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The World's Circulation for September. AVERAGE PER WEEK-DAY 484,075. AVERAGE PER SUNDAY 324,904. Total per Sunday over last year 75,425.

Will Paddy Divver's nose be an issue in the Second District? The Lexow Committee should see Divver as decorated by Tekulsky.

Dear Mr. Goff: The elevator man is getting tired. Aren't you going up? There must not be another opening for Wiseg's mouth in the Assembly.

Can John Wannaker 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.

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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.

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illeryman, 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 WEST. All good citizens will rejoice that Nathan Straus has withdrawn from the position as a trustee of the World.

He has suffered much as it is. His reputation has been maligned, his honor impugned and his very philanthropy made a cause of reproach, but still he is to be congratulated.

It would have been a fierce struggle and a bitter one, and the apex of the wedge would have borne the brunt of it.

Now let Tammany put up one of its own sort to head it. No other kind of a man is fit for such a place.

THE ELEVATOR MAN, 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.

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power the political party to whose friendly alliance Trusts owe their creation and their ill-used power.

GET THREE TO NO GUNWEY, 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.

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

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP. Miss Netherole's Trouble with Managers—Rhyas Thomas Says He Will Stay in America.

Everybody knows that Miss Netherole has had a great deal to contend with, but not a very happy one.

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 trifles as guns, daggers, revolvers, rifles and Gatling guns?

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"The Evening World's" Gallery of Living Pictures. HINTS FOR "THE FINEST."



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 monarch forgets to be shocked by it.

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.

Such a la Artemus Ward. To the Editor: I clip the enclosed ("Those Rip-Roaring Ants") from "The Evening World" and thought I would let the party know that there is something that will kill them and destroy them.

A Funny Man's Formula. To the Editor: Would you please print this prescription for the benefit of "J. S." (Hooker, N. J.), the one that is troubled with "Those Rip-Roaring Red Ants"?

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, Oct. 15, arrested a poor blind man, who happened to be playing a hand-organ on Sixth avenue.

Insect Powder Might Do. To the Editor: In reading your column I saw where some one asked 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.

Campaign Song for the Second. To the Editor: I wish to thank you for the copy of "The Evening World" which you sent me. It was very kind of you to do so.

Polley on Eighth Avenue. To the Editor: I read in "The Evening World" that complaint about police shops. I would like to bring your notice to one at Eighth avenue, My son spends about \$100 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 those places.

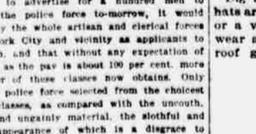
New Design for Police Uniform. To the Editor: I hear that a new uniform is wanted for the police. If so, I suggest that John Y. McKean, who has had some experience in the tailoring department at Sing Sing, furnish the design.

Ob, Monsieur Mortong! (By a Paris Garcon.) Vata la, Monsieur Mortong, I hear about you! Set you hire a servant as I Angliani? Mon Dieu! You have got to be a Frenchman as better by far, you have got to be a Frenchman as better by far, you have got to be a Frenchman as better by far.

Will It Ever Come to This? (From the Mississippi Journal.) "My dear" she said, saying "I had her for the day last night, I shall have to go to the office to-night. I've got to go to work to catch up with."

Nothing Lacking. (From the Sun.) 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 best."

Capitulating Little Hats. Pig 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 piazzas they are indispensable.



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 orange lace and a cluster of haw berries back and front.

How can I tell her? By her collar. Cleanly shelled and whitened waltz I can guess her. By her dresser. By the back of her neck and hair. 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.

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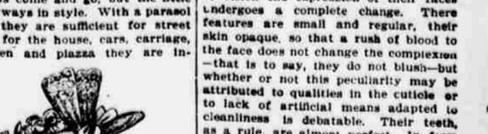
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