The World

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Wissig did get out.

Me and Dick have the "ropes" in hand.

Where is that rapid transit statement?

All hands and all votes for Greater New York.

Gilroy is very tricky with his little rithmaticky.

A thrust through Grant will be apt to wound Croker.

The elevator will be waiting to-morrow for Mr. Goff.

Is Mr. Croker back in politics for his street railroads only?

There is every reason why China should crave for peace.

Wissig decided to swim out rather than take chances on a Fall freshet.

In the bright lexicon of Gray Gables there was no good word for Hill.

On what terms did the pantatas divide, Mr. Croker? You ought to know.

The Czar at Livadia is a little better, but ex-Czar Reed is about the same.

Do with your might what election laws permit and good citizenship dictates.

Mayor Gilroy is wise to hunt rainbows while he may. Tammany's sun is setting.

Don't be a stay-at-home on election day. Get interested and get in your vote.

Hill says he likes a hard fight. Well, it looks as if he was in the midst of one.

G. Cleveland to B. Harrison: Will you say something for Levi if I will speak for Dave?

It is not against the rules of reform for reformers to make a noise in their campaign.

"Paddy" Divver's resignation of his Police Justiceship was not on file at last reports.

Grant "knows the ropes." And when he trips up on Nov. 6 he will say: "This is one of 'em."

The gratitude to Tammany expressed by Fire Commissioner Scannell is founded on substantial favors.

Mrs. Wissig is a "bigger man" than Phil. She wouldn't have got out for Grant or anybody else.

Park policemen's salaries will be increased. They deserve something extra for carrying those lanterns.

Every locomotive has its cowcatcher. But what the Western and Southern express stands in need of is a bandit-catcher.

If President Cleveland's arms are so sunburnt that he can't take a pen in hand, why doesn't he get Baby Ruth to write to Hill?

Gen. Harrison will arrive here to-day. He says he won't speak in public, but the General always has a speech or two on tap in his think-tank.

When Harry Miner shook hands with Tim Campbell the Ninth District dissolved in tears. The Ninth does not, however, always vote as it weeps.

Remember that Friday and Saturday are the last days for registry, and that a good New Yorker should be the last man to forget the duty of a citizen this year.

Gen. Booth's Salvation Army had a hallelujah time at Carnegie Hall last night. Tammany's Spoliation Army is too dismayed to get up even the faintest kind of hallelujah.

In his review of the New York of 1874 and that of 1894 Mayor Gilroy is guilty of several important omissions. He makes no mention of the institution of a superb system of street cleaning, of an efficient and sanitary method of removing garbage, of the equipping of the Police Department with rapidly rolling patrol wagons, the elimination of politics from all departments, the improvement of dock surroundings, the opening of spacious public baths for the Summer and Winter use of the people, the inauguration of new methods of accounting so that the disposition of public moneys, say a $1,000,000 park appropriation, for instance, is made perfectly plain to the commonest taxpayer. Other things of which the Mayor did not speak will readily suggest themselves. Why this failing off in the Gilroy optimism?

BOOKKEEPER GILROY'S TRIAL BALANCE.

Mayor Gilroy has given to the press an authorized interview, in which he, in effect, epitomizes the account of Tammany with the people of New York City and endeavors to show that there is a large balance due to Tammany.

Under Tammany, he says, the streets have been better cleaned and better paved, the parks extended, the docks increased and improved, the death rate lessened and public comfort generally increased, while the tax rate has been reduced.

He admits that the total of taxation and the public debt have greatly increased, but he charges this off against increased population, and so strikes his balance.

It is true, as the Mayor says, that there has during the past twenty years been a great improvement in the general condition of the city. So there has been in the condition of every other American city. Under American institutions and with the American spirit of progress such improvement is as inevitable as the dawn, as unavoidable as the sunset. Cities grow better just as the trees grow broader year by year.

The question is not has New York grown better, but has it grown enough better? It is not are the streets cleaner than they used to be, but are they as clean as they ought to be for the money spent? Not are the streets better paved, but are they as well paved as they ought to be, in view of the millions paid for new pavements? Not have the parks been extended, but are they as broad and beautiful as the money used could have made them? Not are there more docks and better, but are they the most and the best docks that the money expended could have secured? Not is the death rate lower than it was, but is it nor too high? Not is the tax rate lower, but are the taxes heavier and more oppressive. Not are debt and taxes no higher in proportion to population, but why do they grow larger as population increases? Does a man who rents a big house have to pay extra rent for every new baby?

In fact, the question is not whether New York City has improved, but whether Tammany rule has helped its improvement or hindered it? Have we grown greater and better because of Tammany, or in spite of Tammany?

STEAL AND STEEL.

Of course, everybody knows Amos J. Cummings, and everybody who does know Amos knows him to be a man of brains and capacity.

Amos is now a candidate for re-election to Congress, and people who know him are saying what a pity it is that, elected as a Democrat, he arrayed himself against the party's policy and the party's pledges by his actions on the Tariff bill.

But then they remember the iron-clad fight Congressman Cummings, as Chairman of the House Naval Committee, made against the steel-plate iniquity in the Carnegie contracts; with what fearlessness and determination he dragged to light all the well-covered frauds of the contractors; how his ability enabled him to grasp the difficult details of the business while his shrewdness baffled the artful intrigues of the conspirators, backed up by their official allies and spies in the Ordnance Bureau.

Let us hope that, if in the next Congress, Amos J. Cummings will fight the steal frauds of McKinelyism as stoutly as in the present Congress he has fought the steel frauds of Carnegieism.

IS HE IN IT?

Mr. Richard Croker told the newspaper reporters yesterday that he is wholly out of politics. But he winked the other eye while he made the assertion and went directly to Grant's headquarters, where he was closeted for some hours with a few of the Tammany chiefs. He has succeeded in reconciling all differences between the Mayor, the Corporation Counsel and the candidate and is calling together all his old heelers and inspiring them with new working energy.

Mr. Croker is also taking an active interest, it is said, in the controversy as to the right of the State Democracy to have their ticket recognized as regular under the law. The question is whether the State Democracy is a political party entitled to a ballot, and the Tammany leader believes that its claim will be rejected. But many shrewd politicians regard this as an unwise issue for Tammany to raise, inasmuch as the State or Grace Democrats if thrown out as a party may go bodily over to the Republicans and vote for Morton as well as for Strong.

For a man wholly out of politics Mr. Croker is very busy just now.

WHAT IS THE MEANING?

Mayor Gilroy has very properly kept down the appropriations for the several departments for 1895 as low as possible. The outcry has been against the unnecessary expenditure on the city government and the demand for reform that will insure greater economy.

But yesterday Mayor Gilroy allowed the estimates for the Park Department to be increased more than $170,000 over this year's appropriation without requiring from the Commissioners any accounting for the one million dollars special fund for the relief of the suffering unemployed workmen of the city, not one-half of which was expended on the excellent object for which the money was appropriated.

Is this reform? Is this economy? Is this justice to the people whose money was given or to the honest workingmen who were cheated out of it?

What is the secret of this persistent covering up of the misdoings of one of the most incapable and loosely conducted departments in the city government?

IS IT A LEGAL DECREE?

The evil of our conflicting divorce laws and the expediency of a Federal law for all the States are strikingly shown in the suits between Dr. Abraham Korn and his wife. Dr. Korn was formerly a Health Inspector in this city, and Mrs. Korn now has a suit pending against him for separation and the custody of their two children. The ground of the application is desertion and non-support.

But yesterday Dr. Korn, who went to South Dakota for the purpose, obtained a divorce from his wife on the plea of incompatibility and other grievances. The doctor intends to interpose the Dakota divorce as a defense against Mrs. Korn's suit here. If the South Dakota divorce should be declared invalid, then an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is well that the question involved should be at once tested. If the Dakota decree is set aside by the Supreme Court it may lead to a National Divorce law. But it is likely to raise ructions in many instances in which parties who have rushed off to South Dakota and obtained a lightning, hanky-panky, ready-made divorce are strutting about in the supposed felicity of single blessedness or enjoying a second trial of married bliss.

COL. STRONG'S SPEECH SPIKED.

John Lawrence Sullivan is the only public man that we care to let go through life with but one speech. We might try to persuade him to vary his oratory a little, but the only argument that prevails with John L. is a blow under the ear or on the point of the chin such as that more recent jewel of the fistic forum, James J. Corbett, administered to him.

With Col. Strong, the multi-partied candidate for Mayor, it is different. We can talk to him philosophically and without fear of getting mixed up in a Marquis of Queensberry squable. And to him we would say, for his own sake and others, that it is not wise for a candidate to try to go through a campaign with but one "set of remarks." He came near being caught yesterday when he was tendered a new nomination. The man who tendered the nomination spoke Col. Strong's regular every-day speech.

Fortunately the Colonel had another speech in his pocket, type-written, which he read. We are glad he had it. That's the way he wants to be fixed all the time. The Colonel should get a coat with a lot of pockets in it, like a magician's garment, and have a speech in each pocket.

In order to destroy one man in a hundred Patrick Reilly would have blown up the whole five-score in the outskirts of New Rochelle. Was ever a man who went to the gallows or to electric chair a more dastard murderer in fact than this man was at heart?

Mr. Cleveland's vacation is over. The country is rejoiced to learn that it has resulted in his great recuperation. He will now return to the sober business of official life. He will go duck shooting in North Carolina with Secretary Carlisle.

It doesn't pay to be too confidential with clerks who think they are Jay Goulds. The employers of Clerk Emison have found this out, and regret it to the tune of $50,000. Wall street swallowed his stealings.

What has the income tax got to do with the New York elections? The only income tax we know anything about here is that levied by Tammany minions for the inflation of Croker's and others' incomes.

Now Mexico and Guatemala are going to war. But Central American nations do not hurt each other very much when they fight. Their wars are like French duels—mostly bloodless.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

If silence gives consent Senator Hill may think that he has the approbation of President Cleveland in his fight for the Governorship of New York.—The Recorder.

Recorder Smyth and Justice Divver are Tammany favorites. They have mutual respect for each other. The Recorder supported Divver when the latter was a candidate for Justice, and Divver, as soon, to quote one of his followers, "as he has his face fixed," will be working tooth, nail and fist for Smyth.—The Mail and Express.

The true nature of Tammany rule has been so clearly revealed that few persons with any pretense to character care to be associated with it, or to be making excuses for it. The efforts of Mr. Grant to tone down appearances somewhat by forcing Wissig, "Silver Dollar" Smith and "Paddy" Divver into temporary retirement excite only ridicule.—The Evening Post.

Mr. Newton is a sporting man, and by way of making his stay in the penitentiary pleasant and profitable the keeper permits him to "play the races" every day. Of course, the keeper has no interest in the winnings. He is moved by his love for humanity and his admiration for the sport of princes.—The Advertiser.

There are signs that New York is growing too warm for Divver, and there is a possibility that he may decide to shake the dust of the city off his feet for good and all.—The Tribune.

The reform canvass is weak. There is no life nor stir in it. If it is worth while to rescue the city from Tammany, it is time that a great shout were raised to put heart into the allied armies. It is time for the leaders to show themselves.—The Times.

EDITORIAL MEDLEY.

Abuse of Hypnotism.

Chicago doctors who have scoffed at hypnotism will at once begin experiments with a view to mastering the science. One physician is reported as collecting fees by mentally suggesting payment to his patients.—Chicago Times.

"If" and New York.

If, in the light of the disclosures made by the Lexow Committee, any State or city candidate of Tammany can be elected to any office of trust and honor, politics in New York is in a worse condition than it is commonly believed to be, and that is saying a great deal.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Let the Czar Try This Cure.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is reported improved in health, for which he should thank the readiness and cordiality with which his obituary was published throughout the parts of the globe having enterprising journals. This remedy rarely fails to restore health.—Chicago Herald.

One of the Last Czars.

The Czar who is now slowly dying is one of the last Russia will ever know. If the nineteenth century does not see the end of tyranny in Russia it will come in the early years of the century that succeeds this.—Atlanta Journal.

Reed's Twofold Object.

Tom Reed seems to have two objects in view in his speeches—to beat the Democratic party and to beat McKinley. The Czar ought to leave his rivalry with McKinley to be settled in 1896.—Rochester Post-Express.

Effect of the Chicago Campaign.

The campaign is on in its full fury. Sound the timbrel, beat the drum! Tom Reed is here with his sheaves, and to-night the Democratic cohorts will march in the ruddy glare of lard oil and the tumultuous pleasings of the slide trombone. The heavens seem ready to burst into flame. The earth is wobbly. But don't be alarmed. The country is not rushing to the devil. The sun and stars are still doing business at the old shop. Nothing is going to drop. It is only a lot of lazy men trying to be elected to office.—Chicago Post.

"THE PACIFIC MAIL."

William H. Crane is his own brand-new self once more. He has said ta-ta to Shakespeare and has allowed the pretty little discussions as to whether "The Merry Wives of Windsor" should be staged amid fifteenth or seventeenth century surroundings to drop. He produced at the Star Theatre last night, in fear and trembling, a "new comic play" founded upon Tom Taylor's "Overland Route" by Paul M. Potter. Mr. Potter was afraid. Mr. Crane quailed. Subterfuge was used. At first it was bravely announced that the play was brand-new—this to awaken interest. Two days before production, however, a quaint little hesitation was sighted. It drew nearer. It became larger. It resolved itself into a statement "freely adapted from Tom Taylor's play."

Why so timid, Messrs. Crane and Potter? We all know that the old ideas are frequently better than the new ones. It is only the ascidulated spinster who declares that she cannot sing the old songs. Mr. Potter is oppressed by no such silly sentiment. He can and does sing the old songs; his vocal equipment is out of touch with the new ones. The audience was not angry at the knowledge that "The Pacific Mail" was "The Overland Route"—cleaned and pressed, as it were. Tom Taylor's play had not been forgotten, and its revivals had generally been attended with success.

Mr. Potter has done some excellent work in "The Pacific Mail." He has made a capital part for Mr. Crane as a fraudulent doctor, who is running away from his wife. The role is a blending of the characters of Tom Dexter and Mr. Lovibond, and the mixture is well made. Some of the dialogue has been left, too, and plenty of the incidents. The old bore who loses his false teeth on the coral reef is there; so are the chattering women who must tell the horrible things that they have heard of each other; so is the tragic encounter between husband and wife, and there is also the ubiquitous detective.

The remodeller, however, has introduced new episodes, and very bright ones. The new dialogue is exceedingly satisfying, and I heard one excellent theatrical authority—a gentleman known to a select few as "Abe" Hummel—assert that Mr. Potter had positively improved upon "The Overland Route." Could praise go higher than this? The play has certainly been up-to-dated. What would Mr. Taylor, if he could be brought into the Star Theatre to-night, think of allusions to Herr Lexow, and "police protection," and the war between China and Japan? The allusions were not out of place, either, for on the deck of the City of Peking, plying between Yokohama and San Francisco, everything can be discussed.

Perhaps the third act dragged a little with the downstairs people, but the gallery boys liked it, because it savored of rough and tumble farce-comedy. If I were Crane and Potter I shouldn't bother about altering it at all. We had plenty of our own kind of fun in the first two acts. Let the humor of the rest of the play ascend, and good luck to it.

Crane was very good indeed as Sylvanus Urban—easy, natural and mirthful. He didn't seem to be bubbling over with happiness, for no doubt he would much prefer to be playing Romeo or Richard III. (comedians always have missions, and are misunderstood), but he was the Crane whom we all know and like, and that fact is not to be sneezed at. Miss Fillett Paget, a most accomplished actress, was excellent as the indignant wife, and Miss Anne O'Neill has never done such capital work. Miss O'Neill has in fact come, by careful and industrious work, into the front rank of ingenues, and she has taken the place once held by Effie Shannon, without Miss Shannon's simper and gurgle. Her scene in the first act with the doctor was high comedy, worthy of Daly's Theatre. Joseph Wheelock, jr., was a success, and so were Lizzie Hudson Collier and Kate Denin Wilson. A breezy little sketch was contributed by Percy Brooke.

"The Pacific Mail" is a go. Ta-ta Falstaff.

ALAN DALE.

A NUT FOR McKINLEY TO CRACK.

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR THE G. O. P.

"With a String."

(A "Sugar" song, after "Sweet Marie," by L. S. M.)

I.

I've a secret in my heart,
T. C. P.;
A tale I would impart,
Tom, to thee;
All the boys are raising—well,
They insist that I shall "shell,"
Or they swear they'll all rebel,
T. C. P.!

Now, I haven't got a mine,
T. C. P.;
And to bleed I don't incline,
Don't you see?
So my promises I sling
Just as freely as a king,
But I tie to them a string,
T. C. P.

CHORUS.

Stick to me, T. C. P.—T. C. P. stick to me,
Not because my pile is big, Tom, d'ye see;
But you've got your sugar sweet,
And I hold your full receipt
And the rest of them we'll beat,
T. C. P.

II.

Don't you know I'm wide awake,
T. C. P.?
So let me take a shake,
Tom, with thee.
When heelers by the score
Come a-knocking at my door,
They get promises—no more,
T. C. P.
For the cash is in your vest,
T. C. P.;
And there's "taffy" for the rest—
All but thee!
And if the striking ring
To our pledges seek to cling,
Why, we two will pull the string,
T. C. P.

CHORUS.

Stick to me, T. C. P.—T. C. P. stick to me,
Not because my pile is big, Tom, d'ye see;
But you've got your sugar sweet,
And I hold your full receipt,
And the rest of them we'll beat,
T. C. P.

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

This is a picture of Mrs. Phil Wissig, who is not afraid of the Tammany tiger. Her Phil has been "turned down like a criminal," but she says he's as good as any man in Tammany Hall.

"Evening World" Kindergarten.

This is a race-horse. Perhaps it's name is Dobbins. But it might run as well by any other name. A wise and good man who has recently died once wrote that a race-horse costs money. Then a lot of race-horses must cost a lot of money. There is a Mr. Richard Croker who has a lot of race-horses. But nobody knows any good and proper reason why Mr. Croker should have a lot of money. Where did he get it?

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

This is the law which Attorney-General Olney is busily engaged in not enforcing.

McKinley Can't Pull Wool Over the Eyes of This Sheep.

BOOK NOTE.

"A Moral Busybody" is the title of Alan Dale's latest novel, which will be on the newsstands to-day. It is attractively issued by the Mascot Publishing Company. The book is dedicated to Dr. Parkhurst, in no spirit of irreverence, but the author in his preface makes it very clear that he does not intend to give the reformer any of that popular article known as "taffy." Mr. Dale's object in "A Moral Busybody" has been suggested by Supt. Byrnes in the following words: "It is very difficult to solve the problem involved in the suppression of disorderly houses. While it is an illegal traffic, under the laws of the State, the closing of these houses must necessarily cause the inmates to take shelter in tenement and apartment houses, mingling with respectable people, and thus being brought into contact with the younger members of families, making children of tender years familiar with a vice of which they would not under other circumstances obtain a knowledge."

A young man and his two young sisters play the principal roles in "A Moral Busybody," and they are led through some rather startling and dramatic episodes, in which Dr. Parkhurst—whose identity is but thinly veiled in Dr. Brickfield—is not forgotten. The book is written in the chatty, first person singular, and perhaps one or two of its characters may be recognized. It is the first novel to deal with the matters that have been so widely discussed of late, and there can be no doubt at all as to its up-to-date-ness.

The book is evidently meant to appeal strongly to the "new" and "advanced" women, who have been fighting for their rights—real or imaginary—for so long, and their cause has been espoused by the author, who changes the proverbial "Cherchez la femme" into "Cherchez l'homme." Perhaps these ladies have not lacked champions in recent literature, but, on the principle of "the more the merrier," there is certainly room for another.

"A Moral Busybody" seeks to photograph "New York's to-day." Perhaps it does so.

WORLDLINGS.

The Czar's palatial yacht the Polish Star has a miniature Greek chapel on the upper deck with an altar spread with red velvet.

There are 5,000,000 children in the elementary schools of Great Britain.

The ancient Egyptians built their tombs much more carefully than they did their houses, reasoning that they were to be only temporary tenants of the latter.

Letters received at the Chicago Post-Office show that the name of the Lake City can be spelled in 197 different ways.

A skunk farm near East Freeport, O., has 5,000 of the malodorous animals.

Sufficient.

(From the Washington Star.)

"What are you doing, Freddie?" said the painfully smart boy's uncle.

"Drawin' pictures on my slate."

"What is this supposed to represent?"

"A locomotive."

"But why don't you draw the cars?"

"Why—er—the locomotive draws the cars!"

ELECTION QUERIES.

Some Information for Readers Who Are in Doubt as to Their Rights.

Here are some more queries from "Evening World" readers, on matters relating to the election:

To the Editor:
Kindly inform me through your letter column if I am entitled to vote this coming election under the following circumstances: I am a foreigner by birth and came to this country a minor. My father being a citizen I voted on his papers when I became of age. I have entered matrimony recently and have moved out of the district. Will this necessitate my taking out papers of my own, or can I vote, as heretofore, on my father's papers? Your answer to this will be greatly appreciated by J. K.

You must show your father's papers, or obtain a duplicate copy of them.

To the Editor:
Would you kindly inform me, through the medium of your valuable paper, if, after having lost my papers and moving to another State, I can vote without having to get new papers?
HARRISON, N. J.

Apply to the court from which you obtained your papers for a duplicate copy.

To the Editor:
I came to this country Aug. 20, 1891. I was seventeen years old. How long must I wait to become a citizen of the United States? S. L.

You may, when you are twentyone years old, become a citizen by applying to a court of record, and proving that you arrived here when less than eighteen years old, that you have continuously lived in the United States five years next preceding your application and one year in the State, and by proving that it has been your intention to become a citizen for at least two years before making application.

To the Editor:
I am only eight months in this State. I registered on my papers at my election district, and I am informed that by law I must be a full year in the State. Please inform me what shall I do?
A STEADY READER.

You cannot register or vote until you have resided one year in the State. You must wait until next election.

To the Editor:
Please answer the following question: When about seventeen years old I changed my first name; have signed checks, witnessed signatures and am known only by that name. Is it lawful for me to register with same, as I have a vote this year; if so, what shall I do to make assumed name lawful? MILTON P.

You may use the name you are known by; but to prevent possible annoyance, in the future it would be better for you to ask a court of record for legal permission to adopt the name you have selected.

To the Editor:
I have registered in my district, in which I have lived five years. I move in another ward Nov. 1, 1894. Does this disqualify me from voting? H. H.

Should you move you will lose your vote.

To the Editor:
Could you please publish an answer in the columns of "The Evening World" to the following question, as there is a great dispute over the same?
If a man who has come from Italy, and has been naturalized in the United States and has children born here, and his children go to Italy at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two years, are they to serve military duty, and are they subject to the ordinances of that country?
Capt. DI SIMONE.

The children born here owe no allegiance to the country of their parents, and cannot be made to do military duty in such country.

To the Editor:
Will you kindly answer the following question and oblige some of your readers? Can a Board of Registry accept the name of a voter if he is a foreigner if he does not bring his naturalization papers along, or, through courtesy accept him on his naming the date and month of his naturalization? Kindly give me the law on the subject, as it is to decide a bet, as K contends the Registry Board has no right to accept any one who has not his papers along with him, and H contends that the Board must accept him if he names the date of his naturalization and the court in which he was naturalized. Also when a voter registers on his father's papers, must he show a copy of such papers or not?
KING AND HAT.

They can insist on seeing naturalization papers. He must show his father's papers.

To the Editor:
Will you please inform me if I lose my vote by moving on the 5th day of October from one ward to another in the city of Brooklyn. Is it thirty days from election day or thirty days from last registration day? S. G.

A residence in the district of thirty days next preceding election is required. You may register and vote.

To the Editor:
I registered on Oct. 9 in the Thirty-third Election District of the Second Assembly District, and on Nov. 1 I want to move to the Twenty-third Election District of the Second Assembly District. Will I lose the right to vote on Nov. 6, election day? A CONSTANT READER.

You lose your vote by moving out of the election district in which you registered.

To the Editor:
I have been a resident of New York City for two and a half years, and am, therefore, a qualified voter. Two months ago I removed to Brooklyn, and on election day will have been in Kings County only three months. I would like to know if I can register in New York, or if I lose my vote. VOTER.

You must be a resident of the county you live in four months before you are a qualified voter.

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR GRANT BOYS.

They'd None of Them Be Missed.

(As sung by H-gh J-y Gr-nt.)

To avoid my declination some victims must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of Tammany offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—
Who never would be missed!

There's that pestilential nuisance, Phil Wissig, of the Third;
His nomination you'll agree was really too absurd,
And all his district heelers, and his wife who comes out flat
Against my wise decision and who shakes her fist like that—
And all persons who on spoiling of my fist do insist.
They'd none of them be missed!
They'd none of them be missed!

There's the "Silver Dollar" bruiser, who says he won't resign,
And who has a mighty fist—I've got him on the list.
And who really has the impudence to measure "pulls" with mine—
He never would be missed!
He never would be missed!

Then there's James E. Marsh, a candidate who never would suit me,
Who couldn't be made to understand my plan of purity;
And other men whose wicked ways give me and Dick a chill,
And who wouldn't please the Cuckoos, even if they did suit Hill,
Those men who are so crooked that their brains are in a twist—
I don't think they'd be missed!
I don't think they'd be missed!

And that fellow I detest, who just now is rather rife—
The campaign humorist—I've got him on my list—
The men who tell the people all about my public life—
They'd none of them be missed!
They'd none of them be missed!

And apologetic statesmen of the compromising kind,
Such as Justice Paddy Divver (who hasn't yet been fined),
And the shady Martin brothers and Bill Clark and all the rest,
And many I appointed and whose names you will have guessed,
You can take your pick and put them every one upon the list,
For they'd none of them be missed!
They'd none of them be missed!
M. A. S.

HOUSE AND HOME

Isn't This a Beauty?

A smart little cape is made in pale blue cloth flatly plaited and edged with white galon. It is finished with a tight-

fitting waistcoat, fastened with an old silver buckle, and is worn with a hat to match. This cape would look best with a gray gown.

Mushrooms.

Mushroom flavoring in gravies and other culinary preparations is liked by the majority. This is the way to make a mushroom powder that will last through the Winter months. Take four quarts of fresh mushrooms, wash, peel and dry them well, throwing away any parts that show decay. Mix with them a dozen cloves, quarter of an ounce of powdered mace and two teaspoonfuls of white pepper. Put all into a stew-pan without water, shake over a fire until the liquor is all evaporated, taking care to avoid burning. Lay the mixture on baking-sheets. After drying thoroughly in a slow oven, pound to a fine powder and put into dry bottle, cork, seal and put by in a dry place.

Stains on the Wall.

Housewife.—If the stain on the wall paper is of a greasy character it would be advisable to brush off the upper sooty section first and then lay on the spot a mixture of pipe clay and water the consistency of cream. Let this remain until the following day; it can be easily removed with a pen-knife or brush.

Sleep Prolongs Life.

Sleep as a prolonger of life is upheld by a curious calculation which appeared in a medical work on the digestive organs and faculties. The duration of human life may be ascertained by the pulsations of the body. Say a man lives to seventy ears, his heart beating sixty to the minute, the pulsations in that time foot up to 2,207,520,000. If, by intemperance or any other cause, he raises pulsation to seventy-five a minute, the same number of pulsations would be finished in fifty-six years. And as the number of pulsations is less in sleeping than in a waking state, it stands to reason that a long sleeper has a much better prospect of a long life than a person who is satisfied with short naps. Napoleon I., who slept very little, did not attain old age. Gen. Butler, who could sleep at will, rounded out a good ripe sheaf of years.

Pancake Fritters.

Well beat the yolks of six eggs, add to them one tablespoonful of rice flour, half a small nutmeg grated, a pinch of salt and a wineglassful of champagne. Stir into this one pint of cream, sweeten to taste and bake in a well-buttered small, shallow dish. When cold cut into triangles and dip each piece into a batter made with half a pint of cream, a gill of milk, four whisked eggs, a tablespoonful of flour and a dust of ground ginger. Fry them in fresh lard quickly, drain and serve on ornamental paper. Dust over them a little caster sugar; send to table with small glasses of red currant jelly.

The Improving American Girl.

Outdoor life, delight in action, the spirit of sport, have taken hold of American womanhood. Girls of strong, active physique, erect carriage and energetic spirit, delighting in tennis, riding, boating, walking, are now the rule; the feeble indoor do-nothing is the exception, and the result is a tall, vigorous race, with free step and cheeks aglow with the ruddy color of physical health and energy. Walk along the avenues of any large city at the fashionable hours and the procession of bright, animated girlhoood which passes before one's eyes gives ample proof of Summer activity. All over the country, where there are men and money to start a club and create a sporting interest, the women also have their share of advantages, and in not a few cases their fair share also of the work in setting the organizations on foot. There are few country clubs, hunt clubs, tennis clubs, or other sporting clubs throughout the Union which have not a lady membership.

Fried Johnny Cakes.

Did you ever eat fried "johnny cakes?" They are perfectly delicious, and are, I think, indigenous to Missouri. I never ate them anywhere else, at any rate. Take a cupful of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, two eggs and enough soda to sweeten the mess. To this add in cornmeal and flour till you can make firm round balls of the dough, by working it in your hands—make them small, using one-third flour, the rest meal—and then drop them in hot lard and fry as you would doughnuts. Eat them when hot, with butter, or make a gravy as for cream toast, then cut the doughnuts open and cover with the gravy.

Foaming Sauce.

Beat whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; melt teacup of sugar in a little water, let it boil, stir in one glass of wine and then the whites of three eggs; serve at once.

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.]

Autumn Song.

To the Editor:
The blue wide heavens are curtained now
With gray long clouds, lined with white sunshine;
The pitiless winds the sky-fields plough,
Thus making rifts for sunrays' silver
To pass in glory there,
Above the woods that flaunt their colors rare!

Oh! though the fields grow gray, the trees
Change hues, till of leaves they are abraded,
The eternal azure never flees
From living ken—but glows above us
So may we bear the cold;
For in the skies shines Hope's ne'erchanging Fold!

Then travel o'er the Autumn sod—
Though harsh winds blare, the air is changing;
Like the eternal blue, thus God,
(Though woe may wake us, and wild plaining
He on our earthly way),
Is with man's spirit forever and a day!
L. M. E.

Business Is a Warfare.

To the Editor:
"Chata Similia" objects to my saying "business is a warfare." Business is but another name for labor. He has but to look around him at the bitter struggle for existence to see the warfare our competitive system makes—the blood shed in our strikes, the shooting of union men, the beating of non-union men, the fear of poverty, the pitiful reaching out of hands for a bare living in a world of plenty. Must there be more blood and suffering to suit this splitter of hairs? "C. S." shows his selfish indifference in his sneer at the little man trying to raise oranges, when with "C. S.'s" aid the little industry could be raised to one of National importance. In regard to "C. S.'s" soap, I presume he has a fat position and can furnish his own lye.
G. G.

Our Colored Brother.

To the Editor:
Why are the colored people in this country so down-trodden? Why are they treated as inferior beings, as though they were not human and without feeling? I have travelled all through the South and a great deal through the North, and I am very sorry to say that I have always found it to be just the same treatment to the colored in the North as it is in the South, and sometimes worse. And I am more than sorry to say that the colored are treated worse in New York and Chicago than in any other cities of the North, and worse than in many of the South.
A TRUE AMERICAN.

Good for Stamp Plates Only.

To the Editor:
Can't some one tell me if two-cent stamps are any good, as I have been saving them, and also all the other kind, one, three and five-cent stamps, and where can I get anything for them?
J. T., Brooklyn.

Here Is Prophesy for You.

To the Editor:
What is our country coming to? By all appearances there will be a great change, and I verily believe that before the sun rises on Jan. 1, 1895, this great American nation will groan and writhe in an agony of revolution, and the streets of all our great cities will be slippery with blood—a hundred drops of blood for each gem that flashes on the necks of the rich and pampered women, and ten drops of blood for each tear that has washed the face of the poor. Every election is carried by boodle and fraud; politics is so rotten that it stinks. Everybody knows it and nobody cares. America is no longer a Republic. It is a plutocracy. The President is merely a creatice of bank directors, railroad kings and coal barons, and it is the same with the Governors of States. The poor whine about their poverty and gnaw their crust of bread, but can always be counted on to vote for the rich, and nine-tenths of them would shoulder their muskets and lay down their lives in defense of the right of the rich to rob them. A nation such as ours, in which one million plutocrats tyrannize over sixty million slaves, will be either overthrown by a foreign foe or drowned in its own blood or die of gangrene.
W. H. BARON, Newark, N. J.

To Dye or to Die.

To the Editor:
Verily, it is a hard world to please. "A Broken-Hearted Stenographer" complains in "The Evening World" of the 12th inst. that she cannot secure a position because of lack of experience, and she cannot obtain the experience without the position. My trouble is the reverse of this. I have the "experience"—twenty-five years of it—but, alas! with the experience gray hairs have come, and now, when I apply for a position I am told: "A gray-haired lady adds dignity to an office, but (alas for the but) we prefer a young lady." I have conscientious scruples against dyeing, and, being a firm believer in the life beyond, I cannot accept the suicide remedy, so I must live until I have fulfilled my appointed time. To live I must eat. To eat, I must have money. To obtain money, I must work. I have no experience in any employment other than stenography, so, by logical sequence, in order to live, I must have a position as stenographer. Will "The Evening World" or "A Broken-Hearted Stenographer" inform me where to find the "business man" who will employ the "experience" and ability, and close his eyes to the gray hair? Please don't all speak at once.
A GRAY-HAIRED STENOGRAPHER.

Is the Brigade Too Noisy?

To the Editor:
The Baptist Boys' Brigade may be a good thing when it is properly cared for. I live in the neighborhood of a Baptist church, situated on Greene avenue, between Stuyvesant and Lewis avenues and would like to say that the noise this brigade makes is not only a disgrace to the church but a nuisance to the neighborhood. I hope this will strike the eyes of some of its head members. If I knew their names I would write to them personally. I will take note of them next meeting and see if it is improving; if not, they will hear from me again. I do not want to make trouble, but it annoys my wife and I am sure that there are others.
STONESTHROW, Brooklyn.

Man Must Stay.

To the Editor:
This talk of abolishing man, if it really means anything, is very foolish, for all women know that, however pleasantly they may be situated in other respects, a dreadful lack is felt when there is no man in the house—some natural element wanting, and no matter how much feminine companionship there may be, each womanly heart, in the secret recesses of its lone chambers, will be plaintively cooing like the fond dove for its mate; or, perhaps, in soulful burst of song, sending forth the yearning wail: "Where art thou, Rudolph, oh! my love?" Therefore, dear sisters, I earnestly advise you in the words of the illustrious—"Take them as they comes"—and so they goes.
RIGHT YOU ARE.

Tobacco All Right; Its Abuse Wrong.

To the Editor:
Minnie K. has missed the heart of my question. I contend for equality of rights for both sexes. It is not a crime for men to smoke. Law-made crimes are artificial. I do not try to justify a crime. If a man or woman elects to smoke, it is his or her affair. If people who don't like gum-chewing should secure a law forbidding it, that would constitute law-made crime. Such laws violate personal liberty. There is nothing immoral in the use of tobacco. It is immoral to abuse it.
C. HENRY LOMAX.

Florence Appleton.

Several letters for you have been received at this office. Please call and get them.