The World

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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

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Gain per Sunday over last year,

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7,711.

Mr. Divver's troubles are not all in his eye.

James Anthony Froude's last volume is closed.

Since it couldn't be Croker, it is well that it is Grant.

What does Grant's middle initial stand for—Joy or Jay?

It appears that train robbery is not yet in its last ditch.

The elevator will still be waiting, next Wednesday, Mr. Goff.

Dear Dave: I know just how you felt in the stampede. Yours, Hugh.

Grant hesitated. The voters of the Better New York will see that he is lost.

"Croker again in the swim." Land him before he seeks other shores, Mr. Goff.

Since Tammany's Waterloo is drawing near, what about a St. Helena for Croker?

The Republican calamity orators need to look Higher Up. Business is no longer cast down.

There was a grand Democratic banner repainting picnic all over town last night.

Perhaps Mr. Tekulsky was merely putting his stamp on Recorder Smyth's indorsement of Divver.

Grant says Friday is his lucky day. But he will have to have a lucky Tuesday, too, to make it count.

"He knows the ropes." It would be much better for Hugh J. Grant and Tammany Hall if he didn't.

Everybody will be glad to agree with Mr. Eugene Debs's latest proposition—that the world is growing better.

Revolutionary heroes resting in Sleepy Hollow. What a delightfully dormiferous place for the grand old heroes!

The slowness of the Japanese campaign suggests that Mr. Gilbert's Mikado has got around with his "something lingering."

There is encouragement in the fact that Capt. Schmittberger and M. Forget were among the Grand Jury's visitors yesterday.

The crank and his pistol were soon parted in Charles Freeman's case. But it was a close call for Teller Davidson at the Astor Place Bank.

Beyond whatever mists and darknesses enshroud any portion of the local situation, the confidence of Lemuel Ely Quigg shines pure and serene.

Mayor Gilroy's Commission saw for itself, in Montreal yesterday, that garbage will burn. Anybody can see in New York Bay that it will float.

Fortune sometimes has her eyes open. She acted very sensibly in picking out Livingston Miller, aged seventy-eight, of Brooklyn, for a legacy of $40,000.

An amateur geologist is said to have found a box of gold in the mountains near Montclair, N. J. Geology will now take on a boom in the Orange Mountains.

Senator Hill announces that he has nothing to say on the local Democratic situation in New York. He realizes that the situation speaks for itself, and loudly enough.

The Rapid-Transit Commission's statement is awaited with interest. And for approving the Commission's plans, at the polls, the people of New York will be repaid, also with interest.

Partakers in the pleasures of Mr. Johnny Simpson's barbecue, in the Ninth, will express confidence that roast ox is nothing to the roast to be administered to Tim Campbell on election day.

While the contemporaries doubted and questioned and conditionized over the Chicago platform yesterday "The Evening World"—first, by the way, to announce Straus's withdrawal—positively and accurately scheduled the wigwam performances.

THE VEIL RENT.

At last the mask is thrown aside! The veil with which Tammany sought to conceal itself from the public is rent asunder. In the language of the statesman from Georgia, we know where we are at.

It is Tammany and anti-Tammany now, and nothing else. Tammany, hearty, vigorous and strong, in spite of misfortune; Tammany with its young blood aroused; Tammany with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up, ready to fight, not for a respectable sham, but for itself.

On the other side are united all the forces of honest opposition to Tammany and, as well, the strength of the disappointed, the envious and the cantankerous individuals that success in politics always breeds. It is a strong combination; it knows what it wants, and is going to get it if it can.

The general mass of citizens are to be congratulated at the outcome of the preliminary campaign. They are now assured of an opportunity to witness a picturesque and lively political battle, and they have no cause to worry over what their own part in it shall be.

Those of them who think the city is well governed, its streets well cared for, its parks well kept, its Police Department well managed and efficient, and its tax rate low, will vote for Grant and two years more of the same.

Those of them who believe the city is misgoverned, its streets ill-cared for, its parks ill-kept, its Police Department rotten and its expenditures wasteful and extravagant, will vote for Strong and a change.

The issue is as plain as the nose on your face.

GOOD NEWS FOR UPTOWN.

The experiment of running an underground trolley is now being pushed forward vigorously on the electric road running from Lexington avenue and the Harlem River south to One Hundred and Sixteenth street, west to Manhattan avenue and South to One Hundred and Ninth street, to connect with the Columbus avenue cable road.

If the experiment proves a success, it will work a revolution in railroads, especially in the upper part of the city.

The trolley system is fast, reliable, easily managed and cheap in construction and operation. Its faults are its danger and abominable disfigurement of streets and avenues when worked by overhead wires. An overhead trolley ought not to be tolerated in any city. But if the system can be worked effectively underground, it will mark a great advance in street railroad travel.

Uptown districts will be greatly benefited by the multiplication of cable and electric roads, because rapid transit, if secured is still some distance off. Property in the northern part of the city can be greatly raised in value and a vast population be accommodated and benefited for years by ample accommodations of this kind. There is no reason why the upper districts should not be brought in direct and comparatively short communication with the heart of the lower part of the city, down to the Battery and with all the ferries for a single five-cent fare by means of such roads. Their usefulness will remain when the upper districts are thickly populated, after real rapid transit is an accomplished fact.

The new underground trolley system, if successful, will greatly aid this result.

A LUNATIC'S VISIT TO A BANK.

The Astor Place Bank failed to honor a draft for one thousand dollars which was presented to the paying teller yesterday about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The reason for the refusal was the fact that the draft had not yet been accepted by the drawee, although the latter is believed to be very well known at the bank.

The presenter of the draft presented also a 32-calibre revolver, which was drawn on the head of the paying teller, who, finding that the customer had the "drop" on him, made things even by securing a drop on the floor under the counter.

Mr. Charles Freeman, the drawer of the draft, received his payment, not in gold or silver, but in steel, in the shape of a pair of handcuffs, which were quickly slipped over his wrists. This was a different sort of "steel" from that he had on hand when he entered the bank.

The man had kindly given notice at the bank that he was about to present a draft drawn on the Lord for the amount demanded, and had requested that the money might be ready. The detective was ready in its place, and the affair caused no greater trouble than the fainting of two ladies who happened to be at the paying teller's window at the time.

Mr. Charles Freeman, whose lunacy is written in his countenance, is not likely to be a free man for some time to come.

TAMMANY'S CHANGES.

The history of surgery tells of several wonderful operations that have been successfully performed by skilful members of the great and beneficent profession. In the proficiency to which the followers of the noble art have reached not only have sufferings been relieved, lives saved and deformities removed, but men have almost been made over again. Persons have been enabled to live through the surgeon's skill with broken necks. No one has yet heard of a case, however, in which after a man's head has once been cut off it has been possible to replace it with a new one and to keep him alive. Ichabod Crane's headless horseman had a pumpkin in place of a head, but there is no evidence that it was a successful substitute for the original article.

It remains to be seen whether the conditions are the same with political bodies as with human bodies. The Tammany ticket lost its head when Mr. Straus resigned. It is now going round with a substitute head through the acceptance of the second-hand nomination by ex-Mayor Grant. But it is an open question whether there is any real life in it.

Ex-Mayor Grant says he accepts because he wants to help the gallant fight Senator Hill is making in the State, and he does not object to the Republican local ticket being placed on the ticket of the Grover bolters.

Would it not have helped Hill more if Tammany had declined to make any other nomination for Mayor and indorsed Col. Strong? Would it not have compelled Col. Strong to make a non-partisan administration and have shown the sincerity of Senator Hill's declaration in favor of strictly honest and clean government?

However, it is evident that Grant is going to make a sharp Tammany campaign, if a short one, and the change in the Tammany ticket is likely to render this year's election more sensational than ever.

THE ANTI-GAMBLING AMENDMENT.

The owners of race tracks and members of jockey clubs are anxious for the defeat of the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting pool-selling and bookmaking, and thus sweeping away the Ives law, which legalizes that species of gambling at race-tracks on race days. The Jockey Club has, however, decided to take no active part in the effort to secure rejection of the proposed amendment, although hoping for its success.

The receipts of the race tracks from the betting privileges allowed them under the Ives law are very large. An "Evening World" reporter was told yesterday by Col. Bruce, compiler of the American stud book, on the authority of John A. Morris, the track owner, that the State would receive this year as much as $250,000 from the tracks as its percentage of a portion of the receipts. This shows that the race tracks obtain in the short racing season an income of $2,500,000 from that part of the receipts alone on which the State is entitled to a percentage.

Various methods are devised to prevent the approval and adoption of the anti-gambling provision by the people. The most ingenious of these is attributed to Mr. Richard Croker, whose influence is still great in Tammany. Tammany is, of course, bitterly opposed to the Apportionment article of the new Constitution. This is submitted separately and can be directly voted against alone. But the Tammany followers are instructed by the bosses to vote against every constitutional amendment lest they should, through a mistake, fail to vote against the Apportionment provision.

The object of this instruction is, of course, to defeat the anti-gambling amendment. But the effect will be to record every Tammany vote against the Prison Labor amendment as well, which is earnestly favored by every labor organization in the country.

HOW TO TELL A TRAIN ROBBER.

It isn't wise in these days to go around with a large sum of money in your pocket. Anybody caught red-handed with $1,200 to $1,500 or upward in his possession runs a big chance of being landed in jail on a charge of train robbery. Two men are now in durance vile, one in Cumberland and one in Cincinnati, accused or suspected of complicity in the recent holding up of a train in Virginia, and so far as appears up to date the weightiest evidence against them is that they had "money to burn."

Well it does look a little bad for a man to have $1,200 or $1,500 in his clothes just now. Naturally the question arises, Where did he get it? Where in the world could so much money come from? Was it dropped from Mars or did it come from far-off Algol? It's an awful lot of money and few people would believe that there was so much of it in one place on one person at one time.

When you come to think of it, the authorities can hardly be blamed for arresting on suspicion or otherwise a man who is a walking United States National Bank. But it's tough to call such a man a train robber. To avoid annoyance, and possibly a berth behind the bars, we, therefore, suggest that folks had better leave what money they have at home in the teapot or under a leg of the piano, and travel abroad with nothing but pennies and car tickets in their inside pockets.

In its extra edition, issued at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, announcing the withdrawal of Nathan Straus from the Mayoralty contest, "The Evening World" also had this to say as to who would be his successor on the ticket:

It is believed that Hugh J. Grant, ex-Mayor, will be prevailed upon to make the race. In the convention that nominated Mr. Straus, an effort was made to stampede the delegates for Mr. Grant, and he said at the time that his business contracts made it impossible for him to accept a nomination. On the authority of a man high in Tammany councils, it was said this morning that so much influence had been brought to bear upon Mr. Grant within the last twelve hours that he had changed his mind and expressed a willingness to head the ticket.

In a later edition "The Evening World" announced positively that at 4.30 P. M. Mr. Grant would be nominated, and that by 5.30 his acceptance would be in the hands of the Executive Committee. As a matter of fact, there was a slight mistake in this calculation, for it was only 5.20 when Mr. Grant finished his speech of acceptance.

That the green-goods operators have been driven to Philadelphia is not a sure sign that business is slow with them. Lexow and Goff can scare away the sharps, but they can't educate the flats who become fool victims.

For the platform in Hugh J. Grant's campaign the Sun suggests this happy declaration: "He knows the ropes." Indeed and indeed he does. And there is every reason why he should not be allowed to work them again.

A NUT FOR McKINLEY TO CRACK.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

The fishing season is now practically ended, although a few bass are still running.—The Sun.

What has become of the Sun's non-income tax platform, upon which it said all Democratic candidates for Congress must stand this year? Has our brilliant contemporary put out its light in the interests of harmony?—Mail and Express.

The voters, when they authorize the city to go ahead with the construction of rapid-transit roads, will decide as much in favor of one side as the other. There is to be a complete system, and no part of the town is to be favored at the expense of the other.—The Daily News.

There is no foundation for the argument that is being speciously worked in Brooklyn to make votes against the Greater New York proposition, that annexation will enable the landlords to charge higher rents. * * * Rents are regulated by supply and demand, not by sentiment and names. There would be just as many houses to be had in Brooklyn after it became a part of New York as there are now.—The Telegram.

"Paddy" is, as we know, a judicial officer, and Tekulsky served as a Tammany member of the Constitutional Convention. Tekulsky is, therefore, a jurist—a Tammany liquor-jurist, it is true, but still a jurist. Fisticuffs between magistrates and jurists have been rare in history, which makes this one an interesting phenomenon.—The Evening Post.

WILLIAM IN HIS WRAPPER.

Some Letters That Will Interest the Husband Whose Wife Makes Him Wear Her Clothes.

To the Editor:

Having, since July, 1893, read every day the morning "World," and since January, 1888, the Evening Edition, I have found a good many advices for sickness as well as recipes for cooking, as well as other matters that interested me. However, nothing had induced me to write you a few lines until to-night, when, in the letters column I found a Mollie, not a husband, whose wife compelled him, according to his statement, to wear her clothing, and chastises him at her pleasure. If "William" wishes to become a true, loving husband, a master of the house, kindly send him to me; I'll teach him. I am a Spaniard, and used to be a lady killer. I have been married three times. My first wife was very kind and a thorough young lady. My second was a John L., and weighed 196 pounds, while I weighed only 145. Once she tried and expected to stop me going to a French masquerade ball. She was looking for a different thing from what she got, and I danced until 4 o'clock A. M. Six months later she died broken-hearted. My third, which I married last February, was inclined to flirt. I saw her at it once. The performance did not please me. I spoke to her before her mother. It was and has been sufficient to keep her mother away from my doors, and the daughter to flirt with the broom, feather-duster, rolling-pin, &c., and to be a better housekeeper than she used to be six months ago.

VICTOR MANUEL.

Bobby Burns's Advice.

To the Editor:

I was surprised at the letter from the widower in a wrapper, but did not think there was such another unfortunate man, till I read the "Unfortunate Husband's" letter. Comment is unnecessary, but here is what Burns says:

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to a tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission,
Who has not sixpence but in her possession,
Who must to her his dear friends' secrets tell,
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were't such the wife had fallen to my part
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart, &c.

SAME AS R. BURNS.

Doesn't Believe Him.

To the Editor:

In reply to "A Widower" and "William," who say they are slaves to their wives, and are made to submit to all kinds of tyranny, I will not deny their copious assertions by saying they are fulminating enlargements of their elongated veracity. But they are both liable to die the death of Ananias before another issue of your paper. Therefore, I write their epitaph:

"William" and the "Widower" through life ran,
Now, eulogies them if you can;
They were liars, so the neighbors say,
But now they have the devil to pay.

ROSALIA.

Whipped Into Shape.

To the Editor:

In answer to the very much "whipped widower" I should say that he must have had his conceit entirely whipped out. I am a widow and I prefer to wash my own dishes, but at the same time would like to form the acquaintance of a man that has been licked into shape. So let us hear again from the "Whipped Widower."

WIDOW, Brooklyn.

Better Furnished-Room Life.

To the Editor:

Reading the letters published in "The Evening World" of the 18th inst., I would state that the unfortunate husband "William," is a real good thing for his wife. We are two young men, not married, but willing to be, but would not give up our furnished room life to let any woman make us wear her pants, trimmed with lace and ribbon. We are two merry bachelors.

WILLIE AND ARTHUR.

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR REGULARS.

Grover C.

(As sung by D-v-d B-n-tt H-ll.)

You've a secret in your breast, Grover C.,
Which you haven't yet expressed, sir, to me.
Every voter in the State
Wonders why you are so late
To assist the candidate, Grover C.
When I think your tongue will rust, Grover C., a
A feeling of disgust comes to me.
All the tiger's filled with woe,
Just because you are so slow;
Tune your voice and let 'er go, Grover C.

CHORUS.

Speak for me, Grover C., Grover C., speak for me,
Not because you care a rap, but, you see,
That your words would help me out,
Make the Mugwumps cease to doubt,
Let them see what you're about, Grover C.

In the morn when I awake, Grover C.,
Seems to me my heart will break, 'cause of thee.
Every knock upon my door
Seems to jar me to the core,
Seems to tell me you're dead sore, sir, on me.
When I look for word from thee, Grover C.,
Like my hair, it isn't there, Grover C.
Every heeler wonders why
You won't stir your wits and try
To help me with one cry, Grover C.

N. A. J.

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR THE THIRD.

The Heelers' Lament.

Here's a how d'ye do!
Since they've put up Hugh,
Philip Wissig's doomed to perish,
"Silver Dollar," whom we cherish,
Must be slaughtered, too.
Here's a pretty how d'ye do!
Wow! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!
Here's a state of things!
Busted are our rings.
Our political devotion
Doesn't seem to suit Hugh's notion—
Contempt at us he flings.
But if what he says is true,
His fat he will rue.
Here's a fearful state of things!
Here's a pretty how d'ye do!
Wow! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

N. A. J.

EDITORIAL SKIMMINGS.

Other Captains Please Copy.

Wanted, by Capt. Emmons, of the Harvard eleven, a large supply of new steel-braced collar-bones, with football players attached.—Boston Record.

Statesman Campbell Appreciated.

A great hole will be made in the fabric of American statesmanship if Tim Campbell is not returned to Congress.—Atlanta Journal.

Chicago Women Won't Vote.

By a verdict of 20 to 1 the women of Chicago refuse the suffrage. That is the brief unanswerable story of yesterday's registration. Out of 400,000 women eligible as voters only 10,375 registered upon an official invitation to do so, backed by the urgent and enthusiastic appeals of the woman suffragists.—Chicago Journal.

Hopeful Sign, Indeed.

It is a rather hopeful sign in New York that two election inspectors appointed this year have been forced to resign because it was shown that they were convicted and sentenced last year for improper conduct in the same office.—Hartford Courant.

Colored Sisters Ahead.

One of the interesting incidents of the registration of women voters in Chicago is the interest of the colored women, which is reported to be much greater than that exhibited by the white women.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To License Trolley Motormen.

Down in Providence they are proposing to license all electric motormen before allowing them to turn on the juice. This would rather enhance trust in Providence.—Boston Herald.

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

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

This is a picture of the American widow who married one notorious English nobleman awhile ago, and having been left a widow by him is now about to marry another one.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The Texas Man Who Asked for a Form of Blessing Has Several to Select From.

To the Editor:

This short blessing from the Episcopal prayer book I have used for over twenty-five years, and I find it a blessing to old children as well as the young children: "Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy name. Increase in us true religion. Nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, amen." See the seventh Sunday after Trinity in the prayer book.

SHIGGAION, Stamford, Conn.

Before and After.

To the Editor:

Here is a blessing before meals: "Bless, O Lord, these, thy gifts to our use, and ourselves to thy service; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord, grant that whether I eat or drink, or whatsoever I do, I may do all to thy glory." For after meals: "Praised be the Lord daily, even the God who helpeth us and poureth his benefits upon us. Amen."

MARGARET E. GEARY.

The Ben-Hur Blessing.

To the Editor:

Replying to the query of "Ignorance," of Dallas, Tex., regarding a simple-worded blessing to ask before partaking of meals, why not use that form which Gen. Lew Wallace uses in his book "Ben-Hur?" "Lord, what we have here is of thee. Take our thanks and bless us, that we may continue to do thy will."

F. G.

The Episcopalian Blessing.

To the Editor:

I wish to enlighten "Ignorance." The Episcopalian blessing before meals is as follows: "Bless, O God, these gifts of thy goodness to our use, and us to thy service, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." After meals: "For these and all his mercies God's holy name be praised, and blessed, now and in the hour of death. Amen."

ROSS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Easy for Children.

To the Editor:

May I suggest to "Ignorance, Dallas, Tex.," the following blessing—which children readily learn—and which I have heard repeated always by the youngest child in a family where it was an heritage for generations:

Be present at our table, Lord!
Be here and everywhere adored!
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee!

Many other blessings may be found in different manuals of private devotions, such as the "Treasury of Devotion," "Way of Life," "English Catholics' Vade-Mecum" and the prayers for children compiled by Dr. Pusey, any of which can be had at the church bookstores.

CHURCHWOMAN.

A Very Simple One.

To the Editor:

"Ignorance" should teach his children to say: "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Y. M. C. A., Harlem.

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

This is the $70,000 with which the policy dealers did not bribe the Lexow Committee.

These Things Are Trying.

To find that moths have made a Summer resort of your Winter overcoat.

To have a partner at whist who won't return the trump lead.

To sit, at the play, next to the man who has seen it before.

To find, after asking what your friend will have, that you haven't a cent.

To discover that your safe was burglar-proof only while the burglars stayed away.

To a woman, the wearing of her first bonnet strings.

To discover that your L road seat-mate ate onions for breakfast.

To be unrecognized by the watcher on the Sunday side door.

To be put off from a street car to get your own bill changed.

To a best girl, to have an escort who doesn't take ice cream soda in cold weather.

To the average best young man, the rapid and uninterrupted approach of another Christmas.

To the politician, the effort to believe all that he tells to other people.

To New Yorkers in general, Mr. Goff's provoking reluctance to go Higher Up.

To Tammany, the uneasiness due to the conviction that when he gets ready Mr. Goff will go very High Up.

WORLDLINGS.

The famous Massachusetts lake, Quinsigamond, means, in Indian etymology, "Good fishing place for pickerel."

Adirondack means "people who eat tree bush." The name was applied in jest by the Iroquois Indians to their enemies, the Algonquins.

The inner skin is the seat of color in men. The thinner this inner skin is the whiter the person.

It is found that some of the mummies taken from Egyptian tombs are wrapped in a thousand yards of bandages.

There is an average of forty-seven inhabitants to each house in Vienna.

In the course of a year a single crow destroys 700,000 insects.

The condor is the largest of all birds. Some that have been shot in the Andes had wings measuring 20 feet from tip to tip.

It's the sober and well-balanced person that is affected most easily by hypnotism than the hysterical person.

Scalping was practised by the ancient Scythians and is not original with the American Indians.

The German colony in London numbers 100,000.

SOME GIRLS AND OTHERS.

Poetry and Prose from and About Them Which Have Come to "The Evening World."

"My Darling."

To the Editor:

So softly delicious, my darling,
Such a sweet little morsel of bliss;
I could fold her up tight in my arms,
And devour her outright in a kiss,
When she snuggles up closely beside me,
And laughs at my heart-broken strain,
When she fain would be kissed, tho' she tells me
I never must do it again.

A little white hand has my darling,
And a voice like the note of a dove;
Across the deep woodlands low-calling
Her soft thrilling story of love—
For ever and ever, my darling,
God keep you, my love and my queen!
That the skies of your life be unclouded,
And its paths ever pleasant and green.

JOHN J. GORMLY,
806 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street.

They Jolly Her, That's All.

To the Editor:

Here is another complaint about the young men. I think those of to-day are dead slow. I am a young lady, tall, nineteen years old, of good figure and considered very pretty, also very entertaining; still I cannot capture the young men. The gentlemen I do know never think of inviting me to the theatre or any place else, so therefore would not waste my time on them. There are two gentlemen I desire to know, but have no way to be introduced, and I am not a flirt. See them morning and night, but that is all the good it does me. Will some kind reader help me out of my difficulty?

MARIE A.,
Ninth Ward, New York.

A Bloomers Pageant in the Park.

To the Editor:

In defense of bloomers, allow me to say that if a woman wishes to ride a wheel, it is the only proper costume. I saw a young woman, who was thrown from her wheel on Sunday morning in Central Park, through no fault of her own, but the carelessness of a woman driver. She was in danger of being trampled on by the horse, but, to the amazement of all, she executed a tumble and roll that would have done credit to Hinkey. It was all owing to her bloomer suit and natural agility that she was saved from injury.

AN OBSERVER.

A Girl's Heart-Touching Appeal.

To the Editor:

I have looked for employment for the past two months, and if any one reading this could give me work, they would save from despair a young girl, eighteen years of age, who is thrown entirely on her own resources. Please address as below. I was graduated from one of the Brooklyn public schools, and have a good education. I also understand stenography and typewriting and am a neat penman. Now is there not some one who could give employment to an honest, upright girl, or must I follow Bob Ingersoll's advice?

FLORENCE APPLETON.

For Annie.

To the Editor:

Whenever I'm sad and upset,
And sulky with persons and things,
One thought makes me trouble forget,
One thought gives my weary heart wings
To fly from all troubles, no matter how many;
I think of one name, and am glad; it is Annie!

My heart, like a lemon, is soft
Hard, bitter and acid; but when
You smile at me, Annie, 'tis soft
And sweet as an orange again.
Oh! smile not upon me too kindly and sweetly,
Or surely my heart you will capture completely!

LYTTLETON L. BAKER,
407 Eighth street, South Brooklyn.

An Unfortunate Lover Wants a Cure for Rum.

To the Editor:

Will some of the kind readers of "The Evening World" please advise a young man how to stop the drinking habit. I am in love with a young lady, but it seems I can't stop the drink. I have tried very hard. I know she won't have me if I don't stop. She has told me to keep away from it. I have tried, but it always gets the best of me. I say if I get married and settle down it won't bother me any. She don't believe marriage will do any good. I have no home of my own. My mother is dead. I am knocked about. If some of your readers have been in the same boat and could resist the temptation, please advise me and I will be thankful to you.

CHARLES SMITH,
a constant reader of your paper.

When Great-Grandma Dies.

To the Editor:

I am a young man of twenty-one, with excellent prospects, and have been keeping steady company with a charming young lady for the past two years. The only thing (or person, rather) to stand in the way of the realization of our fondest dreams is the young lady's great-grandmother. The young lady vows she won't marry me until the old lady dies. While I don't wish the G. G. M. to put on her wooden suit of clothes just yet, as she has shown innumerable favors to me, I am nevertheless placed in a very perplexing position. What do you think?

21659.

Sees Him as He Passes.

To the Editor:

I am a young lady eighteen years old, respectable, and am considered quite good looking. I attend to my parents' store and have many admirers, particularly one whom I would like to get acquainted with, but on account of my stern parents I do not know how to get an introduction. I see him daily while he is going to business, and he smiles at me while passing, which I return. If he should talk to me, would some one kindly tell me what to do, as I think I am old enough.

LOVESICK RUTH.

It Looks Like Love.

To the Editor:

I am a young lady eighteen years old. I love a young man and I do not know if he returns it. If I speak to any other young man he gets angry and does not speak for a day or so. If I ask him anything he will tell me to ask my other beaux. Would some kind reader let me know if that is love, and relieve

BROKEN-HEARTED PAULINE.

Silly Bay Shore Sisters.

To the Editor:

Will some reader of "The Evening World" give two sisters friendly advice. We are of a susceptible age, have received attention from young men who at times "flirt" with other girls, but say they love us the best. Is it best to bounce them or talk to them about it?

TWO BAY SHORITES.

Two Years of Futile Faith.

To the Editor:

I am keeping company two years and my young man never shows any signs of affection, and I love him dearly and do all I can for him. I could never love another. Will some of your readers advise me how to gain for myself his love?

C. L. ANXIOUS.

Lines to "George II."

To the Editor:

Your lines I did read,
And my lips they did falter;
"I can't love a George,
For I do love a Walter!"

OLGA.

Isn't This Pretty Tough?

To the Editor:

Tell "Nettie G." that I don't blame any man for not getting up for ladies. The men work all day, the majority standing on their feet, and are tired enough without standing in the cars for some of those young beauties who have been sitting all day. If a woman has a child in her arms she has no business to be about at that time. Men, keep your seats! Too pay for them, even if it is the ladies' while.

T. L.

HOUSE AND HOME

The Gauze Ruff.

Fashion has jumped from the velvet stock to the gauze ruff. The novelty is a very ugly and quite useless article. It has two rosettes that lodge under

the ears when the hooks are fastened, the effect of which is to give the face the lines of a parallelogram. The net is so very perishable that it wilts under the heat of perspiration or the moisture of a sea breeze.

A Nutritious Soup.

Everybody recognizes the nutritious qualities of soup, and it need not necessarily be taken hot, though heat is generally regarded as an indispensable quality of palatable soup. A clear, rich beef soup, free from fat and well seasoned, makes a delicious bouillon in cups with cracked ice. If the soup jellies in cooling it will be necessary to melt it upon the stove without further heating than is necessary, when it should be poured at once upon the ice in the cups.

A Chinese Banquet.

In Chinese etiquette it is regarded as inhospitality to serve any dish which will not allow all the guests to satisfy their utmost desire. Of that which was left over the family, who do not appear at the banquet, take what they please. They are followed by poor relatives and they in turn by servants. What then remains is given to the poor and the afflicted. The news of a banquet gets rapidly abroad in a land where there is a great deal of poverty.

Devilled Tomatoes.

One of the new and simple dishes that may be prepared with a chafing dish is devilled tomatoes. Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, one raw egg, two tablespoonfuls of hot vinegar, one level teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper to every three tomatoes are needed. Select tomatoes that are large, ripe and firm, pour over them enough boiling water to loosen the skins, peel, cut in thick slices and set in the ice box. The sauce may be served hot or cold. In combining it cream the butter, add to it the powdered sugar, the mustard, and mix well. Add the salt and pepper and rub into the mixture the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. For this use a little sieve. Heat the vinegar, then add that, and finally a beaten raw egg. Set over hot water and cook until the consistency of a thick cream. When ready to use put a tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish, add the slices of tomato, and when hot serve with the sauce in a separate dish. If cooked in the kitchen send to the table on a garnished dish and turn the sauce over them.

Velvet Will Be the Thing.

K. B. S.—As velvet promises to be quite the rage this season, why not get a skirt to match your black velvet jacket, or, if this is too expensive, one of moire or satin would look well. A new idea direct from Paris is to have the skirt of rough Scotch material and an entire jacket of black velvet such as you own. They would do nicely for a street or visiting costume, and with a little chiffon vest in pale yellow or cerise it would be sufficiently dressy for any occasion. A large hat of black beaver trimmed with black plumes and a knot of chiffon to match the vest would be particularly in keeping.

Dainty Paper Dolls.

One can make beautiful little paper dolls by taking pains and time for the work. The gayly colored heads, arms and feet that are bought outright may be affixed to paper or cardboard bodies, and then the costumes may be separately prepared. Crimped tissue paper in its lovely shades, makes a soft and fetching fabric with which to work. One may get up gowns with plaited ruffles, kilt skirts, puffed sleeves, revers and almost any of the present day styles, all of which have been seen done in paper. Then a sun-bonnet is a possibility, too, and little hats and bonnets. There is almost no limit to the wardrobe, given tissue paper, glue and some knack in handling them, with a pair of sharp scissors, for aids.

Pineapple for Supper.

Here is delicious way of preparing pineapple for a Sunday night supper: Cut the fruit into cubes and sprinkle with wine, using one gill of wine to a quart of the fruit. Chill the pineapple and then sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Heap in a mound in a glass dish. If the leaves of the pineapple are green and pretty place them in the centre of the mound. A gill of orange juice may be substituted for the wine.

Curried Veal.

Cut up two pounds of veal, add to curry sauce boiling hot; simmer about one-half hour. Serve with rice.

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.]

Thoughts for the Hour.

To the Editor:

"When we have induced people to think we have accomplished a great deal."

Labor is the useful employment of one's self, which includes the brain.

Education is only mental exercise to develop the brain.

Reading gives one a knowledge of the past to use in the present.

"History repeats itself."

Forethought is the keynote of success. Thinking people are the successful ones.

"My neighbor" is any person at hand who is in want.

Help people to help themselves and the roses will bloom.

Beats are an obstacle to the assistance of the needy.

Tips are degrading.

The world owes a living to those who work only if they can.

Wives and mothers are men's best advisers. Love and respect them.

Don't neglect your family to win a reputation for great generality elsewhere.

Reformation is the object rather than the punishment.

Churches are a necessity, and workers and cash are needed.

Collection baskets often indicate the presence of many widows.

Thoughtless congregational criticisms are often injurious.

Ministers—when practical—are our best citizens.

Public persons are human and are not targets.

GOOD WILL.

Whiskey in Politics.

To the Editor:

The first object of good government ought to be the elimination of the causes of distress, inasmuch as they result from conditions subject to political control. More important than being a Republican or a Democrat is the possession of that mental capacity and pure patriotism which enable the mind to reach logical political conclusions, to develop them unselfishly in the interest of the masses and the aggrandizement of our governmental institutions. The prime cause of social, moral, physical and mental degeneration, and one that menaces the very cradle of American citizenship, is the liquor traffic, and to win the aid of the thousands engaged in promoting this traffic both the Republican and Democratic parties resort to methods obsequious and, to the American mind, disgusting. If the broad claims to desire the promotion of the happiness of the people made by David B. Hill, Levi P. Morton and their mercenary adulators are sincere, why do they make no protest against the expenditure of $600,000,000 annually to support Americans made drunkards, criminals and paupers by the rum traffic?

PROHIBITION.

Inverse Darwinism.

To the Editor:

I find great interest in reading the letters published concerning the Darwinian theory. Some think that men are descended from apes; if so, I would like to know from whom the apes are descended. For my part, if I were to theorize out any connection between both I think I would come to the opposite conclusion, viz., that the ape is partly descended from a degenerate type of man.

F. S. P.

It Must Be $15 a Week.

To the Editor:

This letter is intended to help young girls contemplating marriage. It is not a question of love alone, that should govern a young girl or woman in her choice of a husband. A man who is only earning $10 a week and asks a girl to marry on that sum does not love her. His love is selfish. Ten dollars a week may supply his needs, but will it also supply the needs of a wife and later of a family? No. My experience has proven this. It is not a question of what he earns, but of how much he can give his wife for their joint use. A man has a number of expenses that a young girl never dreams of, and she cannot tell how much she will get to use from what he earns. Men use tobacco or take an occasional drink (he may not be fond of either, but they count), the barber, the bootblack, daily and Sunday papers, carfare, an evening at the theatre, or game of cards or billiards, and so on ad libitum. Oh, no; he will spend all his time with his wife at home you say. He will at first, but it becomes monotonous, and he feels the restraint. He is like an animal used to freedom and now caged. The consequence is he is worse than ever when he can get his freedom. I have heard good men say: "Oh! I give my wife a fair share of my salary." Just the same as if it was for her exclusive use. How often do you buy your wife a new gown? Do you give her the money over and above the regular household expenses for this use? And because she looks dowdy you don't take her out any more. Don't you suppose that the routine of housework becomes monotonous to your wife, and she being fond of you wants to be seen in your company? A woman should know just what to expect from a man, and she is very brave and loves him dearly or is very ignorant of household expenses who will marry a man earning less than $15 a week.

MRS. SIRRAHETIF.

"Single Tax" and Cheap Coal.

To the Editor:

Certain very rich men, popularly known as the Coal Barons, control absolutely all the available coal fields of America and all the railroads which carry coal from the mines. They have combined and agreed among themselves to force the price of coal up to more than twice its proper value, and thus the oppressed American workingman is compelled to contribute largely from his meagre earnings to increase beyond reason and justice the enormous wealth of these wicked robbers. He must continue to do so forever under present conditions. But there is a remedy, and the people have the power—if they will but use it. If "Single Tax" principles were in operation all our rich coal fields would be thrown open and worked in competition (immensely increasing the employment of labor thereby) and the price of coal would fall to its natural level. This is only a sample of the universal advantage of that great and simple principle of absolute justice, the "Single Tax."

EQUITY.

**An Anthropomorphous