The World

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The World's Circulation for September.

AVERAGE PER WEEK-DAY.
484,075.
AVERAGE PER SUNDAY (100 evening editions)
324,904.
Gain per Sunday over last year.
75,425.
Gain in number of advts. over last September.
7,711.

Will Paddy Divver's nose be an issue in the Second District?

The Lexow Committee should see Divver as decorated by Tekulsky.

"Bad year for floaters." It should be, indeed. Sink every last one of them.

Dear Mr. Goff: The elevator man is getting tired. Aren't you going Up?

There must not be another opening for Wissig's mouth in the Assembly.

The hand that smote P. Divver is the hand that rocked the Second District.

Can John Wanamaker add a United States Senatorship to his list of bargains?

Straus has dodged the big Anti-Tammany brick that was en route in his direction.

Heretofore, it has been the province of the Czar of Russia to exact obedience. Now, he is about to obey.

Who will tell Divver's old Boys at Sing Sing how it fared with the leader who didn't stand by them?

Mr. Straus might rightly consider it an overstretching of his philanthropy to help the ever hungry tiger.

Suspicious British officials still incline to consider the report of Afghanistan's ruler's death as Ameer rumor.

Comstock has descended on more "art." There's lot of it that would never be missed. Neither would Comstock.

Make no mistake. There is to be east side as well as west side rapid transit. The plans are in the interest of all New York, not of a part of it.

A Jersey City jury awarded a man only $200 for the loss of part of one of his ears by a trolley car. Ears must be a drug in the Jersey market.

Brooklyn has decided to spend $50,000 on a bronze war group for its Soldiers and Sailors' monument. And, oh my! what dirty streets Brooklyn has!

The knocking-out of Divver was the most important pugilistic event of the season. And "The Evening World" had the first story thereof, all to itself.

Our National Guardsmen are to have medals for long service and valor which they will wear at their throats. Why not give them heart-shaped lockets at once?

Having found that it deceived nobody by nominating a good man for Mayor, Tammany may welcome an opportunity to name a man after its own heart.

Presumably when Recorder Smyth recommended Paddy Divver for a Police Justiceship he did not reckon on the decline in the aspirant's pugilistic prowess.

A Police Justice's bench vacant, in New York City, because the man who should sit there is in the retirement of his country house, nursing a black eye and a game nose, acquired in a barroom quarrel!

The Mint reports a great demand all over the country for the World's Fair souvenir half dollar. We don't imagine though that most persons will care whether it's a World's Fair half dollar or not, so long as they get it.

From this morning's "World": "It will be a good thing for Tammany Hall and tend to its purification and restoration to usefulness as a political organization to overthrow the ring that has brought dishonor and reproach upon it."

Every saloon in New York where "knock-out" drops are known, or suspected to have been administered, should furnish a centre for rigid police investigation. And the inquiries should not be abandoned on anybody's "don't know anything about it."

It turns out that big Policeman John D. McLaughlin was a United States artilleryman, that his honorable discharge was not forged, and that the Lexow Committee owed him an apology. Go Higher Up, Mr. Goff, where such awkward complications are not likely to be brought in.

MR. STRAUS OUT OF THE WET.

All good citizens will rejoice that Nathan Straus has withdrawn from the Tammany ticket. It was no place for him. He is too good a man, too worthy a citizen, too sincere a philanthropist to be used as a mask for so bad an organization, so unworthy a cause, so corrupt a service as that of Tammany Hall.

He has suffered much as it is. His reputation has been maligned, his sincerity impugned and his very philanthropy made a cause of reproach, but still he is to be congratulated. What he has undergone is nothing to what he would have endured had he remained in the field. He was the respectable but unfortunate apex of a flying wedge of corruption, which Tammany hoped to hurl across the field and through the compact lines of the reformers.

It would have been a fierce struggle and a bitter one, and the apex of the wedge would have borne the brunt of it. If Mr. Straus has ever seen a championship game of football he will appreciate the comparison and understand what he has missed.

Now let Tammany put up one of its own sort to head its ticket. No other kind of a man is fit for such a place. This is a fight of Tammany and against Tammany. The people want no respectable dummies pushed forward to disconcert with mercy the heart that aims the blow.

If Tammany can win with a man of its own, so much the greater glory for Tammany. But let us have a fair fight and no deception.

THE ELEVATOR WAITS, MR. GOFF.

Mr. Goff has been in politics long enough to know that nothing is more fatal to a man's popularity than for him to inspire weariness in the public mind. The people have no use for a man who makes them tired.

The people of New York City, whom Mr. Goff expects to elect him Recorder, are not tired of Mr. Goff just yet, but they are very tired of some things that he is doing. They are tired, for instance, of long-drawn-out details of petty police persecution; they are tired of stories of how somebody they never heard of was clubbed in the saloon of somebody else they never want to hear of. They are tired of hearing about this, that and the other misdeed of ordinary patrolmen. They are entirely willing to believe that not only the soda-water stands, but the newsdealers, the fruit peddlers and the bootblacks are blackmailed and oppressed by the Police Department. If that is what Mr. Goff is trying to prove, all he has to do is to say so and the people, who are judge and jury in this trial, will believe him.

The public has had too much of this sort of thing already, but there is one thing of which they have had far less than enough, one question for an answer to which they are hungry. That is, Who Got It?

That literally millions have been raised by blackmail and extortion has been conclusively shown. The agents who collected it have been exposed mercilessly. But where it ultimately went is still a question. Where it came from and who collected it is known, but not Who Got It.

What did Schmittberger do with that $500? Did he add it to his bank account? Did he put it into real estate? Did he buy beer with it? Or did he pass it on to some one Higher Up?

Who Got It?

You have yet two weeks before election, Mr. Goff. In that time you can overthrow the towers and pinnacles and raze to the ground the lofty citadel of corruption which you have already undermined.

Or you can make the people very tired by continuing in your present course.

A SEASIDE TRAGEDY.

The apparent murder and suicide at the quiet village of Sea Cliff, L. I., by which two young lives were sacrificed is one of those unaccountable tragedies that occasionally fall upon stricken families without the least warning and without any known inciting cause.

Miss Mary S. Duff, the daughter of well-to-do parents, a handsome, accomplished and estimable young woman, was engaged to be married, with the consent and approval of both families, to a young man named Ellett Livingston Titus. The ages of the two were respectively nineteen and twenty-two.

The Duff family, who live in Brooklyn, still lingered at their country residence at Sea Cliff, but were to remove to town on the day following the tragedy.

Last Tuesday evening Mary and her betrothed went to take a stroll by the seaside. They did not return. It was impossible to account for their absence on the theory of elopement, because there was no opposition to their marriage, and it was supposed they had met with an accident or foul play. A search was instituted, and yesterday their dead bodies were found in the private bath-house of the family on the beach. The young woman had died from the application of chloroform. The man had been shot through the temple.

It is impossible to account for the act. One theory advanced is that Titus was insane; another that he gave her chloroform to relieve a headache, having frequently used it for that purpose himself, and that it killed her, she having heart disease, whereupon in despair he shot himself.

NOW FOR THE TRUSTS.

There is a prospect that the indictment found by the Washington Grand Jury against Henry O. Havemeyer and John E. Searles, President and Secretary of the pernicious Sugar Trust, will be push d honestly and vigorously to trial. The indicted men were to be arraigned to-day before Justice Cole, of the District Supreme Court, and the District-Attorney asks that bail be required in five thousand dollars each.

The direct offense charged is "that of refusing to answer questions before the Sugar Scandals Investigating Committee of the United States Senate. But in the course of the trial if it is properly conducted, the illegal practices of the Trust will be dragged to light and more serious charges may follow. The District-Attorney seems in earnest in the prosecution, and it will be singular if the trial does not disclose the offense of the bribery and corruption of high public officers with the money of the Trust.

These are days for the unearthing of all sorts of rascalities. The people are getting their eyes opened more and more to the evil of Trusts, and it is scarcely a good time to ask them to restore to power the political party to whose friendly alliance Trusts owe their creation and their ill-used power.

GET THEE TO NO GUNNERY, GIRLS!

Goodness! Goodness! What's this? Women cyclists are talking of carrying knives, guns or other dire and deadly weapons when they go for an outing on their wheels. Bold, bad men have been frightening them, especially upon the lonely roads, and they feel that they need something more blood-curdling than a tin whistle or a high C voice to protect them.

Truly enough, they are at times menaced by wicked men, and it may be necessary for them to carry weapons, but why talk or think of such shuddersome things as daggers, revolvers, rifles and Gatling guns? Women know little about these gore-letting instruments, and they should know less. Let knives and guns alone, girls!

We have a suggestion to make on this subject to the Woman's Cycle Association, which is concerned about it. If our wives and daughters and sweethearts who ride the bike must really take up arms, what's the matter with the good old, reliable home circle battery? Why not carry rolling-pins, broomsticks and stove-lid lifters?

A NUT FOR McKINLEY TO CRACK.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

Mr. Goff has a clear head and knows what he is about. But there are a considerable number of people in this town who would be pleased with an early decision on his part to "go up higher."—The Tribune.

If it were not for the Lexow Committee, Capt. Schmittberger could readily purchase immunity and peace of mind by a judicious distribution of that $500 bribe in channels where it would do the most good. But there stands Goff, the Terrible. No hope for Schmittberger, that we can see.—The Advertiser.

With this municipality (Greater New York) under a plan of government adapted to its needs and requirements, there will be an awakening of public spirit to meet new demands, a loosening of the bonds of old abuses, and a marching forward of improvements in civic life that will solve the problem of administering great local interests.—The Times.

Left to its natural inclination, Tammany always prefers criminals to reputable men—follows what Mr. Ellery Anderson would call "the infirmities of our human nature." Wissig is a loathsome specimen of "our human nature," but he is no more so than "Paddy" Divver or "Barney" Martin or "Joe" Koch, of the police bench.—Evening Post.

He (Mr. Straus) has plenty of reasons for withdrawing from a fight in which he has no heart, and refusing to suffer punishment for Tammany's sins. Let him, therefore, shake himself free from the dangerous claws of the tiger.—The Telegram.

EDITORIAL EXTRACTS.

When a Man Knows Himself.

A man does not really know who he is until he is a candidate for office.—Buffalo Times.

Greater New York.

The proposed Greater New York, it is now announced, will cover 317 square miles, and contain a population of 3,000,000. This latter figure will be materially reduced if the Lexow Committee continues to encourage sudden removals.—Chicago News.

Another Blow at Calamity.

When the country wants more underwear and socks than the mills can readily supply, there's room for the hope that tariff reform has not knocked the bottom entirely out of the home market. There'll have to be socks for Christmas eve.—Philadelphia Record.

How's This, Mr. Reid?

Whitelaw Reid failed to carry New York in 1892, and there is reason to suppose that he does not want Morton to carry it in 1894.—Rochester Post-Express.

Mr. Hill's Opportunity.

If Senator Hill can convince Mr. Cleveland that he is riding on a genuine band wagon, the President will be sure to get aboard.—Washington Post.

Eastern Campaigning Not in It.

Political excitement is so intense in Kansas that farmers have travelled ninety miles by wagon and horseback to listen to speeches. Compared with zeal like this the temper of the campaign in progress in Eastern States is lukewarm.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"The Evening World's" "Old Curiosity Shop."

This is the pen with which President Cleveland did not write a letter indorsing Hill.

These Things Are Dead Easy.

To mind other people's business.

To tell what McKinley will talk about to-morrow.

To prophesy rain in damp weather.

To run any editor a paper better than he does.

To find New York streets that are never cleaned.

To feel the silence that emanates from Gray Gables.

To see that the Tammany tiger is to lose his hair.

To show how you would have won the game another lost.

To be non-partisan when your party is on top.

To predict election results—from your point of view.

To defy the train robber—when it isn't your train.

To see the mistakes men make, because none of them is you.

To forget the exact points of the Ten Commandments.

To love your neighbor as yourself, while he's doing your work.

To discover the transparency of Tom Reed's anti-McKinleyism.

To do in one's mind the deeds that Fate never calls one to perform.

The Divver-Tekulsky Incident.

"Say, w'ats der matter?" asked Pink-Whiskers Blake.

"Oy, w'ats the bloomink rumpus?" queried Keg-Wrestler Jake.

"They're a deal' of him silly," Answered Chicken-Eyed Billy.

"They're punchin' Paddy Divver in Tekulsky's."

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Miss Nethersole's Trouble with Managers—Rhys Thomas Says He Will Stay in America.

Everybody knows that Miss Olga Nethersole has had a great deal to contend with, and that her arrival in America was not a very happy one, but the real inside story of her managerial troubles has not yet been printed. It is peculiar and worth chronicling. It will be remembered that when Augustin Daly engaged Miss Nethersole in London, that fact was immediately cabled to this country, and it was something of a surprise, when, later on, Marcus Mayer was announced as her manager. Here is where the interest comes in. It appears that as soon as Ada Rehan, herself intent upon starring, heard that Mr. Daly was also going to interest himself in another star, she flew into the most violent passion. She would not allow it, she declared. Mr. Daly must devote all his managerial ability to her. She would not consent to his directing the tour of a rival star. The case became serious. Rehan is Rehan, after all. There are not two Adas on the stage, and, of course, Mr. Daly realized this. He deftly transferred Miss Nethersole to Marcus Mayer, a popular, diplomatic and able gentleman. Miss Nethersole knew nothing of this when she arrived here, and so indignant was she, when she heard of it, that Mr. Mayer's name was taken off the bills and A. M. Palmer's substituted. Miss Rehan gained her point—nominally, at any rate—at the expense of the English actress, who was so broken-hearted about it all that she grew suspicious of everybody, and hence the dissensions among the members of her company, who objected to her treatment of them. In reality Miss Nethersole is a charming little woman, swayed too much by an ambition that overleaps itself. It is said that, financially, she is rather felicitously placed. Mr. Daly, it is asserted, pays her $500 a week. Probably nobody read Tuesday's papers with a deeper and more fiery interest than Miss Ada Rehan. Miss Rehan can rest perfectly secure. Miss Nethersole will not rob her of an ounce of glory. The actress has yet to be discovered who could do this.

* * *

By the bye, "The Transgressor" will be very soon succeeded by "Camille," with Miss Nethersole as the consumptive cod-liver-oil heroine, Marguerite Gautier. The experiment will be an interesting one, and Miss Nethersole shows that she possesses unlimited pluck, for she will court comparison with Eleanora Duse, the best Camille on the stage of to-day, with Sarah Bernhardt, who could put on the play for a run, and draw crowded audiences every night, and with Modjeska, who shone more luminously in this role than any other.

* * *

Rhys Thomas, the new English tenor of Francis Wilson's company, is charmed with dear America, and the dear Americans. Wild buffaloes, he declares, could not drag him back to England. "I've never been treated as kindly before," he said, yesterday, "as in America. There is such a disposition to help a fellow. In England, it is very different. I never sang in comic opera abroad—always grand opera. The nearest approach to my present style of work was 'The Daughter of the Regiment.' I was with the Carl Rosa opera company for years, and have sung in all their recent productions. I am delighted with comic opera, so far."

* * *

A great many people attribute the failure of "Lem Kettle" to its extraordinary title. Out of town nobody can understand it. They can't grasp the meaning of "Lem," "Tin Kettle" or "Tea Kettle" or "Brass Kettle" would have a farfetched comedy significance, and might be valuable, but the present title is mystifying. Mr. Carleton is unhappy in the matter of naming his play. The best thing he ever wrote, "Ye Earlie Trouble," is another instance of this.

* * *

"Marse Van," the new curtain-raiser, which Charles Frohman is using with "Gudgeons" in Chicago, proved on its opening night to be a curtain-raiser with a vengeance. It was charmingly presented, and at the end the characters grouped themselves picturesquely and awaited the fall of the curtain. The curtain-raiser, however, was no good as a curtain-faller. The stage hands grew fearful, the people on the stage felt uncomfortable, but the curtain wouldn't go down. Finally, after the people had been obliged to walk off the stage, it fell.

* * *

De Wolff Hopper has been done out of $10. His manager, Ben Stevens, had a bad accident a couple of weeks ago, and was laid up. One morning, as Hopper stood in the lobby, a spruce little man rushed up to him. "Mr. Hopper," he said, "we all feel sorry for Ben. We are going to buy him a diamond ring. Will you contribute?" "Why, certainly," replied the comedian, and he drew from his pocket a crisp $10 bill. The story ends there, for there was no diamond-ring denouement.

* * *

It was rumored on Broadway yesterday that Mansfield had engaged Miss Katherine Grey, although she is said to have signed a contract with "Shore Acres." This would be quite interesting if it were not for the recent manager-versus-manager controversy.

* * *

There will be no less than three minstrel shows in this city next week—Alexander Comstock's stationary organization at St. James Hall, Dockstader's troupe, which will take possession of the Bijou for a fortnight, and Primrose & West at the Grand Opera-House. It never rains but it pours.

* * *

Dockstader is going to make up as Dr. Hagenbeck Parkhurst entering the cage of the Tammany tiger. It has been a long time since luminous Lew has been seen in New York, and he will get a warm welcome at the Bijou. The minstrelsy boom will put the old entertainment on its feet once more, and Alexander Comstock ought to feel happy.

* * *

A sugar mill in full operation is the "big" scene of "The Man Without a Country," which opens at the American Theatre Monday night. The drops in this scene will represent the cane field, the mill will show how sugar is made, and there will be a traveller or conductor to convey the cane to the grinding steel rollers. Two Arabian horses will be used as a propelling force.

* * *

A new play by Felix Philippi, entitled "Wohlthaeter der Menschheit" (Benefactors of Mankind), was produced for the first time in this country at the Irving Place Theatre last night. It was done in Berlin a month ago, and New York is the second city to get it—not that it is very much worth getting. The play is probably meant to deal with the last illness of the late Emperor Frederick, a very audacious theme—and such people as Sir Morell Mackenzie and Prof. Bergmann are guardedly introduced. The play is not emotional but it is fairly interesting and certainly curious. It was well acted by Herr Eggeling, Frau Haselmann, Frl. Braga and others.

WORLDLINGS.

It is estimated by competent authority that there are 2,500 women doctors in the United States. In addition there are many women dentists who bear the title of doctor.

Americans ate more than a million and a quarter bananas last year.

It is a capital offense in Japan for any subject to make a sketch or take a photograph of the Mikado.

The largest gold nugget recorded was one found in 1869 at Mount Mulligan, in Australia. It weighed 100 pounds, and yielded 45,000 in pure gold.

The world consumes 12,500,000 bags of coffee every year.

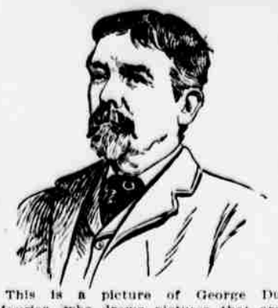
Both Were Starving.

(From the Chicago Record.)

Beggar—Will you give me a dime? I am starving.

Bilkins (hurrying past him)—So am I, and I'm going to be late for dinner if I don't look sharp.

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



This is a picture of George Du Maurier, who draws pictures that are funny even in Punch, and who has just written a book that all the world talks about and that is so interesting that the British matron forgets to be shocked by it.

THOSE RIP-ROARING ANTS.

Several Persons Offer Suggestions for the Relief of Housekeepers.

To the Editor:

About those "Rip-Roaring Red Ants." I was annoyed by those pests many times, and tried various methods to get rid of them. The one I found to act like a charm was to take a plate or saucer, rub it over with lard and place it where the ants are to be found. After four or five hours have passed look at the plates and you will find them covered with ants. Plunge the plate immediately into boiling water, which kills the vermin. Always have another plate ready to replace the one that has been removed. Keep on and in a few days you will have captured the whole nest.

MRS. E. MASON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Much a la Artemus Ward.

To the Editor:

I clip the inclosed ("Those Rip-Roaring Ants") from "The Evening World," and thought I would send you one of my circulars and you could let the party know that there is something that will kill them and destroy them:

(Extract from Circular.)

"For Roaches or Ants.—Find out their haunts, then pour on plenty of the 'Exterminator.' Being a 'fluid,' it hunts them up, penetrates the wood itself, the carpets, the walls, searches the crevices and destroys all insect life with which it comes in contact."

I shall advertise this Exterminator in your "Morning World" and "Evening World" later on.

W. & CO.

A Funny Man's Formula.

To the Editor:

Would you please print this prescription for the benefit of "H. S.," Hoboken, N. J., the one that is troubled with "Those Rip-Roaring Red Ants;" R.—Tr. aurora borealis, 2 drams; inf. squiroe grnaphtia, 1 dram; aqua pyro. ad. suf.; misfiat et sig. Sprinkle profusely with atomizer. If this does not entirely exterminate the "peaky varmints" you can lay the blame to

FORMICA RUFA.

Insect Powder Might Do.

To the Editor:

In reading your columns I saw where some one asked for information about getting rid of red ants. I wish to say if they will send to a drug store and get a 25-cent box of insect powder, and use it where the ants infest, they will soon disappear.

S. H. D.,
West New Brighton, S. I.

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR THE SECOND.

Throw Him Down, Tekulsky.

It was in Tekulsky's barroom, on the east side of Park Row,
Lately owned by Paddy Divver when green goods were all the go.
That the Second District leader and his friend who deals in hats
Had started with a bottle o' wine on one of their old-time bats.
When Pat said to Tekulsky, "You have tried to do me dirt,
And to down me in the district and me ancient pull to hurt;"
"You're a liar," spoke up Tekulsky as he doubled up his fist;
Then Paddy tried to butt him, but his foot slipped and he missed.

CHORUS.

"Throw him down, Tekulsky," then went up the battle cry—
"Throw him down, Tekulsky, you can lick him if you try."
And all the decent people, with great wonder and delight,
Read of Paddy Divver's knockout by the great Tekulsky's "right."

Then up jumped Justice Paddy, and the blood was in his eye,
"Watch me sweep the floor up with him now for telling me I lie."
Tekulsky shot his fist out and it hit poor Paddy's nose,
The claret spurted down his shirt and ruined all his clo'es.
But Paddy was game and raised his foot to give his foe a kick,
Tekulsky blackened both his eyes and made poor Paddy sick.
Paddy lost his foothold and went down upon the floor,
"And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Corus—"Throw him down Tekulsky," &c.

N. A. J.

CAMPAIGN SONG A LA FRANCAIS.

Oh, Monsieur Mortong!

(By a Paris Gareon.)

Vat is zis, Monsieur Mortong, I hear about you?
Sat you hire ze servants a l'Anglais? Mon Dieu!
Don't you know sat ze Francais is better by far,
You have try zem and praise zem in Paris, by gar!

When you cut on ze Boulevard so much one big swell,
You say to us all, "Ah, La France est si belle!
"I revare go back to New Yorick again,
"But I take you all zare wiz one grand coup de main."

You say vat ze "paddies" and "biddies" you call
Are all ther ches vous you can hire at all.
So you vow sat to France you will look for ze aid
Of cooky and footman and valet and maid.

And now, Monsieur Mortong, your maison is full
Of ze Anglais John Thomas, ze beefy John Bull.
You have allez ze backway on France. Zat is wrong.
It is mechant and mauvais, oh, Monsieur Mortong!

Will It Ever Come to This?

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

"My dear," she said, toying with her fork after the dainty little repast he had set out was finished, "I shall have to go to the office to-night. I've got a little work I want to catch up with."

"Why, Jennie," he said, tears coming into her eyes. "I have been looking forward all day to a quiet little evening with you."

"There, there, Charley," she said, with some show of annoyance, "don't be a gander, and I'll buy you that fur overcoat you have set your heart on. There's a dear boy."

As the long hours of the evening wore away, he sat rocking by the little table listening for her familiar footfall on the walk.

Wouldn't Do for a Living Picture.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

"Julia tells me she left the company she was in because she had too many lines."

"Della—Yes; you see she was to appear as a pretty young girl in the living pictures."

HINTS FOR "THE FINEST."

Suggestions from Citizens Who Help Pay Them Do Their Duty—Also Some Bold Criticism.

To the Editor:

In reply to your query, "Why Pension the Police?" Because they are the subservient tools of a bipartisan control that could not exist in an atmosphere of decency, and which will share in the pension as it does in other spoils. If the city were to advertise for a hundred men to serve on the police force to-morrow, it would have nearly the whole artisan and clerical forces of New York City and vicinity as applicants to select from, and that without any expectation of a pension, as the pay is about 100 per cent. more than either of these classes now obtains. Only imagine a police force selected from the choicest of these classes, as compared with the uncouth, indolent and ungainly material, the slothful and imbecile appearance of which is a disgrace to New York. I see only one way to remedy that and other evils, and that is to vote the People's party ticket.

X.

Queer Police Doings, These.

To the Editor:

By all means let the readers of "The Evening World" send in whatever they know of the police. As regards the lady who was insulted in Leroy street, it is not to be wondered at, as it is a well-known fact that policemen, who are supposed to do patrol duty, are often seen going into the janitor's apartments of a flat between Bleecker and Bedford on Leroy street, and then the can is kept going for four or five hours. A great number of the policemen of New York City go off to some favorite place to sleep at night, after reporting to the roundsman. Many of the large fires in the city would not be so disastrous as they are if the police did patrol duty after 12 o'clock at night. There is little doubt but that 95 per cent of the police paid money to certain legislators for their coming increase in pay, which will amount to probably $40,000. The average pay of mechanics in America is from $350 to $700 a year. A policeman "fakes" for twenty years and then gets $700 pension a year. Let us get rid of such people.

THE FINEST.

A Terrible State of Things.

To the Editor:

I would like to know if there is not some way to prevent women from soliciting on Thirteenth street between Broadway and Fifth avenue? Any evening after dark they can be found around certain hotels. The women have often stopped me on my way home from business, and a policeman standing not 200 fe et away. I would also like to know why the Hotel Europe is still permitted open. If the police want evidence they could get it every evening by standing in front of Theiss's Concert Hall, and too, sing couples as they come out. Theiss's "Concert Hall!" is another blot. Then, again, there is a saloon corner University place and Thirteenth street, where dissolute women can be found any night. I don't know who has charge of the precinct in which these houses are located, but I am quite sure he makes double his salary through "little presents," or these places could not continue. No one would have trouble to secure evidence, for things are run most openly.

F. T.

Blind Singers Don't Put Up.

To the Editor:

Permit me to tell of one of the most shameful incidents I have ever witnessed. One of our gallant officers of the Nineteenth Precinct to-day, (Oct. 15) arrested a poor blind man, who happened to be playing a hand-organ on Sixth avenue. He was innocently grasped by the officer and marched through the streets followed by a crowd, who cried "Shame," and hissed at the officer. The latter only laughed and appeared to be a hero in his act, and was happy when the sergeant in charge sent his prisoner to the pen for the night, charged with the awful crime of singing on the corner. A number of women were visibly moved by the scene, and are trying to secure bail from the merchants by whom the blind man passed.

JOHN H. DERKEN.

Policy on Eighth Avenue.

To the Editor:

I read in "The Evening World" that complaint about policy shops. I would like to bring your notice to one at —— Eighth avenue. My son spends about $4 a week there and never gets any return from it. I have many times complained to the Captain of the precinct, but it seems hard that he will not close these places. I know of many young men who are being ruined daily. Will you please through the columns of your paper cause this place to close up and get out?

A FATHER.

"Influence" for Bail.

To the Editor:

When the police arrest a person for violating the law, and he is lodged in the station-house, the first thing the prisoner does is to send for the Alderman of his precinct to bail him out. I always understood that any person going on another's bail should be the owner of real estate or make a deposit of cash. There are Aldermen in this city going on peoples' bond who possess neither real estate or cash. Have they a pull with the police? This thing should be looked into.

A CITIZEN.

New Design for Police Uniform.

To the Editor:

I hear that a new uniform is wanted for the police. If so, I suggest that John Y. McKane, who has had some experience in the tailoring department at Sing Sing, furnish a few designs. Let him not forget to dovetail his gussets and gores so that the stripes will always be parellel with the horizon, except when the wearer is lying down, when they ought to ascend towards the horizon.

SING-SONG MIKE.

Ask the Lexow Committee.

To the Editor:

I would like to know if an ex-convict can compete in an examination for the Police or Fire Departments, and whether he can hold a position as an officer in either department. Hoping you will answer this, I remain

A CANDIDATE.

One Year—He's on the Island.

To the Editor:

Will you kindly inform me what punishment Roundsman Dailey got for assaulting Mamie Hannan and her mother a short time ago, and where he is now?

JOE.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Gustave Kellar has been elected corresponding secretary of Brewers and Malsters' Union No. 46.

Hermann Blumenberg is secretary pro tem. of the United Brooklyn Machinists' Union, and Frederick Mueller has been elected manager of the union's employment bureau.

Laborers' Union No. 7 has elected Patrick Quinn, President; P. Kiernan, Vice-President; J. Mullens, Recording Secretary; R. Donigan, Financial Secretary; P. Callahan, Treasurer, and J. Cronin, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Laborers' Union No. 5 has elected John Herman, President; F. Foley, Vice-President; T. McAviney, Financial Secretary; J. L. Kiernan, Treasurer; T. Corrigan, Sergeant-at-Arms, and P. Ratigan and P. Fallon, Trustees.

The new officers of Laborers' Union No. 1 are: Roger Maguire, President; J. Hart, Vice-President; T. Shea, Recording Secretary; P. Gilmartin, Financial Secretary; J. Waters, Treasurer; J. Otis, Sergeant-at-Arms, and M. Weir and J. Waters, Trustees.

Secretary William Graham has notified the members of the United Derrickmen's Benevolent Union that those of them who fail to pay their arrears this evening will be suspended, and those who do not attend will be fined 50 cents each.

COMING EVENTS.

Second masquerade and civic ball of the Admiral Literary Union to-morrow evening at Murray Hill Lyceum, Third avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

Sixth annual reception of the Julius Mitchell Association Sunday evening at Walhalla Hall.

Gilwar Men's Association's annual ball at Murray Hill Lyceum Saturday, Nov. 24.

Something Lacking.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Tourist (accompanied by a guide, comes to a spring and tastes the water, remarking)—You have splendid water here.

Guide—Yes, the only thing wrong about it is that it is not beer.

HOUSE AND HOME

Captivating Little Hats.

Big brims come and go, but the little hats are always in style. With a parasol or a veil they are sufficient for street wear and for the house, cars, carriage, roof garden and piazza they are in-

comparable. When lace-straws are selected the crown is either removed or buried under crush roses; ribbon-velvet and wired lace wings go with the flower top. One of the most captivating hats is a little sunburnt or oven-browned straw with a band of green velvet, a bit of course lace and a cluster of haw berries back and front. The red and green against the yellow straw is exceedingly pleasing; in the scrap of lace is the poetry of it all.

Miss De Wolfe's Butterfly Dress.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe, of the John Drew company, wears some dresses in "The Bauble Shop" that are in the very height of French fashion. One marine green toilet is made with the new skirt, that measures, at a guess, nine yards round. It falls in folds at every seam and between seams. The only decoration is black lace butterflies, applied in flocks about the front, between the hem and knees. Others on the wing, ornament the front of the bodice. The design is rather pleasing, and certainly unique, but the superabundance of the skirt material is an impediment to grace. There must be three skirt patterns in the model.

Tongue with Capers.

Soak tongue twelve hours. Boil in hot water about ten minutes. Add four carrots, four small onions, a little parsley—all chopped; red pepper, salt and cloves. Cover with fresh water; boil six hours. Serve with sauce.

Mexican Women.

The Mexican women are smaller than an average American woman, and are usually very pretty. Their eyes are their distinguishing feature. They are extremely expressive. It is understood that they can talk with them. By an almost imperceptible alteration of the muscles above and below their orbs of vision the expression of their faces undergoes a complete change. Their features are small and regular, their skin opaque, so that a rush of blood to the face does not change the complexion—that is to say, they do not blush—but whether or not this peculiarity may be attributed to qualities in the cuticle or to lack of artificial means adapted to cleanliness is debatable. Their teeth, as a rule, are almost perfect. In form and motion nature, on her behalf, has added grace to symmetry, but limited her perfections in this regard to but a few years. She matures at the age of thirteen to fourteen, is seen at her best at from sixteen to seventeen, at twenty she begins to fade, and at twenty-three or twenty-four she is old. The word old means much to her.

Ice Cream Cake.

Make good sponge cake, bake half an inch thick in jelly pans and let them get perfectly cold. Take a pint of thickest cream, beat until it looks like ice cream, make very sweet and flavor with vanilla; blanch and chop a pound almonds, stir into cream and put very thick between each layer. This is the queen of all cakes.

The Good Housekeeper.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened walls
I can guess her
By her dresser,
By the back staircase and halls.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

To Clean Black Dresses.

Here is a preparation that is excellent for cleaning soiled black dresses: Take two parts of soft water to one part of alcohol, or if there be paint spots on the stuff, spirits of turpentine. Soap a sponge well, dip in the mixture and rub a breadth at a time, on both sides, stretching the material on a table. Iron on the wrong side, or that which is to be inside when the stuff is made up. Sponge off the water, hot, but not scalding, before you iron. Iron while damp. This proceeding will make the material appear like new.

Fillet of Veal.

Cut in slices one inch thick, six inches long. Spread with stuffing, roll up and tie. Line pan with bacon, put in rolls, moisten with one-half glassful of white wine, one-half glass of stock, and simmer till done. Strain and skim sauce.

Contentment as a Beautifier.

You can't look pleasant and not look pretty.

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.]

Looking for Work.

To the Editor:

I have noticed several letters asking for advice as to the best way of procuring employment. I have not seen the required advice in print yet. It is a difficult question to answer; one that even an editor will have to ponder over. What are you best fitted for? Menial work or brain work? It is hard for one accustomed to brain work to accept menial work, and impossible for an uneducated person to do anything but menial work. If I could condense my experience in New York to the limit of one hundred words I think it would prove interesting to many. It would show the difficulties of a stranger in a busy city like New York. It was simply a test, but I know from experience how hard it is to procure employment. I know the many temptations, drawbacks and disappointments. I can better understand why the reform schools and homes for unfortunates are so well patronized. My advice is, to go to country towns, get away from an overcrowded city that is filled with traps and immorality, unless you have influence, friends and means enough to procure employment. One must be indefatigable, even under such favorable circumstances.

A MASCOT.

The Difference—in the Post-Office.

To the Editor:

When an employee in the Post-Office has charges preferred against him by his Superintendent, these charges are first sent to Mr. Morgan's office and he is supposed to submit them to the Postmaster, who gives the accused a hearing. But this is not always the case. If the accused be a Republican or has some Republican politician to call and see Mr. Morgan, he doesn't have to appear before the Postmaster, because his charges are squashed in Mr. Morgan's office. But woe be to the Democrat or employee who has no friends to intercede for him. He is ushered in before the Postmaster, and his case is painted as black as can be; and as a rule, the Postmaster acts upon the recommendation of Morgan, who has never been known to recommend anything but dismissal of the accused. It's too bad the Lexow Committee has not the authority to investigate the New York Post-Office. If it did, the public would be treated to some spicy reading of all the underhand work in Eddie Morgan's office.

A FOXY P. O. CLERK.

Old, but Who Was He?

To the Editor:

A party of gentlemen inspecting a picture gallery came across a portrait. One of them is asked who it represents, and he replies:

"Sisters and brothers have I none,
That man's father is my father's son."

I wish you would allow some of your readers to give their opinion regarding the above question. I fear you will consider it too much of a chestnut, and it is indeed very ancient, for I remember it being asked me over forty years ago. Nevertheless, I should like you to insert it in "The Evening World," for the reason that when, on a recent occasion, a solution formed a pretty lively subject of dispute in a company of about ten ladies and gentlemen, of whom I was one, nine insisted—very illogically, I think—that the portrait was that of the speaker himself, while I alone contended that it was a picture of the speaker's son, and for the life of me I cannot see how, according to the terms of the man's statement, it can have been otherwise.

WALTER SHAW, Rutherford, N. J.

Art and Living Pictures.

To the Editor:

While perusing "The Evening World," as is my custom, I saw an article signed "A Man," expressing his disapproval of the so-called living pictures, and I heartily indorse his sentiments. Later, I read another article, signed "A Woman," severely criticising the position taken by "A Man," claiming to write in the cause of purity of mind and honesty admiration of the beautiful. She made the assertion that those who oppose such exhibitions show an "unwholesome mental" condition. I agree that the contemplation of the beautiful and the patronage of true art is elevating to both mind