The 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.

GAIN OVER LAST YEAR PER WEEK DAY,
45,150.

GAIN OVER LAST YEAR PER SUNDAY,
76,290.

Cheaper bread is on the way. But it should be here.

The turkey's time to disappear approaches apace.

A living picture girl has become an heiress. Tableau!

China will be obliged to accept instead of choosing terms.

The Christmas-Tree Fund presses for your remembrance.

Now the gout theory is having full swing in the bulletins from Woodley

Croker, Platt, Byrnes, Wellman—good witnesses are plenty, Mr. Goff.

Work has begun on the new East River bridge. Push it along.

Attorney-General Olney still refuses to spoil the Thanksgiving of the Trusts.

John Burns, M. P., will be given a warm welcome here, as a real labor leader should.

More people would regret the coming end of this November if she had been atmospherically less fickle.

Next week the Lexow Committee sits again, and still there is no reason why Tom Platt should not be called.

Nearly $1,500 in the Christmas-Tree Fund. Lend a hand, and it will be $5,000 before Santa Claus's coming.

A runaway at the Chicago horse show. And yet we have heard that Chicago society women were not so very homely.

Even Grand Rapids, Mich., will have her Thanksgiving football, while New York must take hers the second day after.

Will Mother Earth never let up in her shaking of poor Sicily? Surely, this particular child of Nature has suffered enough.

Bookkeeper Seely's cooking of his accounts may be aptly, though slangily, regarded as a roast on the bank system which made it possible.

A beginning has been made on the second East River bridge. Come, Secretary Lamont, hurry up on that New York and New Jersey decision.

Paterson, N. J., has a Parkhurst, which is a good thing, but we think he makes a mistake when he enlists young men in his vice-exposing crusade.

"To purify Washington!" And, alas! it is not to the suppression of the lobbyists of Trusts, during Congressional sessions, that the movement is directed.

"Get there, Eli!" And Eli did and Harvard mourns. Football enthusiasts now have their eyes ahead for next Saturday's struggle on Manhattan Field.

Postmaster-General Bissell's report shows the Post-office to be in a pretty healthy condition. He makes some recommendations that are worth considering.

That $1,000,000 park appropriation escaped the deserving hands of honest labor. But it doesn't get away from the persistent researches of "The Evening World."

It used to be the bank cashier that distinguished himself in a plundering way. Now the bookkeeper waltzes into the arena and invites attention to himself as the surplus-depleting artist.

The old sock and the broken-nosed bankettle gain new prestige as savings depositories, when we are shown how easy it is for a national bank employee to walk off with the institution's surplus and a large share of its capital stock.

There is no good citizen but wishes with all his heart that the vandals who defaced the Stiebel residence, in West One Hundred and Third street, may be caught and dealt with as they deserve. It is now theorized that the outrage was planned with Recorder-elect Goff as the intended victim, and that a mistake was then made in the house. This idea is worth considering, as it may furnish a clue. But the offence itself would have been no more serious had Mr. Goff's residence been the one really attacked.

BLINDERS ON BANK OFFICERS.

The remarkable robbery just discovered in the Shoe and Leather Bank is explainable only upon the theory that the officers and directors of that institution habitually wear blinders when on duty. It is hard to conceive of any system of bookkeeping so slovenly as to permit a mere assistant bookkeeper to steal continuously for ten years to the aggregate sum of more than a third of a million dollars without the slightest suspicion being aroused.

Thousands of false entries must have been made in the books, scores, if not hundreds, of pass-books must have been out of line with the bank's accounts, the whole series of books under this man's charge must have been studded with discrepancies. Yet the directors, up to the very day of his disappearance, were rubbing their hands and congratulating themselves upon the amount of skill, discretion and probity they were getting for $36 per week.

The fact that this disclosure immediately follows the discovery of a similar, though comparatively trifling, theft in the Chemical Bank indicates that there has been general carelessness in this direction in New York banks. Two cases have been made public; how many more have been discovered and suppressed? How many are there not yet discovered?

Inasmuch as the Shoe and Leather stockholders have made up out of their own pockets the deficiency resulting from their own carelessness, it is not a public duty to characterize their conduct. If the depositors had suffered or the institution been a public one, such neglect would have been properly classified as criminal.

It is only fair to the bank's officers, however, to call attention to the fact that it was through their vigilance finally that greater loss was prevented. When, after fifteen years, it occurred to them to adopt one of the most usual and simple precautions against peculation, the career of the thieving assistant bookkeeper was promptly ended.

Had this happy thought been postponed for a year or two longer, the directors would undoubtedly have come down some day to find their clerk sitting on the front steps with deeds to the building in his pocket and the sign "Seely's Privae Bank" overhead.

IS IT A MYSTERY?

The terrible accident at the Cortlandt street station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad last Saturday evening, by which two lives were lost, has been given a certain degree of mystery, which is duly improved, as usual, by a police "theory."

It is reasonable enough to suppose that the men were "skylarking" on the platform; that one of them slipped and fell just as the train was approaching, and that the other was either pulled down as his companion fell, or sacrificed his life in an effort to save his friend.

The first doubt is excited by the report that a third man was on the platform in their company, and that he suddenly vanished when the disaster occurred. This caused the suggestion that there may have been a quarrel and a struggle on the platform, and that one of the dead men may have been pushed onto the track by the supposed companion, who disappeared.

The police, however, fix their eyes on the suicide theory, and can see no other explanation of the tragedy. Dr. Whittemore, one of the deceased, they say, sought to jump before the train to seek death. George H. Basley, the other, sought to prevent the act, and was dragged down and shared his friend's fate.

This theory is adopted because Dr. Whittemore had only eighteen cents in his pocket and owed a bill at the Park Avenue Hotel. There is nothing else to support it, and it is refuted by the facts that Dr. Whittemore's friends are in good circumstances and that his prospects were bright.

But while the sad affair was probably an accident, caused through reckless carelessness, the mysterious third man ought to be found, if, indeed, a third person was present at all.

THE THANKSGIVING BIRD.

On Thursday next many thousands of people in New York will partake of bountiful and palatable dinners, and despite the regulation exhortations of the cut and dried Thanksgiving proclamations, will probably think more of pies than of piety and pay more attention to gravy than to gratitude.

At the same time many thousands of other people in New York will go dinnerless or find in their scanty fare very little to be thankful for.

It is to be hoped that charity at least will not be forgotten on this great National holiday. Those who have their turkeys should never forget those who have none. The possession of this world's goods in sufficient quantity to enable the possessor to get his turkey whenever he needs it, and the "trimmings" as well, is a thing to be thankful for and ought to open the heart to the promptings of benevolence.

Besides, the old-fashioned festival is suggestive of generosity. The White House is fully able to buy its own turkey, and yet there is a regular competition every year for the privilege of presenting the President with his Thanksgiving bird. The matter even takes a political and a territorial aspect. Rhode Island and Connecticut vie with each other in fattening a gobbler for the White House table. W. Horace Vose, of Rhode Island, had the honor of presenting the Presidential turkey to Harrison in 1892, and to Cleveland last year. President Harrison had his hot on Thursday, cold on Friday and hashed on Saturday. But Mr. Cleveland made other arrangements for his last year's Thanksgiving feast and did not use Mr. Vose's turkey. The report at the White House is that Mr. Vose was too warm a Harrison partisan to make his contribution acceptable to the Democratic Executive.

Perhaps after the recent election Mr. Cleveland may feel more graciously disposed towards Republican birds, especially as he has not shown any disposition to talk turkey to his own party recently.

However this may be, we hope the President may have a fine, fat, tender, juicy bird this year and we wish that every poor man's table could be supplied with a turkey as good and as large as the one destined to be served at the White House dinner next Thursday. A little generosity on the part of the rich people of the city would make this possible.

THE RESCUE OF THE TRAMP.

Since Tramp Garvey slept in an Astor bed the gentlemen with slow feet have grown decidedly dilettante in their tastes. Some of them fed themselves in quite recherche style in the Stokes residence a night or two after the Garvey dream was over, and now we read of one who broke into a Second avenue saloon yesterday morning and was drinking champagne out of a silver cup when he was discovered.

The outlook for the refinement of our social nomads seems decidedly and encouragingly bright. They point the way themselves. Give them feathers to roll upon, the finest panatellas to puff, instead of the odious and odorous "onion," champagne to quaff, instead of keg drainings, and a higher order of table-ware than the old tomato can to use at their orgies, and they may climb to heights that society could not help but admire and Ward McAllister would not dare to sneeze at.

The tramp is a man of taste, even if most of his taste is in his palate. Let him enjoy himself as folks on a loftier plane do, and its two whiffs of a south wind against a Kansas cyclone that he will soon be as happy, high-toned, high-collared and highfaluting as they are.

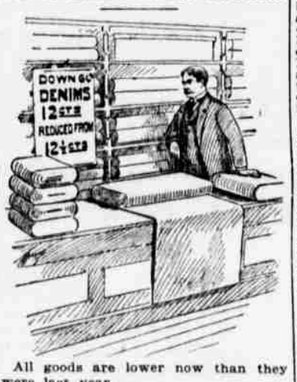
Lucania, it appears, isn't a queen of the storm as well as of the waves. Stanch Paris, with the starry certificate of her acquired Americanism floating at her masthead, fairly snatched the laurels from the Cunarder in a three-days contest with high winds. But the victory was only in speed. Both ships rode the big waves finely. It is the glory of modern ship-building that the marine traveller finds in the ocean greyhounds safe friends in foul weather as well as fleet ones in fair.

Mahatma Morya is in disgrace among theosophists owing to some monkey business concerning precipitated letters with which he was connected. The Master hangs out in the Desert of Gobi, so that it is not at all inappropriate that the faithful should have decided to give him the "go by."

The tremendous solicitude of humane and tender-hearted people about a kitten on a Fifth avenue window-sill is in striking contrast with the public's indifference to the sufferings of thousands of starving human beings right here in front of their eyes in this city.

If you own a National bank you had better take it home and tie it up in your back yard over night, or the seventeenth assistant bookkeeper or fourteenth vice-messenger may get it away from you.

WILSON BILL BARGAIN COUNTER.



All goods are lower now than they were last year.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

There has been a prodigiously large crop of oranges in Florida this year, and the marketing of it is going on at this time.—The Sun.

* * *

The existing law requires all saloons to be closed on Sunday, and makes the sale of any kind of liquor in them a criminal offense. * * * It has not been enforced because its enforcement has not been demanded by popular sentiment. Its very existence on the statute book has but served as a weapon of police blackmail and political intimidation.—The Herald.

* * *

Bosses must not attempt to run the Legislature as a private business concern. Hands off! say the people.—The Tribune.

* * *

While the people have declared that consolidation shall take place, that we shall be all brought into one splendid municipality, it must not be forgotten that there are powerful political interests which do not look with favor on the project, and which will put forth all their strength to defeat it.—The Recorder.

* * *

Tammany, with its strictly mercenary system, does not, of course, care a hooter for District-Attorney Fellows, but it has an eye open and single for the $117,700 which goes annually with the office.—The Advertiser.

EDITORIAL MEDLEY.

We'll Do Handsomely, Thank You.

When "Greater New York" becomes a reality we trust the metropolitan journals will not blow as much over the result as the Chicago papers do over the Windy City. Remember, "handsome is as handsome does. —Lancaster Examiner.

A Chinese Deity's New Name.

The Chinese God of War used to have 2,000 names. Now, he has 2,001, the latest addition to the list being Dennis.—Rochester Democrat.

Operatic Vicissitudes.

In New York the other evening the opera was spoiled by the prima-donna being seized with vertigo, and a Newburg constable spoiled the show of a travelling opera company by seizing the properties. Such is life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Should Be a Fair Fight.

Texas is the biggest State in the Union, and it has tackled somebody of its size by bringing the Standard Oil Trust into court.—Boston Herald.

Anti-Pie in Boston.

Boston's School Board has issued an edict forbidding school children to eat pie at lunch counters. Are the cherished rights of Americans thus to be trampled on? Down with the tyrants!—Toledo Blade.

WORLDLINGS.

Montreal's big bridge is nearly two miles long.

The population of the islands of Japan numbers 41,000,000.

Glasgow has an underground railway in operation and two more under construction.

Needles of bone, very delicately made, have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings.

It is said that the first book printed in America came from the press of the City of Mexico in 1533. It was a Catholic book of devotion.

The Chadron (Neb.) Journal began publication before the town had a dozen inhabitants. It lived, too.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES

Operatic Matinee of "Romeo and Juliet"—The Casino Wears a Dreary Look.

Hundreds of comely maidens sat like American Yum-Yums on the floor of the Metropolitan Opera-House, between the acts of "Romeo and Juliet," Saturday afternoon. They made no ceremony at all. They simply arranged themselves artistically, with their feet tucked beneath them, and took a rest after standing up through a long act to listen to Melba and Jean de Reszke doing their Shakespearian cooing and billing to a Gounod accompaniment. Men walked around and stared at the girls, but the damsels were not disconcerted. It was a funny sight to watch them there in their swell, Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The first matinee of the season was a great success, although it did not reach the big "Faust" and "Carmen" matinees of preceding seasons. The operatic season is young as yet, however, and the indications are that there will be crowds quite as tumultuous as those that greeted Calve. The women were cold and undemonstrative. They do not seem to be as proud of Jean de Reszke as they used to be, and Melba's lack of personal magnetism compels a certain coolness. The performance, however, was a splendid one. Melba sang quite as well as she did on the opening night, and her waltz song was an exquisite treat. "When we were in Boston last year," said one of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's myrmidons, "the women tried to smuggle in camp stools, and we had hard work fighting against the innovation. So far they have not tried it on at the Metropolitan."

* * *

That most industrious of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's songbirds, Mlle. Bauermeister, appeared in the four casts of last week, and will be in the four of the present week. She was Gertrude in "Romeo and Juliet," Jemmy in "William Tell" and a priestess in "Aida;" she will be Frasquita in "Carmen" to-night, Alice in "Lucia di Lammermoor" Wednesday night, Inez in "Il Trovatore" Friday and Marta in "Faust" Saturday. Never a word of complaint comes from her. She suffers from none of the ills that prime donne are heir to—or if she does she keeps them to herself; she could sing any part in any opera at very short notice, and she is on good terms with every artist. The public cannot appreciate the admirable service that little Bauermeister renders, but Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau realize her value. She is a sweet and modest little person, and what she don't know about grand opera is not worth knowing.

* * *

The Casino looks very damp and mildewed, and deserted. One could almost write a ghost story about it. Lillian Russell posters lean nonchalantly against the outer walls, but the prima donna wants no more of the Casino for the present. The theatre will be reopened in about four weeks by Rudolph Aronson. That gentleman's brother, the artistic Albert, is awaiting the manager's return from England. "Now, me boy," he said last night, "don't ask me what Rudolph done abroad. He don't believe in blowing beforehand—you understand me—because it ain't no good—you understand me. But he'll talk to you all when he gets here—you understand me—and he hasn't been idle. He hasn't even told me what he done—you understand me."

* * *

At the "1492" matinee Saturday, during the progress of the living pictures, a gallery boy shouted out: "Shut the curtains," as a particularly decollete lady, wearing, in fact, nothing but an expression of satisfaction, was revealed. Half a dozen others joined in the cry, and the two little pages in charge of the curtains got up a little stage fright on their own account. The picture was removed from view with much alacrity.

* * *

The arrangement for the presentation by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau of ten "popular price" performances of grand opera, at the Metropolitan have not as yet been completed, but the idea is one of the most felicitous that the firm has ever evolved. There are thousands of devoted music lovers in New York who are unable to pay the steep prices that are regularly charged. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau deserve the thanks of the community. The "popular price" performances will be of greater service to the public than to the managers, who can fill the big house, anyway.

* * *

Very charming are the souvenirs that Cecil Clay has published in remembrance of his lamented wife, Rosina Vokes. They contain portraits of the incomparable comedienne, and extracts from the articles that appeared at the time of her death. The dedication is as follows: "Some tributes to the memory of Rosina Vokes (Mrs. Cecil Clay) collected by her sorrowing husband to commemorate a life of infinite love and patience, of rare unselfishness, modesty and genius, dedicated to her friends—that is, to all who knew her."

* * *

At the Sunday "pop" at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night Mme. Scalchi interpreted an aria from "La Gioconda," and M. Plancon sang twice. Ysaye, the violinist, played a concerto by Vieuxtemps and a "Faust" fantasia by Wieniawski. At the Herald Square Theatre a concert was given by the Imperial Russian Symphony Orchestra, of St. Petersburg. Among the soloists were the "Princess" Dolgorouky, Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin and Miss Viola Winchester.

* * *

The following statement sent by the Liliputians to their managers, Messrs. Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld, speaks for itself:

BROOKLYN, Nov. 23, 1894.

We, the undersigned, all the members of the company known as the Liliputians, assure the Messrs. Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld that we are and always have been treated as ladies and gentlemen by them; that we have no reason whatsoever to complain of any oppressive or slavish treatment on their part.

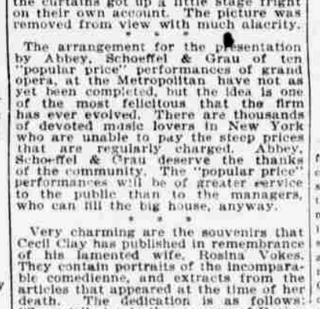
This would be impossible for the reason that we are entirely untrammeled and independent, and our contracts, which originally were made for a term of five years only, have been, of our own volition, extended for longer periods, so that some of us have been under the professional and business management of Messrs. Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld for ten and twelve years.

We cannot fail to recognize that they have made us what we now are, namely: earnest actors and honorable, free and happy individuals.

F. EBERT,	BELMA GOERNER,
BERTHA JAEGER,	LOUIS MERKEL,
HERMANN RING,	ELISE LAU,
IDA MAHR,	ADOLPH ZINK.

EVENING WORLD MOTHER GOOSE.

III.—The Unwise Tiger.



There was a Tiger in our town
That wasn't very wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush
And scratched out both his eyes.

And now he finds his eyes are out,
With all his might and main,
He's howling for another bush,
To scratch them to again.

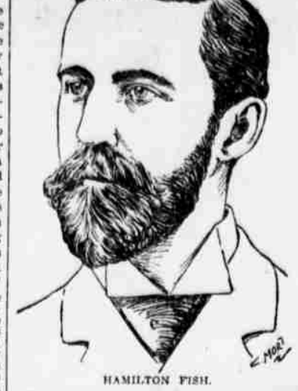
Not a Wasted Opportunity.

(From the Great Divide.)

He—If I'd known that tunnel was so long I'd have kissed you.

She—Gracious, didn't you? Somebody did.

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



HAMILTON FISH.

This is the picture of a man who says he is going to be Speaker of the Assembly. Mr. Platt has not yet given his verdict.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.

A well-dressed, matter-of-fact looking young woman was crossing City Hall Park, coming from muddy, slimy Broadway. In a nonchalant manner she halted when in front of the Court-House and crossed to the railing, beckoning to a bootblack. "Shiner" looked dazed, but went to work and made a good job of it. The entire movement was unostentatious and entirely in harmony with the young woman's self-reliant and practical appearance. She didn't do it to show a pretty foot, for hers was not even fairly shaped, and she probably knew it. Her boots had become soiled and needed cleaning, and here was a bootblack whose business it was to attend to such matters. That was all.

* * *

I was crossing West End avenue at Seventy-fourth street one dark night last week when from out the gloom these expressions caught my ear:

"If you don't hold me tight, I'll—— Oh, there, I knew I'd lose it! There goes my left foot. What's that? My feet not mates? Let me off this instant, sir!"

It was an uptown girl learning to "bike," and her long-suffering steady had retaliated.

* * *

Whatever and however Richard Croker may be elsewhere, he has a pleasing personality as he appears about the race track. I have met him there many times, and in conversation he is charmingly ingenuous. He is not yet an expert in turf affairs by any means. He owes his success it, this direction to Michael Dwyer. In watching the work of his pet, Dobbins, he displayed almost boyish enthusiasm. Once the subject of politics was broached, however, the man changed completely and became cold, silent and reserved.

THE GLEANER.

"EVENING WORLD" GUIDE-BOOK.

Sights of New York.—IV.—The Tombs.

Readers of the Guide-Book are invited to step from Wall street to the Tombs. It is not a new course. Napoleons of finance have gone the same way. This is not the original "Hark-from-the-tombs-a-doleful-sound" resort. It is much more modern than that, though it has stood where it is since 1838. Before the Tombs was built the site was occupied by Collect Pond, a considerable sheet of water which drained through the marshes into a running stream that flowed where Canal street is now. A river of humanity flows over the pond's site these days. It is muddy, and it empties chiefly into the big reservoir on Blackwell's Island. There are 300 cells in the main building of the Tombs and a few more in a couple of after-thought structures. As the committals to the place number about 25,000 a year, it will readily be perceived that exclusiveness on the part of inmates can hardly be a conspicuous feature of the prison life. The Tombs forms one of the finest examples of pure Egyptian architecture in the country. As a rule, however, this detail does not interest the men who stop there. They are too much on the inside to fully appreciate the fact. Indeed, the circumstance may have escaped most of them, and if so, it is one of the very few successful escapes that can be recorded in the history of the institution.

NELLIE BLY SAYS:

I have been very happy over the news that comes from Paris of the complete and laughable expose of Mrs. Williams, the Spiritualistic medium.

* * *

I remember Mrs. Williams kindly. I've had a great deal of amusement at her seances in New York. Little Bright Eyes, who appeared so disastrously in Paris, used to be very frisky at the seances here. Bright Eyes is the sort of a spook that delights me. She always talked to the "circle" in a shrill, unnatural treble so far from the sweet tones of a baby's voice that Mrs. Williams tried to mimic as to be exceedingly funny. Little Bright Eyes was a very earthy spook, with a pronounced "sweet tooth." She always asked for candy, and always received it. Once she asked an old admirer for a box of toys, which ever after she used to rattle at us in the dark as she babbled foolishly about "playin' house."

* * *

My recent exposure of Jules Wallace has brought me a flood of letters containing praises and curses. One easily understands the source of the curses. They always come typewritten and minus a signature, a cloak from behind which cowards spit their venom.

* * *

There are other letters that please me. They are from people who have witnessed tests which they can neither explain nor understand. These people are not ready to worship mediums or to believe me infallible. They want to know, understand and prove for themselves. I like that.

* * *

Next to frauds, I hate anything caddish or snobbish. And I cannot imagine anything more deserving of these epithets than the publishing of a list of names in the programme of the Metropolitan Opera-House. If such a list is necessary so that acquaintances may call at different boxes, then why not have a private map hung in every box?

* * *

If it be that they are hungry for notice and anxious that "persons" gaze wonderingly upon them from the orchestra and gallery, then by all means let a list be published, and have each woman sandwiched between two cards bearing her number.

* * *

Mr. John Jacob Astor has had to submit to a lot of unjust criticism this last week, because he tried to make use of the privileges accorded to every poor citizen. Every man's home is his castle, in America, and there is no reason why John Jacob Astor should be expected to submit to an invasion of his home merely because he happens to have millions.

* * *

I don't care whether it's John Jacob Astor or John Smith. If the thing happened to any one of us, if the home of our mother, who lived alone, had been twice entered by the same disreputable fellow, tramp or thief, we would have been more than annoyed to have had him dismissed with a $5 fine, and that paid by an unknown person, probably a confederate.

* * *

And while people are howling about John Jacob Astor's "persecution" of a housebreaker, the same act is played in Mr. Stokes's house, the thief entering early in the evening, going to a room on the top floor, and, being undiscovered, decamps when the house is quiet with everything he can take. NELLIE BLY.

THE "LADY" ON THE "L"

Marguerite S. J.'s Letter Stirs Up the Wrath of Numerous Men and Women.

(From "Evening World" of Nov. 21.)

To the Editor: I have occasion frequently to go shopping, and on my return I board an Elevated train and find every seat occupied by men, some, judging from their dress and general appearance, gentlemen, others simply workingmen. It is seldom, indeed, that one has the courtesy to offer me a seat, though I am tired to exhaustion journeying from store to store during two or three long hours. One of your correspondents, "Carlos Dorinth," seems to think that only old women and women with babies should be treated courteously. This is absurd. I am a lady and entitled to be treated as such, even more than a common woman, though she be old or carry a baby. Old women and women with babies should not frequent public conveyances. They should travel in cabs or should stay at home. MARGUERITE S. J.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Marguerite S. J., whether she considers herself a lady or not, is not one. If any lady has shopping to do she ought to do it, and return when the cars are least crowded, and not expect a gentleman to give up his seat when he has been at business all day. Such women as she, are never respected anywhere.—Geo. E. G., New York.

* * *

The man who is ready to give up his seat to a woman because she is old or burdened with a baby is a gentleman to all intents and purposes far more than he who will only relinquish his seat to one who is young and well dressed.—Mrs. A. H., Brooklyn.

* * *

Evidently Marguerite S. J. belongs to the "codfish aristocracy."—Ofo, New York City.

* * *

Marguerite S. J.'s letter clearly demonstrates that she is incapable of writing either reasonably or intelligently on the subject she affects to criticise with so much vehemence.—Simply a Workingman, Brooklyn.

* * *

If Maggie S. J. will travel in a cab hereafter, as she advises old women and those carrying babies to do, she will not be troubled with finding a seat.—An "L" Passenger.

* * *

I have a baby to take out and I can't afford to hire a cab, and I am no common woman, either, but would give my seat to an old lady or a woman with a baby in her arm any day.—Young Mother, L. K., Brooklyn.

* * *

Miss Marguerite must be a beastly cad to give vent to such an expression. What a horrid baby she must have been. I pity her poor mother.—M. B., New York.

* * *

If Marguerite S. J. is so fond of riding on the "L" why don't she charter a car and not occupy the space of respectable people?—Corona.

* * *

I am a gentleman and always give up my seat to any lady who is deserving, but never to a woman who waits till 6 o'clock to do her shopping, when she has a whole day to do it in.—K. P. Jay.

* * *

In all my life I think I never saw or heard of such consummate selfishness, such unparalleled snobbishness, and, above all, such unbounded ignorance of good breeding and lack of womanly feeling for the toilers and the burdened children of this human family.—Imogene, Lexington avenue, New York.

* * *

My dear, blue-blooded lady, Marguerite S. J., you must remember that dress is the last thing a true American gentleman takes into consideration. The innate lady is stamped on the face.—A Brooklyn Woman, who always gets a seat in both "L" and surface cars.

* * *

I have seen more politeness shown by the old woman and women with babies for a seat proffered to them, than by the elegantly dressed shopping lady(?)—Mrs. Fairplay.

* * *

I hardly think Marguerite S. J. has a mother, or she would respect old women more than she does.—A Married Woman, New York.

* * *

Marguerite S. J., it is you who is absurd.—A Commoner.

* * *

Marguerite, hire a cab. You would not then be exhausted, nor have your feelings hurt by mixing with the common herd. I am a mother of many sons, and hope they will always give the old lady and the woman with the baby the preference.—Mrs. Potts, Bayonne, N. J.

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It is apparent that Marguerite S. J., whoever she may be, is wholly inflated with self-conceit. People afflicted with such disease should be compelled to travel in cabs or stay at home.—Disgusted F. R., New York.

* * *

Did Marguerfite S. J. never meet a workingman who was a gentleman? If not her observation of men and things is not very keen. I have met very many workingwomen who were ladies, and have met many women with ladies' clothes on who were not ladies.—Mechanic, New York.

* * *

I pity the poor saleswomen who are compelled to wait on such as Marguerite S. J. How tired they must be when she leaves a store, and still they most likely have to stand in the Elevated train all the way home.—A Thoroughly Disgusted Woman, Carlstadt, N. J.

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If Marguerite S. J. is a lady, as she says she is, I do not think she would express such sentiments as those which appeared in her letter.—H. E. T., Brooklyn.

* * *

It is a wonder that she don't advise the poor old ladies and ladies with children to get off the earth and give the young, fashionable ones a chance.—Fair Play, New York.

* * *

Hoping there are very few such Marguerites in this world, and that I may never be blessed with one.—S. Franklin Ray.

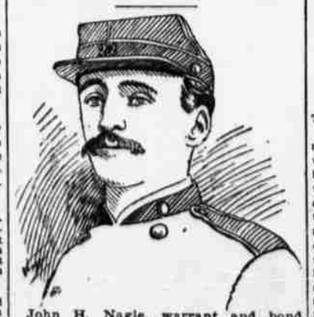
* * *

We are young ladies, who do a great deal of riding, but still do not expect seats from people who have worked hard all day.—Annie and Essie.

* * *

I am a lady and often go shopping and get very tired, but I have never yet been too tired to see an old lady or a woman with a baby stand when I occupied a seat.—Ella S., Brooklyn.

MEN WHO HAVE GOT TO GO.



John H. Nagle, warrant and bond clerk in the Mayor's office, is a native of New York City, and studied law in the office of the late Senator Henry B. Stanton. He subsequently took up mercantile pursuits and for several years held a responsible position in the counting-room of the dry-goods house of Speilmann & Co. In 1889 Mayor Grant appointed him to the position which he has held since. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the National Guard and a veteran of the famous Twenty-second Regiment.

The Bicycling Woman.

The woman rider does not resolve herself into the form of a hop toad, as do the ideal men riders; she sits erect, with full opportunity for chest expansion, which she certainly avails herself of in the exhilarating movement.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

HOUSE AND HOME

One of the Chickabiddies.

The chickabiddies want wrapping up now that damps and dews are upon us. A ribbed silk pelisse lined with demette and bordered with beaver lasts well into

Winter and can be worn quite late with an under woollen jacket. For fair little ones a soft heliotrope or reseda, for dark ones cardinal. The fur borderings for bonnet and cape always suit the rosebud faces of our darlings.

To Preserve Colors in Dried Flowers

The discoloration of many flowers upon drying may be attributed to the presence in the atmosphere of ammonia. To counteract its injurious action Nienhaus (Schweiz. Worchen. f. Chem. u. Phar.) has hit upon the idea of pressing his plants between paper previously saturated with a 1 per cent. oxalic acid solution, and dried. In this manner he has obtained most beautiful specimens of dried flowers of papaverrhoeas, one of the most difficult flowers to preserve unchanged. This idea may possibly be extended.—Scientific American.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

Bean soup as a first course is about as cheap a soup as can be made. A ham bone bought at a pork store, where cold boiled ham is sold by the slice, can be had for a few pennies. Often they will give them away for nothing. A pint of white beans, soaked over night and boiled slowly for hours the next day with the ham bone, makes a very tasty soup. Roast turkey, plain boiled potatoes, boiled onions, served with melted butter, cranberry, celery, pickles, celery salad, poor man's rice pudding with raisins, and served with boiled custard, fruit and coffee, cream cheese and crackers, with some sort of preserve.

Solitude Helped Her.

One little woman tells how she taught herself the usefulness of solitude. She was not strong, either in nerve or body, and hours of quiet, free from all distraction of sight or sound, were required to keep her even physically comfortable. She first sought solitude as an animal when it goes off alone to die, and she lugged all her pains and woes along with her. In her fatigue every evil thing she could think of would array itself against her, like a definite foe, until it came to her that she would put aside everything painful, and shut it all out, with sweet remembrance, by trying to realize all the pleasant plans and people and things she had ever known. The presence in her mind of past happiness sweetened her heart, and her nature flowered like a rose garden, her health improved, and she said, smilingly, "that she had swept out of the shadow into the sunshine, through the blessing of solitude."

Collars and Boas.

In the small collar pieces and boas of fur—those that trim so effectively the perfectly plain black coat, the chinchilla furs are by far the most popular. In fact, chinchilla is the trimming for cloth and fur. It trims the Persian lamb and the seal coat, as well as those of cloth. Prettiest, perhaps, of all these collars is the one that falls in a short round cape, just above the shoulders and continues down the front in long stoles. Boas are made so wide this year they answer all the purpose of a collar; for they are rolled back when they become uncomfortably warm, and are drawn closely about the neck pieces, finished with heads and end pieces, of course, still worn.

Coddled Apples.

Peel and core tart apples, arrange them in a dish deep enough so that they may be covered, and fill each cavity with sugar. Dredge sugar over them, pour in a cupful of hot water, cover closely, and simmer in the oven or on the top of the stove, as may be most convenient, till soft. Lift them without breaking into the dish in which they are to be served, add a dust of nutmeg to the syrup and pour it over them.

The Church Gets the Dress.

There is a curious custom among the daughters of the House of Hapsburg, whose bridal trains, instead of finishing an honorable career in the ballroom, are bestowed after the ceremony on the church whose sacred floor they have swept. Only the other day, during the centenary celebration at Rennweg, the altar floor was covered with a sheen of satin and silver, mellowed by the breath of age, that had once formed part of Marie Antoinnette's wedding garment.

Cosmetic for the Hands.

Hand cosmetic, for those who desire soft, white hands: Lanolin, 30 parts; glycerine, 20 parts; borate of soda, 10 parts; oil of eucalyptus, 2 parts; Essence of bitter almonds, 25 drops. Rub hands with preparation and cover with gloves at night.

Cream Crullers.

One and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of cream, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mixed in enough flour to roll out soft. Cut in desired shapes and fry in very hot lard.

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.)

An Old Coin.

To the Editor:

I have a copper coin with "The Merchants' Exchange, Wall street, New York, built 1827; burnt 1835," and a front view of the building on it. On the other side is "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute.

T. M. D., Jersey City, N. J.

Single Tax Threatens Nothing.

To the Editor:

Many object to the single tax because they believe that it will upset present conditions and disturb vested interests. The objectors do not seem to know that all laws take effect from the time of enactment and do not go backward or revert. The single tax, in correcting the evils arising from land monopoly, corrects them from the time it becomes a law only, but this correction will prove enough to satisfy all. The French Revolution was caused by land monopoly, and the present wretched condition of England and Ireland is largely the result of the feudal system created many hundreds of years ago. This system has been ingrafted upon our country, and if not done away with will create two classes only—the very rich and the very poor. In our large city this is precisely what is taking place. There is no middle class. As an evidence of the soundness of the single tax it is only necessary to submit that landholders frequently give away land in large quantities, and in the shape of building lots, in order to increase the price of other lots contiguous to those freely given away. Land monopoly is beyond doubt a cause of our present financial depression. LUIGI GALVAIN DOANE, M. D.

Lullaby.

To the Editor:

A wee, wee wren
Chirps in a bush,
Chirps to baby—
Hush-a-by, hush.
What's he saying?
Sleep, little one;
The flowerets close,
And day is done.

A. E. VARA.

Out of Work.

To the Editor:

No one of any sympathy in their nature can read the letters of "Maggie" and "Childe Harold" without feeling deep sorrow for their distress. To be sure their are many idle who would not work if given the opportunity, but surely it is a sad sight to see one who earnestly seeks work to earn an honest living, and yet finds all avenues closed against their best efforts. Friendship don't amount to much when a man is out of work. His friends then, as a general thing, give him the cold shoulder in a polite way, and he stands alone. I am a young man (American) and have been out of employment for some time. Have had several years' practical business experience in New York City. Can give first-class reference, and yet am totally unable to secure a position. I have some very good friends, too. Now, is there any bright reader of "The Evening World" who can throw a ray of light on the way of obtaining work that may be as a guiding star to those who are honestly seeking employment.

A NEW YORKER.

A Nut for Bibliologists.

To the Editor:

The respectfully undersigned should feel very much obliged if a reader of "The Evening World," preferably Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who certainly is an expert in bibliology, would give an explanation to the following conundrums: According to Gen. xlvi., 11, Kohath had Amra born when Jacob came into Egypt. Be it granted that he then was only one year old. He died one hundred and thirty-three years old, Exod. vi., 18; he lived, therefore, in Egypt one hundred and thirty-two years. As everything is possible in the Bible, let us say that he begr his son Amram in the last year of his life. The years of Amram were one hundred and thirty-seven (Exod. vi., 20). If he followed the example of his father, and begat Moses just before he died, that would make the time the Jews sojourned in Egypt 349 years, for Moses was eighty years old when he appeared before Pharaoh. Yet we find in Exod. xii., 40-41 that the children of Israel dwelt in Egypt 430 years to a day! Whence these eighty-one years? Furthermore, is it possible that a father is forty years old, when at the same time, his youngest son is forty-two? (II. Chron. xxi., 20 and xxii., 1-2.)

J. A. DREWS, 127 Eldert street, Brooklyn.

Money and Other Values.

To the Editor:

"X. Y. Z.," I claim that any single-taxer who advocates metal money is not thoroughly converted from the dark barbarism that exists in the minds of all those who claim that "what is must be right," and that "vested interests" are vested rights, and not vested wr