The World

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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

It will take more than published denials to offset the Creeden confessions.

Mr. Goff has brought a Highest Bidder into evidence. Now for the Highest Up.

How long is the beautiful Byrnes bluff to last with the Lexow Committee?

The Police Board evidently gave full Creeden's to yesterday's Lexow testimony.

Now, Justice Voorhis, it's your time to be "vindicated." Andrews can tell you how it goes.

Ten days to Christmas. How much more to "The Evening World's" Christmas-Tree Fund in that time?

Add one more fatal knockout to pugilism's record. The "manly sport" is not to be outdone by football without a struggle.

The promptness of Capt. Creeden's suspension by the Police Board was pretty good evidence that Mr. Goff's latest shot was a bulls-eye.

Other desirable witnesses are not allowed to "decline" Lexow Committee invitations. Why is an exception made in the case of Croker?

Capt. Creeden fought in twenty-three battles in the civil war. His veteran's nerve will serve him in good stead in his present engagement.

Adjt.-Gen. Porter was mustered out ahead of the State Administration. He had been a faithful and efficient chief of staff for three Governors.

Police Captaincies at auction! How much would the Board be offered for existing vacancies, if everything were in smooth working order?

Debs is declared in contempt of court. So would the big Trusts be, if there were an Attorney-General at Washington who would interpret the law against them.

For particulars of Platt's goodness, further than those communicated to Mayor-elect Strong, see the Platt circular, "confidential," to country editors.

Far Rockaway saloon-keepers will close up during church hours. Good men. But it must be remembered that Far Rockaway barkeepers are not busy at this season.

Seely's expertness did not extend from bookkeeping to bookmaking. His effort to be on the "inside" in race track gambling only helped him to the inside of Ludlow Street Jail.

Park Commissioner Clausen is in no hurry about the Speedway landscape gardening. Nobody expected he would be. The Commissioner's temper is the only hasty thing about him.

Wasn't the Police Board a trifle short-sighted in admitting so unhesitatingly its belief in Capt. Creeden's story of a promotion bought and paid for? The Board wasn't obliged to incriminate itself.

A third sentry-box and five more policemen for the White House grounds. Despite the multiplicity of guards—or, indeed, because of them—life at the Presidential mansion has been robbed of its democratic simplicity.

The "L" road improvements promised by Uncle Russell Sage might also be referred to Secretary Lamont. It is not likely that they will precede the completion of the New York and New Jersey Bridge.

The Third Avenue Cable Railway Company meets the "rush hour" demand for more cars and more seats by establishing a relay system between Sixth street and One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Here is an example for the Broadway Cable Company.

POLICE DEPARTMENT'S SAMPSON.

Capt. Creeden, driven into a corner by the Lexow Committee, has made a gallant effort to yank the pillars from beneath the temple of police corruption and fraud. The disclosures made by him are the first substantial step in the direction of determining Who Got It. If they are followed up vigorously and sincerely by the Committee, the honesty of the investigation may yet be vindicated.

It is worthy of note that while yesterday's work carried the Committee somewhat Higher Up, it was in a direction away from rather than toward the present chiefs of the Department and the political organization which dominates it. To show that an ex-Commissioner and former bitter Anti-Tammany man got some of it, is a valuable contribution to public information, but no hubbub over this should be allowed to divert attention from the real question, which is, Who Got Most of It?

Early in the investigation, when complete disclosures were imminent, there was a great flare-up and then a simmering down with nobody hurt except the Republican Commissioner. Are we to have a grand wind-up with another display of fireworks, an Anti-Tammany victim, and Byrnes, McLaughlin, Williams, Martin, Croker & Co., left unscathed?

PROTECTING INTERSTATE COMMERCE.

By the decision of Judge Woods, sentencing President Debs, of the American Railway Union, to six months' imprisonment for his part in the great railroad strike of last summer, it is held that to induce a "strike" is a conspiracy and punishable as such. The Judge holds that it is "known of all men" that it was the purpose of Debs and his associates to paralyze the interstate commerce of the country, and he says, "if men enter into a conspiracy to do any unlawful thing and, in order to accomplish their purpose, advise workmen to go on strike, knowing that violence and wrong will be the probable outcome, neither in law nor in morals can they escape the responsibility."

Now what Judge will interpret the law as it relates to the duty of the corporations and the crime of doing any act on their part calculated to lead to "violence and wrong," and to paralyze the interstate commerce of the country? The court does not deny the right to the men to quit work, nor the possibility of a "peaceful strike." But if a peaceful strike takes place and the corporations enter into a conspiracy not to recognize its peaceful and lawful character, but to ignore and spurn any overtures of settlement coming from a labor organization, do they not commit the very act for which Debs and his associates are now to be punished? Does not the law apply to both sides in such cases?

THEY OUGHT TO GO.

It will not surprise any person familiar with the official action of the present Park Commission to know that the Good Government Clubs have been unearthing gross extravagance, if not corruption, in the expenditure of money on the Speedway work.

The Park Commissioners have time and again demonstrated their unreliability as public officers and their unfitness for the positions they fill. The misappropriation of the million-dollar Relief Fund ought of itself to have caused their removal. But they have proved themselves, besides, indifferent to public opinion and destitute of those qualifications desirable in the management of our parks.

It is to be regretted that Mayor-elect Gilroy did not see fit to protect the Park interests by removing the Commissioners before the work on the Speedway had proceeded as far as it has. But it is to be hoped that the change in the administration will come in time to make that improvement an ornament instead of a disgrace to the city.

A LAST APPEARANCE.

Now comes the apparently authentic information from one of Harrison's United States District-Attorneys that the ex-President is not a candidate for another term, and that he could not and would not accept the nomination of the Republican party for 1896, if it should be presented to him on a gold salver by all the bosses of the party from Thomas C. Platt down.

If this information is reliable—that is, if the ex-United States District-Attorney for Northern New York, Col. Alexander, of Buffalo, who has been shut up with Harrison for two or three days at Indianapolis, is not deceived or deceiving, the field is left open to Reed and McKinley, with the chances, from opportunity, in favor of the man from Maine. Mr. Reed will be in a position to knock out high tariff in the House next Congress, and with the highest kind of high tariff disposed of in favor of moderate duties, McKinley will go overboard.

But it will be well for these aspirants to keep their eyes open. Harrison is an old actor and knows the value of a "last appearance." He can make his farewell bow to the audience and appear again and again just as easily as any star that ever stood before the footlights.

RUDE, UNTHINKING ROBBERS.

A citizen of Wantagh, L. I., was held up by robbers, and when he went to a policeman's house and asked him for assistance in capturing the robbers the policeman said he was sorry, but he had a new suit of clothes on and he couldn't go chasing robbers through woods while the store creases were still in the garments.

The citizen is naturally mad about the robbers getting away. The policeman would have been mad had he gone out and spoiled his wardrobe. And between the two of them, the robbers might have got away anyhow. Robbers have a queer way of doing things at the wrong time—that is the wrong time for thief-takers. They had no business "holding up" the Wantagh man while the policeman's clothes were new; they should have waited.

We don't see that anybody is to blame, therefore, but the robbers. The Wantagh victim will have to wait until the policeman gets the store shine off his new clothing; then he can take up the chase and capture the unaccommodating robbers. When they have the robbers—but that will be another story.

It is more important than ever that Supt. Byrnes and Police Commissioner Martin be summoned as Lexow witnesses. And Police Justice Voorhis should be urgently pressed to come forward for vindication.

HERE ARE TEN NEW BOOKS.

The Subjects Range from Love to Law, from Religion to Reform and from Fact to Fiction.

The parent hunting for Christmas books must not pass over "Uncle Remus's" contribution, "Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country" is a collection of stories by Joel Chandler Harris, which fall into three categories, negro stories, Georgia folklore and what he is pleased to call "inventions." It shares the honors among Christmas books with "Imaginations" and "The Brownies." But the children will not get it until the old folks have read it.—(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

* * *

A "Cyclopaedia of Social Reform" is the latest compilation that has been undertaken. Many distinguished specialists have been interested in the work, which aims to give on all the broad range of social reform, the experiences of the past, the facts of the present and the proposals of the future. It "puts side by side, in authoritative statements, the views, theories and utterances of all the schools of economic or social thought," covering everything from Anarchy to suffrage. It is issued by Funk & Wagnalls.

* * *

The Christmas number of the Review of Reviews is a novel called "The Splendid Paupers," a tale of the coming plutocracy, written exclusively for Englishmen, and in defense of the landlords. The main object is to show the folly of the Single Tax, or nationalization of the land, and the benificence of private ownership. The action of Mr. W. W. Astor, as Cliveden, in buying up a large amount of land and withdrawing it from cultivation, is paraphrased by attributing similar action to a rich Chinaman, Ping Yang Yaloo. The story is a curiosity in its way, a shred of patches, but it is a sign that people are awakening to the meaning of plutocracy.

* * *

"The New Womanhood" is, as Marion Harland says, "a remarkable book." Mr. James C. Fernald, the author, is an advanced thinker, but he has a saving common-sense which never permits his enthusiasm to outrun his facts. He recognizes and welcomes the large range of action which the last half century has brought to woman, but his theme is the added powers that it confers upon the wife and mother as the home-maker, the real head of the family. "It is not," says the author, "that she can do nothing else, but that she can do this as no other can." It is the value of the new activity into which woman has entered, in raising her power over the home to an equality with man's, in which the author finds his theme. It is a new view of the woman question, and as such will be heartily welcomed.—(Funk & Wagnalls.)

* * *

Howard Pyle has written a volume of prairie stories, many of which have been suggested by the Arabian Nights in their form, but the conclusion or moral always turned another way. The unexpected is always happening. Mr. Pyle learned long ago that the race is not always to the slow, and his stories have the charm of Lanigan's fables. In fact, what those were to Aesop's, these fairy stories are to the Arabian Nights. The book is printed in large type and finely illustrated.—(Harper & Bros.)

* * *

Ruth McEnery Stuart will never write a sweeter story than "Carlotta's Intended," but her "Story of Babette" is just as sweet, just as tender and just as fascinating. It is a long story, and in it she shows that she has the same sustained power in a novel as in her shorter tales. The book is inscribed to the little girls of New Orleans, who certainly must love the author for the charming way in which she has idealized them, one and all.—(Harper & Bros.)

* * *

A Buddhist catechism will be published soon by Putnam's Sons. It will give a concise representation of Buddhism, according to the Southern school. The fundamental outlines of Buddha's doctrine, omitting the occult teachings, will be presented in clear and simple language. An excellent Buddhist catechism was published some years ago by the Theosophical Society.

* * *

Mrs. F. A. Steel has made a collection of Indian stories, chiefly folklore, which is called "Tales of the Punjab; Told by the People." They were taken down by her by the lips of the natives in some of the most primitive districts of India, having been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another through many centuries. It is issued as one of the Cranford Series, and illustrated by J. L. Kipling, the father of Rudyard.—(Macmillan & Co.)

* * *

Mr. W. E. Norris writes so much and so easily that he has become hard reading. His last novel, "The Despotic Lady," is more than usually trivial—a column story expanded to 40,000 words. A despotic old woman with a colonial title, will not let her rich daughter marry a poor poet, and the young man's father, recognizing the old lady as a tight-rope performer in her youth, "induces" her to change her mind. It's a good story, pleasantly told, but it is not a plot for a novel.

* * *

Lucy Dillingham's first novel, "The Missing Chord," is one which promises better work when the strong idealism of the writer shall have been tempered with realism. It is a love story set in art student life in Germany, described ardently from intimate knowledge. It is an earnest and enthusiastic work, and the writer should be encouraged.—(G. W. Dillingham.)

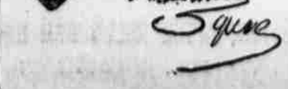
MEN WHO HAVE GOT TO GO.

Peter McGinniss, Deputy Sheriff, is one of the old landmarks of the office, having been appointed over twenty years ago. He is active in politics in the Twenty-fourth Assembly District and is credited with the possession of a fortune. His money has been invested in real estate which has increased greatly in value.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The Madison Square Philosopher Twitters of Xmas Panic Prices.

Do not "Xmas Prices" suggest
We water miss when well runs dry,
There are no Birds in last year's nest,
"Prosperity" is Press Club Lie!
My X-mas Suit, Eight Dollars, cost
(Three Dollar Derby too, thrown in),
Linen Shirt, with Cuffs and Collar,
(And Dog Skin Gloves) Cost One Dollar,
Ten Cents for socks (and Handkerchief),
Two Dollars, "Patent Oxford Ties,"
How can Labor's Starved Army Win
When Labor Sweat has come to grief
"Republic Staples" Tempest Tost?
Thirteen dollars, for Fashion Suit
(Including Umbrella to Boot)
Makes "Starvation Labor" acute,
Yet Press Club will not Stop its Lies!
Little more Pressure, and "Dam Phools"
"United Associated Press"
Used by England (as Pigeon Stools)
Will hoist Wild Signals of Distress
When Starvation, calls for redress,
From "Sugar Boodling Congress Pools!"



TO COAX A MUSTACHE.

Suggestions Offered to a Young Man Who Wants a Crop of Hair on His Upper Lip.

To the Editor:

In answer to "Beardless's" query as to how to raise a mustache, I would advise him to swallow a scrubbing brush or put his finger on the inside of his lip and push it out. GEORGE SLOAN,
441 Kent avenue, Brooklyn.

P. S.—I tried it.

Salt the Waste Places.

To the Editor:

For the benefit of "Beardless," I would suggest the following: Upon retiring apply a liberal amount of salt to the waste places, and during the night, when the hairless get thirsty and come out for a drink tie a knot in their tails so they won't get back again. HIRSUTE.

Mustard Will Drive It Out.

To the Editor:

Let "Beardless" take a small quantity of English mustard, mix it well with vinegar, put on a small piece of linen and place it on the inner side of his upper lip. This will drive the roots out. Then take some sweet honey and apply to outside of lip. This is to draw the beard. Apply this every night before retiring and I guarantee good results after a short time,
WILLIAM BEESE, 402 Sixth avenue.

Rose Water and Pigeon's Milk.

To the Editor:

You will kindly inform "Beardless" for me that to raise a mustache he should buy one pint of rose water and one-half gill pigeon milk and mix them. Apply freely before going to bed, and surely he will succeed.
N. W., Stamford, Conn.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

The late Eugene Oudin made the English translation of "Elaine," the new opera by H. Bemberg and Paul Ferrier, that will have its first American production at the Metropolitan Monday night. The translation seems to be an exceedingly fluent and able one. The characters introduced into the opera are Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Sir Astolat, King Arthur, Sir Gavain, Lady Guinevere, Elaine, the Hermit, Lavaine, Torre and the minstrel. "Elaine" is in four acts and six tableaux.

* * *

There is no doubt at all about the hit that little Jean Gerardy made. The boy is a wonder, and is able to absolutely control his wonderful violoncello. Gerardy is surprisingly lacking in self-consciousness. There was scarcely a gleam of satisfaction in his face at Carnegie Hall the other night as he responded to the fervid, genuine encores that were furiously demanded. The violoncello in Gerardy's hands is a human voice, plaintive, pathetic, inspiring and beautiful.

* * *

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York takes place at Carnegie Hall tonight. E. A. Macdowell will play a piano-concerto composed by himself, and Miss Lillian Blauvelt will sing Ophelia's "great scene" from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet." The concert will be an extremely interesting one.

* * *

And why shouldn't Oscar Hammerstein have a place in these musical jottings? Why, indeed. His latest composition, the "Shenandoah's March," which was played at the Harlem Opera-House during the performance of Bronson Howard's drama, is to be "interpreted" next week during the entr'actes at the Academy of Music, the Empire, the Standard, Harrigan's, the Bijou, the Star, Hoyt's, the Irving Place heatre, the People's and the Columbus. Ah! famous Oscar!

* * *

The comic opera mania is dying. With the departure of Lillian Russell from Abbey's Theatre at the close of the coming week, only two specimens will remain in the city—"Rob Roy" and "Prince Ananias." The former will probably last for the rest of the season; the latter will end its metropolitan career in January. We have been saturated with comic opera, and can endure a few months with very little of it.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

We are very much further advanced in art than we were a half century ago.—The Sun.

* * *

President Martin, of the Police Board, does not wish to be confounded with Stakeholder Martin. It is difficult to see how he can escape, these are such confounding times.—The Advertiser.

* * *

It appears likewise, from reported interviews, that he (Mr. Croker) is still capable of laughing, for publication, at the situation in which the public and the Committee see him. He is a sagacious man, and if he thinks that it is wiser to laugh than to testify, he is probably right.—The Tribune.

* * *

In their own interest, the best thing every member of the force implicated in any way with the corruption now under investigation could do would be to make a clean breast of it.—The Recorder.

* * *

Here is a decent man (Capt. Creeden) absolutely forced to enter into a corrupt bargain, or else to abandon the prospect of a promotion he has earned in a service which he has made the business of his life. What shall be said of the system and of the men who have forced that choice upon him? Or, rather, what shall be done to these men?—The Times.

* * *

If the people of New York are deprived of the boon which they have hoped to secure in the Hudson River Bridge, they may thank two of their fellow-citizens—Grover Cleveland and Daniel S. Lamont. Mr. Cleveland vetoed the first bill passed by Congress, and now Mr. Lamont has probably defeated the purpose of the second.—The Herald.

WILSON BILL BARGAIN COUNTER.

See the difference between prices marked on goods this year and last.

EDITORIAL SELECTIONS.

Also by Editorial Platt-Servers.

The time is rapidly approaching when the voters of this country will decline to have their views moulded by the editorial postmasters.—Washington Post.

The Only One Who Need Fear.

Nobody but the tax dodger has anything to apprehend from the officers who are to collect the income tax.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Waite Is Off His High Horse.

The high altitude at Denver is telling on Commander Booth. High altitude does not trouble Gov. Waite as much as it did.—Syracuse Standard.

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

HARRY HILL.

This is a picture of a man who made a great deal of money out of crime in this town, and who has none of it now. His name is over the door of a Brooklyn saloon, of which he is said to be the manager, but the Brooklyn police say that it must come down.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

The members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, will miss the genial presence of Major Charles B. Rohan at their future annual reunions. He was a victim of apoplexy, the result of too much enthusiasm over the recent election in Boston. For years Major Rohan has filled the position of military editor of the Boston Globe. His rightful title, I believe, was that of Lieutenant, but he was universally hailed as "The Major." He was always in evidence at the outings of veterans, State or National, and the encampment of the National Guard, at South Framingham, Mass., claimed him for one week every year. He leaves a charming widow, one son and a host of friends.

* * *

In many spots Seventh avenue, above the park, needs crosswalks; in others the crosswalks already there need attention. A little rain converts the whole expanse of street into an unbroken sea of mud.

* * *

A correspondent writes to me about my recent paragraph on gymnasiums in New York. He says I should come up to Tremont, see the gymnasium of the Washington Athletic Club and open my eyes. I do not doubt that the W. A. C. affair is a gym dandy, and I am glad that it is. I did not mean to be misunderstood as saying there are no first-class facilities for physical exercises among New York clubs, but that there is a singularly small number of fine gymnastic outfits among clubs, not strictly athletic, that might well provide them, and that there is a great lack of gymnasiums of the privileges of which a man can avail himself without being a club member. THE GLEANER.

EVENING WORLD MOTHER GOOSE.

XX.—Sergt. Slyman and the Pieman.

Sergeant Slyman met a pieman—
Never mind just where.
Says Sergeant Slyman to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."
Says the pieman to Sergeant Slyman,
"'Twill cost many a penny."
And the Slyman of the pieman
Only asked "How many?"

NELLIE BLY SAYS:

Miss Olive Chamberlin, whose engagement to William Armitage Harper was reported and denied, is one of the prettiest girls to be seen in New York. She is tall and has a lofty bearing that is very catching. In addition to a stylish form, her face is unusually handsome. Her eyes are large and dark, her hair is brown and her mouth is small and prettily curved. Miss Chamberlin dresses very handsomely, and always wears large and picturesque hats. She is nice mannered and extremely agreeable, an unusual thing for a pretty girl.

* * *

Her father is Mr. John Chamberlin, who owns the well-known restaurant in Washington, D. C. Miss Chamberlin does not like Washington, and for the last two years the family has spent the Winters in New York.

* * *

William Harper, who is "Billee" to everybody, is one of the nicest of young men, and numbers his friends by the score. His father was and is connected with the Harper publishing firm. William Harper is tall and very blond, and is considered handsome by all his acquaintances. He is a widower, and used to have an artistic apartment near Broadway, where he entertained lavishly.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt cannot attend church because it always gives her the asthma. She cannot tell why. Possibly it is the close air, or possibly, as asthma is partly a nervous trouble, it is caused by having to sit long in one position. She is also extremely sensitive to perfumes. The odor of a flower will instantly give her a spell of asthma, or to be compelled to sit near any one who has used cologne will bring on her uncomfortable complaint. Consequently there is not a flower to be seen in her rooms, and her visits to church are necessarily rare.

* * *

Mrs. Platt is very clever, quick at repartee, is well-read, a strong believer in women's rights, has the sweetest of voices and is devotedly fond of cats. All her friends know this hobby for cats, and as she cannot have any live ones in her suite at the hotel, they send her scores of pictures of cats, funny and otherwise. So that everywhere one looks one sees the picture of a cat.

* * *

Any one who has seen Georgia Cayvan lately will smile at the report that she went abroad for her health. If appearance was ever to be believed, Miss Cayvan must be in perfect health. At any rate, ill-health or too hard work, as some said, did not reduce her too abundant flesh.

* * *

We have much to be thankful for this week—that Garvey got his just deserts; that the dear charitable Trinity corporation has been exposed; that the heavy rain Wednesday gave our streets a soaking as well as ourselves; that we know exactly what sugar money can do; that once more we see how quickly a person who pleads insanity as an excuse for murder is discharged cured from an asylum. NELLIE BLY.

THAT $18,500 GIRL.

She Wrote that She Wanted a Husband, and Here Is Some Advice That Is Given to Her.

To the Editor:

In answer to the young lady with $18,500 who desires to know what ought to be the personal characteristics of her fiances on an income of $1,500, let me say that deception should be unknown to him; honesty and fidelity ought to stamp his brow; steady habits should be one of his landmarks; thorough business adaptability ought to be inherent, and house and home should be his predominant spirit. He, it seems to me, who fills these requirements, although he be not accomplished, or highly refined, ought to make an ideal husband. Trusting she will be fortunate enough to find him, I remain—Observant.

* * *

Look for a young, moral, temperate and steady man, who would think more of his companion and home than he would of his own self and friends.—A Young Jerseyman.

* * *

Lottie should have very little difficulty in selecting a husband: First, as the face is an index to the soul, let her fix her choice on a good looking, manly man; second, intellectually inclined so as to have something more than beauty to live for, and there is nothing more enjoyable than an intellectual companion; third, of good moral character, which should be the most essential characteristic of her choice. Manly, intellectual, moral young man should be "Lottie's" choice.—D. J. Rue.

* * *

Marry a poor man by all means, as he would be more apt to appreciate you and yours.—Ambitious.

* * *

He should be about two years older, "Lottie," of a respectable family and have unblemished character. He should be a gentleman with a good business education and who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, and who can back this up with practical ideas and good common sense. He should not keep bad company or late hours, drink to excess or gamble, and above all he should not belong to clubs.—C. Banks.

* * *

"Lottie" should look out for a young man twenty-five to thirty-five years, of fine appearance, of intellectual ability, and of good moral character. How is she to find such? This is perhaps the hardest phase of the question. She should join a private dancing club, a card club or a debating club. In these clubs there are many eligible young men in attendance who are only too anxious to meet with a good-looking and upright girl.—John McCullough.

* * *

Lottie should find a husband aged about forty years, strictly temperate and a good, sensible man; one fond of home. If he is poor and honest he will make a worthier husband than some dude with more money than brains. A mechanic would be my advice to you.—Charles.

* * *

I would advise her to select an active member of the Y. M. C. A., or as near to that ideal as she can get.—Todler, Brooklyn.

* * *

How would this man suit her? Average height and weight, well educated, good natured, patient, optimistic, affectionate and domesticated. In addition he is a good musician, is very well read, is a good conversationalist and is possessed of that priceless faculty of intuitively divining just what a woman wants, and of knowing how to make her journey through life a rose-strewn path. He is of good standing, and can earn a good living.—L. A.

* * *

Seek one with a true and loving heart, filled with sobriety, honor and integrity, who would worship you for your youth and beauty. Beware of young men if you wish perpetual happiness, Lottie. They are like the smooth and brittle ice, that leads unpolluted innocence to destruction.—A Happy Bachelor.

* * *

My advice to Miss Lottie is to select a man like myself, true, sober, loving and honest; that is the kind of a husband worth owning.—J. A. S., Jersey City.

A PANTATA'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

(Air: Policemen's song in "Pirates of Penzance.")
Composed for the Police Captains' annual dinner next month—if they have it.

When Goff's not pressing his investigation—
'Vestigation,
And is not stretching us upon the rack—
On the rack,
From our troubles we have then a brief cessation—
Brief cessation,
And we fondly hope he'll take another tack—
'Nother tack.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother—
'Culty smother,
When we find the Lexow work is not yet done—
Not yet done;
Ah! take one consideration with another—
With another,
A pantata's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one.
When we find the Lexow work is not yet done—
Not yet done.
The pantata's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one.
When we learn there's not been any new indictment—
New indictment;
When before the courts we're not arraigned—
Not arraigned,
Then we welcome the relief from such excitement—
Such excitement,
And reckon up the blackmail we have gained—
We have gained.
When we learn that Goff is surely going higher—
Going higher,
And the Lexow work has really just begun—
Just begun;
When into "how we got it" they inquire—
They inquire,
The pantata's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one.
When we learn the Lexow work has just begun—
Just begun,
The pantata's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one. N. A. J.

"EVENING WORLD" GUIDE-BOOK.

Sights of New York.—XXI.—The Hall of Records.

Hall of Records, Register's Office—call it what you will in name, it's just as ugly and unimposing in fact. It is an architectural blot on the landscape at the eastern edge of City Hall Park. Once, in the dear, dead days beyond recall, it was a suburban prison. It was then on the old Boston road. A little while ago, it was fondly believed to be on the road to destruction. But that was when there was still some talk of a new City Hall. Patriots confined in the structure while it was still a prison, died by thousands in Revolutionary days. Of late years, the deaths in the building have been chiefly political. It is thought, however, that if a man should find at the first attempt, among the records stored there, the paper that he wanted, there would be an immediate and fatal case of heart-disease. The building is one of the oldest in New York. Men who have had to make extensive searches amid the archives have grown to feel, nevertheless, that their lives outdated the ancient walls by which they were surrounded. Look at the picture, and you can't miss the building as you come down from the City Hall terminus of the Third Avenue "L" road.

HOUSE AND HOME

For a Young Married Woman.

This is a gown of white cloth. The plain skirt appears to be buttoned at the side. The blouse bodice is slashed at the sides, showing a simulated under

blouse of accordion plaited surah in a lovely shade of blue. The cloth sleeve and the blouse are in one. Closely fitting sleeves, also of cloth, with small buttons sewed along the elbow seam.

A Gifted Young Woman.

Mary Ansell Barrie, the young bride of J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister," is not only a pretty girl, but very gentle and attractive in disposition. Though for many years a successful actress in London, she has always been a girl of simple and retiring tastes. She has led the quietest of lives in the home of a matron friend. She has, it is said, a special talent for dressmaking and millinery, and all her costumes, professional and otherwise, have been made by her own deft fingers. She is a skilled musician and paints well in oils and water colors, rides and swims, is a member of an old and respected family and has treasures of rare old lace and china.

Return of Bed Drapery.

While heavy bed curtains may be unhealthy there can be no possible objection to the airy canopy of dotted muslin that may be freshened up as often as the owner wishes and which imparts such an inviting air to a pretty bed. Anyone who can use a hammer or screw-driver can make the frame for a canopy. A rod or pole of wood such as is sold for hanging portieres is braced to the wall by two pieces of wood. A brass ball finishes the end. A long ruffled piece of dotted muslin is thrown over the rod and is drawn down at each side, where it is held in place by ribbon bows fastened to a hook set in the wall. Another simple way of suspending a canopy is by a nickel chain suspended from a hook in the ceiling, at the end of which is a large ring. The canopy was made of blue and white hachima crepe, which is drawn through the ring, then back over the headboard of the bed, falling down at the sides, where it is fastened to the headboard by rosettes of blue ribbon. Another lovely canopy was of pale green mull lined with white, caught up by a large rosette.

Preparing Good Coffee.

A blending of Java and Mocha, bought at some reliable shop, is generally considered the most desirable. Turkish coffee is made as follows, and, when rightly concocted, is very fine: Pour on one tablespoon ground coffee to each person one cup of cold water, and bring to a boil. Stand for five minutes, let it come to a boil again and serve at once. Remember that filtered coffee should be instantly used, as it becomes bitter if it stands at all. Also, that the biggin, the water and the coffee berries should all be hot for this method of preparing the drink. An acceptable rule for concocting it is the following, which has been in practice in a certain family for nearly fifty years: Measure the ground coffee, allowing a tablespoonful to each person. Put in the scalded coffeepot with the crushed shell of an egg and a very little of the white. Pour on this about a half a cup of cold water and shake well together. Then add about a cup of boiling water and bring to a boil. Immediately fill up, as desired, with the boiling water, and set far back on the stove for five minutes.

How Girls May Be Popular.

Cultivate every girlish grace; plant in the fair garden of your soul the seeds of unselfishness; learn to be thoughtful of others—considerate of those with whom you come in contact; train your lips to smiles and forswear frowns; discipline your moods—those "pretty whimsies" that do so much to make or mar the sweetness of your character; by your own fearless frankness inspire others to confidence in you; share your every gift of soul ungrudgingly with those who fill your own particular world, comprehending that it is for this, in part, your lovely life was planned; be quick to sympathize with sorrow and with joy, and fostering every inherent faculty for good, reap the harvest of pure happiness that lies in golden masses along the radiant pathway of the popular girl.

A Fortune Tree.

A fortune tree was a very ornamental adjunct of a recent fair, and proved, as well, a decided financial success. A tall Christmas tree was hung closely with eggs of all colors, many of them being painted in dainty designs besides. The eggs were prepared by being first blown free of their contents, then ornamented as desired. A narrow ribbon was then passed through the hole needed for the blowing process, the fortune couplet being attached to the ribbon length that was concealed in the shell. An extra length of a few inches was carried on outside the egg to attach it to the tree. Nothing could have been prettier than the graceful egg fruit as it swung lightly in artistic profusion among the green branches of the hemlock. Each fortune was sold for 15 cents, and the opening night saw every egg disposed of long before the close of the evening.

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 Old and New Testaments.

To the Editor:

"A. Kaplan," replying to a correspondent, says when the Old and New Testament disagree we must make our choice between them. But is "A. Kaplan" aware that the Old Testament does not agree with itself? Neither does the New. The two stories of the Creation in Genesis, known as the Jehovistic and the Elohistic, are different, and are, in fact, by separate authors. In the New Testament, Acts xxii., 9, is a flat contradiction of Acts ix., 7.

Again the genealogy of Joseph given in Matthew i., 6, is entirely different from that in Luke iv., 21. The former says he was descended from King Solomon; the latter that he was descended from Nathan, who, according to II. Samuel, v., 14, was Solomon's brother. That one person can be descended from each of two brothers is a manifest absurdity. AJAX.

Verses to Go with It.

To the Editor:

A few days ago "G. F. L." asked through your columns for "a small note to put in with a Xmas gift for a girl." My humble muse is very rusty for lack of exercise, but such an important matter being worthy of an extra effort I have tried to invoke the latent powers of the "fickle jade" with the following result:

Accept this Christmas gift from one
Who's greener than the holly,
Yet loves you with an ardent love
That's tinged with melancholy.

As mistletoe does closely cling
To oak or elm tree,
So like another parasite
I'll ever stick to thee.

ROBBIE-NOT-BURNS, Ozone Park, L. I.

Need of a Good Cooking School.

To the Editor:

A serious want here is a good cooking school, upon the plan of those in London or in Paris, at which, for a moderate sum, ladies might receive instruction in at least the simpler branches of the grand art of Vatel. The advantages of good cooking over bad cooking are too obvious. They affect not only the health, but through the health the temper, and perhaps the morals. How many husbands would be kept from the allurements of their club and worse if they were sure to get a plain but toothsome meal, well cooked, under the eye of a good wife, at home? How many women have themselves to blame for their unhappiness! The way to a man's heart is through his stomach! I have had some thoughts of founding an Ecole de Cuisine Bourgeoise here myself. Probably I shall do so if I meet with any encouragement. M. TALLICHET.

Those Awful Red Ants Again.

To the Editor:

Tell a distracted reader what can be used to exterminate red ants. Will the remedy, quassia chips and soft-soap, cause him to disappear as well as the black ants? Our lives have become burdensome, for it is only by constant slaughtering they are prevented from walking off with us, house and all. Sassafras oil, spices and borax and salt have seen used in vain. If "The Evening World" cannot suggest a remedy I am undone. HACKENSACK, N. J.

Gribayedoff's Growl at Williams.

To the Editor:

There are two serious omissions in your to-day's (Dec. 13) issue—one in the cartoon, the other in your list of indicted police officials. Firstly, your clever artist, Mr. Van Zandt (in my opinion the best daily paper cartoonist in town) as neglected to include Inspector Williams's portrait in the "Get Higher Up Somehow" cartoon. Why so? Is not Williams by all odds the greatest rascal of them all, a double-barrelled brute and corruptionist of the deepest dye? Why should his political pull as a machine Republican protect him? We have had my experience with this villain, and know whereof I speak. Secondly, you forgot to mention ex-Ward Man Levy's name. Nine jurymen out of twelve voted to convict him of bribery two months ago. Three jurymen, coreligionists of his, voted to acquit. Does this dispose of his case? V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

Foreigners Are More Courteous.

To the Editor:

"Pro Bono Publico" asks, "Why is it the American Steamship Company will not employ citizens of this country as stewards?" The answer is very simple. An Englishman knows how to treat his superior with deference and civility. This holds good with the shopkeeper, the railway servants, 'bus conductors, cabmen, as well as waiters ashore and stewards afloat. Ask any American who has been abroad, and he must admit, unless he himself was offensive and fault-finding to begin with that he never, until he arrived in England realized how delightful it is to be constantly treated with courtesy by those with whom one is thrown in contact. How rarely one hears the "Thank you" in this country? Does the shopkeeper or his assistants ever say, "Thank you," when you purchase or pay for goods? Does the waiter when accepting your tip say, "Thank you?" Very rarely. The whole thing in a nutshell is this: One man thinks he is as good as another, and better, and he takes good care to let you