The World

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324,904.

Gain per Sunday over last year,
75,425.

Gain in number of advts. over last September,
7,711.

No register, no vote. No vote, no good citizen.

One week from Tuesday next tells the story of the ballots.

The rat-catchers of Norfolk street need a lesson in humanity.

Are Commissioner Sheehan's symptoms those of pantatasis?

Commissioner Sheehan had his Buffalo cheek with him on the stand yesterday.

If Cleveland cannot write, why doesn't he just make his mark and send it on to Hill.

Better New York is a living issue. Therefore, put life into the canvass therefor.

It looks now as if the tiger would be inside the canary when all the excitement is over.

Caprivi has discovered that, beyond doubt, where there's a Wilhelm, there's will and a way.

Commissioner Sheehan is quite a contractor, but the job of evading Goff is too big a one for him.

If you vote for the city as you would act for your own business interests, you will make no mistake.

Two murder trials are in progress. District-Attorney Fellows's snooze seems to have been interrupted.

Register to-day or you are a traitor to good citizenship. Always providing that you haven't registered before.

Greater New York is getting a move on. It's a good thing that it doesn't have to wait for rapid transit.

New York's registration is big, but it isn't big enough so long as a single voter's name is lacking to the list.

McKinley's train goes more than a mile a minute. It is suspected that he will wish his boom hadn't gone so fast.

The Ameer of Cabul is not so very dead after all. He was able to transact business on this planet at the last accounts.

Small-pox, which has closed the Interior Department for a time, has one thing in common with the pension fever. It's catching.

Sleek and swift-winged Lucania! She lowered the transatlantic record again yesterday. This time to 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes.

Hill is confident. Grant is confident. Morton is confident. And Col. Strong is confident. But the voter will show where his confidence lies on Nov. 6.

A burglar after Harry Miner. What could he expect to find in a candidate's possession after he had been out for the night among the boys of the Ninth?

Ex-Chancellor Caprivi and ex-Chancellor Bismarck can sit down over their "steins" now and tell each other what they think of the hare-brained young Kaiser.

Gov. Flower is going to make speeches morning, noon and night from the rear of his car. Strange, isn't it, how anxious for the good of the State some people become at election time.

Mr. Goff got glimpses of the top floor yesterday. It was Croker who closed the pool-rooms, and he did it for Croker. Call Croker, Mr. Goff, before another malaria season sets in.

What is Inspector McLaughlin's "pull"? The Police Board didn't dare to try him, but "broke" Capts. Devery and Cross on evidence that as completely implicated the Chief Inspector.

When District-Attorney Fellows absented himself from his office all day on Thursday he was doubtless engaged in restraining himself from interfering with the work of the Lexow Committee.

The "New Woman" is rapidly arriving. An Oklahoma lady has finally shot a man who jumped her claim, and the seventeen-year-old daughter of a Missouri farmer kicked in three of his ribs because he was whipping her twin brother and wouldn't desist; then she shot and killed herself. Besides all this the Professional Woman's League met yesterday and seriously discussed cheesecloth gymnastics and psyche-physical culture.

CLEVELAND'S HANDY AXE.

President Cleveland is exercising the privilege of the very wise man in doing an apparently very foolish thing. The ordinary intellect cannot but condemn as foolish the man who chops off an objectionable limb by sitting on it and plying the axe between himself and the trunk. And yet it is conceivable that a very wise and learned man could do that thing with perfect safety. He might have a flying machine in his pocket, or he might have discovered an antidote for the force of gravity, which would enable him to remain seated comfortably in midair after the severed limb fell away.

So it is impossible for men of only average intellect to say positively that President Cleveland is doing an unwise political act in cutting off the limb which is Senator Hill's salvation, himself being perched upon the same limb. It is possible that President Cleveland, in his mighty wisdom, knows of some process by which the New York limb can be chopped from the tree of Democracy and the New York President not fall with it.

Perhaps in the manipulation of his axe upon the scrub pines at Gray Gables the President has discovered an occult means of chopping off a limb and leaving it on the tree at one and the same time.

Perhaps he can destroy the Democratic party in New York and at the same time preserve the New York Democratic party.

People who lack the intellectual development which so characterizes the President should refrain from criticising an act which they perhaps do not understand, and hold their breaths until the job is done.

GO DEEP, MR. GOFF.

Yesterday's examination of Police Commissioner Sheehan by the Lexow Committee was much more satisfactory than the first day's and fully justifies the persistent demand of "The World" that Mr. Goff should "go higher" than the "lower strata" of police misconduct and crime.

Commissioner Sheehan was questioned as to police blackmail and incidentally as to the sale of appointments on the force. This is what the people want to know. They care nothing about Mr. Sheehan's Long Island contracts, nor about the income he derives from his law business, nor about his familiarity with the location of station-houses, nor about his opinion as to Inspector Williams's qualifications as a police officer. But they do want to know what Mr. Sheehan and the other "higher" officials of the Department know about the criminal acts of the members of the force.

Mr. Sheehan testifies that he believed, as every one else did, the pool-rooms were paying for "protection" long before they were finally closed. He made personal inquiries that satisfied him of the fact, but no official steps were taken to investigate the matter.

Now, the people want to know without further delay whether Mr. Sheehan or any other "high" official has been receiving any of the money raised by blackmail or the sale of appointments.

On with the good work, Mr. Goff! Continue at work on the "upper strata" and at the same time, go deep. There is no time to waste on immaterial subjects.

A WESTERN PRETTY LOUISE.

Talk about women not being fit for the franchise? Why, here is a gentle one, Louise Cook, the sister of the notorious Cook gang of bandits and road agents now being chased by a Sheriff's posse in the Indian Territory, who rode into Fort Gibson yesterday armed to the teeth and terrified the whole town.

My pretty Louise did not touch the harp gently, but shot into houses and stores, filled the depot full of lead from her revolvers and rifle, defied a squad of deputy marshals to come and arrest her and then rode out of the place in safety.

Her raid was intended to show the people what they might expect if any harm came to her interesting brothers.

Talk about the bonnie Louise being unfit to vote! A woman who can scatter bullets all around must surely be fit to cast a ballot.

THIRD DAY'S REGISTRY.

The registration yesterday was not so large in this city as was expected, but it reached a fair figure nevertheless. It brings the total three days' registration 7,405 below that of 1892, but leaves it more than 57,000 higher than last year.

In 1892 the total vote of the city was 284,984, being cast 175,267 for Cleveland and 98,967 for Harrison. Last year the total vote was 242,467, of which the Democratic Secretary of State got 147,674 and the Republican 80,004. For Judge of the Court of Appeals, Maynard got 127,363 and Bartlett 95,686, a Tammany plurality of 31,677.

In Brooklyn the third day's registration was not quite as large as last year, but higher than in 1892. The total for three days is 14,955 higher than in 1893 and 4,110 higher than in 1892.

To-day is the last day of registration, and it is hoped every legal voter will discharge the duty if his name is not already on the list.

WELL PLEASED WITH CLEVELAND.

Thomas C. Platt is chuckling at his candidate's headquarters over the failure of President Cleveland to manifest an interest in the election by registering and voting for his party, or to utter a word in favor of Senator Hill's success. He whispers to everybody willing to listen to him that the President would rather lose the State than give Senator Hill a boom that might carry him into the next Presidential contest.

Chairman Hackett, the missionary of the Gospel of Conversion by ready money, says Mr. Cleveland's conduct certainly suits the Republicans, and Warner Miller, the well-licked servitor of the Republican machine, who has again crept in from outside the breastworks, says that Cleveland has deprived Senator Hill of his yellow jacket and peacock feathers.

It is not likely that the President will be grateful for these indorsements by his Republican friends.

Meanwhile it will be observed that Mr. Hill is pushing his brilliant campaign in Oswego, Ogdensburg and other places, eloquent, convincing, untiring and doing his best to win a victory, which, if he should be successful, will be doubly brilliant and effective because of the opposition or indifference of a faction of his party.

THE BROOM AS A DOMESTIC ISSUE.

After discussing soul and body culture yesterday, listening to one of its members tell how she learned to crack her toes and looking at her muscle-mellowing movements in a bloomer costume of white cheesecloth, the Professional Woman's League came near adopting a resolution asking for an amendment to the United States Constitution which would make it the duty of men, and men only, to do all sweeping around the house.

Broom-wielding, it was argued, was injurious to woman. It was too heavy work for her, and yet the Leaguer in the cheesecloth bloomers urged the necessity of exercise for the sex, and explained how she spent hours in joggling her joints and rolling her muscles. Well, perhaps the broom is too hard on housewives; but there are other things she has to do equally tiring and toilsome. Why not relieve her of all household duties and shift them to the broad shoulders of the men?

Then woman will have lots of time to live in her cheesecloth bloomers, and crack her toes and go through Nautch-dance like movements and get the healthful, blood-stirring, soul-elevating exercise that she needs to properly reflect in her heart the "happy home" motto that hangs on the wall.

No wonder Recorder Smyth shuns a "controversy with a newspaper" in the case of "Col." William Carrere. He would have a fine time attempting to defend the proposition that one Judge of the General Sessions is put on the bench to dismiss complaints which another Judge of the same court has refused to dismiss. New York voters should make sure, Nov. 6, that the complaints against Recorder Smyth are not dismissed at the polls.

So Commissioner Sheehan suspected that the police were blackmailing the pool-rooms, and he told President Martin so, and both of them wished they could do something about it. By such rare developments as this is the gayety of New York promoted.

The Police Board didn't break anybody higher up than a Captain because Supt. Byrnes and Attorney Wellman told them not to do it. This is the bold statement made by Commissioner Sheehan before the Lexow Committee. "Breaking" seems to go by favor in our Police Department.

London's Purists have succeeded in restricting the Empire Music Hall's license. Dr. Parkhurst can shake hands with himself and feel the thrill of consciousness that he is a pretty big man, for he started all this Purist business.

They call Pittsburg the Smoky City. Yet, in spite of its smudgy atmosphere, the hustling Pennsylvania municipality was able to see its way clear to an effective garbage-handling plant, which New York hasn't.

In nabbing ten "repeaters" yesterday Supt. Byrnes calculates that he spoiled the chances for 400 fraudulent votes. It was a good job. Duplicate it wherever fraud is found to be getting a foothold, Superintendent.

Bidding for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight has taken on the character of bidding for free advertising. The fighters need all of this that they can get. Outsiders will please not poach on their preserves.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

Our broad-minded friends must not overlook the fact that cannibalism is regarded as a religious rite by many able-bodied Africans, some of them priests.—The Sun.

* * *

New York expects every citizen to do his duty on Nov. 6. That day will be either the Waterloo of Tammany or the Waterloo of the people.—The Herald.

* * *

No thorough and honest cleaning of our streets will be possible until Tammany itself is swept away.—The Times.

* * *

Recorder Smyth, previous to going on the bench, was simply a real estate lawyer. It was his only training for the judicial and ministerial duties of his office, and he was far inferior then, as he is now, to John W. Goff in the qualities which go to make up an efficient magistrate.—The Press.

* * *

The Metropolitan Traction Company, like the Manhattan Elevated still needs the closest watching on the part of the friends of real rapid transit.—The Daily News.

* * *

If the people of New York fail to approve the plan of constructing underground roads at the city's expense the last hope of rapid transit for years to come will vanish. This is a matter of vast importance to the people of the city. With electric traction underground, transit will be comfortable and extremely fast, since there is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained.—The Tribune.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

Right on the Point of the Jaw.

Raising wages in Pittsburg is a severe but deserved upper cut in the face of calamity howling.—Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Platt Has a Fight On.

Despite all predictions to the contrary, Mr. Platt is being made to realize that he has a fight on his hands.—Washington Post.

A Chip That Chipped In.

One of the contributions to the Hill campaign fund in New York has been sent by Mrs. Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox, of Washington, who was born in the White House and is a grandniece of Andrew Jackson. She is truly a chip of the "Old Hickory."—Philadelphia Record.

Aspiring Master, Aspiring Man.

Mr. McKinley's private secretary is developing a healthy Gubernatorial boom while his chief is exploiting himself as a candidate for President. In Ohio there is very little hay spoiled in sunny weather.—Kansas City Star.

Educational Progress in Chicago.

The people of Chicago have pronounced against mud pies in every form as a course in public-school instruction, and the sooner this cherished fad is dropped the better practical parents will like it.—Chicago Journal.

His Doctors Doing Well.

The Czar is
- Better.
- Worse.
- Hopelessly stricken.
- Gaining strength.
- Slightly improved.
- A trifle poorer.

But his physicians are doing quite well, thank you.—Chicago Mail.

The Cat's Easy Lesson in Singing.

(From an Exchange.)

"That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night."

"Yes, father. I suppose that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

THAT PUZZLING PORTRAIT.

Several "Evening World" Readers Try to Tell Whose It Is.

To the Editor:

When looking over "The Evening World" of Oct. 19 I saw Mr. Shaw's question:

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

I have heard that before, but it was a little different. The person that told it to me said it in this way. There was a man arrested and the next day was sent to prison. A gentleman came to see him, and the keeper asked him if he was any relation to the man, and he answered the above. The answer is that the man was his father. D. KATZENBERG.

The Mystery Deepens.

To the Editor:

Walter Shaw says in to-night's paper that nine friends of his contend that the person who spoke the lines:

"Brother's and sisters have I none,
Yet this man's father was my father's son,"

referred to himself. If that was the case that man was closely related to Ananias, or else he should allow several of our leading scientific surgeons to examine him. The idea of Tom Jones's father being Tom Jones's father's son proves him to be a greater curiosity than Laloo is or a speechless prize-fighter would be. The people who questioned this person's identity must have been young and inexperienced girls. LAWRENCE REX.

Tackled It Before. Years Ago.

To the Editor:

I was pleased to see this very old conundrum in your estimable paper. I remember seeing it in a Scotch journal some years ago and it caused some very good argument, as the more you look into it the more mystified you get. I think Walter Shaw has omitted one word. It should read thus:

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

As "W. S." has it the portrait might be of the speaker, or his brother, but I can't see how it can be the speaker's son. Perhaps the Lexow Committee will be able to find out.

JOHN CORE, West New York, N. J.

Q. E. D.

To the Editor:

Please insert the following for the benefit of Walter Shaw, Rutherford, N. J., in answer to his "Old, but Who Was He?" Theorem: "Sisters and brothers have I none; that man's father is my father's son." Demonstration: Let A equal man represented in portrait; B equals speaker; C equals father of speaker. Then is the father of A the son of C, according to theorem. B is only the son of C, according to theorem. Then since the father of A equals the son of C, and B equals only the son of C, B must be the father of A, for things equal to same things are equal to each other. Q. E. D.,

Polytechnic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May Be a Nephew.

To the Editor:

Replying to the portrait conundrum,

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

I would say that the speaker may have had a brother or sister, or both, and yet not have brothers and sisters, in which case the portrait may have been that of a nephew. Otherwise it must have been the portrait of his own son. NUMBSKULL.

At It a Whole Month.

To the Editor:

In answer to the query of Walter Shaw—we have been arguing on that subject for the past month—

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

and we say he is the man's own son, for this reason: This man had no sisters or brothers, and he must be a son of the man who was speaking, as near as we can explain it. TWO FARMERS,

One from Harrison and one from Mamaroneck.

One and the Same.

To the Editor:

The answer to

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

is very easy. The gentleman was looking at the portrait of his son, consequently the father of his son being himself, he and his father's son were one and the same person. L. E. H.,

Brooklyn.

THE HOBO'S CAMPAIGN SONG.

He Worked for Grant.

"I worked for Grant," the hobo said
To the sentinel at the door.
"Tell him I'm here."—he bowed his head—
"Ready to work some more.
"I worked for him years and years ago,
Before he owned horses fast;
You can bet your boots he'd like to know
I've struck this town at last."

"He's worked for Grant."—the word was sent.
The answer came—"Show him in."
And into the mighty presence went
The hobo, ragged and grim.
"Remember me?" he asked with a grin.
"Perhaps; perhaps," said Hugh.
"You want a small sum to help me win?—
I suppose a dollar will do?"

"What did you do—and when—and where?
Are you from Ward Three or Four?"
"Mix," said the man with the seaweed hair,
"I've walked from Baltimore.
You were Sheriff—I held a fake sale
In this town, it happened—you bet.
They made me scrub floors in the County Jail.
This plunk just cancels the debt." F. A. W.

A NUT FOR M'KINLEY TO CRACK.

How Would This Do Here?

(From a Spanish Exchange.)

A raid was recently effected on a novel kind of gambling den in the Calle Mayor, Madrid. When the police entered the place they discovered a small chapel or oratory; a gentleman was standing at the altar, preaching a sermon, while the rest of the company were kneeling and praying. The police were, however, not to be baffled in this way; they made a thorough search of the premises, and found that by pressing a lever the chapel could be transformed into a gambling saloon and vice versa in an incredibly short space of time. The gamesters were recruited from the cream of Madrid society, and interesting particulars are likely to come out at the trial.

A Patent Reversible Map.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"This," said the enterprising contributor, "is a map illustrating certain phases of the Chinese-Japanese war."

"We never touch upon such matters," said the editor. "This is a fashion paper."

"Good!" cried the enterprising contributor. "That being so, you can use this same map for a pattern. Cutting up here along the Corean boundary, and running down here and ending at Pekin, will give you the finest pattern for a Winter dolman, suited to a woman of forty, you ever saw."

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

INSPECTOR WM. W. M'LAUGHLIN.

This is a picture of the man who is at the head of the Detective Bureau of the New York police, and who couldn't tell the difference between the Normannia and the Normandie when a woman who had important evidence to give against him was about to sail for Europe on one of them.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS.

"Evening World" Readers Discuss This Intensely Interesting Subject.

To the Editor:

In reply to a letter signed "Winnette," asking what causes dreams, I'd like to say this: Dreams are by no means the result of an overworked mind. Great men claim that an overworked mind will often cause baldness of the head, but not dreams. Yet, I would admit that some dreams are due to a restless mind. There are, I have heard, three kinds of dreams which occur at different parts of the night. One kind occurs just as soon as you fall asleep. Those dreams are reflections of the mind; you will dream what you have been doing the day or week past. They are of no account at all. Another kind of dream occurs at midnight. In the midnight dreams you will often see your dead friends. They are full of tragedy. You will often dream you are getting drowned, burned, killed, &c., and you will also often see diabolical and weird phantoms in the midnight dreams. These sights are due to a very peculiar reason, which I should expect the reader to understand himself. The third kind occurs in the morning before you awake. These dreams are said to be predictions of the future, and have often proved to be very true, although you cannot depend upon them, and they are said to be brought by an angel, who is created and exists for this purpose exclusively. We also find a number of dreams in the Old Testatment by Jacob, Joseph and Pharoh and many others, and they all had good meanings. In my days I have seen dreams which proved to be of some consequence to me. think every morning dream has some meaning, but we don't know it. I. L. M.

Bring Only Pleasant Dreams.

To the Editor:

In answer to "Winnette" in regard to the cause of dreams, I would say that the old theory of a slight congestion of the brain caused by an overloaded stomach or mental worry is to-day disproved by the fact that those who read the daily and "Evening World" have enough substantial food and stimulant to overcome any mental unrest. And conversely—those who do dream must be in the habit of reading some inane paper, advertised as a favorite of the people. You see it in your dreams! It is not so. DREAM DOCTOR.

Is It Spirit or Soul?

To the Editor.

"It shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh. Your sons and your daughters shall dream dreams."—Joel ii., 28; Deuteronomy xiii., 1, 3, 5; St. Matthew i, 20; ii, 19-22. "His watchmen are dreaming; talking in sleep."—Isaiah lvi, 10; St. Matthew xxvii, 19. SHIGGAION.

Stamford, Conn.

Can McKinley Open This Can.

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR THE ANXIOUS

There's a Writer in the White House.

It was rumored about Democratic State headquarters late this afternoon that assurances had been received that President Cleveland would within the next few days write a letter.—From yesterday's "Evening World."

(Air: "There's a Letter in the Candle.)

There's a letter incubating, and it points direct to me;
How its little shell is straining! How it fills me full of glee!
It gets brighter still and brighter, like a little sunny ray;
And I dare to guess the writer, for it drives suspense away.

CHORUS.

Bright spark of hope, shed your beams on me,
What if your writer did from registration flee?
That's nothing if the letter only comes to me;
Oh, speed your message from Washington, D. C.

Hope and fear alike perplex me, oh! superstitious dread,
How many idle fancies you conjure in my head!
When his words of cheer are absent, how wantonly you play!
A condition, not a theory, confronts us all to-day.

Chorus.—Bright spark of hope, &c.

How gladly I remember, 'tis three short months, no more,
Since I spoke for the letter-writer upon the Senate floor.
Then let the darling messenger come prompt and swift to me,
If only it is strong enough, how welcome it will be!

Chorus.—Bright spark of hope, &c.

N. A. J.

THE SICK BABIES' FUND.

Some Late Contributors Send in Small Amounts.

Contributions to the Sick Babies' Fund have been received recently as follows: $2 from Stella Cohen, Lulu Marr and Wedie Bonds, of 304 East Twenty-first street; $1.10 from Fannie Pincus, eleven years old, who held a fair at 286 Sixth street, South Brooklyn, and $1 from Louisa and Eva Bennett, Rosie Yates, Tessie Dorden and Mamie McCaully, who had a fair in the yard of 407 West Fifty-fifth street.

An Obliging Lender.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Borrowe—Could you let me have $5 if I bring it to you to-morrow?

Stumpup—Certainly. Bring me $5 to-morrow, and I'll let you have it.

SOME GIRLS AND OTHERS.

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

To the Editor:

I should like to inform the know-it-all young person who signs herself "A Young Girl," that when she makes the assertion that "it is a woman's fault if she is insulted," she does not know what she is talking about. We all of us know that everywhere in our great cities there are women who court insult by their very looks, and we also know that there is a class of loafers sufficient in number to be scattered all around, who make it a practice to insult women regardless of their age, looks and station. I have been going to and from New York for the past four years every day, during which time I can truthfully say that I have seen some of the most beastly specimens of humanity that ever walked the earth, and I defy any girl to conduct herself in a more quiet manner, both in looks and actions than I have done.

I am not a man-hater by any means, but I do say that there are hundreds of two-legged beasts, masquerading under the name of gentlemen, who infest our street-cars, and "L" and bridge cars, as well as our streets, theatres, &c., and I think it would be an excellent thing to have a "pound" for the purpose of ridding the earth, or at least our part of it, of such nuisances.

ANOTHER YOUNG GIRL, Brooklyn.

From Union to Madison Square.

To the Editor:

With me 'tis a duty to love woman's beauty,
And her loveliness blooms everywhere;
The lowland, the highland, the mainland the island—
The whole earth's the realm of the fair.
But of all charming features, possessed by sweet creatures,
There are none I have seen to compare
With those who so gaily now promenade daily
From Union to Madison Square.

Their faces are sweeter than sunshine; they're nearer
Than Venus Medici would be
If she wore modern dresses. Even the skeptic confesses
Such beauty elsewhere none can see.
They're fairer than flowers bedewed by June's showers;
Their faces bright smiles ever wear;
And straight as a commander they daily meander
From Union to Madison Square.

JOHN J. M'INTYRE.

Country Boarding-House Romance.

To the Editor:

At our country boarding-house on Long Island this Summer, were a number of very entertaining young city chaps, but, among all of them I was no more impressed than with a Mr. P., but it seems he would not become aware of the fact, although his immediate friends there were on the qui vive and, I know even jolled him on the subject. But he seemed to take it all as some huge joke, and not as serious as I would have liked him to. Now, what I want to find out is, how am I to let him know how much I wish to see him again? I have his address, but do not think it quite proper to write first. And still I am very anxious, and shan't this reach his notice I pleadingly sign myself his DEAR MENRIETTA.

Miss Eighteen Has Won Him.

To the Editor:

I am a bachelor of twenty-four Summers, with only a slight acquaintance with the ladies, and, until recently, unsusceptible to the charms of the lovely sex, but now, as my footsteps lead me down Broadway in the morning hours, I often see beautiful Miss Eighteen and her lovely form, lips that invite, eyes that speak and smile that wins, with her graceful action, have taken my heart and rest. How can I make the acquaintance of this delightful young lady, and is "fifteen hundred" enough income?

OH! MI....ABLE ONE.

New Woman, Read This!

To the Editor:

I see the New Woman demands to be emancipated from the obligation of obedience to her husband. Of course, she regards as entirely obsolete the injunction of I. Tim. ii. 11., "Let a woman learn in quietness in an all subjection. But teaching I do not permit to a woman, nor to have authority over a man, but to be in quietness." BOBS.

To Olga and George II.

To the Editor:

I take the liberty hereby to forge
A word of advice to Olga and George,
Little romantic children, your correspondence cease;
Go, George, to Olga's home, and smoke the pipe of peace.
This name of Walter, George, you mustn't mind,
'Tis only Olga's fancy—so common to her kind.
You show she likes you, put it as you may;
So stop your gentle hints, stake your fate and play. GEORGE III.

An Old Maid's Suggestion.

To the Editor:

People talk about their lonesome lives. Why don't they club together, and form a club or society where all lonesome old maids and bachelors can combine together and pass away their time in one another's society? Say, Mr. Editor, don't you think that would be a good plan? Then there would not be so many old maids and bachelors. What say you, old maids and bachelors? There are a number of handsome, worthy and interesting women who never have a chance to become anything else, and I suppose I am one of them, although I don't feel or look one bit like AN OLD MAID.

Are Our Girls So Worthless?

To the Editor:

Why is it that the girls in this city are such silly, good-for-nothing creatures? They care for nothing but the theatre, the dance and the latest novel. They do not seem to be able to talk intelligently on any rational subject, but chatter away about their newest dress, how many beaus they have, &c. As for modesty and womanliness, these qualities do not seem to enter into their composition at all. For the past two years I have been looking for a girl I could love and respect enough to marry, but in vain. I suppose I shall continue to be

A DISGUSTED YOUNG MAN.

Here, Girls! Tell Willie About It!

To the Editor:

What would be a suitable Christmas present to make a young lady about seventeen years old (not a relative), that would cost about ?

WILLIE.

P. S.—Would a silk umbrella be suitable?

Want a Name for Their Club.

To the Editor:

Kindly suggest a couple of names which you think would be appropriate for a ladies' social club. THE CLUB.

"Evening World" Kindergarten.

This is a clock. It is such a clock as should mark time for good citizens. It has been wound up for what should be a long run in New York City. It will presently strike 12. That will be the high noon of reform. But the clock will not go on unless good men give heed to its works.

HOUSE AND HOME

The Royal Blue.

Here is a beautiful hat of royal blue velvet, with a gathered velvet edge and a trimming which consists of a long

steel buckle, and a novel arrangement of graceful plumes of black ostrich feathers. These long feathers spring from the soft crown in quite a novel fashion.

Cook Breakfast to Order.

As people are inclined to oversleep, over-bathe, over-primp or over-something, breakfast should be cooked to order. Where there is a range, or better still, a gas stove, it is the work of five minutes to make a cup of coffee or tea. These beverages are not good if they have to stand and wait. While the fruit is being eaten or the oaten meal devoured the toast and chops can be cooked on the same broiler or the roll heated and the egg poached. Individual service has its advantages—the taste of the individual will guide the cook, and the coming down in single file will do away with setting a big table.

Spoon in a Child's Mouth.

It should be remembered in giving medicines by the spoon that the child cannot swallow as long as the spoon is in the mouth. The handle should be raised so as to depress the tongue and the spoon immediately withdrawn.

Helpful Hints for Housewives.

Before beginning to seed raisins cover them with hot water and let them stand fifteen minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily.

An excellent furniture polish is made of equal parts of wine, vinegar and olive oil. Put in a large bottle and shake thoroughly every day for a week. It will then be ready for use. It should be applied to the furniture with a soft woollen cloth and well rubbed in.

Use none but a silver spoon for your sweetmeats; dip with it your jellies while boiling into glasses and moulds.

Save all the paper bags. They are most convenient to draw over cans of fruit to shut out the light; the hand can also be slipped into one when cleaning the stove, as well as in doing much other household work which is hard on the hands.

Lady Love Pancakes.

Mix the yolks of two well-beaten eggs with a desertspoonful of ground rice and a gill of cream. Add two ounces of caster sugar, a small piece of powdered cinnamon, a blade of mace pounded and a dash of nutmeg. Rub a perfectly clean frying-pan with a piece of butter tied in a cloth. Fry the pancakes a light golden color and as thin as possible. Roll them, and lay not more than five at once on a hot dish screened with an ornamental paper. Dust over each a little caster sugar. Garnish with green sprigs of myrtle, and serve quickly. If too many pancakes are piled upon the dish they become sodden and heavy.

What House Linen Is.

The term "house linen" includes table napery, bed linen, towels, &c., and is provided by the bride's mother and is one of the most beautiful and lasting of all wedding gifts if it receives proper care. The "linen chest" of the period is a very elegant affair—like a chiffonier, with drawers for the different articles, divided to fit them when folded. The napkin drawer is like a series of boxes, holding every pile by itself; sachets of lavender line the entire case and frequently upon the outside is a silver plate with name of bride, date of marriage and some little couplet. One often used is:

May thy life be,
Like thy linen,
Fair and spotless.

Salt in the Bath.

Salt is both cleansing and stimulating. It is, therefore, quite as valuable as soap for the daily bath. It may be bought in many forms. Table salt, rock salt and toilet salt are all good ,and the cheapest is no less effective, though perhaps less dainty, than the most expensive, which comes perfumed.

Lemon Drops.

For these and all kinds of sugar candy some coloring is needed. Put one pound of sifted sugar into a basin; stir into this enough lemon juice to make a thick paste, add a little yellow coloring, put the mixture into a pan, heat it over a clear fire without letting it boil, drop it in small balls on tin plates. When cold remove them with a knife without breaking them, and dry them in a cool oven on sheets of paper.

Decorative Simplicity.

Mrs. Candace Wheeler, at the celebration of her golden wedding anniversary, did more to convince a sceptical world that beauty may be inexpensive than many volumes on the subject could have done. She gave an afternoon tea at her cottage in Ontario Park in the Catskills, and all the decorations were great sheaves of buttercups tied with golden grasses and massed everywhere possible through the rooms.

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.]

To the Mountain Brooklet.

To the Editor:

What use for amrit, or youth's quintessence rare;
For gin, great Byron's guide to Fancy's nook;
When I can write close to thee, babbling brook,
And feel thy wave's breath floating on the air!

Why drink the Rhenish wines, or those of Cos;
Or those of Sicily—of Marathon—
When I can relish thee, when I'm alone—
And be inspired with songs full glorious!

Away from sun-exposed summits green;
By thee sweet words flow from my fluent pen.
I drink thy cool wine, and, within the glen,
Thy rush, thy babble and thy mutter between,
Invite the muse to me, and then I deem
My work is but a Summer's pleasant dream!

L. M. R.

Too Many Stenographers.

To the Editor:

Bad times seem to have changed everything. A few years ago a stenographer could get a desirable position the day she graduated, but now it is wholly different. I have been looking for a position for the last nine months, but without success. I am really disgusted. My parents are poor and the money they gave me to learn stenography they badly needed. But thinking when I graduate I would get a good position, they gave it to me with hopes that I would help them out of their difficulties afterwards. But they as well as I are disappointed. DISAPPOINTED.

The Orphan Is Not Welcome.

To the Editor.

Will some kind reader advise me what to do in the following matter? I am mother of two children, a boy by my first husband and a little daughter by my second. My husband wishes me to visit his mother but her invitation is always "Bring your wife and daughter." Where is my little son to stay? I have never taken him with me and she never asked for him. I feel greatly hurt seeing my little orphan ignored, and do not care to visit where my child is not welcome. HATTIE WILSON.

Limit Immigration.

To the Editor:

Kindly allow me to suggest a way to benefit the working classes of this country by restricting immigration. Limit the number of immigrants from each country to 2,000 a year. If we could succeed in enacting a law bringing about this result "Maguire's Cat" could take a nap for about five years, then wake up and he would find that there would be no need of a tax on land values.

JOHN GETLER, 261 East Fourth street.

Perpetual Motion.

To the Editor:

Will you kindly inform me whether or not there is now on deposit any sums, and where, which have been deposited by individuals for the person who would discover perpetual motion? Also whether or not any nation has such a sum deposited or has offered the same.

AJAX X.

Clairvoyants' Souls.

To the Editor.

Being a salesman, and consequently travelling all the time, wherever I go I always get "The Evening World," if there is but one copy in the town. Yesterday they were all sold, and I had to pay 10 cents to get one. I generally glance over your letter column, which is very amusing. A dear girl, I presume, who signs herself L. E. D., expressed a very original idea about clairvoyants' souls. If we admit that people have souls, which a good many of your readers doubt or deny, as proved by the expression of their belief, I think that of all living creatures, clairvoyants are the least entitled to claim or possess such a thing. They are the most contemptible and despicable swindlers on the face of the earth, exploiting the credulity of the public. They are generally good judges of human nature, and through study have made remarks on the outward signs and physical appearance of a person which enables them to make pretty good guesses. But I am of the opinion that all card-readers, fortune-tellers, mind-readers and astrologers are fakes and tricksters of the first water. I believe in science, mesmerism, phrenology; even partly in palmistry, to indicate one's propensities, &c., but never to reveal the future. That faculty belongs to no mortal. I'll believe in them if any one of them can tell me in advance the winning horses at the races for a full week.

RAY, Kingston, N. Y.

The Postman's Christmas.

To the Editor:

If we think as much of our dearly beloved postman as we say, why not help him ourselves? In England poor and rich, each and every one give their mite, from sixpence to five shillings accordingly. On Christmas Day he gets to your house between 3 and 4 P. M. instead of 6 A. M. All are on the lookout for him, and he gets his well-deserved gift with complimentary greetings, and his weary but smiling face shines and answers for itself, and all are better and happier for having lightened his burden, and he goes on his way rejoicing, and no thanks to the post-office. Now let us all put our shoulders to the wheel. Many can help one, especially if that one is the overworked and underpaid postman. Let every housekeeper put by a few pennies a week, and at Christmas it will have grown to 50 cents or a dollar, and let us give it ourselves and not beat around the bush. Then all will be satisfied and happy for helping our friendly and cheerful postman. AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

Greenville, N. J.

The Living Pictures.

To the Editor:

Although the topic is old and worn, let me judge the living pictures from a disinterested standpoint. I have seen them, of course. I am a votary of the beautiful. I see nothing indecent in the poses, as every one in all the theatres is perfectly moral, and merely imitating some famous painting of a world-admired artist. He who sees objectionable things in any is over-orthodox and too-too conventional. No matter what the character of the women who pose, their figures remain beautiful, and are worthy of admiration, being a creation of God, who took such pains to build them symmetrically, charmingly and as a prize for high-minded persons.

MYSTERY.

The Baptist Boys' Brigade.

To the Editor:

"Stonesthrow" is very easily annoyed. Does he ever stop to consider the object that the originator of the "Baptist Boys' Brigade had in view? And for the sake of the well being of that portion of the rising generation he ought (at least) to be able to keep his angry passions from rising. Would he write in the same strain if his own politicals party were booming their candidates once a week in the place of the "Baptist Boys' Brigade?" AMUSED.

301 Arlington avenue, Brooklyn.

A Very Common Trick.

To the Editor:

Kindly inform me if a pawnbroker can charge more than the interest on anything put in. I put in a pair of