members of the Board of Walking Delegates yesterday.

Bricklayers' Union No. 7 announces that it will suspend all members neglecting to clear their cards on or before the first regular meeting in November.

James E. Hutcheson has been elected Recording and Corresponding Secretary of Local Lodge No. 92, of the International Association of Machinists.

John McElroy, of the Hexagon Labor Club, was elected Secretary of the Defense Fund Association of the Central Labor Union's Building Trades Section last night.

Benjamin Korn has been elected Secretary of the East Side Branch of Waiters' Union No. 1.

The following officers have been elected by the Ferriers' Union: Louis eWiss, Recording Secretary; Martin Puerst, Treasurer; J. Beyer, A. Christensen, G. Rehner, H. Lander and J. Masejka, Executive Board; J. Heinzberger and A. Christensen, Auditors.

The general officers elected by the Iron Moulders' Union of North America are: Martin Fox, President; J. F. Valentine, Thomas Wisdom, W. H. Kelly, Vice-Presidents; E. J. Denny, Secretary; J. G. Weaver, Assistant Secretary; William Henzel, Treasurer; J. J. Scully, auditor; R. H. Metcalf, J. Campbell, R. F. Daly, J. P. Diamond, Patrick Costello, Trustees.

President Gompers has issued his call for the fourteenth annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor, which will assemble at Denver, Col., Monday, Dec. 10.

Messrs. William E. Harland, Harry Thompson, William O'Day, Jesse Schowalter, Harry Murphy and other members of the Actors' Protective Union, entertained the delegates to the Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union at their annual supper at Clarendon Hall last evening.

COMING EVENTS.

Ball of the West Side Disturbers, Saturday evening, at Nilsson Hall.

Lotos Club's exhibition of paintings to-day, from 2 to 10.30 P. M., 556 Fifth avenue.

First Brigade's parade in undress uniform at Van Cortlandt Park, for field instruction and review by the Commander-in-Chief, Thursday, Oct. 25.

National Conservatory of Music's benefit concert for the daughter of the late Miss Fursch-Madi, Saturday, at Madison Square Garden Concert Hall. Mr. Abbey and his company, Member Vih, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, pianist; Miss Mabel Phillips, violinist, and Miss Bertha Visanska, pianist, will take part.

HOUSE AND HOME

To Wear with a Jacket.

Girls who wear cloth suits are cooler than they look. In the ladies' furnishing goods departments there are hundreds, by actual count, of chemisette models, designed in batiste, bombazine,

lawn and nainsook, to wear with tailor-made dresses. The cut shows the sham, but the model is cool, and that is the object desired. Prices range from 25 cents to $3, according to the material and style selected.

Toad in the Hole.

One pound round steak cut into dice, one pint milk, one cupful flour, one egg, salt and pepper; beat the egg very light, add milk to it, and then half a teaspoonful salt; pour upon the flour, gradually beating very light and smooth; butter a two-quart dish and put in the meat; season well and pour over the batter; bake one hour in a moderate oven; serve hot. This dish can be made with mutton or lamb in the place of steak.

Dinner for Structural Beauty.

Vegetable soup, olives, egg plant, rice sun flowers, spinach, dandelion salad, corn bread, banana custard, hygienic cake, grape juice or tea with lemon juice.

Rice Muffins.

Mix one cupful of cold boiled rice with a pint of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one egg and half a pint of milk. Bake in greased muffin-rings.

Poor Maids of Honor.

Maids of honor in attendance on Her Majesty get $1,000 a year. They have little or nothing to do besides making themselves agreeable, but the pinching and struggling to dress up to the position is said by modistes who know what they are talking about to be very hard work. It is an unwritten law that the same toilet shall not appear in Her Majesty's presence more than twice. The Queen has as much love for old clothes as any one in Petticoat lane, but her Court is always dressed right up to the nines. A maid of honor has no board bills to pay or servants to tip, and apparel is 50 per cent. cheaper in London than New York, but even under those happy conditions and with the perquisites from trade and the favors from royalty she doesn't have enough money at the end of the year to buy gum.

Onion Soup.

Brown two onions in one ounce of butter, stir in a tablespoon of flour, brown this also, thin down with three pints of soup stock, boil up and season with pepper and salt. Toast six pieces of bread, one for each plate, pour on the soup and serve.

At the Height of Her Charms.

In reality, at thirty-five a woman is still pausing at the height of her personal charm. She gained the height perhaps seven or eight years before, but if she has been careful of herself, has had small experience of sorrow and pain and apprehension, has not had too hard work for mind or body, has had but little illness, has kept her temper and spared herself worry, she has not fairly begun the descent; or, if she has, then there is a slightly pathetic charm about her, as about the golden tarnish of a rose that drops its first petal, but is still the rose.

Prune Pudding.

Stew one cup of prunes until very soft, stone and mash. Add them to two cups of cake crumbs, and when well mixed stir in a cup of cream whipped to a stiff, dry froth, and sweetened with one-half of a cup of powdered sugar. Stand in a cold place for at least an hour and serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored if necessary.

To Brighten Up the Color.

Now is the time to polish up the complexion for Winter wear with a diet of sweet, winy fruits, a system of cold baths and a programme of exercise in the open air. A spoonful of fruit is neither food nor medicine. Both are needed. Buy grapes, peaches and plums by the box, if means allow, and eat them before they have time to spoil. When the crop is gone get sweet oranges and tart, tonicky grape fruit. It is a mistake to save fruit. It is too delicate to keep. When a peach has lost its bloom, or a bunch of grapes has a brown, dried-up stem, they are not beautifying or vitalizing foods.

Quenelles.

Chop one-half pound of veal; add to one pound of melted and strained suet, parsley, thyme, salt, pepper, three eggs, grated nutmeg, flour to shape into cakes. Cook in boiling broth.

Young Men, Take Notice.

Fifty thousand per annum is the marriage dower of the young women of the Vanderbilt families.

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.]

Wives Have the Best of It.

To the Editor:

Separations and divorces are lamentably on the increase. The causes are various, but it seems to me that the root of the evil lies in the fact that the wife has all the advantage. I am no cynic, but from my personal observations I can safely say that there are thousands of husbands in this city alone who would give anything to be single again. Why? Because the absurd customs of our marriage institution make the husband a martyr and a slave. He is the money-maker, the supporter of the household, and the burden of its cares and sorrows rest on his shoulders. While he is working hard all day the wife is at home free to do as she pleases. If she desires to go out shopping with her mother she can do so; if she wants to pay visits no one will say her nay; if she wants to go to the matinee there is no objection. On the other hand, when the husband's duties to his business cease for the day his duty to his wife begins. After coming home tired out, his wife demands that he give his spare time to her. He may have a desire to go out for a little recreation, to see some friend, to visit his club, or to have a quiet game with the boys; but there is where his better half steps in and demands that his place is "by her side." She forgets the fact that she has had all the day to herself and that her husband requires some recreation, too. This is the beginning of the trouble.

NIT MARPET.

The Widower in His Wrapper.

To the Editor:

It is rather surprising that a man as meek as the "Widower" evidently is, should be courageous enough to proclaim to the public that he has allowed his wife to whip him whenever she pleased, and he is not man enough to defend himself. And to put on a wrapper! If he had stayed home altogether and made his wife support him, honors would have been about even. He certainly has lived up to his marriage vows, "to love, honor and obey," especially the latter. What good news his letter must have been to the "Equal Rights" women? Courage, ladies, courage! You will yet be "boss" some day.

A BACHELOR.

Clear the Fire Escapes.

To the Editor:

There was a fire Saturday night at First avenue and One Hundred and Fourteenth street, and a poor little child was burned to death, all because the people did not have their fire-escapes clear. Is there not some rule that will make them keep them clear if the Fire Commissioners would look to the houses 254 and 256 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street and 2213 to 2217 First avenue, they would do us a great favor. They should make the landlord see that the fire-escapes are kept clear.

T. SMITH.

242 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street.

Another Unfortunate Husband.

To the Editor:

Having read "Widower's" letter, I can sympathise with him, as I also have a wife who seems to delight in humiliating and punishing me on every occasion. Six years ago I married my wife. She is taller, stouter and much stronger than I, and can handle me as easy as she can a child. Therefore, I simply have to obey her. She has a very violent temper, which I did not know until one Sunday morning, shortly after we were married, when we had a quarrel over a very trifling matter. At that time I claimed that I was the head of the house and was going to wear the pants. This was a grand occasion for a display of temper. She was furious, and scaring me gave me a sound spanking. Then she said that henceforth she would show me who was the head of the house and also the kind of pants I was going to wear, and handed me a pair trimmed with lace and ribbons, some skirts and a lot of other finery, and forced me to put them on and wear them all that day. Since then I have worn them hundreds of times, as she always takes this way of punishing me. For the slightest offense or anything that displeases her I am compelled to dress completely in female attire for as long as three days at a time. If I remonstrate or object my time is only increased. When thus attired, I have to wait on her like a servant or wa