

Colorful
By the Press Publishing Company.
No. 12, 1894
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(INCLUDING POSTAGE)
PER MONTH..... 30c.
PER YEAR..... \$3.50

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

Trinity chimes will ring to-night.
Father Time winds up the clock again to-night.
This is the day when every man should know where he is at.
The bells won't ring in new lights on the "L" train to-night.
What a lot of interest 1895 would lose if we could see it all ahead.
May there be enough Happy New Year to go all the way round!

Supt. Byrnes scooped the jack pot in the quiet little Lexow game.
The 1894 calendar has seen not only its best days, but all the rest.
Old Trinity tintinnabulates to-night. The tin horn will chime in, too.
Will Inspector Williams presently be free to look up his Japanese real estate?
There needn't be any trial upon charges to knock politics out of the police force.
New York is very sincere in its urging that the Lexow Committee shall come again soon.
With the able assistance of Supt. Byrnes, Mr. Goff got Very High Up at the finish.
Platt should be warned to keep from behind the scenes as the new legislative drama opens.
Is our new Mayor to be our Mayor or Mr. Platt's Mayor? We shall have to wait and see.
It wasn't expected that the new Legislature would begin to set things afloat so soon at Albany.

Perhaps with fewer deadheads at Albany there will come to be less legislative deadwood.
It will be interesting to note the effect of an outside point of view upon Mayor Gray's optimism.
The voice of an oracular ex-President may not be heard proclaiming from far-off Indiana that '95 is not '96.
What a glorious time the skaters are having! They all wish Jack Frost the happiest kind of a New Year.
Williams got it in Japan; McLaughlin, in a patent switch; Byrnes, in Wall street. Come, Mr. Croker, speak up. Where did yours come from?
The old Delavan, Albany's famous hostelry, had to go at last. It had withstood many a burning secret of state.
The letter written by Supt. Byrnes to Mayor Strong must be read backward and sideways if you would get at its full meaning.
The death warrant has been read to '94, in a few hours it will step on the automatic gallows and learn what the moon malignant dull that is like.

event so greatly affecting their welfare. Which makes it fitting to remark that all through this Lexow investigation "The Evening World's" reports have been more complete and accurate, better presented and illustrated, than any other newspaper. We don't believe in bragging, but there can be no harm in bringing attention once in a while to a plain fact.

1894 AND 1895.
The end of 1894 brings a feeling of relief. The beginning of 1895 must bring rejoicing. The year that ends has been a bad year the world over—a year of disaster and death, of wretchedness and woe.

In the United States, it has seen a great party betrayed by its leaders and overthrown by a revengerful people; a great reform paltered with and the palterers punished; financial distress increased and complicated by governmentality; honest industry and trade depressed and great trusts fostered by unjust laws; the rights of men encroached upon by monopolies; the law stretched and abused in the interests of corporations; transportation paralyzed by great strikes; the greatest city disgraced by exposures of unpeppable corruption in high places; vast tracts devastated by forest fires; whole States visited by drought and famine; poverty, misery and shame for the many, prosperity only for the few.

Around the dreadful year has brought war and famine and massacre; a czar has died, and numerous Kings and Princes; governments have been in storm and stress in almost every country; the Red Cross has been dishonored at Port Arthur, and civilization put to shame in Armenia.
Science has had no striking progress; art has known no great triumph; literature has lost a Stevenson and gained nothing; medicine has made little ground; the law has been brought into disrepute; humanity has seen a Brooklyn "vindicated."

It has been a year of retrogression, not of progress. All that can be said for it is that it has prepared the way for something better. Out of the misery, wretchedness and degradation of 1894, there is a chance for 1895 to build great works. The United States, at least, are pretty nearly down to bed rock, and firm foundations are ready for political, humanitarian and material advancement.

A good riddance and the Devil speed, therefore, to 1894!
Welcome to 1895!

WHAT IS BRIBERY?
A Police Captain has been convicted of bribery and sentenced to a term in State prison. He accepted some hundreds of peaches and apples from a citizen for whom he had done favors in his capacity of a public officer.

A Police Superintendent has admitted to having accepted some two hundred thousand dollars from a citizen who is a speculator, from the citizen whose interests he was enabled as a public officer to serve.

It would be interesting to ascertain just at this time the opinion of the new Recorder, the highest criminal judge in the city, on the subject of the difference between these two cases, and next, exactly at what point does bribery end and the justifiable acceptance of personal favors from friends begin, when the beneficiary is a police officer sworn to protect all citizens alike?

BURNING OF THE DELAVAN.
The burning of the Delavan House, at Albany, last night, comes at a bad time. The Legislature is about to begin its session; the new Governor is on the eve of his inauguration, the candidates for the Speakership were running their canvass at full blast in the doomed hotel; hundreds of office-seekers were about to take wing for the State Capitol to get the first chance at the Morton-Platt; the lobby square, a brilliant and profitable season, had already made their arrangements for a Winter's sojourn, when lo! the principal hostelry in the city is gutted by fire; candidates, office-hunters and lobbyists are dumped out on the streets, and every thing is thrown into confusion.

It is fortunate that the fire occurred as early as 8:30 in the evening. As it was, there were many narrow escapes. A bridal couple from Brooklyn had jumped from a third-story window and received some injuries, and many guests were driven to the roof to escape. It is indeed fortunate that no lives were lost.

TO-NIGHT'S TIN HORN.
Much contumely has been heaped upon the tin horn for its effusiveness in festivals like the one we celebrate to-night—the welcoming of the glad New Year; but the horn of tin is the most harmless horn that one can use in such a celebration.

It is a fact, however, that it makes the recitation of the year's events somewhat on the sides of his head.
But it is the merry-makers' joy, withal, and it is entitled to a place in the rollicking revelle that is sounded beside the cradle of the New Year. It leaves no legacy of blue monkeys or red-legged potato bugs doing a ghost dance in the user's hair. Its tumultuousness is at once the only objection against it, and all that its reputation rests on. We do not recommend it, but the man who confines himself to a tin horn to-night may not have a headache to-morrow morning.

If the last figure in the date bothers you, to-morrow, count the fingers of your left hand. One-two-three-four-five—that's it. "Constant Reader" is informed that it will answer the purpose just as well if the fingers of a fully equipped right hand are counted, instead of the left.

Cable gripmen had better put on the brakes. They are going it a little too strong. It is bad enough for them to disregard the signals of persons who want to board their cars, but to knock down a woman because she wanted to stop a car is reaching out too far—even for a cable gripman.

Li Hung Chang, who has lost so many pieces of clothing since the Japanese-Chinese war began that he must look like a "living picture," has now lost his jacket. His King Yi will succeed him in the great Oriental disrobing office of commander of the Son of Heaven's pig-tailed army.

The author of "Roads to Wealth" should get out a new edition and add on the stories of Capts. Doherty and Stephenson and Inspector Williams. Who would have imagined that there was so much romance in fortune-building on a policeman's salary.

THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN.
"Was it sauce for the goose can never be sauce for the gander. There have been more complete and accurate, better presented and illustrated, than any other newspaper. We don't believe in bragging, but there can be no harm in bringing attention once in a while to a plain fact.

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CONCERNING NAGGING WOMEN.
They Kill Themselves and Fill the World with Misery.
(Dr. Cyrus Ebbels in the North American Review.)
A nagging woman is a pest. If there had been our grandmothers would have left us the recipe. That is what Lady Darby says in Henry Arthur Jones's latest of late plays. "The Case of Rebellious Susan," which was produced for the first time in this city at the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday night last. Mr. Jones has tried his hand at comedy this time, and his admirers will not like him as well as they did in "The Masqueraders" and "The Haughty Shop."

"The Case of Rebellious Susan" is a comedy. Mr. Jones was very evidently a mistake to write, while he gathers in the shekels that make this sublimity sphere so pleasing. This mission would be more acceptably told in a book than in a play, but there's more money on the stage, and Henry Arthur is not out of his health. His mistress's father could never forgive him of that.

It is a bright, witty gentleman, is Mr. Jones, and in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" he sparkles like a gem of purest ray. Although in "Rebellious Susan" there is infinitely more talk than we should tolerate for a moment if Henry Arthur Jones were William Henry Spooner, the lines are so clever, so true and so sympathetic that it is impossible not to like them. The epigrams simply flood the play, but they are for the most part free from the shallow cynicism that New Yorkers never miss except when they are in a play, but there's more money on the stage, and Henry Arthur is not out of his health.

When a man comes home from his office he must have rest. This is not a thing he may dispense with; he must have it. When he takes his bed he must be let alone, so that the blood will find its way to the stomach and there he can aim to get a good night's rest. It is every one's duty to get a good night's rest. When a man comes home from his office he must have rest. This is not a thing he may dispense with; he must have it. When he takes his bed he must be let alone, so that the blood will find its way to the stomach and there he can aim to get a good night's rest.

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"The Evening World's" Gallery of Living Pictures.
H. R. H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.
This is a picture of the baby who will be King of England—some day, perhaps. He has just seen his first Christmas. The picture is from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.



THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.
Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.
The laborer who removes snow from the Brooklyn Bridge had his loads in the centre of the span and then dump it into the river. As some of the frozen lumps are as big as a baseball, I could not help thinking as I watched the work the other day, what would happen if a particularly heavy and hard lump should land on the flimsy roof of a ferry-boat's cabin.

Twenty-five years as an active engineer is the record of Mr. Martin, of the big bridge, is proud of. Next week he will celebrate this anniversary quietly. Mr. Martin is a fair church man and one of Dr. Chalmers's strong backers in Brooklyn.

I saw a woman knocked down and out by a heavy swinging door in an uptown drug-out. It is a wonder that there are not more accidents of the same kind. If a person entering one of those stores is at a mistake in his kindness as to hold the door open for the next person behind him, he finds himself continuing the service for a whole procession. Nobody follows him; everybody rushes to get by while he is holding on. When his patience gives out and he lets go, it is at somebody's peril.

A young man, whom I think to have been an athlete of some prominence during his school days in Philadelphia, started to cross Park Row from the Pulitzer Building. He was compelled to halt by a cable car. As the car passed, he was falling, falling to see a snaphoon truck which was being driven rapidly down town by a reckless teamster. As the young man stepped from behind the car he found himself almost under the horse's head. A quick glance showed him which was the better way to jump, and a lightning-like spring carried him out of reach of the horse's hoofs. The leap was, however, not long enough to allow the wagon to go by, and, realising this, the athlete threw his forearm over the wagon shaft, and thus stopping himself he regained his footing. Then he stepped aside and allowed the vehicle to pass.

The driver had not had the presence of mind to pull up his horse, and he stared blankly when the young man looked up at him and smiled, without a trace of resentment in his face. It was one of the narrowest escapes I ever saw, but our athlete from Philadelphia is a sharp fellow.

NEW YEAR HAPPINESSES.
Rhymes in Time and Smile-Producers Right in Season.
From the lessons he learns and the truth that burns.
Weak man is e'er a sad rover.
It matters not how many new leaves he turns—
Stare a one is ever left over.

Ready for the Almshouse.
"Will," said the Old Man, as he brushed the dust off his clothes, "the New Year is nearly here, and I will take a fresh start in life."—Atlanta Journal.

New Year Calls.
He called and called on New Year's,
He tackled many a fagot;
He called and called on New Year's
Till they called the patrol wagon.
—Texas Siftings.

Shaping Up.
"George, you were full again last night."
"Yea, dear, I'm getting ready for New Year."
"For what?"
"New Year—shaping up for a swear-off."—Atlanta Journal.

After Jan. 1.
To keep our resolution,
To swear no more we strive,
Then yield, course once, cross out the 4,
And write for it a 5.
—Detroit Tribune.

Another New Leaf Turned.
Noblerly—What! But a single resolution for the new year? And what, pray, is your one good resolution?
Quibberly—Not to make any.—The Club.

An Old Ringer.
'Twas rung last year and the year before,
And the previous year as well;
In another year 'twill ring one more—
The New Year's chestnut ball.

The New Year in Trampdom.
"Will," said Weary Waggle, "dis is Noo-Year's Day, an' I suppose we've got to go hungry."
"Hungry?" cried Dusty Rhodes.
"Certainly. We're tramps, 'cause de 'New Year's holiday an' trampdom' is business an' we can't make no calls, 'cause callin' on Noo-Year's Day has went out. You don't expect no pies to come chasin' us, do you?"—Harper's Bazar.

Marvellous Endurance.
"Will," said Hawkins on New Year's eve, "eighteen hundred and ninety-four is about over. It has been a pretty tough year."
"Yea—and it's a good thing it was that," said Watson. "If it hadn't been it would have died six months ago."—Harper's Bazar.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.
The Rules of Best Behavior Explained for Inquirers.
To the Editor:
For wedding cards simply announcing the marriage require an acknowledgment, and, if so, what form?
T. A. M., New Haven, Conn.
No acknowledgment is necessary.

To the Editor:
1. What does full evening dress for a gentleman consist of from the shoes to the hat? 2. Will you please tell me what wines are suitable for the several courses of a dinner? 3. Is it proper to wear a diamond stud with evening dress? 4. What is the object of the Tuxedo coat, and when may it be worn?
F. C.

1. Patent-leather shoes, a dress suit, a dress shirt (absolutely plain front), studs, a simple evening-dress tie (not merely made up), high hat, overcoat and gloves. 2. A small glass of sherry with the oysters, chablis or sauterne with the fish, next, claret or burgundy, followed by champagne. Finish with liqueurs, passed with the coffee. 3. Plainest studs are usually worn—except by men of a certain aristocratic rank. The dinner for Tuxedo jacket is to be worn when dining at home, in paying an ordinary call, and on other informal occasions.

To the Editor:
At what time of day may a gentleman wear a derby or alpaca hat with a frock coat? I know it is not generally done in the evening.
At no time of day or night may any style of headgear except a regulation high hat be worn with a frock coat.

To the Editor:
1. How early in the evening must a man put on a dress suit? 2. Don't a necktie made up by machine just as fashionable as a "four-in-hand" that one ties for oneself?
L. C. L.

1. Evening dress should be worn any time after 6 P. M. 2. No.
Should I call a gentleman by his first name, he not yet having requested me to do the same? I have not him four times, and I think if I call him "Frank" instead of "Mr. B." he will feel better acquainted. He is very bashful.
MARIAN D.

Most decidedly you should not call him by his first name on so short an acquaintance. You can find many better and less informal ways for overcoming his bashfulness.
With a dress suit are the ready-made or the newly-made ties more fashionable? Also, please state whether pointed or square edges are most worn. In the case of a gentleman asking his name to the order of dancing of the lady whom he invites and takes to a reception given by a society of which he is a member, how many dances with her mark the limit which he should not exceed? The order of dancing consisting of twenty dances. Should the full name or only the initials be written?
R. W. D.

(1) "Unready-made" ties are more fashionable. (2) Square edges are worn. (3) There is no fixed law about this. As a rule, the more formal the party, the more the initials are sufficient.
NEW YEAR HAPPINESSES.
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HOUSES AND HOMES

For a Girl.
This costume for a girl is made of pale green nun's veiling, prettily arranged with a draped sash, a drawn



yoke and very full sleeves of pale pink figured satin. The skirt is trimmed with puffings of green nun's veiling and a fold of the pale pink satin to correspond.

The New Gloves.
Evening gloves do not possess many elements of novelty, for they are worn as usual in every imaginable shade and color which is suitable for the dress. Some have attached backs and others are plain, but the latest novelty from Paris has a lace cuff or finish at the top which is drawn through with baby ribbon. In street gloves the buttons match the stitching; in color, whether in black or white.

What Folks Say About Dainties.
Dainties mean death.—E. Spenser.
Dainties lose the appetite.—Artaxerxes.
It'll become a Christian to indulge in costly dainties.—Epigenes.
Those who can dine only on dainties will often go superfluous to bed.—Aemilius.
He that hath never tasted of coarse fare knows not how to relish the dainties of life.—W. Spence.

Cooking Cereals.
These are the quantities to mix with cereals and the lengths of time they should boil to be thoroughly cooked: Pearlled Wheat—Five measures of liquid to each measure of barley; cook from four to six hours. Coarse Hominy—Five measures of liquid to each measure of hominy; cook from six to ten hours. Fine Hominy—Four measures of liquid to each measure of hominy; cook from four to six hours. Coarse Oatmeal—Four measures of liquid to each measure

LETTERS.
[The column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, or a promise to fulfill, or information to give, or a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Letters cannot be printed.]
One of the Letters of Which We Get Many, but Print Few.
To the Editor:
I have written several letters at different times on various subjects to "The Evening World," not that I have ever been noticed. May I ask you why? The subject of my last letter was asking you or some of the readers of "The Evening World" for advice as to the remedy for an intolerable nuisance (which, as I write this, is in full operation), viz., the infernal noise from the ceiling of the flat-house where I reside with my family. This letter was mailed to you some ten days ago, but no notice has been taken of it so far. Has it been regarded as trash?
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Will Not Marry in His Right Mind.
To the Editor:
In thorough accord with the sentiments of "Woman Hater," as so happily expressed in his letter to "The Evening World," as I have made a study of women since I came to this age when men's perceptive powers are keenest, I have concluded that the only way to avoid the victim of a woman is to be a woman. I am not only the victim of a woman, but she is untruthful, spiteful and deceitful as well. For that reason I have led a life of single blessedness to this, my fortieth year, and unless I am affected with some disease of the brain which would render me unaccountable for my actions, will continue to lead the free, unhampered and happy life of a bachelor. For instance, what man in the full and complete possession of his faculties will consent to be bound by marriage with a woman who occupies the positions of store girls in this city, and whose knowledge of those requirements that constitute a good wife and mother is palpably lacking? The above remarks are especially applicable to American girls.
JACKSON DEMPSTER.

It May Save Him Later On.
To the Editor:
Will you please tell "Discouraged" for me to go to a doctor and try to get cured of his distress? I do not blame the poor lady, but if she ever marries him he might come to consider his affliction a blessing, for then, when she scolds him, he cannot hear her.
A SYMPATHIZER.
New Haven, Conn.

A Bashful Young Man.
To the Editor:
Will some of your readers kindly help a young fellow. Every time he goes out in any young lady he becomes very bashful with any girl, and will not look at a girl. I am trying to make love to a girl, but I can't do it on account of my bashfulness. She does not know what to make of me, and I don't know myself.
C. B.

Motorists' Fatal Flirtations.
To the Editor:
The reading of that article in this evening's edition (Dec. 20) under the heading "Another Trotley Victim," reminded me of the reported instances of gross carelessness on the part of grime-motors, and the nuisance, which I cannot help noticing almost every night, and sometimes during the day, I am a musician and have occasion to travel a great deal nightly in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and this city, and I have no doubt that a great many of these careful (?) and trustworthy motorists, who "only kill people by accident," have an unparadiseable habit of turning around and looking at the girls (when there are any riding in their car) while the car is in full speed, and trying to get up a flirtation with them. It is any wonder that they are unable to stop their car until after the life of the poor victim is crushed out? They have no right to take their eye for one moment, while the car is in motion, from the track in front of

of oatmeal; cook from four to six hours. Rolled Wheat—Three measures of liquid to each measure of wheat; cook two hours. Rolled Barley—Three measures of liquid to each measure of barley; cook two hours. Rolled Oats (Avena)—Three measures of liquid to each measure of oats; cook an hour. Rice—Three measures of liquid to each measure of rice; cook an hour. Farina—Six measures of liquid to each measure of farina; cook half an hour to an hour. Cerealine Flakes—One measure of liquid to each measure of cerealine; cook half an hour.

How to Serve Fruit.
Apples ought to be polished with a cloth and piled in a high dish, yellow and red together.
Grapes should be carefully looked over, and all withered or unsound ones removed. Use medium sized bunches or divide large ones. Lay upon a bed of their own leaves for early grapes; for late use two layers of a dish.
Bananas ought to be heaped with oranges or grapes in a high dish of porcelain or crystal.

Ham Croquettes.
One cupful of finely chopped cooked ham, one of bread crumbs, two of hot, mashed potatoes, one large tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, a speck of cayenne. Beat the ham, cayenne, butter and two of the eggs into the potato. Let the mixture cool slightly and shape it like croquettes. Roll in bread crumbs, put in the frying-basket and plunge into boiling fat. Drain and serve.

All Want to Be Nurses.
Some remarkable figures are given as to the popularity of nursing as an occupation among women. At one of the largest London hospitals upwards of 3,000 applications have been made to enter the nurses' training home during the last year. At another London hospital more than 800 applications were received within two months of this year.