# The World

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

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1894.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including postage):

PER MONTH..... 50c.
PER YEAR..... $6.50

Vol. 35 ..... No. 12,166

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave. at 234 st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—369 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Inquirer Office, 1109 Market st.
WASHINGTON—702 14th st.


THE Half-Million Mark PASSED.

The World's November Circulation.

PER WEEK DAY.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1894 | 500,353 |
| 1893 | 438,250 |
| 1891 | 370,860 |
| Gain in One Year | 62,103 |
| Gain in Three Years | 129,493 |

PER SUNDAY.
(No Evening Edition.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 1894 | 339,677 |
| 1893 | 261,980 |
| 1891 | 239,932 |
| Gain in One Year | 77,697 |
| Gain in Three Years | 99,745 |

NUMBER of ADVERTISEMENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| in Nov., 1894 | 78,951 |
| in Nov., 1893 | 75,385 |
| Gain over Nov. last year | 3,566 |

Brockway remains, but at least the paddle goes.

It appears that Embezzler Seely has been Chicagoed.

Flower remains a mere Acting Governor to the last.

Brockway escapes justice. The State will soon escape Flower.

A Lexow subpœna still would, could and should reach Mr. Croker.

The Higher-Up process is not complete until the top is reached, Senator Lexow.

"We have gone Higher Up," says Senator Lexow. All right. Now go Highest Up.

Brockway can now take his stand with the other chaps who have been "vindicated."

The present "L" road car lamps are among the things that never would be missed.

It is needless to remark that Mr. Platt has got over his surprise at the election results.

Republican primaries to-night. Mr. Platt rises to remark that he is still the Republican High School.

Mr. Platt will find it impossible to establish a popular cry that: "The Boss is dead; long live the Boss!"

The raising of the blackmail money has been amply proven, Mr. Goff. Now to find that Up Higher to which the money went.

Christmas, two weeks from to-day. Make "The Evening World" Fund for the Christmas Trees of the poor children a record-breaker.

Two hundred naphtha lamps for Central Park! What a demand! Why not two hundred candlesticks for the Adirondack forests?

Next thing is a Barrel Trust. Monopoly will continue to hoop it up along the old lines until an Attorney-General comes along who will stave it off.

A robbery next door to a police station in Brooklyn, and the robbers not caught. What's the matter with those Vidocqs on the other side of the river?

A Paterson (N. J.) young man who was kicked in the nose at a football game has died. And yet college Presidents say it is the noblest game of all for young men.

A lad of eighteen at Mount Holly has just died, and the doctors don't know whether his death was due to hydrophobia or cigarettes. Tough on cigarettes, isn't it?

It is hard to say which paddler Brockway is the prouder of—his wretched record or the diaphanous calcimining—euphemistically designated a vindication—which he has just received.

If the Faculty of Cornell University should vote to prohibit out-of-town games by the University athletic teams it would vote the institution out of the modern college world. But there is little danger that the Faculty will do any such foolish thing. Prof. Wilder and his resolution are behind the times.

"New York," observes Mr. Platt, in his latest manifesto, "has been a Republican State for the last ten years or more." Nobody knows better than Mr. Platt that this statement is positively and self-evidently false. The Tioga Boss does not draw the line at a little thing like misrepresentation, while doing, "in my humble way," what he can for his party. But has he no sincere friends who can take him into a quiet corner and convince him that, in making such preposterous claims as he now sets forth, regarding the outcome of the late election, he is doing the worst possible thing for his party, as well as for the cause of State and municipal reform? It would seem that his selfish Republicanism should serve to check his dictatorial ambition for a time, even if he can feel no impulse arising from a true love of the Commonwealth.

## A FITTING END.

Gov. Flower's political career, so near its end, might fittingly close with his act of yesterday in dismissing the charges against Brockway. Nothing that he has ever done has more become the character he has established. The decision did not need his signature to certify its genuineness. It was stamped all over with the insignia of petty, pompous ignorant obstinacy which is the sign manual of the Governor's character. It reeks with the owlish wisdom that corrects a blunder by repeating it. It is filled with the Falstaffian sapience that recognizes public sentiment by defying it.

As to the merits of the matter, they are sufficiently settled by the report of Judge Learned, the Chairman of the Commission, and the one man on it best fitted to weigh properly the evidence presented. His report, confirming, as it does, the previous unanimous report of the State Board of Charities, vindicates in the fullest manner the position taken by "The World."

It is unfortunate that Roswell P. Flower's power has continued long enough to enable him to confirm to Brockway a slightly longer lease of authority to torture and abuse, but this temporary thwarting of justice is merely annoying not serious. The new Constitution destroy's Brockway's absolute power, and will put him under the control of the State Prison Board, even if, by hook or crook of political intrigue, he succeeds in clinging longer to the form of power.

## LIGHT CENTRAL PARK.

The Gas Commission sat yesterday to award contracts for lighting the city for the next year. The cost of the lighting will be just a trifle below one million dollars.

The question was raised as to the expediency of lighting Central Park. The Superintendent suggests that two hundred naphtha lamps be placed in the Park in such localities as the Superintendent may suggest. The obstructions in the way of securing gas or electric lighting have led to the proposition to substitute naphtha.

Mayor Gilroy said, what is no doubt true, that two hundred lamps would be swallowed up in the Park and would afford but little adequate relief. This would be especially true if naphtha should be used.

The Park ought to be properly lighted, and it is to be hoped that the necessary arrangements may be made at the special meeting to be held by the Commission next Friday.

## THINGS THAT ARE FUNNY.

It is funny to see a big Police Captain put on trial for receiving a barrel of apples and a barrel of peaches as a bribe, when it is known that the price of a Captain to a disorderly house has been five hundred dollars initiation, fifty dollars a month and a present at Christmas time.

It is funny to find the General Term of the Supreme Court hearing argument on a motion to set aside the judgment of the Police Board dismissing a Captain and two ward men from the police force for bribe-taking, and to restore them to office while the Grand Jury in another part of the Court-House is finding criminal indictments against them for the same offense.

It is funny to find the Lexow Committee hunting witnesses to prove what scores of other witnesses have proved already, that the police have received money from pool-rooms, faro banks, disorderly houses and green-goods dealers, while Police Commissioners, Police Superintendent and Police Inspectors who have known of the systematized blackmail operations of the force all along are left unquestioned as to Who Got It.

## CENTENARIANS HAVE GOOD MEMORIES.

A colored man at Asbury Park says he is one hundred and fourteen years old, and proves his assertion by remembering things that happened several years before he was born. He saw George Washington, of course—all the centenarians have seen George, and most of them have either shaken hands with the Father of his Country, or been members of his body guard.

The colored race and the Indians seem to have a corner on extraordinary longevity and their grasp on life is not a whit more wonderful than the remarkable memories they possess. We have often admired types of them that chewed tobacco and drank whiskey all through their up-piling years, but our admiration took on sublime proportions when we saw how far back they could fling their mnemonic faculties and bring up things that were dead and forgotten long before.

Yes, indeed, these antiques have smooth-running retro-active memories. In this respect they are like liars. In fact, centenarians and liars both need good memories. They wouldn't be successes without them.

At the meeting of the Political Equality Club yesterday there were remarks which made it apparent that like all women's clubs this one is anti-male more than anything else. Many words were spoken in praise of their own sex, but men were arraigned as "selfish, domineering, arrogant, cruel and brutal." It is possible, though, that a few sealskin sacques and a number of new Christmas bonnets would soften these terrible aspersions somewhat.

Tramps who visit Orange, N. J., have to saw wood and take a shower bath before anything is given them in charity. Work and water tramps have little use for, so we won't be surprised if Weary Waggler, Dusty Rhodes and the rest of the go-as-you-please boys cancel their Winter engagements at Orange.

### Such Is Life.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon, unclaimed the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late—so we are doubly cursed.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same—
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
For all mankind with a different name,
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.
—LORD BYRON.

## "NOTORIETY."

Harrigan's little theatre in West Thirty-fifth street had a most appreciative people last night, for the author-actor-manager had managed to escape from San Francisco, and had returned to New York, a city which couldn't be beaten—as he afterwards said. The throng in the play-house was so large that it bulged in the back. Harrigan and his people, as they made their appearance in the new play entitled "Notoriety," had "receptions" and floral offerings that reminded one of the Casino in the good old days before its stars had become famous—and uninteresting.

"Notoriety" is from Harrigan's own pen, and while it has a few of the vivid pictures that were seen in his earlier works, it is by no means up to the mark. Those who saw Harrigan's recent revivals of the clever, rollicking, good-natured efforts of a decade ago will see where "Notoriety" is weak. Harrigan's spontaneous fun has not bubbled, and he has substituted puns and some dubiously humorous jeux de mots. He has no story to tell—no new types to introduce. His recent inclination for society scenes has again been indulged in, and we see most of our old friends amid "swell" surroundings that become them not. "Notoriety," moreover, is incoherent as to story, if there be any story at all to it.

There are, however, bright features in "Notoriety." The best of them all is the character of Molly Malone, a "dealer in junk, horses and stocks," contributed by Mrs. Annie Yeamans. Mrs. Yeamans is as intensely amusing as ever, and the remarkable facial contortitions which she exhibited caused much laughter. Mrs. Yeamans also indulged in some of her favorite stage hysterics, which, as usual, went extremely well. Another very clever sketch was that furnished by Joseph Sparks, who appeared as Lida Hugbear, a colored lady with a past. Mr. Sparks is always entertaining, and his latest sketch is as good as anything that he has ever done. Harrigan, himself, was Barney Dolan, of Dolan's Road House, and he has supplied himself with some rather labored humor, but he played in his accustomed style, and his admirers don't want any other. Miss Vivian Bernhard, as Melancholy Mary, did some good work, but the part that looked as though it were going to "pan out," went to pieces, and it was impossible to tell what it meant. Miss Hattie Moore was very agreeable, and Miss Queenie Vassar, after her unsatisfactory attempt at singing, pleased the audience. Emma Pollock, John Wild, Harry A. Fisher, Charles F. McCarthy, George Merritt, Harry Wright, Edward Harrigan, jr., William West, Dan Burke, Charles Coffey, Dave Braham, jr., and a dozen others completed the cast.

The new songs contributed by Dave Braham will not be whistled on the streets, but two of them, at least, are "rollicking." The half dozen ditties were entitled, "The Girl That's Up to Date," "The Old Neighborhood," "The Tally-Ho," "Melancholy Mary," "Out on a College Rah! Rah!" and "Up in the Tenderloin." The songs were all interpreted with much spirit, and the evening—take it all in all—was a jolly one.

ALAN DALE.

## WILSON HILL BARGAIN COUNTER.

The low prices this year please the holiday shoppers.

## BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

There is a boy of two in Missouri that carries his great-grandfather who weighs 200 pounds.—The Sun.

* * *

Mr. Goff will resume the unprofessional conduct of knocking the heads of Tammany witnesses against the wall and walking over their prostrate and bleeding forms. The Sun will stand aghast at this brutal spectacle, but the public will, we fear, continue to look on with its usual cold indifference.—The Advertiser.

* * *

We have simply incorporated St. Nicholas's Day with Christmas Day, and made the night of Dec. 24 the time of the Saint's visitations. But he is not a myth now any more than he ever was. He is a very real as well as a very good Saint indeed, and, for the children's sake, may his shadow never grow less!—The Recorder.

* * *

If Santa Claus fails to put a large, fine, tailor-made vindication into the stocking of Mr. Sheehan, the chances are that the latter will meet him down the back street and kick the horns off his reindeer.—The Tribune.

* * *

The Herald's plan of submitting the great question of the regulation of the Sunday liquor traffic to a popular vote and to general discussion, has been carried to a successful conclusion. The result of the balloting, which will be closed to-day, has shown an overwhelming majority of votes in favor of the proposition that the saloons be permitted to open their doors during certain hours on Sunday.—The Herald.

## EDITORIAL CLIPPINGS.

### Bread Must Come Down.

In some of the cities the bakers have yielded and are selling the former five-cent loaf for four and three cents. Undoubtedly bread must come down everywhere.—Allentown Leader.

### Wanted, a New Mother Goose.

A poet wanted. That's what we need, and we need him or her, badly; that is, the boys and girls—the kids, if you please—need one. There are rhymsters who knock off jingles fairly well, but somehow or other they do not reach the spot like Mother Goose's.—Quiet Observer, Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

### The Sunday Excise Law.

Perhaps the most delicate point of all is that of Sunday liquor selling. In some of the rural districts there is but one side to the question, conditions being such that no citizen worthy of being outside a jail would care to enter a saloon on Sunday. But elsewhere, notably in the larger cities, thousands of good, respectable people want to buy beer on Sunday.—Kingston Freeman.

### Wit Versus a Good Cause.

Some of the witnesses who are examined by Lawyer Goff, for the Senate Committee, have a sort of smartness, and are persuaded that they have wit. But many learn that rascal cleverness is no match for the disciplined acuteness of a first-class lawyer, who is armed with a good cause.—Syracuse Standard.

## THE CHRISTMAS-TREE FUND

### It Will Furnish 50,000 Poor Children with Toys and Good Cheer on the Great Festival Day.

Send money to "Christmas-Tree Fund, Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

Send all presents of toys, clothing, books, &c., to "Christmas-Tree Fund Headquarters, 51 Fifth avenue."

The American, National, Westcott and United States Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds or under addressed as above free of charge.

Morgan & Brother, storage, Broadway and Forty-seventh street, will call for and deliver large packages free of charge on notification.

The package party and reception given Thursday evening at Apollo Hall, 126 Clinton street, for the benefit of "The Evening World's" Christmas-Tree Fund, yielded $19.54. The result was, through the commendable effort of Katie Isaacs and Lillian Blumberg, two noble little workers, fourteen years of age. These girls managed the entertainment as though they were old and experienced in such work. They were ably assisted by the following people, constituting the programme: Wollenberg's Band, Roy Fineberg, in recitation, "Kelly's Dream;" Edith Wolinsky, song, "Her Eyes Don't Shine Like Diamonds;" Sadie Michael, skirt dance; Harry Brun and Willie Weston, comedians; Miss A.

KATIE ISAACS AND LILLIAN BLUMBERG.

Shaffron, song, "Over the Moonlight Sea;" Mamie Shindler, dance, "The Little Modler;" Sadie Wolinski, song, "Far Away;" W. C. Wagner, German comic song; Sadie Wolinski and Max Meyers, duet. Katie Isaacs recited "At the Bar."

A. Bimberg, proprietor of Apollo Hall, donated the use of the hall free; Paul Baron printed the tickets gratuitously; the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, 241 Grand street, donated teas; Tower Manufacturing Company, 308 Broadway; Williams, 294 Broadway, and Horsman, 341 Broadway, donated toys; Krakauer Brothers gave the use of a piano free. The Judson Kilpatrick Post Drum Corp, led by Andrew F. Shea, with Orderly Sergeant Conrad Schrieber and First Sergeant Andrew Grimes, serenaded the Christmas gathering. Wollenberg's Band gave its service gratuitously.

### The Subscriptions.

| | |
|---|---|
| "Evening World" | $100.00 |
| Previously acknowledged | 1,611.18 |
| Visitors to dome, Pulitzer Building | 8.25 |
| Florence Weiss, Rose Till and Maud De Motte | 1.00 |
| Horace B. | 1.00 |
| Irene Nathan | 1.00 |
| M. B. E., New Haven, Conn. | 1.00 |
| Edna Rosenberg | 1.00 |
| W. B. | 1.00 |
| A. Bum | .40 |
| Mrs. H. J. B. | .25 |
| Emma | .25 |
| A Lover of Fair Play | .25 |
| Elsie Allison, Brooklyn | .25 |
| Rosie and Leo Harris | .25 |
| A. Cochrane, Brooklyn | .25 |
| Frankie Cleary | .12 |
| G. | .10 |
| John Reiter, Brooklyn | .10 |
| Hannah Reiter, Brooklyn | .10 |
| Mrs. W., Greenpoint | .10 |
| Ray P. K. | .10 |

### With Tears in Her Eyes.

To the Editor:

Dear children, I feel so sorry for you all. I am twelve years old, and I send 10 cents to buy a present for one of you. I do feel so sorry for you poor things, and I wish I could send you some more, but I will try. It makes me almost cry to read your letters in the papers. I have some toys which I will send you, and please send three or four names, and I will send them as soon as I can; if not, I will send them by Christmas. So please don't forget three or four names, and I will send you a present or two. I had tears in my eyes when I wrote this. You don't know how bad I feel about you all.

MISS NELLIE TYLDESLEY,
Athenia Hotel, Athenia, N. J.

### Out of Aimee's Bank.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find 25 cents from my bank for the poor little children's Christmas-Tree Fund.

AIMEE ROSSELL, Brooklyn.

### Annie's Dime.

To the Editor:

I am a poor little girl. I have no father, but my mother gave me one penny to school, so I thought that I would send it to you, Santa Claus, to buy something for the poor children. I send 10 cents.

ANNIE FELDNEN,
168 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street.

### Flossie Sends $1.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1, hoping it will make some poor child happy.

FLOSSIE R.

### For Santa Claus.

To the Editor:

Santa Claus received the following letter, not for the poor fund: Inclosed find the $1 referred to above, from yours truly, WILLIE HAVENS.

One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street.

### In It This Time.

To the Editor:

Last year, when reading about your Christmas Tree and how happy the little children were with their presents, we both thought how nice if we had helped them. We want to be in it this time, so we send $1.

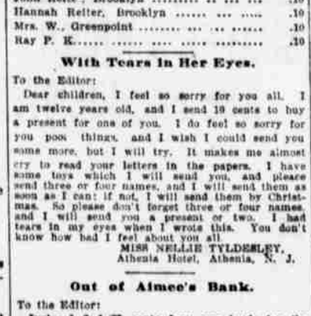
BESSIE and KATHLEEN,
Halsey street, Brooklyn.

### These Are Not All the Letters.

Many other letters have been received from contributors to the Xmas-Tree Fund. They will appear in this column later on.

## EVENING WORLD MOTHER GOOSE.

### XVI.—The Round Roll, Where Rolled It?




Wary Rounder rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Wary Rounder rolled round.
Where rolled the round roll Wary Rounder rolled?

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

CARL SCHURZ.

This is a picture of a man who has had many large schemes in his lifetime. He has one now for reorganizing the Police Department of New York City, and has written a letter about it to the Committee of Seventy.

## THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

A bolthead, weighing about three pounds, was picked up the other day in the street, at the crossing of First avenue and Thirty-fourth street. It was painted the delicate gosling green of the Elevated structure, and undoubtedly dropped from there. At all events Manager Hain can have it by calling on "The Gleaner," without the trouble of proving property. The reflection is forced that had this iron ingot been interrupted in its descent by a passing human head, there would have been disaster. Also, I am bound to wonder how many of such boltheads the Elevated carway can lose and still hold together.

* * *

Probably the most uncosmopolitan common carrier in or around this metropolis is the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company. For nine months of the year the same faces are to be seen on the same trains and boats of that line day in and day out.

* * *

The salesman for a New York dress-goods house who looked after his firm's interests in Philadelphia and Baltimore, died suddenly, a victim of pneumonia, about two weeks ago. Since that time there have been applications daily for his $5,000 position, and up to last Saturday more than 150 salesmen had signified their willingness to accept the position. This may be accepted as one of the signs of the times.

* * *

All learn something every day—if we don't there's a day lost. My pastor paid a glowing tribute to Lady Huntington (Selina Shirley), long since dead, who did more to advance the interests of Christianity than any other woman in the annals of history. Possessed of great wealth, she devoted her life to the spreading of religion. In England, her native land, eighty churches were built by her, and 149 hymns from her pen are still extant and are frequently sung in American as well as English churches. The most popular of these are "Just as I Am" and "Thy Will Be Done."

THE GLEANER.

## NELLIE BLY SAYS:

I know a young broker who has banished bread rolls from his table. He is a bachelor and the owner of one of the most luxurious and expensive apartments in New York. In fact, so elegant is it that all the women who have heard of it are crazy to see it, and bother their male friends to take them there.

One night his most intimate friend, who is married, was having his wife and some of her friends to dinner at a prominent uptown hotel. During the day he had telephoned the broker asking if he would dine with them, and let them afterwards see his apartment. The broker had an earlier engagement to dine with a business friend, but, good-naturedly agreed to dine with his friend at the same hotel and afterwards take the married man and his guests to his (the broker's) house.

They all dined in the same room. The broker glanced at his friend several times, but beyond a slight nod, received no indication that his plan was to be carried out.

As the man with whom he dined was anxious to have him go to the theatre, he decided to see if the first arrangement was to be carried out, so he felt through his pockets for a bit of paper or a card, and finding none, grabbed up a crisp roll, and laughed to think how cleverly original he was as he wrote upon it:

"Will you meet me at my apartment after dinner?"

* * *

Calling the waiter, he was sent with the unique missive to the other table. The man read it, laughed, and nodded yes, and then handed it around for the inspection of the women, who all repeated his laugh and accepting nod.

* * *

Nothing more was thought of the affair until a day later, when the broker was called up on his telephone, and the married man said to him that it was a nice scandal he had created in the hotel. Scandal, scandal? the broker puzzled. What scandal? He knew of none.

Why, sending a message to some woman who was dining with a friend, asking the woman to meet him at his apartment.

* * *

The broker vowed his innocence, much to the amusement of his friend. Why, he had never, he swore, sent a communication to a woman in that hotel.

In his amazement, he appealed to the proprietor, and the proprietor said that a woman dining with a man had been handed a roll by the waiter, and as she took it she saw a line upon it: "Will you meet me at my apartment after dinner?"

* * *

Shocked and indignant, the woman handed the roll to her escort, and he instantly flew in a rage, demanded that the waiter should tell whence came that innocent-looking roll, and when the waiter declared with tears that he had brought it from the kitchen, the man rushed out to demand an explanation of the proprietor.

* * *

The proprietor was in the dark and could give none. He believed, as did the man, that the waiter had been hired to take the roll to the woman. The man was fuming. He swore he would find the man who wrote on the roll and that he would fill him so full of holes that he would do for a mosquito net. When the proprietor declared he could not find the writer, the man warned him to or he would ruin the reputation of his hotel. Nor would the proprietor listen to the broker's pleadings for the offended man's name. After he had heard the true story of the roll from the broker's friend, he had repeated it to the man, who refused to believe it.

* * *

All the broker said to his friend was, "And you blathering idiot! You did not break the roll but let it go out to be served to some one else."

* * *

The result of this entire affair has been that the man would not believe his wife knew nothing of the affair. He spent over a thousand dollars in detective hire to find the man who wrote on the roll. He failed, but still refused to believe his wife, and the result was a separation.

* * *

That's the tempest a tiny roll of bread can raise.

NELLIE BLY.

### "Not Guilty, but Don't Do It Again."

Gov. Flower has determined that the charges of cruelty preferred against him (Brockway) have not been established, but substantially warns him not to offend again.—The Herald.

## IS IT WRONG TO FLIRT?

### Here Are Several Replies in Which Different Views of the Question Are Presented.

To the Editor:

Taking an extreme case let us suppose that a young girl is "picked up" by a man on the street, what is the outcome? The gentleman (?) can never have a particle of regard for one whose acquaintance he so easily secures, as he would hardly be egotistical enough to suppose himself the only one whom the girl would flirt with, and remembering this it would be hard for him to retain a feeling of respect for one whose name is slightingly spoken, perhaps, by a dozen men who fall far short of being gentlemen. Do you think that many men would want for a wife a girl whom any one of ordinarily respectable appearance could secure as an escort? LOLLIE.

### They All Flirt.

To the Editor:

In reply to "V. E. B." I would like to say that I never have seen a girl who would not flirt. I mean all, from the "400" to the east-side ragpicker. I have seen them all do it; it's a disease with 'em. But here is a question I would like answered: What are women good for anyhow? Nothing. At least, they are a brainless giggling lump of humanity with a high opinion of but one thing—themselves, especially store girls.

WOMAN-HATER.

### Brooklyn's Flirts.

To the Editor:

I would like to say that "V. E. B." is greatly mistaken in his ideas regarding flirtations being confined to "factory girls" alone. If "V. E. B." goes to church, which I presume he does (not), he would discover that there are more flirtations going on in the most aristocratic churches of Brooklyn than in the poorest portions of New York City, and if he is a passably good-looking fellow he will change his mind and pick up all the pretty girls he can.

JUSTICE.
(One who has had experience in that line.)

### An Indignant Factory Girl.

To the Editor:

In reply to "Amy's" letter about factory girls being flirts, I'll let her know that I worked in a factory for seven years and I ought to know what they are. I will tell her the girls have to make a living in factories or stores so let this "Amy" pull herself on her own nose, and not interfere with other people's interference. L. H.

### A Question of the Same Kind.

To the Editor:

Will you please send me a guide to the postage-stamp flirtation? And tell me if it is proper for a youth fourteen years old to correspond with a miss of the same age. G. B. E.

Salisbury, Conn.

## "EVENING WORLD" GUIDE-BOOK.

### Sights of New York.—XVII.—The Museum of Natural History.

New York does not keep all its skeletons in closets. It has a great many in the Museum of Natural History. And it makes no bones of letting people see them there. There are rooms in the Museum which had better not be visited by people subject to alcoholic mal-influences or bad dreams. There are floors where the Megaceros Hibernicus glares with fixed and glassy eye at the Ceratosaurus Nasicornis, and where the Compsognathus and Dinoceras Mirabile pose before the open jaws of the Dinicthys. These are things that some people would do well not to see. Let sensitive visitors choose, rather, the cabinets of stuffed birds and the glass-topped cases of many-colored butterflies. Man knows himself and his Darwinian ancestors very well, after going through the Museum of Natural History. He is inclined to doubt the missingness of any link. The corner-stone of the Museum building was laid in 1874. No one ventures to prophesy when all the wings allotted to the structure by the architects will be completed. When they are, Manhattan Square will be full of pressed brick, brown stone walls and natural curiosities. Not the least interesting of all the specimens congregated at times in the Museum are the thousands of visitors. They have never been officially classified, but many of them wear their own labels.

## THE CAREFUL COLONEL.

(Air: "Gallant Captain of the Pinafore.")

As sung at the District-Attorney's office before Gov. Flower gives his decision, and after reading how Brockway was whitewashed. The last verse will be published later.

Fellows—
My learned aides, good morning!
Assistant District-Attorneys—
Sir, good morning!

Fel.—
I hope you're quite well.

A. D. A.'s—
Quite well. And you, sir?

Fel.—
Oh, I'm able to get downtown. I'm glad to see you all at work.

A. D. A.'s—
Indeed, you do us proud, sir.

Fel.—
I still am prosecutor of New York.

A. D. A.'s—
We're very glad to see you here.

Fel.—
You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
We're good for another year.

A. D. A.'s—
We're very, very good,
And be it understood,
We'll stay here another year.

Fel.—
Although charges by the score
Are repeated o'er and o'er,
I never will depend;
And though I escape from jail,
The criminals give bail,
I never, never take straw bond.

A. D. A.'s—
What, never?

Fel.—
No; never!

A. D. A.'s—
Wha-a-at, NEVER?

Fel.—
Well, hardly ever!

A. D. A.'s—
He hardly ever takes straw bond.

All—
Then give three cheers and a Tiger yell
For the careful Colonel, who does so well!
Then give three cheers and a Tiger ye-a-ll
For John R. Fellows, who does so well!
(They all dance.) GOOGOO.

## MEN WHO HAVE GOT TO GO.

James F. Butler, who is now a deputy sheriff, was formerly a member of the Board of Aldermen from the Fourteenth Assembly District. He is an Irishman by birth, but came to this country in 1846, when he was two years old. His trade is that of an ornamental plasterer.

### Tom Reed's New Role.

Tom Reed is at present playing in the House the role of Mrs. Fezziwig, "one vast substantial smile."—Chicago Herald.

# HOUSE AND HOME

### A Paris Toilette.

Skirt mounted, with front and deep yoke of cross-bar, fitted with darts around the hips, full skirt of goat's hair cloth gathered to yoke. Large buttons on sides. Round corsage of cross-

bar with drapery of plain cloth from side-seams. Narrow vest in front. Very large puff sleeve of cross-bar, narrowing below the elbow to fit the arm smoothly. Material required, plain, fifty inches wide, three yards; cross-bar, four yards.

### Roley Jam Pudding.

Half pound flour, quarter pound suet, a little water, half pot of raspberry jam.—Cost, fourteen cents. Chop the suet finely, mix it with flour, add a pinch of salt, and mix into a paste with a little water; roll it out rather thinly in an oblong shape, and spread jam over it; roll it up, pressing the edges well together and roll it firmly in a cloth that has been dipped in hot water and floured; put into boiling water, boil two hours.

### Here's a Hint.

Mrs. Mary E. Livermore is quoted by a Detroit paper as saying in a lecture there that $200,000 would insure the passage by Congress of any bill. If that is the case why don't the women who want Congress to pass equal suffrage laws raise the necessary funds and get their measure through? Then they can go to Congress themselves and revise the rates.

### Odd Things in Fashion.

There are lots of odd things about the clothes of to-day. For instance, a "heartsease" belt is a long, narrow ribbon, tied in a bow with drooping ends. Collars are cut in spirals and put on twisted. The lamp-shade style is now a recognized one so far as capes are concerned, and the lamp-shade ballet would no longer be ridiculed were it to appear on the street. Moire ribbon is still a subject of fond consideration to modistes, but somehow the public seems to have had enough of it, and very little is seen. The "1840" sleeve is cut all in one with the shoulder fronts and laid in tucks at the wrists. Not only are skirts wired to keep them in place, but an adroitly adjusted wire, so arranged as to be absolutely invisible, is put inside the newest sleeves and makes the admired "bulge" on them.

### A Bride's Tea Jacket.

In the trousseau of Lady Rosalie Bingham is a tea jacket made of an excellent piece of satin worn by the Duchess of Richmond at that famous ball at Brussels which preceded the battle of Waterloo. It was fresh and bright as any materials introduced this season and far finer in texture than most modern weaving. The color was a light yellowish green, and it was covered all over with every kind of flower, which, though minute, were perfect in each detail, being hand-embroidered in natural colorings. It had a full cross-cut basque, the back of the bodice having no seams, the sleeves large and puffed, with lace ruffles matching the lace on the crossing fichu of lisse which trimmed the open bodice. There were huge looped bows of satin at the back of the neck, a most becoming style.

### The Latest Lamp Shade.

One of the season's novelties is in the line of lamp shades, which have contributed so much that was bizarre to the furnishing of our rooms of late. This is made over a frame and is of stout, but transparent paper. This is cut into the shape of great petals that are properly tinted and then glued together, so that they form a really very realistic tulip flower.

### Dyed Fruit.

Not only are flowers dyed to suit the taste of purchasers in these end of the century days, but even fruits are colored. The French have set the fashion, and those who practise it maintain that the pigments used are harmless. Ordinary oranges are dyed a deep red to make them look like mandarins and pineapples are accentuated in color. Melons are not only made to assumes a richer tint, but a chemical essence of lemon is injected into them also, to make them more full flavored.

### A Pretty Laundry List.

An inexpensive little holiday novelty is a laundry list inclosed in artists's Bristol board covers upon one of which a Chinese laundryman busily ironing a shirt is sketchily painted in water colors. Underneath the picture are the words, "No Tickee, No Shirtee."

### Graham Mush.

One quart of boiling water or milk, two cups of Graham flour, moistened with a little cold water, and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir the meal into the boiling water and cook ten minutes or more, stirring constantly.

## 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 200 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]*

### "Ignorant Whites."

To the Editor:

In answer to "Old Style's" letter of complaint, I would say in the first place that "Old Style" represents one of the lowest types of humanity. When, in heaven's name, will colored folks be recognized as being human? You see the greatest amount of surprise displayed among the lower class of whites when they come in contact with a colored person of any intelligence. They open their eyes and say, "Well!" in the greatest wonderment. You seem to forget the fact that the poor "white" man has ninety-nine chances to the colored man's one, and yet "Old Style" would have him denied even the one. There is not a race of people that have as few privileges as the colored race, and particularly noticeable in the city of New York. Why is this? I answer, because it is so thoroughly overrun with ignorant whites.

A COLORED WOMAN.

### You Can Get Good Seats for $1.

To the Editor:

I notice in the papers recently that some of our best theatres have raised the prices of their orchestra and balcony seats from $1.50 to $2. This, I consider, outrageous. And for $2 you cannot even get the best seats, because the ticket speculators secure them and charge an additional premium of 50 cents, making the tickets cost $2.50 each. It makes it pretty nearly impossible for a young man of moderate means to take a young lady to the theatre. Before he enters the place it has cost him already $5 for seats, which, I think, is more than enough for witnessing the best play on the boards.

SENOMIS.

### A Red-Hot Subject.

To the Editor.

"H. C. H." has started a red-hot subject, but it won't be the red-haired girls who will get hurt, bless 'em. "H. C. H." ought to and probably will die an old maid, for the boys would rather face a regiment of red-haired girls with their blue eyes, and ivory complexion, than one of her type. "Get thee to a nunnery" "H. C. H.," where you won't be required to do any infant choking.

H. M. CROSSE,
Bedford avenue and Gates, Brooklyn.

### How Is This for a Cough Cure?

To the Editor:

Cough cure: One pint of Jamaica rum, two teaspoonfuls of cayenne pepper, one cup of Little Neck clam juice, two tablespoonfuls of R. S. salts, a little allspice and cinnamon. A wine glass full every night and morning.

CALVIN LEWIS, Hempstead, L. I.

### Only One Sunday in Law.

To the Editor.

If a man keeps Wednesday or any other day as his Sunday, can he open his liquor store on our Sabbath the seventh day of the week? Can he get a license that will allow him to do it just because he doesn't respect our Sunday?

POOR JONATHAN.

### No Train After 8.30 P. M.

To the Editor:

A relic of the Dark Ages: The Ninth Avenue Elevated trains at night.

SMALL FYRM.

### Ticket-Choppers Out in the Cold.

To the Editor:

I desire to call your attention to the exposed condition of the ticket-choppers of the "L" roads, who have no shelter provided for them from the inclemency of the weather for twelve hours per day during the Winter's "L" road campaign, and to ask that the aid of your influential sheet be exercised in behalf of these men whose duties and conditions, when contrasted with those of the men who take the fare, cannot be favorable of consideration. The respective duties of the two men are not so different in importance that one should be provided with cozy office comfort while the other should be exposed to all the inclemency of the severest weather without any possibility of keeping warm through exercise, all for $1.50 per day. On asking one of the men why he did not complain to the Company of the necessity for some sort of shelter he said that he "would risk being discharged, and might be told that if he did not like it there were plenty of men to take his place."

J. C. BATTERSBY.

### Wages and Free Trade.

To the Editor:

What grounds has "A Protectionist" for the assumption that wages would fall 20 per cent. under free trade? Wages, as well known, depend, not on the ability of the employer to pay, but on opportunities for employment open to workmen. Will "A Protectionist" state a case where the introduction of free trade has lowered, or protection raised wages? I also respectfully dissent from your suggestion that homes would be cheaper. Free trade would stimulate industry and therefore create a greater demand for land. Land values and rents would rise and homes become dearer, unless—and here is the only remedy that will be found effective after we have spent a few more years in foolish tariff tinkering—by adopting single tax we concentrate taxation on land values, thus compelling the speculator in land to use it. Industry has been taxed to its destruction. Now let us reverse the process, tax monopoly out of existence and put the tariff away properly labeled, in a museum of antiquities.

S. MASTINGER.

### When He First Saw Bloomers.

To the Editor:

A few days ago, I saw for the first time, a young woman wearing divided skirts, or bloomers, as they are sometimes called. In my opinion Turkish trousers would be a more appropriate name for the outlandish costume. I cannot fully describe the peculiar sensation caused by the sight, but it was somewhat akin to the feeling a certain young lady said she experienced when she first fell in love. She described it as an "inward indescribableness of an outward all-overishness."

CHARLES T. FARRIS,
Louisville, Ky.

### Why Treat Conductors So?

To the Editor:

Why is it that the public consider the railroad conductors of this city as they would dogs? This is a subject that interests a great many of us young men that are anxious to be as genteel as possible, but for the time being cannot better