The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 PARK ROW, New York.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1894.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including postage):
PER MONTH..... 50c
PER YEAR.....$3.50
Vol. 35.....No. 12,131

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave. at 23d st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—369 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Inquirer Office, 929 Chestnut st.
WASHINGTON—701 14th st.

THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION FOR OCTOBER.

AVERAGE PER WEEK DAY,
488,262.
AVERAGE PER SUNDAY
(No Evening Edition),
332,949.
GAIN OVER LAST YEAR PER WEEK DAY,
45,150.
GAIN OVER LAST YEAR PER SUNDAY,
76,290.

It's all over but the explanations.

Election progresses quietly but intensely.

No country on earth is saved so often as this one.

There is little use in talking anything but election to-day.

The bright dawn of rapid transit should be right at hand.

There is more than the usual magnetism at the polls to-day.

It is worth while to be a citizen to-day—unless one misses his vote.

No man left less doubt than Grover Cleveland as to which way he went to-day.

It remains to be seen whether China wants peace more than Japan wants Pekin.

Don't believe all you hear about election bets. There's more wind than dust in them.

Whenever a new Grand Jury is impanelled now the police all whistle "They're After Me."

The man who has voted early and as often as the law allows has done his citizenly duty for the day.

Real snow in this State to-day. Ballot-box snow here, too. Many candidates will be snowed under by 4 P. M.

McKane's thoughts of Gravesend to-day must be long, long thoughts.

This is the Better New Yorkers' day to earn their Thanksgiving turkeys.

The lights on "The World's" dome will flash the earliest story of the day's results.

Better New Yorkers' calling was loud enough. Now to learn that their election is sure.

The race political differs from the horse race in that the runner who comes in second doesn't get the place.

That hour is darkest which is just before the dawn; that one is longest just before the returns come in.

A snowstorm for election day up north and a blizzard in the East. What New York asks is a cleansing tidal wave.

Will England try to browbeat Japan? The Japanese have said that they would not be afraid to give Johnny Bull battle.

The Lexow Committee has shown up Tammany's hand. It is for the voters, to-day, to sustain the Committee's hands.

The greedy Tiger in one balance, New York's self-respect in the other. That was the condition when the polls opened this morning.

The deathbed scene when the Czar passed away shows what a puny thing a mortal monarch is when the inevitable overtakes him.

Robbers seem to be repeating these days. They are getting in their work while the police are looking after the other repeaters.

Some Trust officials have been arrested in Philadelphia, but we can assure Attorney-General Olney's admirers that they are not Sugar Trust officials.

Farmer Dunn's clear, cool weather for election day got here on time. It ought to prove particularly cool for Tammany and particularly clear for the Better New York.

"After the smoke of battle has cleared away," perhaps Mr. Cleveland can be induced to write a letter to Mr. Olney in regard to the enforcement that should supersede the misinterpretation of the anti-Trust law.

The Rutherford man who lost his life yesterday in his hurry to get a seat in a train paid a terrible price for the coveted comfort. Seats are scarce, though, in urban and suburban cars, and this tragic lesson will soon be forgotten by the people who fight their way into the trains.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

Once upon a time a very smart man wrote a story about a princess who loved a young man who was condemned to be cast to the wild beasts in the arena. The princess had a "pull" and succeeded in getting the sentence mitigated to the extent that the young man was given one chance for life. In one cage was to be placed the tiger and in another exactly similar cage a beautiful young woman was to be confined. The young man was to open the door of whichever cage he thought best and be devoured by the tiger or marry the girl, as fate should direct his hand. But the princess, still with her "pull," got a tip as to which cage held the lady and which the tiger, and arranged to signal from her seat in the royal box to the young man in the arena which door he should open. The day arrived, and the moment when the young man must open the door. The princess, sitting in her box, knew that she was about to consign her lover to a horrible fate or another woman. No one knows which she did, for the story ended right there, and nobody has ever written a sequel.

Father Knickerbocker to-day, like the young man in the arena, is at the mercy of the uncertain mind of the princess of public sentiment. There is a beauteous maiden of reform in one cage and the Tammany tiger in the other. The key of the ballot will unlock either cage.

But Father Knickerbocker's story will not break off so abruptly as that of the young man and the princess. By 8 o'clock to-night every one will be able to learn, by buying an "Evening World" Extra, whether it was the lady or the tiger that was released; whether Father Knickerbocker rests in the arms of the white-robed maiden of Reform or reposes in closer and less comfortable quarters within the internal organism of the tiger.

Meantime, don't fail to do your share in influencing the result. Your vote may be the decisive one to turn the thumb of the Princess of Public Sentiment up for the lady or down for the tiger.

VOTE AT ONCE.

It is to be supposed that most of "The Evening World's" readers will have put their votes into the ballot boxes before they read this. They do their duty well, and to vote early is one of their duties, as taught by their favorite journal.

But, gentle reader, if you have not yet voted, remember the importance of the election; remember what is due from you as a good citizen; walk straight to your proper voting place and deposit your ballots in the box without delay.

And when you do so, after doing what you conscientiously believe to be best for the public interests in the way of candidates, do not fail to put into the box—

A ballot for Rapid Transit, and
A ballot for Greater New York.

These things interest you and your children and your children's children. They are more important than Governors and Mayors. They will outlast scores of Governors and Mayors, and their benefits will remain and multiply after scores of factional fights have been lost and won.

NOW FOR NEW YORK.

Before our readers enjoy to-morrow's "Evening World" the campaign will be over and the political complexion of the State and city will be settled until another election rolls round.

"Let us have peace." During the canvass there certainly has been a little too much war. Efforts have been made to paint New York as about the worst city in the civilized world. We have been described as prolific in all the vices known to human depravity. Citizens who have been honored with high office have been denounced as the vilest specimens of human nature.

The revelations of the Lexow Committee have certainly shown that we have many faults and failings needing correction. We cannot claim for New York the reputation of being a strictly moral city. We are compelled to admit the presence of some corruption and other malpractices among those who serve us in a public capacity. We are, in fact, bad enough in all conscience without making ourselves out worse than we are.

New York is a very beautiful and very desirable city. As a home it has many attractions. It is healthful, above other large cities. It has the purest and best water supply of which any city can boast. It is surrounded by a fine country. Its rivers and bay are sources of health as well of beauty. It is an orderly city, in which life and property are safe. It is much more free from open, flaunting vice and immorality than any other large metropolis. Its police have been shown to be guilty of very terrible corruption among what is called the "lower strata," but this will be reformed whichever side may win at the polls to-day, and New York will be better for the purification.

If we get "Greater New York" and "Rapid Transit" to-day, let us be contented, and then, while the work of reforming the evils so vigorously exposed by the Lexow Committee goes bravely on, let us all unite in justifying the New Yorker's natural and proper pride in his magnificent city and in proving to the world that we have here what will eventually be the greatest, best and grandest metropolis on earth.

COURTING AT A WEDDING.

Annie Korlish, of Second avenue, is only twenty years of age. But she has had a wedding day experience such as few women are likely to encounter.

A young man named Benjamin Friedman, five years her senior, played his way into Annie's affections on a harmonica and Jew's-harp, with the aid of "Sweet Marie," "After the Ball," "On a Bicycle Built for Two" and other popular airs. So last Sunday arrangements were made for a wedding at the house of Annie's uncle.

While the wedding was proceeding, however, the bridegroom's mother made her entrance on the scene and proceeded at once to hostilities. She seized her son by the hair and began dragging him from the room, despite the marriage ties. Annie, as in duty bound, clung to her new husband. Annie's uncle clung to his niece. The best man clung to the uncle. The rabbi clung to the best man. In this order the stalwart mother drew the forcible procession into the street, where a policeman joined the line and led the way to the police station.

A "courting" not before calculated on followed. The mother was fined five dollars. So was the bridegroom, hapless son. So was the best man. So, lamentable to tell, was the fair bride.

All the fines were paid, except that imposed on the bride. In vain she appealed to the bridegroom, who handed over his own V, put the rest of his money into his pocket, said "ta-ta, dear!" to Annie, and went off with his belligerent mamma.

Annie was locked up, but anything must be better than such a husband.

"A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR."

The clerk of the weather is a good fellow. After frightening us with a stormy flurry and making everybody believe he had resolved to play the role of a partisan in this interesting election, he has turned around and given us a model day for a full vote; neither too warm nor too cold, clean streets—that is, as clean as the dispensation of Andrews will permit them to be—clear sunshine and a bracing, invigorating air, fit to put life and energy into the dullest elector.

In a fight the natural and commendable instinct is to desire "a fair field and no favor." This is just what the clerk of the weather has given us to-day. A bright, model morning, calculated to call out a full vote and to give the victory to the best men without any "ifs" or drawbacks. If the reformers do not win to-day, they may as well go out of business.

But can they lose on such a day as this?

SWEET HELLOS FOR HIS GIRL.

A boy at the Democratic State Committee's headquarters ran up a telephone bill of about $18 for talking over the wire to his best girl, in Rochester. He lisped sweet nothings into the New York end of the phone, and she wafted back warm words of endearment from the other end, and the copper sizzed and burned and sputtered along several hundred miles while they cooed and courted.

The Committee got very angry when it found out that the boy had been doing his long-distance love-making at its expense. But the boy's argument was right; it was easier than writing and cheaper in the end. A boy in love, and especially an office boy, can use up an awful lot of his employer's time, stationery and stamps in communicating with his sweetheart. It takes reams of paper and quarts of red, blue and black ink to tell his love, besides which he isn't of so very much use around the office while his love-sickness has hold of him.

Let him ring his girl up on the telephone and pour his soul out to her, no matter whether she is on the long distance or the local wire, and give him the right of way at the instrument, and it will do him good. He will know that his girl is there and that she still loves him, and he will be a better, a brighter and a more desirable office boy for knowing and being certain of these things.

A Newark candidate celebrated his entry into politics by a spree that brought on the jim jams, when he threw himself out of a third-story window. He will die. He began his statesmanship too suddenly; he should have shown it in smaller drinks placed a little further apart.

Workingmen who will go to the polls with a great deal of emptiness in their pockets must feel their eyeballs jingle when they read in the newspapers about the tens of thousands of dollars that have been offered in bets on the election.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, says he knows that bread can be sold for two and one-eighth cents per loaf and still leave a big profit for the baker. And Mr. Gompers is a man who weighs his words.

Following the example of Brother John C. Sheehan, Brother William F. Sheehan is to leave Buffalo for good. The reports fail to say whether it is for Buffalo's good—or for New York's.

A NUT FOR M'KINLEY TO CRACK

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

Some curious proceedings have been going on at Tacoma, it appears, in regard to the shipment of pig lead from that port to Yokohama.—The Sun.

* * *

To-day will decide whether the shame is to be wiped out at once and forever, or whether it is to continue with the increased power of a new license. If Tammany wins, then the motto of the State should be changed from "Excelsior" to "Profundo," for instead of going up we shall be going lower down.—The Advertiser.

* * *

It is a most effective anti-Tammany comment, for nobody who goes to the new Metropolitan Art Museum can come away without feeling more ashamed than before that a city of which the good citizenship has produced so inspiring a result should be under the political dominion of the ignorant and vulgar.—The Times.

* * *

When a bartender was arraigned before him (Police Justice Grady) a few days ago, he rebuked the policeman for his zeal and said: "Any officer who makes an arrest wants to be sure that the place next door is not open." Pickpockets will be apt to take note of this decision. They will naturally argue that they are unjustly punished if other pickpockets are allowed to escape.—The Tribune.

* * *

The men who have lauded Tammany achievements or excused Tammany shortcomings have never touched upon the Department of Charities and Correction. It would have been impossible for them to do so, for the institutions stand as a reproach to civilization. The criminals have ever been favored, the unfortunate sick and poor neglected.—The Herald.

Watch the Pulitzer Dome.

If a great red ball you see,
Strong will our next Mayor be.
Above the dome a line of white
Means that Grant has won the fight.
A line of red the tale will tell
That Morton's friends worked hard and well.
If all the dome in white stands out,
Hill is elected without doubt. S. A. L.

"MISS DYNAMITE."

Marie Jansen is not a great artist, but she has a certain amount of chic, and she is worthy of a better play than "Miss Dynamite," the dreadfully incongruous affair in which she was seen at the Bijou Theatre last night. She could also stand a better company, people who moved through the scenes as though they understand them. With one or two exceptions "Miss Dynamite" was interpreted by automata.

"Miss Dynamite" is an "original" farce by Glen MacDonough, who has done one or two creditable things, and who must have evolved this play in a moment of mental irresponsibility. It tells a complicated story of the doings of some young Americans in Paris, at a time when dynamite outrages are the fashion, and every parcel is looked upon as a possible infernal machine. Miss Dynamite herself is an actress who does not appear. The uncle of two pretty nieces has a flirtation with her, and one of the nieces impersonates her. Each maiden has a sweetheart. There are four doors and a screen. People come rushing on the stage in a state of mad excitement, and then rush off. "I'm looking for So-and-So," exclaims each new arrival, but he never finds the object of his quest. Each character seems to be wasting his valuable time doing nothing. It is most irritating.

A cuckoo clock and a chafing dish made the hits of the piece. The clock was concealed in the breast of a man's coat, and made itself heard when he was pleading for a fair lady's love. The chafing dish was used to cook a gateau, that exploded, presumably, with an excess of baking-powder. The audience laughed at these episodes. They were the only oases in a dreary Sahara. Yet Mr. MacDonough has written us some bright lines. He has evidently admired Oscar Wilde, and has tried to imitate him. Some of the epigrams were stale, but a few of the speeches were clever. "I live in Kentucky," says an American girl in Paris, "and whenever anybody shoots a relative I go home to the funeral." Then again, "Woman has but two ages—sixteen and over."

The epigrams, however, will not save "Miss Dynamite." The farce is congenitally weak. Miss Jansen sang a song in a congested voice, and wore some handsome scarlet tights. She looked remarkably well. Charles B. Welles played the part of an artist, in a conventional corduroy jacket, but he seemed uncomfortable, and did not do the part justice. Frederic Bond was fairly effective. William Norris wore a perpetual grin that reminded me of the ghastly smile that a photographer lures one into when he says "Look pleasant." Fred W. Peters gave a clever little sketch of an attache of the French police service, and Soldene Powell was amusing as a money-hunting nobleman. The real hit of the piece—as I heard a lady in the audience remark—was made by Miss Dynamite herself. Miss Dynamite did not appear. ALAN DALE.

EDITORIAL SCISSORINGS.

Mr. Depew's Courtesy.

Dr. Depew is always a courteous opponent. Unlike many in his party, he knows how to answer a political question civilly.—Buffalo Times.

Versatility in the Pulpit.

A well-known Delaware County minister is at once a preacher, a hymn writer, a composer of music, a hard student of history and does the family marketing.—Chester News.

So Transitory Is Fame.

Here comes old "Constant Reader" again, who always forgets what he reads, and wants to know if the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1892 was "Mr. T. B. Reed, of Maine, or a New York man." He was a New York man, a Mr.—what's his name.—Kansas City Star.

A Point Well Taken.

What is the use of legislating against bill-posting and patent medicine advertising on the Palisades, if there are to be no Palisades? Even a Yankee couldn't paint on a cliff unless the cliff were there.—Newark Advertiser.

Georgia's Fleet-Footed Justice.

We congratulate our Criminal Court. Just seventy days from the time he shot down Capt. King on the street, Alexander Carr was found guilty of murder.—Atlanta Journal.

Things That Mars Shouldn't See.

Prof. Wiggins further declares that with their powerful telescopes, he has no doubt that the Martians can see the lights of New York and Philadelphia. Let us hope that our long-lost brothers cannot see, at least, the Lexow Committee witnesses and the Assessors who figure in Judge Hare's court-room.—Philadelphia Record.

WORLDLINGS.

A first-class Damascus sword, one that could be bent into a circle, used to cost as much as $1,000.

The edible birds' nests, of which Chinese epicures are so fond, cost from $1 to $5 a pound, according to quality.

The nations of Europe put high taxes on coffee. In France the duty is $310 a ton. It is lowest in Great Britain, where it is $70 a ton.

There are 803 post-offices in the city of London.

Five acres of land at Charing Cross, now among the most expensive property in London, were leased for grazing purposes by the ancestors of the Marquis of Salisbury 250 years ago for ten shillings an acre.

Most of the land in the Republic of Mexico is held in almost feudal tenure by about 7,000 families.

Since the beginning of history there have been records of more than 7,000 earthquakes.

The celebrated Egyptian Sphinx is 172 feet long and 52 feet high.

The average depth of the oceans is about three miles. If the water were to evaporate a layer of salt 200 feet thick would be left.

A suit of chain armor such as the knights wore in Charlemagne's time cost about $1,000.

"IN MIZZOURA."

(From the Kansas City Star.)

In Missouri there are 4,275 people blind in one eye.

Mississippi County with little effort can raise good figs.

Corder has 800 inhabitants and will soon have seven churches.

The children at Monroe City bet their nickels on baseball games.

Tramps in Joplin throw away cold lunch. They insist on hot coffee.

News: A brother of the Mayor of New York City is hauling tie chips to Monroe City.

Joplin has divested itself of a number of citizens professionally known as vags and tin horns.

Capt. H. E. Asbury is the first person in Lafayette County to "prove up" as a Son of the Revolution.

A man was fined $5 in Cameron not so much for getting drunk as for having "a face that made one's flesh creep."

In a burst of pride the Joplin News says: "French John' Gipford, the well-known shoemaker, has handled more old shoes, drank more poor whiskey, fought with his wife oftener and been inside the city and county jails more times than any other one man in the county."

With a Big D.

(From Life.)

"I don't want people to think I'm marrying him for his money."

"Then don't marry him."

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

MRS. ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS.

This is the picture of a woman who can't vote herself, but has a man to cast her vote by proxy, and who is also a watcher at the polls.

ONLY ONE CHAIR FOR BOTH.

And There Is Talk of Kissing Under Those Circumstances, Too.

To the Editor:

I would advise "One Who Keeps Company" that the longer she sits on the young man's lap the longer she will have his company, for he cannot very well leave until she gets up.

"Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin."

There is a kind of reserve, agreeable to most young men, and that is that when they have had all the kisses they can well carry at a given time the young lady should have "more reserved" for another occasion. DAVIE.

They Should Be Engaged.

To the Editor:

In reply to the question whether it is proper for a reputable young lady to kiss a young man and to sit on his lap, though not being engaged to him, I would say that common sense should tell the young lady that it is not proper; and I believe if a young man intends to marry a girl he will think more of her if she does not allow him such privilege until they are engaged.

WILLIAM L'HOMMEDEU.

Nothing Wrong in It.

To the Editor:

I do not see any impropriety in a young lady kissing a young man to whom she is not engaged. I do not mean by that that she should kiss every young man or sit on his lap; who comes to see her; but I mean that if a young man goes with a girl steady, even though not engaged to her, that it is proper for her to kiss him. I myself have kept steady company for ten months, and do not object to such, although I am not engaged.

OUR HIGHLAND LADDIE.
Highland, N. Y.

Stolen Sweets the Best.

To the Editor:

In answer to "One Who Keeps Company," I must say that I think it proper to sit on a young man's lap. It certainly is all right if the girl is willing, and I think so, whether or no. Is it not a fellow's right to steal a kiss, and, therefore, proper? I keep company myself, and think it proper. Moreover, "stolen fruits are the sweetest." F. S. V. T., Yonkers, N. Y.

Very Unladylike, Indeed.

To the Editor:

My opinion about young girls sitting on a young man's knee is that she acts very unladylike, whether engaged or not. And about kissing a young man before engagement, that it is very improper indeed. I surely would have more respect and esteem for a young girl if she were not quite so forward. H. VON B.,
Spring Valley, N. Y.

It Is Better Not to Do It.

To the Editor:

"One Who Keeps Company" is unquestionably correct in her view of allowing the young man to kiss her and sitting on a young man's lap. While many a young man likes to have a young lady sit on his lap, still he respects her far more if she will not do so. Indiscriminate kissing is also something to be avoided. The "parting" kiss perhaps is allowable if the "parting" is not too frequent, or a kiss not always expected. Any young man who is true will think more of the girl who positively refuses to sit in his lap and who adheres to her determination. I speak as one of the "fellows," but would like to know what the girls think of the question.

"BROWNIE," Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW YORKERS ARE NOT CURIOUS.

This is a picture of a pretty girl passing along the street.

One of Last Night's Dreams.

To the Editor:

Last night as I lay sleeping I had a curious dream,
And after think it over, funny to me it did seem.
It presented many incidents of the mighty, coming fray,
Of the battle to be lost and won upon election day.
I dreamed that all coal dealers—yes, every mother's son—
Favored Levi P.'s election, for he was one Moreton (Morton).
But its doubtful if he'll get there, tho' some folks say he will;
Still, he'll have to do hard climbing to get over that big Hill.
But something odd is going to happen, something curious and strange,
For I placed my hand in my pocket, and there I felt some change.
It might be in our Government, or it might be in the weather,
But a change in times would do us good—just now they're tough as leather.
We want a man to govern us—a man that's fair and square,
But I won't vote a horse or mule ticket when I vote for a mare (Mayor).

Sensitive.

(From the Washington Star.)

"I've been insulted," exclaimed Tunkins, indignantly.

"What's the matter?"

"McFazzle told a friend that I had gotten so I really believed some of the stories I tell. It's an outrageous affront. Why, it's equivalent to calling me a confounded idiot."

DON'TS.

Valuable Advice Given Tersely but Thoughtfully to Those Who Need It.

To the Editor:

Don't expect to get rich in a day unless you can marry an heiress.

Don't be at odds with your creditors; they may get even with you.

Don't borrow $5 from a friend if you don't intend to return it—borrow $10.

Don't kiss another fellow's girl in mistake in the dark.

Don't drink too many cocktails in the morning.

Don't try to rob a bank because you are hard up take things easy. J. R. R.

For Etiquette's Sake.

To the Editor:

Don't, when with a lady, walk on the inside.

Don't, when visiting your friends, handle any thing.

Don't promenade while others are dancing.

Don't, when speaking to a friend in the street, stand in the middle of the sidewalk, but step to one side.

Don't ask questions about the private affairs of others.

Don't whisper to your friend while others are around.

Don't gossip. W. LLOYD.

For Young Married Men.

Don't play pool or policy.

Don't remain out all night.

Don't boss your wife too much.

Don't tell her you would rather live with your mother.

Don't flirt or even speak to your old girls.

Don't tell your wife you can't sleep while the baby cries.

Don't find fault with the biscuits or the meat.

Don't forget to kiss your wife and baby before you go to business.

Don't, oh, don't chew tutti frutti.

A YOUNG MARRIED MAN.

For Riders on the "L."

To the Editor:

Don't chew tobacco and expectorate in the presence of ladies.

Don't continually try to steal a chance to smoke.

Don't read other people's newspapers going to business.

Don't expect the conductor to be a living encyclopoedia.

Don't knock down women and children in your greed for a seat.

Don't give up your seat to a pretty girl, allowing the aged to stand.

Don't open the car windows to give others pneumonia.

Don't curse the conductor if you sleep and pass your station. 266.

For Cyclers.

To the Editor:

Don't carry any bicycle bell smaller than a house gong.

Don't ring for old ladies with baskets; get off and wait till they pass.

Don't slow up for cable cars, wagons, and the like; run into them.

Don't forget to "keep off the glass."

Don't coast up hill.

Don't carry whistles, bells, horns, &c., where you cannot get at them unless you get off.

Don't ride a rheumatic tire.

Don't forget to carry a good supply of patience for those who shout after you: "Your wheel is going round," "A monkey on a wheel," &c. M. F. PENA, 90 Chambers street.

For Some Bookkeepers.

To the Editor:

Don't come to business week after week for years always cross and ready to scold, as if you were bringing home troubles with you.

Don't take twenty minutes to your lunch and then, after getting those under you at work again, go back and take a half to three-quarters of an hour longer.

Don't nibble at your lunch before noon and during the afternoon, and then raise Cain with the employers for doing the same.

Don't come back into the shipping department fussing and scolding because some one is idle a few minutes.

Don't think that because you have been with the firm a long time that you are one of them.

Don't think because the boys take your abuse that they don't mind; they may be looking for another position.

Don't fail to use a few kind words now and then, even if only at Christmas time, as they help wonderfully. A VICTIM.

For Ladies Buying Shoes.

To the Editor:

Don't get into a shoe store and ask for a size 3 when you know that a 5EE width is your fit.

Don't ask the clerk how the shoe fits when you have got your own foot in it.

Don't, when you have to take a larger shoe, say "I think the size is marked wrong."

Don't tell the clerk that you bet this shoe won't wear a week before it bursts.

Don't say that you were in half a dozen stores and could not be suited.

Don't try and wear out the shoe while being fitted.

Don't tell the clerk that your neighbor bought the same shoe for $0 cents less.

Don't say that the man in the next block keeps lovely shoes, only you don't like him.

Don't ask the clerk to show you the same shoe as the lady at the other end of the store is buying.

BROTHER JOHNSON, Jersey City, N. J.

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR TO-DAY.

Down with the Tammany Tiger.

Air—"Marching Through Georgia."

To-day is our election, boys! Our duty we must do,
And rout the tiger from his lair and fight and kill him, too;
Kill the big man-eater and his whole nefarious crew,
Down with the Tammany tiger!

Chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll sing the good old song.
Hurrah! hurrah! and vote for Goff and Strong;
Sing the good old chorus and right the city's wrong,
Down with the Tammany tiger!

Rout him out and roast him out with righteous wrath and zeal!
Punch the crafty striped beast and make him yell and squeal!
Then the final home thrust with a clean Strong ballot deal,
Down with the Tammany tiger!

Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! we'll sing the good old song, &c.

These many years he's fattened by bribery and pelf,
By sucking out the life blood of the city's health,
Fattened on the people and the people's wealth,
Down with the Tammany tiger!

Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! we'll sing the good old song, &c. MANSFIELD TOWNSEND.

Two Mountains for McKinley to Climb.

The shipment of iron ore from the Lake Superior mines will be 20 per cent. more this year than last. McKinley says the Wilson bill "blasted" the Lake Superior region. Better put in another blast!

HOUSE AND HOME

Theatre Costume.

This is a theatre costume of eucalyptus green serge, with draped skirt and sleeveless corsage, shirred over the shoulder and bordered around the arm and deep V-shape front, with a ruching of

satin in self color. Rich corsage of ivy green and gold brocade, plain to neck, with band collar. Full sleeves, shirred above elbow, forming two puffs and fitting sleeves to hand. Toque of lace, with gold and emerald ornaments.

Why Women Dress.

It is often said that women dress for other women and not for men, but don't you believe it. Not one woman in one hundred would care a belt ribbon whether she had a silk or calico gown, or whether it was made with leg-o'-mutton or skin-tight sleeves, if there was no man, assuredly or prospectively, in the landscape to look with admiring eyes upon her as she wore it. Love of admiration is inborn, and is, so far as we know, an attribute of all animate nature. This being the case, the man or woman who is destitute of the feeling is not to be trusted. There is something lacking to complete the creature.

A Hint About Wall Paper.

If one has many paintings or water colors, or much bright-colored bric-a-brac, a wall paper of a delicate shade of gray in a solid color will be found to be a charming background for showing off one's possessions. Otherhwise it is rather cold in appearance, but properly lighted up by its surroundings it scarcely could be improved for the purpose.

Invalids Exempt from Wrinkles.

It will often be noticed that in a family of women one who has been an invalid for years will be the one who will preserve her youthful looks the longest. Invalids almost always have a certain exemption from wrinkles and time-worn faces. This must be due to the sheltered, quiet lives they lead, the freedom from excitement and the partial inmunity from cares that touch them last of all, being borne by the rest of their friends as far as may be. There must be a little moral in the statement, too. It is not desirable to shirk one's share or work or worry for the sake of preserving one's good looks. But one might easily think how far those worries and that work may be avoidable and so emulate the serenity of the invalid.

A Woman's Library.

The oddest library any woman possesses is made up of newspaper clippings, perfectly catalogued and arranged by a professional librarian. There are thousands upon thousands of these slips taken from newspapers the world over, and the owner of this bureau of ready reference is a journalist, who has been making her collections for her own convenience. Given almost any topic to write on, she is apt to find a mass of important facts and the key to many others among the envelopes in which her unbound library is gathered and docketed. The whole of it only occupies a corner cupboard in her writing room, and as an adjunct to newspaper work she advocates these clipping collections for women, who can, with the aid of scissors, glue pot and a little discretion, make for themselves similar invaluable registers for common reference.

The Old-Time Warming Pan.

Warming pans are as much a thing of the past as spinning wheels, and are seen in modern homes, like the latter, only as quaint ornaments. Yet it is not so many years ago that they held an important place in the domestic economy and were the source of otherwise unattainable comfort in the icy chambers where breath congealed and the sheets on the beds were like glaciers. A lady who is now elderly, though not yet old, tells of the perforated brass warming pan of her childhood, and says when company was in the house a little sugar was sprinkled over the coals in the warming pan in their honor. Pepys presented Capt. Beckford "with a noble silver warming pan" in 1669.

Possibilities of Cretonne.

The possibilities of cretonne are quite as boundless as the ocean, and the other day, when the writer was shown into a room all blushing with pink cretonne, over which tumbled big cream tinted roses, she thought she had stepped into Flora's bower. And so she had, but not the one where "roses and geraniums grew in loving intimacy," but where this practical Flora had used cretonne for wall covering, bed spread, table cover, window curtains, bureau set and even for frilly frames for pictures, which represented dainty Watteau men and maids.

For Wooden Floors.

Glue and sawdust is the accepted mixture for filling up nail holes and chinks in floors that are to be painted. When this cannot be had a good substitute can be made by boiling some bits of paper till it makes a pulpy mass, and then mixing it with a little glue and wood stain of the proper color. This should be used several days before the painting is done, that the glue may have time to "set."

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.]

Street Opera in Brooklyn.

To the Editor:

I am a Brooklynite and thoroughly sympathize with "Sufferer." I have to work all night for my living, and therefore need sleep and rest during the day. Street venders are a nuisance and Jerolemon street, where I live, seems to be their Eldorado. I have seen as many as seven or eight right under my window, one yelling "cabbage," another yelling "grapes," another "fresh cod," and so on; they all yell together and one louder than the other. One fellow with a Texas-steer-like voice, walks right into the hallway and yells "Coal! Coal!" I'm laying for him, and when I catch him it won't be good for his health. The time I spend at home with my wife, instead of being a pleasure is a torture; with street venders, organ grinders, agents and beggars, life is not worth living, and I often feel like committing either murder or suicide.

ANOTHER SUFFERER.

Plenty of Room for All.

To the Editor:

Those persons who say that immigration ought to be stopped lose sight of the large amount of "public lands" that there is in the United States. According to the annual report of the General Land Office, ending June 30, 1894, there is in the United States a total area of 571,013,595 acres of pub ic lands, without counting the amount given to railroad companies and private associations that have not been touched by experienced tillers, and that in a short time could turn to be villages, towns and cities. I think the people of the United States should encourage imigration to this country, and the best plan would be to start companies and associations, offering them all the inducements possible that would make them turn to "land cultivating and make themselves a home," and not stopping in the overcrowded centres, where hardly all the skilled labor can be employed. LEOPOLD PORRINO.

Good-By.

To the Editor:

As I wandered in the valley,
Blushing roses I did see,
And the wind was wafting gently,
Their perfume from them to me.
But one hung its head to wither,
It appeared to gently sigh,
And to the flushed ones, in a whisper,
It seemed to say "good-by."
It reminded me of life's career,
When we are old and gray,
And leave behind us, those most dear,
When we must pass away.
Our children blushing roses—they—
Are standing by our side,
And we the withered ones, must say,
To all a fond "good-by."

LEON CAUMONT,
119 Greenwich avenue.

What Single Tax Aims At.

To the Editor:

If "Inconsistency" will write to the Manhattan Single Tax Club, 31 East Twenty-seventh street, for a copy of chapter ix. of Social Statistics, therein he will find that Herbert Spencer incontrovertibly demolishes all arguments justifying private ownership of land. He demonstrates that land, like the other natural elements, air and water, being necessary for our existence, to acknowledge ownership in it would carry as a corollary, ownership in the people who must live on it. If, therefore, your private title to land is based upon injustice, and "the land belongs to the people," as is declared by the Bishop of Meath, the value which comes from the special privilege of excluding others, having equal rights to its use, should accrue in rent to the community, whose presence and wants make such value. The Single Tax, formulated by Henry George, is a scientific method of appropriating this value without interfering with that security of possession which is necessary to the uninterrupted production and enjoyment of wealth. To "Farmer:" As a tax sufficient to support the Government, levied on land values, irrespective of improvements, would bear heavily on holders of vacant land, considerable of it would be forced into the market, with the result that economic rent would fall, yours included. Besides this, all the taxes you now pay on the products of your industry would be included in this diminished rent, leaving you a gainer by the difference in the rent and the taxes you now pay. Under the Single Tax, if you owned land and rented it out, you would practically be nothing but a tax collector for the Government; but if you worked land, either as owner or tenant, you would be a gainer by saving considerable in rent and taxes, to say nothing of being a member of a prosperous and happy community. ANTONIO BASTIDA.

Nerve-Rasping Venders.

To the Editor:

The ear-splitting shouting of the street venders on the east side resembles a bedlam. They have a habit of putting one hand behind their long ears, and their shouting of "Ten cents a whole, a whole, a whole lot!" can be heard a distance of three blocks. Generally two or three peddlers and some boys accompany each wagon, and when they all join in the chorus the noise becomes sickening. You would imagine that they were suffering from cramps, colic or cholera, and that they were shouting from pain. The streets that are mostly frequented by the gang are East Eighty-fourth and Eighty-fifth streets, between Avenue A and East End avenue, and on Saturday evening, First avenue, near Seventy-ninth street. They pay a few dollars for a license to peddle, and then believe that they have a right to disturb the peace by shouting as loud and long as they please. East End avenue is one of the most beautiful places in this city, but the venders make a hades of it. Weak women, or children, or persons of a nervous temperament seem to have no rights which these venders need respect. The Board of Aldermen should amend the corporation ordinances so as to prohibit the loud shouting of street venders. VICTIM

Mr. Bogy Explains Single Tax.

To the Editor:

In your issue of Oct. 31 "Farmer" states that he leases "600 acres for $2 an acre" and nets between "$1,500 and $1,800 a year." He wants some one to explain how the single tax would benefit him. Not knowing what capital "Farmer" employs I do not know whether his seemingly large returns are fair or not. Assuming that they are, and even that he would have to pay $2 an acre for exclusive possession under the single tax, he would still gain vastly. He could not be turned off the land at another's will; his tax could not be increased for additional improvements; the tax would be removed from everything he eats, wears or uses, and the $2 an acre paid in land would benefit the whole community (including himself) instead of one idle landlord.

LOUIS V. BOGY.

To Make Sunday Only Partially Dry.

To the Editor:

Why cannot our saloons be open on Sundays between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M., and from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M? In England they are run in this way and the system not only works well, but gives a man a chance to have a modest drink openly and enjoyably, which is much better than having to violate laws, &c.

HERMAN SCHENCK.

Terpsichore at the Tee-To-Tum.

To the Editor:

In answer to Mr. Marvin, I desire to state that I have just come from a very nice and jolly assembly of young men and women at the Tee-To-Tum Club, of 240 East Twenty-third street. This Club gives an enjoyable and private Thursday evening dance every week to which only members and female friends are admitted. I trust Mr. Marvin will visit us next Thursday and take part in a set of lanciers, or, if nimble, in a more jolly Virginia reel. THOMAS GRAHAM,
Secretary.

Nothing.

To the Editor:

What is a $100 bill of the Confederate States of America, of Richmond, Dec. 4, 1862, worth? "Will pay on demand." E. J. M.