The World

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THE
Half-Million Mark
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THE WORLD'S NOVEMBER CIRCULATION:

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PER WEEK DAY.

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GAIN PER WEEK DAY:
In One Year..... 62,103
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GAIN PER SUNDAY:
In One Year..... 77,697
Three Years..... 99,745

Up, up, Mr. Goff. Up Higher.

No, Mr. Platt cannot stop the Lexow elevator.

Mr. Goff's mind is in its working clothes again, for sure.

Surely there can be no inducement to counterfeit Silver Dollar Smith.

Commissioner Andrews is no greater at vindication than at street cleaning.

Congress starts in with every indication of not earning the rest of its hire.

It doesn't look as if the Five had achieved immortality. But Fellows must go.

The "no smoking" rule on the "L" roads does not affect the lamps in the cars.

Only twenty days more to Christmas. And that Tree Fund has got to be a good deal bigger.

The next candidate for "vinglication" is cheerfully awaited in the Lexow Committee room.

Gov. Flower is quicker at epistolary repartee than he is to see certain of his Gubernatorial duties.

The public would like to hear from Mr. Croker under your auspices, Mr. Goff. He isn't in Europe yet.

Street-Cleaning Commissioner Andrews can hardly be counted to-day among the "merry Andrews."

Mr. Havemeyer is gradually confirming the suspicions of his fellow-members of the Sugar Trust that he is over talkative.

If young Mr. Divver's filial regard prove not a stumbling block, he, too, should make a very entertaining Lexow witness.

Reports of the Senate proceedings reveal the interesting fact that the Peffer whiskers are in their usual telephonic working order.

Up to this hour Ollie Teall has escaped Pref. Ramirez's duel. It is possible that "The Evening World's" word in time has saved an ornament of the metropolis.

The Trusts find nothing in Attorney-General Olney's report to make them afraid. That's what they expected to find. What is the present Attorney-General there for?

None is so stupid as he who won't learn. The bearing of this remark may be very evident to anybody who watched the course of certain Democratic Senators in yesterday's caucus at Washington.

Coal goes up again. The Trust flourishes. Olney talks of other things. The President does not think it worth while to stir his Attorney-General to action. And the people have to pay the extortionists.

That Broadway fire yesterday brought a new hero to the front. Those girls whose lives he saved by running his elevator until the last of them was safe on terra firma should remember Denis McAuliffe at Christmas.

Col. McAlpin promises to be a progressive Adjutant-General. He is already talking of modern guns for the National Guard. The small arms at present in use are indeed, almost qualified for exhibition purposes in a museum of antiquities.

"College Presidents," said President Seth Low, of Columbia, at the Strong dinner last night, "who are good for anything, should always be ready to learn. I have learned to-night, with amazement, that no other Ohio man in this city was to hold office. I had supposed that the average Ohio man went into his back yard every night and winded his ear to the ground to see if he could hear his country calling." "See if he could hear" is good for a college President. But President Low intimates that he is ready to learn; so it may be all right, later on.

VINDICATED!

Street-Cleaning Commissioner Andrews has had the opportunity for which his soul longed. The Lexow Committee has permitted him to make under oath an "explanation" of the charge that he accepted, when Excise Commissioner, a bribe of $500 to grant a license to a notorious disorderly house.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Andrews is satisfied with his "explanation." Certainly it was a full and complete one. He not only convicted himself by the evidence of Dock Commissioner White and a reputable business man of accepting the $500 bribe, but succeeded, as well, in "explaining" that he had taken $1,000 from ex-Senator Plunkitt, who has large contracts with the Street-Cleaning Department, and incidentally that he had used the money to pay off a previous loan from another contractor. In further "explanation" he convicted himself of accepting $3,000 from Brewer Ruppert at a time when it was important that brewers should have a "pull" with the Excise Commission There was also a brother-in-law, who got a place in the Department in consideration of $900 per year to a relative of the Commissioner, and several other little affairs of a like nature, included in Mr. Andrews's statement.

It was, indeed, an "explanation" most ample and complete. Mr. Andrews deserves the thanks of the community for his frankness.

It is in order to suggest that he give further proof of his generosity and complete his "vindication" by pleading guilty and thus saving the city the expense of the useless formality of a trial upon the evidence which he has himself brought out.

NOW FOR THE RICH MAN'S TAX.

The bill to appropriate the amount necessary to collect the income tax will be included in the Urgency Deficiency bill, and is expected to be passed by Congress within the next fifteen days. In the present condition of the revenues it is not probable that any effort to obstruct its passage will be successful, nor is any anticipated, unless it should come from Senator Hill.

There has been some foolish talk about an attempt to repeal the income tax. But these are not times to favor tax-dodging, and it would require no little courage on the part of a Congressman or Senator to seek to protect the wealthy from bearing their share of the public burdens at a time like the present.

The income tax is a just relief to the poor man, and is the only tax the man of wealth is compelled to pay out of his own pocket without shifting it on to his neighbor. The possessors of the largest incomes in the country evade investments in lands or non-taxable securities, and escape taxation altogether. The tax is intended to reach them, and is a measure the Democratic party will not readily be persuaded to abandon.

MASKED DEMOCRACY.

The session at Washington opens with evidence that the Senate, through the few Democratic Senators who obstructed tariff reform last year, is still in the service of the Trusts and is prepared to fight free sugar and anti-Trust measures generally.

The Senate conference yesterday developed the fact that Gorman, Brice and their allies on the Democratic side are prepared to fight the Sugar bill on the plea that it is unwise at this time to reopen the tariff agitation, and to oppose closure as a means of defeating any anti-Trust measure.

It is, however, believed that closure will be forced through when a caucus is called for that purpose. Senator Hill, who is not yet at his post, is expected to aid in such a result. The Democratic majority should remain steadfast in the determination to compel closure if only that the Senators false to Democratic principles and to the pledges of the party may stand exposed and not do their work behind the cover of the Republican minority.

PLATT'S PEW IN PARKHURST'S CHURCH.

So Tom Platt is a member of Dr. Parkhurst congregation. And the Doctor never knew it. Well, now, that is funny. But perhaps it is a good thing the Doctor didn't know it, especially when Tom was inserting himself in the congregation, or the great political boss might have been forced to seek salvation in some other part of Madison avenue.

Tom has been a spiritual constituent of Dr. Parkhurst for three years now, he says, but he will not say that he has attended regularly. Ah! there's where the trouble is, we suppose. If Tom had eat every Sunday under the pulpit and permitted sanctity to sift down upon his nidescent dictatorial conk, the Doctor might have got onto him, and things would possibly be different now.

But we are afraid that somebody holds Tom's proxy for that pew. The best way out of the perplexity, now that the two gentlemen know each other so well, would be for Tom to go to church next Sunday and have a mutual friend, willing to accept the responsibility of the act, introduce Tom and the Doctor to each other. Perhaps they will know each other better when they become acquainted.

Of course, it wouldn't have been relevant, but Mr. Goff might have asked "Andy" While why he gave up an $8,000 Police Justiceship for a $5,000 Dock Commissionership. And then he might have asked if "Andy" would have changed had he known that the law was presently to require regular contracts in place of the "day's work" system, in dock improvements

Uncle Russell Sage is again talking of electric motors, and double-deck cars on the Elevated. Nobody would lend money on the strength of Uncle Russell's promises in these directions. They are, in their way, signs of the times. But it is the Manhattan corporation's dry season, and all such signs will fail.

The Political Study Club, mostly women, bars out male reporters on the score that these describe their clothes. They want female reporters to write about their meetings, in the hope probably that more of their tea-gossip will get into print, while the clothes will, of course, not be forgotten.

His Old War Traits.

Penam—Cool Bloodyman's old war traits still cling to him.

Nokes—How so?

Penam—I dined with him last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter.—Harlem Life.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE FUND

Many Contributions in Answer to the Pleading Santa Claus Letters of the Poor Children.

Put yourself in the place of a poor child at Christmas time. Imagine yourself in a cheerless home, half-starved, half-frozen, scarcely covered with clothing, toyless, joyless, with nothing but your tears to comfort you, while all the world outside was well-clad, well-fed, well-housed, and bright and happy—would you like it? Would you like it if you knew that on Christmas day there was any little child so wretchedly circumstanced? Would you not do your best if you came across such a little one to change and improve its condition? Certainly you would do your best. Well, there are 50,000 such children in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. Read their letters to Santa Claus printed in this column from day to day, and your heart, no matter how hard it is, will be touched. If you want to help to make these children happy send a contribution for the Christmas-Tree Fund to "Cashier of World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

The Subscriptions.

"Evening World"	$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,454.99
Visitors to dome, Pulitzer Building	10.10
Annie Biegen, Daisy and Mamie Busse	6.31
Fred. W. Thielmann	2.50
Little Sue	1.56
T. S.	1.00
Agnes and Aaron Edwards, Long Branch, N. J.	.50
Isabell Draffin	.25
Loretta Stark, Brooklyn	.25
Willie and Annie, Brooklyn	.12
Josetta C. Enright	.10
Willie Sherry, Dover, N. J.	.10

Letters to Santa Claus.

I.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a poor boy and I am the oldest of four children. Please don't forget me. I don't care much for toys; I would like to have some underclothes, and if you have a turkey left please send it to us. We did not have a turkey or a duck or a chicken since papa died, and he is nearly three years dead. I have two little sisters, one six years old and one three years old, and a little brother eight years. Send them whatever you think is best. Last Christmas because my little sister and brother was very sick we did not have anything. Good by, Santa Claus. I am twelve years old. Yours truly,
ADEL, LILLY, HARRY and FRED,
East One Hundred and Fifty-Third street.

II.

Dear Santa Claus: I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am a boy twelve years old. My father has no coat. I would like to ask you, dear Santa Claus, if you would please give him an overcoat and a pair of pants. He is out of work for a long time. Please send me one ticket. CONRAD B.,
West Thirty-ninth street.

III.

Dear Santa Claus: Could you please send me six tickets for my little sisters. Papa has been ill a very long while and not been able to work. I am too young to work and I don't think I will be able to get my sister any present this year unless you could give me the tickets. I hope Santa Claus won't forget us this year. You will greatly oblige me by doing so. I will remain,
BIRDIE B., Lewis street.

Sends It to Santa Claus.

To the Editor:
Will you give my 20 cents to Santa Claus for the poor children's Christmas-Tree Fund?
CARL HERDMANN, eight years,
109 Nassau street, Brooklyn.

Irma's Half-Dollar.

To the Editor:
I inclose some money (50 cents) for the benefit of the poor. Now, as I have no more to say, I will close with fond regards. IRMA,
137 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

Three Had a Fair.

To the Editor:
Kindly accept inclosed $6.31 for the Christmas-Tree Fund, the proceeds of a fair held at 328 West Fifty-first street by Anna Biegen, Daisy Busse and Mamie Busse. Yours respectfully,
ANNA BIEGEN.

Gives Every Year.

To the Editor:
Inclosed please find check for $2.50, hoping it will make some poor children happy Christmas.
FRED W. THIELMANN, Brooklyn.

Willie Sends a Dime.

To the Editor:
Please find inclosed 10 cents for the Christmas-Tree Fund. I am a little boy, nine years old.
WILLIE SHERRY, N. J.

Sends All She Can.

To the Editor:
I am a little girl, eight years old, and send 10 cents for the dear, poor little children. I wish I was able to send more.
JOSETTA C. ENRIGHT, Trenton, N. J.

A Good Way to Settle It.

To the Editor:
A little girl named Annie and myself have been disputing the ownership of 12 cents for about two weeks, and papa says I had better send it to your paper, and let you send it to Santa Claus and tell him to buy some little child a present for Christmas. WILLIE AND ANNIE, Brooklyn.

Little Sue's Collection.

To the Editor:
Inclosed find $1.56 for the poor children collected by
LITTLE SUE, seven years old,
116 East Fifty-fourth street.

Long Branch Little Ones.

To the Editor:
Inclosed find 50 cents for the Christmas-Tree Fund, hoping it will please some poor little children. AGNES AND AARON EDWARDS,
Long Branch, N. J.

A Feel in the Chris'mas Air.

They's a kind o' feel in the air to me,
When the Chris'mas sets in,
That's about as much of a mystery
As ever I've run agin!—
For instance, whilse I gain in weight
And ginoral health, I swear
They's a gooneess somere I can't quite state—
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air ogee right
To the spot where a men lives at!—
It gives a feller a appetitle—
They ain't no doubt about that!
And yit they's somepin—I don't know what—
That follers me here and there,
And ha'nts and worries and spares me not—
A kind o' feel in the air!

They's a feel, as I say, in the air that's jest
As blame-don sad as sweet!—
In the same rasho as I feel the heat
And am spryest on my feet,
They's allus a kind o' sort of a' ache
That I can't locate nowhere;—
But it comes with Chris'mas, and no mistake;
A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?
W'y, no!—God bless 'em!—no!
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze—
Like my own was, long ago?—
Is it the blast o' the whistle and beat
O' the little toy drum and blare
O' the horn?—No! no!—It is jest the sweet,
The sad sweet feel in the air.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Cosmopolitan for December.

"TO NEMESIS."

Mlle. Walanoff is a lady with a past concealed about her identity. One would think she had at least half a dozen pasts, to judge from the way she is discussed by the other characters in Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco's play, "To Nemesis; or, Love and Hate," now running at the Star Theatre. At least twenty-five minutes before you see the fascinating Walanoff you are forced to wade through a labyrinth of talk, in which she is described, analyzed, praised and held up for general appreciation. At the end of the twenty-five minutes Rose Coghlan trots in, R. V. E., in a yellow silk gown, cut a la Grannis, and with her good old adventuress expression in evidence. You would bet your last dollar that she has a past, even if that fact had not been dinned into your ears by Mme. Froissart, the Baroness de la Bruyere, Mme. Grangelien and a nice assortment of foreign gentlemen wearing orders.

Two acts are principally devoted to Mlle. Walanoff's past. When she was a very young girl—twelve years before the play opens—she had fallen in love with, and run off with, a nice titled person As soon as she reached her house he told her that he loved her, but that she could never be his—his wife, that is to say. Then she understood all, the silly little puss, and breaking away from him she returned to her home, only to find the doors closed, and her reputation hopelessly sullied. The knowledge that she was pure didn't seem to help her in the least, for she rampaged and stormed and made herself ill. She was taken to a hospital and there she met a rich Russian widow, who took a fancy to her, adopted her and left her a comfortable fortune. There's a past for you! Wads of it are served up during the first two acts, which are nothing but talk and a couple of handsome gowns worn by Miss Coghlan.

The third act is the best. It is a very strong, excellent act, but Mrs. Pacheco was a long time getting to it. She worked hard to arrive at the situation that it disclosed, and the approach was fatiguing. Mlle. Walanoff meets the Marquis d'Aumale, the man who tried to lead her astray, and with revenge in view she weds him. After the marriage ceremony, she sends the guests into the breakfast room, and tells her newly made husband that she hates him, has married him only for vengeance, and will never live with him. The scene suggests to some extent "The Ironmaster," but it is more dramatic, and is, in fact, very well worked up.

The last act is rather silly. Mrs. Pacheco seems afraid to do anything that is not absolutely respectable. She won't let Walanoff rest happily married to her betrayer, so she goes to work and conjures up a twin. The husband is not the original Marquis d'Aumale, but his twin brother. The betrayer had died six years before, and his brother had taken his name.

That is rather penny dreadful-ish, and surely it is not absolutely necessary. Even the real villain, however, had been guilty in intention only, for the Walanoff had rushed away from him as soon as she discovered his purpose. The play closes with a duel between the Marquis and a gentleman who had said to the mademoiselle, "I love you madly, with a passion so deep that it would sc-c-cruple at nothing." The Marquis is slightly wounded, when Walanoff dashes in in a victoria—that has been stationary at the wings for some time—and with a faint shriek, and much police-courty agony, stops the duel.

Miss Coghlan does some very good work in her accustomed style, and she wears five dresses. Her company is a good one. Miss Effie Shannon is less simpering than usual, and Miss Maxine Elliott does better than I imagined she could do. Frederic de Belleville is rather stiff and awkward, and Henry Jewett looks a trifle too juvenile for the part. He might be Master Walanoff. Cecil M. York plays one of the senseless, stuttering, English dude roles, that, for some reason or other, still appeal to the upper portions of the theatre. "To Nemesis" is very prettily staged.

ALAN DALE.

ON THE OIL-STOVE PLAN.

How to Make Life in a Furnished Room Worth Living.

To the Editor:
In regard to "Harry's" inquiry about oil-stoves, I will state from experience what I know about them. I have a room 10 by 12, with two windows. I have an oil-stove with two burners, with four-inch wicks. The room is very comfortable, but it kept burning for some time the oil which it consumes sends up fumes which if inhaled about two or three hours each day will give one consumption in time It costs me about two cents for about three hours' fire. Besides heating the room, I can see to read, thereby dispensing with a lamp; at the same time I can cook my meal to suit me. That is the only way to live. The best stove to get has four-inch burners, two wicks to one stove.
A BACHELOR.

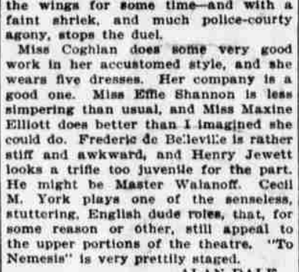
Sheet-Iron Comfort.

To the Editor:
I would suggest to "Harry" to buy an oil-stove, with a sheet-iron drum attached, as it retains the heat. As soon as the room is comfortable open the window at the top half an inch—this is all that is necessary—just enough to allow the odor to escape. From one who ought to know.
TINKER.

Would Heat a Mustache Curler.

To the Editor:
Tell "Harry" that an oil stove would throw no heat around a room, and would be of no use unless he wanted to heat the curlers to curl his mustache. The price of oil stoves is from 50 cents up.
A JERSEY GIRL.

MEN WHO HAVE GOT TO GO.



Edward Owen, Commissioner of Accounts, is a native of Cincinnati, but early in life went to New Orleans, where he engaged in the cotton business. He was afterwards with Gen. Longstreet, and served through the war as a Captain in the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. In 1868 he came to New York and became a member of the Cotton Exchange. His firm subsequently went out of business, and in 1885 he became Chief Clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Accounts. Early in 1893 he was promoted to his present position. He is one of the original founders of the Confederate Veteran Corps of New York, and is popular in the Southern colony here.

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

MRS. LILY A. THOMPSON.

This is the widow, blonde and blue-eyed, who is ambitious to shine as a star member of the Washington police force.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

I saw a golf fiend crossing Broadway yesterday. He was a big, bulky fellow and was clad in tweeds of the most approved golf pattern. On his round head was a cap to match, and from the abbreviated "breeks" to the tops of his stout-laced shoes his legs were covered with hose of the most pronounced zig-zag pattern. He was in good form, according to the dictates of the game, but where was his excuse for making a guy of himself thirty miles from the nearest links? By his side paced a woman in perfect and stylish street costume, who never seemed to wonder why she and her escort attracted so much attention.

* * *

Which weather vane, among the many surrounding City Hall Park, truly telleth whence cometh the wind? Every day the various indicators tell to suit themselves, embracing in their indications about one-quarter of the points on a compass disc.

* * *

Almost a whole section of people in evening dress came into Daly's at 8.55, the other night, and with the bustle of getting out of their wraps and into their seats, spoiled a whole scene in "Twelfth Night" for everybody behind them. There may have been an excuse for their lateness. There was no palliation for the offense of creating such a disturbance while the stage curtain was raised.

* * *

Watching the ships in the East River the other day, from the bridge, I was reminded that those vessels once very popuar in the coasting trade, known as barkentines, are rarely seen in this port, nowadays. Three-masted and even four-masted schooners, are common enough, but the square rig on the foremast has become almost extinct, so far as New York harbor is concerned. There is still a fleet of these able and swift vessels constantly plying to and from the West Indies which go out "light" and never bring anything but cocanuts. They are owned by a cocoanut-preparing firm, and are known as the "cocoanut fleet." THE GLEANER.

WILSON BILL BARGAIN COUNTER.

Visit the stores and see for yourself how the prices have been reduced since last year.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

Let anybody compare an undergraduate of Wellesley or Vassar with an undergraduate of Yale or Princeton. * * * The girl is so eminently his superior that there can be no proper terms of comparison.—The Sun.

* * *

Tenement-house reform in this city is one of the most needed of all reforms.—The Recorder.

* * *

Street-Cleaning Commissioner William S. Andrews got a very little vindication and a great deal of something else not quite so agreeable before the Lexow Committee yesterday.—The Herald.

* * *

Tammany Hall, as a dangerous political power and a menace to honest government, will perish whenever its sources of nourishment are cut off. Give the Mayor power of removal!—The Press.

* * *

"Silver-Dollar" Smith has out-Divvered Divver.—The Advertiser.

* * *

Why not have local option so far as Sunday selling is concerned? Is not this an important question of self-government and of local "home rule?"—The Times.

EDITORIAL SIDELIGHTS.

A Burning Question in Chicago.

Where is the use of a young man exhibiting himself in a stunning costume if he's to be described in a public print as having worn "pants?"—Chicago News.

No Loss, it Thoroughly Lost.

The Bluefields war scare has been knocked into a cocked hat, and the next thing we know some one will lose the hat.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A Stunner for Allentown.

Mrs. Wayne Kratzer is the first lady bicyclist in Allentown to appear in bloomers. She was out yesterday and looked stunning in the modern costume.—Allentown (Pa.) Leader.

Only One Talks at Once.

President Cleveland has his say to-day. Therefore the editor of The Leader keeps silent.—Allentown Leader.

Couldn't Put His Gout Into It.

Just think of a man having to write the whole of that message and never express in it a single twinge of what was forcing itself most upon his attention.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Parkhurst Can't Be a Boss.

Dr. Parkhurst could never become a boss, because, with all his courageous and aggressive qualities, he lacks those of a great leader. Thomas C. Platt and Dr. Parkhurst could never pull together. Mr. Platt's leadership admits of no partnerships.—Washington Post.

WORLDLINGS.

Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, had a set of shirts which cost $50 a piece.

A Roman stylus for writing cost, in the time of Julius Caesar, about five cents.

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

In the convict prison at Copenhagen mothers are allowed to have their babies with them till they are one year old; then they are taken to the workhouse until the mother's term of sentence has expired.

GIRLS WITH WARM HAIR.

Titian-Locked Females and Their Friends Resent Some Remarks Recently Printed About Red Topknots.

(From "The Evening World," Dec. 1.)

To the Editor:
I am a young lady, and I would like to know if there is anything more hateful than red-haired girls. No matter how richly they are dressed, their hair spoils it all. Why were red-haired children allowed to grow into womanhood? If I were to get married, and had a child with red hair, I think I would choke it before it drew its second breath. What ought to have been done to all of them? H. C. H.

Red hair is very valuable. Think of all the sulphur it contains. It is also accompanied with a complexion that is perfectly exquisite. People being so fortunate as to possess this hair are bright and intelligent, and a stylish person will look stylish in spite of her hair.—A lover of Titian Locks, Paterson, N. J.

* * *

The "red-headed girl" has leaped the white horse,
She rides o'er the country in glee,
The fences and grasses she'll proudly pass,
She sings "They are not after me."
You may love the blonde or gay fine brunette,
Enjoy their society at teas,
But, oh! if you care that I never fret,
The "red-headed girl" give me, please!
—Ida Monroe.

* * *

The drug stores don't make much on red-haired people, as their skin is pure and white. I am a youth of about 18 years, and am acquainted with a red-haired young lady about the same age, and for her sake no one shall traduce red hair in my presence, until some one takes her from—A Brooklyn Boy.

* * *

My experience is that red-haired girls are, as a rule, both amiable and attractive, and the prejudice against them is certainly most unjust. While this subject is now up, I would like to ask if any of your readers can explain why so many red-haired girls live in Hoboken. The number of Titian-haired females who travel on the ferry-boats running to that suburb is often so great as to make passengers wonder where they all come from.—Barclay Street.

* * *

I am of the opinion that the young lady who wrote about red-headed people is a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. May all her children have red hair.—Billy.

* * *

The red-haired girls are, in reality, quite attractive, as they have fair, clear complexions, while a great number of their dark-haired sisters have a sallow and murky complexion. I am red haired myself (a fact of which I am proud), am married and have two of the nicest red-haired children you would want to see, and wish to say to this young lady that I would not choke them before they could draw the second breath, as she would do. I also wish to convey to the lady's biased mind that I can dress and look as attractive as her or any other of the ordinary class of women.—J. H. B.

* * *

"H. C. H." is nothing but a mean, miserable, contemptible, foolish piece of humanity. She is also a disgrace to her sex. I do not think that any self-respecting man would take to himself such a heartless wretch for a wife.—K. Cavanagh, Yonkers.

* * *

"H. C. H." will never have to buy a bycicle; she certainly has wheels in her head. It is plainly to be seen that she is not in love with owners of hair of a bright auburn hue. I can only offer the following as an excuse for her:

She no doubt fell in love with some noble young fellow, who in turn met his ideal in the possessor of a head of bright auburn tresses. "H. C. H.," of course, hates the young lady, and all of her color.—A New Yorker in Albany.

* * *

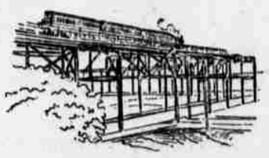
"H. C. H." is certainly without knowledge or she would know that most of the most beautiful women of the world had red hair, and were proud of it. It is certainly greatly envied even to-day, and one proof of it is the bleached blonde. Ask an artist about hair and study up art, and perhaps you will wish you had red hair, or be angry enough to choke yourself that you haven't it.—Red-Haired Girl and Glad of It.

* * *

"H. C. H." must have been rejected by a red-haired; otherwise she would not be so hard-hearted against red-haired people. If her mother had the same opinion as her when she was born, and she to be red-haired, and her mother choked her, what would the people say about her? My opinion is that she ought to be choked herself.—W. E.

"EVENING WORLD" GUIDE-BOOK.

Sights of New York.—XII.—The High Curve.



When a stranger in New York rides on an "L" train around the high curve at One Hundred and Tenth street and Eighth avenue, all the sins of his lifetime rise before him. But his repentance is only momentary and doesn't count. He forgets all about it if, on his return, he has to climb all the stairs at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, or One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street station. To the ordinary New Yorker the high curve has long ceased to have any terrors. It was once looked up to with great expectations, everybody supposing that a train would some day leave the track and come lumbering down from the lofty heights to the waiting earth. Nobody wanted it to be his train which performed the feat. It has gradually come to be accepted as extremely unlikely to be anybody's train. Should such a performance take place, it is doubtful if any personal experiences of the downward trip through space would ever be written. There are other curves on the Elevated roads, but none compares with the high one. The "L" corporation also has a few curves of its own. The people have got "onto" some of them. Hence the demand for a better, faster and more accommodating system of local transit.

To Husbands Who Smoke.

Ye husbands who are smoking husbands, attend!
(Or rather, say husbands who smoke),
Observe the advice of a well-meaning friend,
Who's haply not given to joke;
If you'd nullify fumes of pipe or cigar—
Which spoil your best rooms, so you say—
Go hang in those chambers (don't let the thought jar)
A nice little bundle of hay!
The fumes (so they say)
'Twill drive quite away,
That neat little, sweet little, bundle of hay!
—Allie Sloper's Half-Holiday.

EVENING WORLD MOTHER GOOSE.

XI.—Three Knaves in a Tub.

Hub a dub dub!
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The coal baron, baker
And great sugar maker,
Turn 'em out, knaves all three.

HOUSE AND HOME

School Luncheons.

A couple of dainty sandwiches, some crackers, daintily spread with jam, and a little good fruit are quite enough to sustain the small students through the afternoon's work. When they reach home, if the dinner hour is late, a cup of chocolate, hot milk, or a plate of bouillon and a few wafers will compensate for the lack of something hot to drink at the school lunch. Sandwiches of chopped meat will be found easier for the children to handle than those of sliced meat, and egg and sardine sandwiches form a pleasant variety from day to day. These should be wrapped neatly in oiled paper, both to keep the bread moist and protect the other things, such as apples, peaches or pears, from contact with it. A neatly-folded napkin should complete the arrangements of the lunch basket and should never be used to wrap the lunch up.

Cold Meat.

Cut your meat into thin slices; line a mould with slices of cooked carrots and beets, over which pour a little strong stock or gelatine, moving it round until it is jellied and so forms an outside shell. Then put the meat into the mould in layers with more stock and cold peas, cauliflower or any scraps of cold vegetables left over, until it is full. Set it in the ice-box until it is wanted, when plunge the mould into boiling water for a minute and turn out the gelatine on a dish. Garnish with parsley and serve. The jellied meat should be cut crosswise in rather thick slices.

Earrings Coming Into Fashion.

Earrings are fast coming into fashion again, though novelties in designs will be worn more on the streets than the resplendent solitaire. Screw earrings will be the most popular for street wear, and in these there will be decided novelties as the season advances. One dainty design recently exhibited represented small gold lilies of the valley, with a small diamond flashing in the centre of each flower. Turquoise, rubies and sapphires are the favorite stones for young girls.

Seen in the Shops.

Tiny black boucle stripes on colored woollen grounds.

Checked taffetas showing cherry prominently for blouse waists.

Continental or cocked hats again for young ladies' Fall wear.

Vandyke laces and jet passementeries, alone and in combination.

Changeable pin stripes of black and a color in taffeta for odd waists.

Black moire ribbons having the mother-of-pearl or nacre figuring.

Ostrich feather rosettes, bows, clusters of various kinds and ruches.

For Bachelor Maids.

There is scarcely a woman who has not suffered from an ill-sewn button at some time or another, either from the fact that it has been insecurely fixed or sewn at an unequal distance from the others. A remedy for any such grievances is the "Vanity" dress steels. The "Vanity" is a steel for the back of bodice buttons, with equi-distance oval slots for the purpose of quickly and evenly attaching buttons, so that we can put them on at equal distances without measurement. This is a great accomplishment, and other advantages are that puckers are prevented and the figure improved.

What Shoppers Find.

Lovely bureau sets of Valenciennes lace, satin ribbon and fine lawn, &c.

Light changeable silks having a frosted effect for the triumphant blouse.

Large, flat corded effects in black silk, in bayadere style, for odd skirts.

Draped bodice ornaments for the front of round or coat-skirted waists.

Nailhead and small jet head trimmings in straight and Vandyked edges.

Girls' reefers of bengaline, trimmed with lace, for children of three to six years.

Large round yoke collars of lace, having the pattern outlined with a silk cord.

Reform Laundries.

Laundry work reached such a state in England that ladies have now gone into the business to effect reforms, if possible. Several model laundries have been started by "decayed gentlewomen." The latest is the Ladies' Laundry Association of Twickenham, which claims to be an ideal laundry. One of the ladies is in attendance each day. Among other things the ladies are very particular as to the character of the hands they employ. Hours and time for rest and meals are provided for very generously. The time is from 8 to 8, with a respite for lunch at 10 A. M., one hour at 1 o'clock and tea at 5.

Beauty of Neatness.

The skin is a grand respiratory organ. By absorbing oxygen from the air and secreting carbonic acid it gives the blood invaluable assistance in its purifying work. The more efficient this assistance is the less strain on the lungs. The beauty of texture and the vigorous action of the tissues of the skin depend largely upon the care it receives. No woman was, is or can be beautiful without a skin as clean as marble.

Peach Cheese.

Peach cheese is a very nice dessert, and one that is by no means common. Cut up a dozen ripe peaches and put them in a preserving can with eight ounces of sugar, a pint of water and the juice of half a lemon; stir on the fire until the fruit is dissolved and then rub the pulp through a hair sieve; add two ounces of dissolved gelatine; mix and fill a piped mould. When the cheese is set firm turn out and fill the centre with whipped cream.

Apples and Cream.

A very pleasant breakfast dish, with the oatmeal, may be made of fresh, mellow, uncooked sweet apples, pared, sliced and covered with sweet cream, a light sprinkling of sugar being added.

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.]

The New Utopia's Prospectus.

To the Editor:
In the new Utopia land will have no fictitious or speculative value. The single tax cannot legally disturb present conditions, hard and unjust though they may be, but the single tax can and will prevent just such legal and unjust conditions in the future. This Utopian condition will be brought about by the passage of a graduated inheritance act or law, by the abolition of interest and usury, and by taxing out of existence (so to speak) vacant and unimproved lands. In this city there are no less than 39,000 tenement-houses. If efforts were made to remove manufacturing enterprises away from the city the tenement-house would become a back number, since those engaged in them would seek a home near their places of employment.
LUIGI G. DOANE, M. D.

A Blessing, Not a Disaster.

To the Editor:
In reply to "Excelsior" allow me to state that I agree with him that "the rapid transit road will be a blessing and not a disaster." The more railroads the people own the greater the blessing, but I claim that the landlords, the land speculators, who do nothing to help create the blessing, receive the lion's share of it. Statistics prove that his statement that "the cost of rent will be one-quarter as much as at present" is erroneous, and that, though opening up new territory by rapid transit will relieve congested conditions to some extent, the rents and the price of land will be as high, other advantages being equal, fifteen minutes from the City Hall by the projected road as they now are via the "L" road.
H. R. STARK.

This Reads Like Nonsense.

To the Editor:
I would like to ask "W. S. N." why have Englishmen such bitter feeling against Americans? Let him ask himself if he loves Americans. I was employed by an English firm for five years under American management. Then they imported English management, and the Americans were discharged and Englishmen put in their places. I was let go on account of poor business; the next week an Englishman had my place, with increased wages. They do not become citizens, and take no interest in our Government, except to ridicule it. They are our enemies in every sense of the word. "W. S. N." ought to have known better than to come here looking for work last year, when there were so many people out of employment. ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

A Husband, but What Kind?

To the Editor:
I am a young lady of twenty-one. What kind of a husband must I select in order to feel happy for the rest of my life? My parents are not living, and I have no brothers or sisters. I am worth in my own name (inherited) about $18,000 and have an income of about $1,500 a year. The question that puzzles me most is this: Of what standing must he be—my future husband—for my amount of money? Am writing these few lines with a trembling hand. LOTTIE.

Sense on the Wool Question.

To the Editor:
If "McKinley's Proxy" will look further into the matter he will find that thousands on thousands of full-wooled sheep skins are now pouring into our market from every corner of the globe, which under the Republican prohibitive tariff went to the markets of the old world. In former times, what wools were needed here were imported after having been pulled, and not in the original state on the skins; now the importer brings in the skins and naturally gets his commission charges. They are usually sold through brokers to the wool-pullers who must get big profits, and who, by the way, employ a large number of men and women. He finally sells the wool for consumption in this country, generally to carpet and woollen manufacturers who also get their profits as well as employ a large number of men and women. The wool-puller still has the pelts on his hands. He pickles and sells them, some for gloves and others for book-binding industries, which give employment to a great number of hands. Can "McKinley's Proxy" point out any of the manufacturing industries of this country which have been affected by the new tariff schedule? Let him look further.

The sales of wool in Boston for week ending Oct. 30, amounted to 2,000,000,000 pounds. All the manufacturers are buying sample bags which they are testing, all the factories are heavily stocked and cannot be expected to buy largely at the present. New York market reports more buyers are operating though, in a small way, at the moment are testing the different grades and anticipate large results shortly. Prices are unchanged, all grades are receiving attention, the sales for week are about 1,000,000 pounds, foreign and domestic. ADAM BECHTLUFT.

The $50,000,000 Problem.

To the Editor:
With compliments to the mathematicians who constructed and calculated the fifty millions problem, the undersigned begs to present his solving triangle, which, if it had been used in the calculation and construction, would have shown that the edge of a cube equal