

The Evening World

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THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION FOR OCTOBER. AVERAGE PER WEEK DAY, 488,262. AVERAGE PER SUNDAY (No Evening Edition), 332,949.

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 might be more than Japan wants.

Don't believe all you hear about election bets. There's more wind than dust in them. Whenever a new Grand Jury is impaneled 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 citizen's 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 over 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

coverted 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 nullified.

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 beautiful maiden of reform in one cage and the Tammany tiger in another.

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.

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.

A NUT FOR MCKINLEY TO CRACK. Some curious proceedings have been going on at Tacoma. It appears in regard to the ship-ment of pig lead from that port to Yokohama.

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.

Watch the Pulitzer Domes. A great red ball you see, some call it the Pulitzer Prize. It is the dome of a line of white means that Grant has won the fight. A line of red the tale will tell that Marton's friends worked hard and well. It is in second white stripes out. H. A. B.

"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.

"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 warm noon sun.

SWEET HELLOS FOR HIS GIRL. A boy at the Democratic State Committee's headquarters ran a telephone bill of about \$15 for talking over the wire to his best girl in Rochester. He lapsed sweet nothings into the New York end of the phone, and she waited back warm words of endearment from the other end.

Dr. 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.

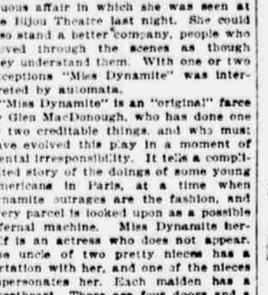
Georgia's Fleet-Footed Justice. We congratulate our Criminal Court. Just seventy days from the time he shot down Capt. King on the street, Alexander Carr was found guilty of murder—Atlanta Journal.

NEW YORKERS ARE NOT CURIOUS. My opinion on what young girls sitting on a young man's knee is that she sits un-ladylike, whether engaged or not.

One of Last Night's Dreams. Last night as I lay sleeping I had a curious dream. After I think it over, fuzzy to me it did seem.

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.

The Evening World's Gallery of Living Pictures.



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

Nothing Wrong in It. To answer to any impropriety in a young lady kissing a young man to whom she is not engaged, I do not mean by that she should kiss every young man or sit on his lap who comes to see her.

Stolen Sweets the Best. To the Editor: "One Who Keeps Company" is unquestionably correct in his view of allowing the young man to kiss her and sitting on a young man's lap.

It is Better Not to Do It. To the Editor: "One Who Keeps Company" is unquestionably correct in his view of allowing the young man to kiss her and sitting on a young man's lap.

For Ladies Buying Shoes. To the Editor: Don't get into a shoe store and ask for a size 7 when you know that a size 7 1/2 will fit you.

Plenty of Room for All. To the Editor: These persons who say that immigration ought to be stopped are a set of the largest amount of "know-nothings" that there is in the United States.

Down with the Tammany Tiger. To-day is our election, boys! Our duty we must do. And out the tiger from his lair and fight and kill him.

DON'TS.

Valuable Advice Given Tereally 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.

For Etiquette's Sake. Don't, when with a lady, walk on the inside. Don't, when visiting your friends, hand any thing.

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.

For Cyclers. To the Editor: Don't carry any bicycle bell smaller than a house shoe. Don't ring for old ladies with baskets; get off and wait till they pass.

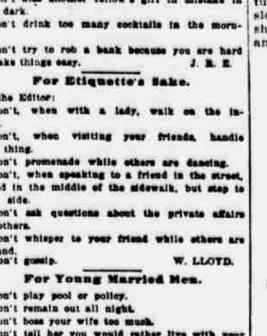
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HOUSE AND HOME.

Theatre Costume. This is a theatre costume of eucalyptus green serge, with draped skirt and sleeveless corseage, shirred over the shoulder and bordered around the arm and deep V-shape front, with a ruching of satin in self color.



The Old-Time Warming Pan. Warming pans are as much a thing of the past as spinning wheels, and are only to be found in the homes of the old.

Possibilities of Cretonnes. As boundless as the ocean, and the other day when the writer was shown into a room, all things with plush cretonne, over which tumbled big brass chairs, roses, she thought she had stepped into Flora's bower.

For Wooden Floors. Glue and sawdust is the accepted mixture for filling up nail holes and chinks in floors that are to be painted.

LETTERS. ["Farmer" as a tax collector to support the Government, levied on land values, irrespective of improvement, would have been on holders of vacant land, who would have been forced into the market, with the result that ground rent would fall, crops included. Besides this, all the taxes you pay on the products of your industry would be included in this diminished rate, 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 getting a tax credit. If you owned a house, but it was not a house, either as owner or as tenant, you would gain by having considerable in rent and tax to say nothing of being a member of a prosperous and happy community. ANTONIO BASTIDA.

Nerve-Raping Venders. The ear-splitting shouting of the street vendors 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 wheel, a whole, a whole lotterly two or three dollars. Generally they are a nuisance, and some boys accompany each wagon, and they all join in the chorus the noise become sickening. You would imagine that they were suffering from cramps, colic or cholera, and that they were shouting from pain. The street vendors are mostly frightened by the gang are East Eighty-fourth and Eighty-fifth streets, between Avenue A and East End Avenue, and on Saturday afternoon, from Seven-thirty to nine, and then they are a nuisance. 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 streets in the city, and the children of persons of a nervous temperament seem to have no rights which these vendors should respect. The Board of Aldermen should amend the corporation ordinance which prohibits the loud shouting of street vendors. VICTIM.

Mr. Boy explains Single Tax. To the Editor: In your issue of Oct. 31, "Farmer" states that he has been a member of the Single Tax League for some time, and that he would like to explain how the single tax would benefit him. Not knowing what capital "Farmer" employs I do not know whether his accounting of the value of his land is fair or not. Assuming that they are, and even that the system will only cost him \$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 every thing he owns, 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. BOY.

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