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THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCULATION MONTH

AVERAGE WEEK-DAY CIRCULATION FOR JANUARY, 1895

551,139

More than Fifty Thousand Over Half a Million Per Day.

SHUT THEM OUT!

It is a conspicuously placarded regulation in half the business offices of New York and an unwritten law in the other half that "Beggars, peddlers and canvassers are not allowed." It is one of the rules of the City Hall.

A regular beggar, a shoestring peddler or a book canvasser would never get beyond the first of the several doors that are intended to guard the Mayor from intrusion. And yet beggars for office, peddlers and dealers in the spoils of politics, canvassers and solicitors for office-seekers are allowed to pass through in a continuous stream, besetting the Mayor from morning till night, wasting his time, spoiling his temper, ruining his health and depriving the city of the constant and patient service which proper conduct of the Mayor's office demands.

This sort of business has lasted for two months now, and it is time it was stopped short. The horde of place-hunters who hang around the City Hall are a public nuisance and ought to be abated.

Public opinion will amply justify the Mayor in shutting his door for the present to all private citizens, except those who come by his own appointment, and even to public officials, except on errands directly connected with city affairs.

PULPIT SENSATIONALISM.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters may be perfectly sound in his view of the practice of marrying off American heiresses to impoverished foreign noblemen. It shows a passion for the flummery of titles not creditable to the solid, sturdy people of the greatest republican government the world has ever known.

But the reverend gentleman would have done well to keep his views to himself or to express them in private conversation. Certainly a ranting, violent denunciation of such marriages from the pulpit does not seem necessary in the cause of religion, or likely to produce anything but discord and dissension in a congregation.

People have their own views about such marriages. They may agree with the preacher that such a union is not likely to lead to future happiness, and may condemn the vulgar pomp and show with which it is sometimes celebrated as quite as un-American as the marriage itself. But they may not care to have it made the subject of a Sunday discourse and to find the gospel of truth and love replaced by the gospel of sensationalism.

The fact is that pulpits are being made a great deal too sensational. What with politics, reform, factional fights and titled marriages, congregations nowadays are more likely to leave their churches with the feeling that they have been to a political meeting or a prize-fight than with the calm consciousness that they have been listening to the doctrines of charity, peace and goodwill towards man.

HOWGATE'S ACQUITTAL.

The trial of Capt. Henry W. Howgate, formerly of the Signal-Service Bureau, for embezzlement and forgery ended last week at Washington, and yesterday the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," after having been out for three days.

It has never been the desire of the Government, for some reason or other, to convict the accused. He has been allowed to go at large for years, and when he was at last arrested by a superserviceable officer who recognized him living and doing business in this city, the prosecution became a farce. Documents alleged to be certain to have proved the prisoner's guilt had disappeared from the Government files and whole pages were found to have been torn from official books.

What secret influence was behind Howgate to protect him is not known, but it is supposed that he possessed too much knowledge concerning the operations of high Government officers in a similar direction to make his conviction expedient.

The acquittal of Howgate adds another to the many instances where alleged crimes of magnitude have been suffered to go unpunished, while smaller offenses have been vigorously prosecuted. It does not increase public respect for the laws, nor tend to improve the public honesty, to see wealthy felons who have stolen millions swaggering about hotels and spending their money freely, while poor thieves, driven to robbery perhaps by starvation, are inmates of prison cells.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.

It seems impossible that a woman and her child should die of starvation in a New York lodging-house. Yet that is the story told of Bertha Genn and her two-year-old little one, who lived in a lodging-house in Thirty-fourth street, and are said absolutely to have starved to death.

The story of the woman is of the old sort. Unhappy love, betrayal, devotion and death are its features. The actors in it come from British Columbia, and are English by birth. It is a sad tale.

But the wonder is that such an event as the slow starvation of a woman and her child could have occurred in this city without discovery being made and relief being administered. It shows how much unseen and unknown misery exists in the city, and what opportunities for the exercise of charity there are if people would only search them out.

Bertha Genn's story is an incentive to work which all our charities, public and private, ought to heed. The suffering that needs hunting out is the suffering most deserving of relief.

LET US YELL AND YELL!

Here is news that will make New Yorkers loosen the zygmaticus from its moorings and laugh until the atmosphere over Manhattan Island is thickly flecked with buttons. The Chicago Herald says New York is nurturing a profound peagreen jealousy of the Windy City because the latter has a new Post-Office, because the Indian warehouse—whatever that is—will not be transferred to New York, and because Chicago journalism refuses to learn anything from the journalism of the nation's metropolis.

We have heard of Chicago, of course, and so have some other New Yorkers, but we are willing to wager a keg of gold dollars against a cornbeef sandwich that out of the nearly 2,000,000 intelligent, well-behaved and knowledge-worshipping people on Manhattan Island to-day, not over seventeen of them know that Chicago has a new Post-Office, and sixteen of these don't care.

A Springfield (N. J.) farmer placed several beer bottles filled with water in an oven to heat, that he might apply them to his rheumatic limbs. The bottles exploded, of course, and the farmer fled in his bare feet over the ice and snow to a point several hundred yards distant from his house. When the oven fusillade was over he returned home, and to his astonishment found that the rheumatism had been scared out of him. The Springfield man's success, though, is not likely to popularize this across-lots cure for rheumatism, particularly in icy weather.

This promises to be a busy week at Albany. There are certain matters coming up, however, which can be so handled as to save much time for other things. The Gerry Whipping Post bill should be allowed to occupy the Senate's attention just long enough to be killed, and the proposed attempt to revive the Idiotic Theatre Hat bill should get no encouragement at all in the Assembly.

Now, Mr. Mayor, it is a new week. Begin it with a new rule. Keep that office-seeking mob away from you, out of your light and out of your breathing space. New York is glad to see you back at your desk. It wants to have you able to stay there. It regards your good health and comfort as among its own especial interests. This is a selfish regard, but a wise one.

Mr. John A. Thompson is probably right in assuming that his "jag" of twenty years' duration is a record-breaker. Rip Van Winkle merely took twenty years to sleep his off. It was not a continuous exuberation.

It is not a gratifying thing for a democratic community when such a mob as filled a Harlem street on Saturday afternoon gathers and struggles merely to see a Count who is going to marry a millionairess.

A Vienna professor has found a cure for insanity. If he would only send some of it over here and it succeeded with men who had a mania for public office Mayor Strong would be ever so grateful.

A preacher at Beaver Falls, Pa., was ill yesterday, and his wife went into the pulpit and read his sermon. She did so well that the husband when he gets well may find it difficult to hold his job.

The Rev. Tom Dixon ceases to be original and gets himself in the right in remarking that "if the clubs can open their bars on Sunday, they have got to open the saloons, also."

Oklahoma wants to walk into the Union with its trousers in its boots and a brace of six-shooters in its belt. Isn't it a little too Buffalo Billish just yet to become a State?

Platt is reported to be ill. Nobody wishes him any physical affliction. All New York, however, would be glad to have him get sick of being a Ridiculous Boss.

A man who will under-count New York's population in the interests of his party is not exactly a good man to remain on New York's Police Board.

It would not be a cheap peace, from New York's point of view, which would come at the cost of retaining Kerwin and Murray on the Police Board.

Yesterday's cablegrams reported Rosebery as having the grip. Parliamentary reports a few days earlier had given the impression that he was losing it.

Trotting-horse men see bright prospects for the season of 1895, and old Fleetwood is to have its share of the glory. Good!

Those Hoboken ministers did the wisest thing when they finally laughed at Col. Ingersoll, instead of arresting him.

No whipping-post for the Empire State. We cannot afford to have our Penal Code Gerrymandered into brutalism.

Mr. Croker is coming home. There is nobody now to ask him where he got it.

"Congress is behind." Yes, behind in business, behind in duty, behind the times, behind the Trusts—behind in everything. Adjournment will stand as the only thing in which it has been up to date and up to its obligations.

Howgate's jury stayed out seventy-two hours. But, then, Howgate was out twelve years.

All London has a pocket handkerchief in its hand. Influenza is rampant over there.

New Jersey is doing its share bravely towards the saving of the Palisades.

Are you giving the Elmira Reformatory matter a thought, Gov. Morton?

The Ridiculous Boss seems to be nearly laughed down.

Even Croker did not become a Ridiculous Boss.

February is on its last lap and on the run.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S DIARY.

Feb. 24, 1895.—There is little for me to write about but the weather. Mayor Strong's rheumatism kept him at home not only Friday, but yesterday. He says he will be at his office again on Monday. Then there may be more fun, or something else, in the situation.

* * *

The papers are beginning to call on the Mayor to cut off some of his too great patience with the office-seeking horde that crowds about his desk every day, and that is undoubtedly responsible to a degree for his present physical condition. And I must say I think the papers are right. The Mayor has been too kind to that gang. He owes it not only to himself but to the great public whose interests he represents, and for whose work he should husband his energies, to shut off all unnecessary intrusion upon his office time. He was not elected to tire himself out in listening to place-hunters' tales of ambition or of woe.

* * *

Conflicting stories circulate as to the result of Gov. Morton's peacemaking mission to the city and the Mayor. What I don't like to hear is the insistent report that, as a partial concession to Platt, the two Police Commissioners, Kerwin and Murray, generally looked upon as the product of the last "deal" between the Republican lions and the late city administration, may be allowed to retain their places. If we must have a Bi-Partisan Police Board, it seems to me that we should have one without disagreeable traditions and associations attached to it. It might at least be a brand new one.

* * *

But whether Kerwin and Murray stay or not, or whatever else happens, or doesn't happen, I guess it continues to be true that Mr. Platt has lost his keen anxiety for an open fight. He is sometimes a prudent man.

GREAT MEN OF OUR OWN TIME.

The most persistent, as well as consistent, enemy of Boss Platt in the State Assembly at Albany is the man to whom the clear-cut features above belong. He is the leader of the anti-Platt or reform wing of the Republicans. That Platt and the other machine leaders entertain the most cordial sort of hatred for him is a tribute to his genius for making trouble for bosses. His name is Frank D. Pavey and he has a law office in Nassau street, a couple of blocks from the Pulitzer Building. Mr. Pavey's rise in politics is due to the reform upheaval last Fall. He is the champion of the Committee of LXX., the good Government Clubs and almost every other reform organization in this town. He is a studious, hard-working chap, with lots of grit, and as he is ambitious in a political war will probably be a truly great man in the politics of this State some day. He is about thirty-two years of age, and is genial, although not reckless, in his friendships.

A PAEAN FROM UP THE RIVER.

Presumably by "Biff."

It is said that "Biff" Ellison, during his sojourn at Sing Sing, continues to have his trousers carefully creased.—Daily Paper.

It isn't very often that I lean to sentiment;
It isn't very often that I care to spend a cent;
It isn't very often that I spend my evenings out;
That I'm a most contented man is beyond the slightest doubt.

I do not wear a necktie, or a collar, or a cuff;
My socks are coarse and thick and my make-up's rather rough;
But there's one thing I don't forget—I ne'er neglect the chance
To put the finest kind of crease upon my striped pants.

I don't go in society, I have no evening coat;
And I never will be able to cast another vote.
The silent air of Sing Sing is not broken by carousers,
But me and all the swagger set wear creases in our trousers! —F. A. W.

WORLDLINGS.

Only one firm in the United States is making slate pencils from native slate.

Afghanistan has an area of 279,000 miles, or about the combined area of Idaho, Colorado and Florida.

Massachusetts may claim great credit to herself over the fact that of her 351 towns and cities, 321 contain free libraries.

During all the discussion in Maine about woman suffrage, it is proposed that none but male stenographers shall be employed in the courts in that State.

A DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL.

A Sunday Scene That Illustrates the Irony of Cold Fact.

NELLIE BLY SAYS:

Of what good are our penitentiaries? It is time for us to consider this question—the very great question of the punishment of lawbreakers.

* * *

I may have a very wrong idea as to the object of penal institutions, but, as I understand it, they are for the punishment of wrong-doers—a punishment that is intended to teach them to do right thereafter. If my theory is wrong and lawbreakers are not imprisoned to teach them to do right, then we should either abolish penitentiaries or give every law-breaker a life sentence.

* * *

But as the system exists to-day, we are creating criminals, not abolishing them. Let me give an example:

* * *

Some six months ago a young man about twenty-five years of age came to see me. He was a poor, pale, weak-looking fellow.

"I have been a thief, Miss Bly, all my life, and now I want to reform. Could you help me?"

Twenty-five years old, and the greater part of his life had been spent in serving out sentences. He never had much chance in life, born in the slums, of ignorant parents. As a child he played about the streets with boys who took a pride in snatching fruit from stands. Off and on he went to school, but that depended entirely upon rumors of a Christmas tree, or treat, and then his attendance was for a week or so before the event, and ended directly with it. Of course, his parents did not care whether he went or not.

* * *

When he was fourteen, a friend stole a bolt of cloth, and he obligingly sold it for him. That sent him to Elmira. There he formed a large circle of acquaintances, every one wrong-doers, who impressed upon his youthful mind that he was forever damned by his imprisonment, and that it was a brave and admirable thing to be a clever criminal.

* * *

He was discharged a thousand times worse criminal than he was when sentenced. Several companions were released at the same time. They came to New York and immediately set to work as flat thieves and they were soon caught, convicted and sentenced again.

* * *

From that time he ran through the list. From being a flat thief he became a bunco-steerer. In other words, while in jail he made the acquaintance of a green-goods man and after their release he was the pilot who met the confiding farmer at the station and took him to meet the green-goods man.

* * *

Now, at the age of twenty-five he is free again and he comes directly to me. "I want to do right," he says, and I ask him why. Had some good teaching in those places of punishment made an impression upon his sinful soul? Teaching? What teaching? He had received none except from his wicked companions, and that was not tended to improve him morally. No; he was simply tired of always stealing and hiding. He wanted to be like the people who did not have to hide.

* * *

Now, this boy who had spent half his days in penal institutions wanted to do right, and I asked him what he could do, so that I might help him procure work. Arrested and imprisoned time after time since his fourteenth year, the institutions had doubtless taken care to see that this young criminal would be taught a trade so that he might be enabled upon his release to procure and do honest work. That is the first great step towards doing right.

* * *

But the boy knew nothing. He could scarcely write his name and could not read the writing of another. He had broken stones, he had scrubbed corridors and once he had shaved men, but he was not an expert at this and could not cut hair. Twenty-five years old and the greater part of his life spent in penitentiaries, and all the training he had was given by the criminals, his unfortunate companions.

* * *

What chance is there for that thief ever to be anything else, with his history against him and no trade?

* * *

There is food for thought in any thief's history. There is this fact not to be overlooked: we are not abolishing criminals; we are breeding them, and our penitentiaries are the mother nests. NELLIE BLY.

THE NEW WOMAN'S DANGER.

What's the matter with the morals
Of the women of the land?
'Tis a question that they've brought up,
But which men can't understand.

All the fair have flocked together
Down in Washington, D. C.,
To represent the women
From the Rockies to the sea.

They have cackled and have argued
For upward of a week,
And an ideal moral government
Is what they say they seek.

They propose to form a Cabinet,
A Senate and a House;
These petticoated talkers
Who are frightened at a mouse.

They intend to build a temple
Dedicated to their kind,
In which to teach the laws onto
Their sisters of weak mind.

What's the matter with the darlings
That they emulate base man?
Do they wish to soak in whiskey?
Do they care to rush the can?

Would they patronize the gimmill?
Would they puff the cigarette?
Would they hang about the race tracks?
Are they inclined to bet?

Pie, fie! upon such women!
They are sisters, mothers, wives;
They should know that on their purity
We men would stake our lives.

Let them go back to their firesides,
And darn their husbands' socks;
Let them leave the men to founder
On the legislative rocks. J.

BY OTHER EDITORS.

A Sensible Fashion.

It is becoming quite the fashion in New York to snub Platt. There is some sense to such a fashion, too.—Chicago Post.

What She Should Have Done.

Anna Gould should have adopted the idea that will prevail in the Democratic party in 1896 and nominated "some good Western man."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Question!

When a man accepts a salaried office knowing that he has not the knowledge needed to fill it, is that the square sort of thing? Is it anything better than a genteel kind of pauperism?—Buffalo Times.

Settled.

"But is it really true that Dan Lamont don't drink?" asks The Post-Express. He do not.—Rochester Democrat.

A National Mockery.

Tim's and manners change, but principles of conduct are eternal. It is a mockery to dedicate a holiday to the memory of Washington unless we are going to honor the lesson of his life.—Philadelphia Times.

As to the Whipping-Post Bill.

There is no reason why the people of the State of New York should disgrace themselves by setting up the whipping post to satisfy Mr. Gerry's angry passions.—Rochester Post-Express.

Trying to Say Something Good.

About the best thing which can be said for the Senate in connection with its present session is that it failed to come to a vote on the Jones Silver bill.—Kansas City Star.

What Killed the Hat Bill.

The Albany Theatre Hat bill, which failed to find votes enough, may be said to be as dead as a door nail. Timidity killed it. The gentlemen of the Legislature were scared to act in the matter, being chiefly married men.—Boston Herald.

Evening World's Gallery of Living Pictures.

M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

According to the artist, who in this case is also the subject, this is a picture of the notable French artist whose name is given above. He is now on a visit to this country. Formerly a historical painter, he has of late years devoted most of his attention to portrait painting.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

There is a well-known young actress in town who fairly worships pets of any kind, and when a friend who had been to South America brought her as a present a young monkey she was the happiest young woman in New York. Her happiness lasted just three days. When she came home on the evening of the third day she found the monkey had broken loose and had been having the highest kind of fun in the apartment. After he had broken loose he had started in by sinking his teeth in the arm of the servant when she had tried to catch him. Then he had climbed upon the mantel and with one fell sweep had knocked down about $500 worth of bric-a-brac; he had torn up about thirty fine photographs, and altogether he had damaged the apartment and its contents to the extent of several hundreds of dollars. In telling the story to a friend the next day the actress said: "I did not dream that such an innocent little beast could do so much damage."

* * *

Senator Lexow always appears, as a reformer should, in scrupulously neat attire, without a speck of dust on any spot from head to foot. But I have noticed that his silk hat nearly always appears in places to have been brushed the wrong way. Others have evidently observed the same peculiarity, for in a hotel the other day I heard a minor statesman suggest that the tile had suffered from being used as a channel for the Nyack politician's oratory. I am inclined to believe, however, that hats do not suffer any visible effects from being talked through.

* * *

Although others may not think so, ex-Senator Platt is evidently considered a great man by two office boys who carry messages to him from callers at 49 Broadway. They know all the prominent Republican politicians of the State by name, and can discuss the political situation more intelligently than some members of the Legislature. One of the duties of these boys is to tell all callers that Senator Platt is very busy. Then, if afterwards the caller is denied admittance, he will not feel as if he were insulted, and if granted an audience he will consider it a great favor. The boys understand the role perfectly, and I am inclined to believe that Mr. Platt would have less trouble as a boss if he could substitute a corps of such bright little chaps as these for some of his present members of the Legislature.

* * *

It was in a Park Row beanery the other day that I met that peculiarly constituted individual, most amusing to every one, but most sincerely to be pitied—the fellow who thinks aloud. He sat at a table directly opposite me, and devoured oyster pies with impressive zest. He had made sundry remarks to nobody in particular about things in general, and suddenly looking straight at me and seeing me not he broke out again thus: "Well, my wife said I'd have to get home tonight or'—— Then somebody laughed and broke the spell and he did not finish the sentence. I confess to some curiosity as to the dreadful alternative that lay behind that "or."

* * *

Andrew Freedman, the latest accession to the ranks of baseball magnates, possesses that rare quality, personal magnetism. He is a well put-up man and would be called handsome. He is a charming story-teller, and I have been entertained for many an hour listening to his description of things that had befallen him in his travels. The same story is never repeated. Mr. Freedman dresses in the latest fashion, and enjoys this life hugely, albeit he attends to business thoroughly. He is to meet other baseball magnates next week, and I am quite confident that he will so charm them as to secure the juiciest dates for his Giants. GLEANER.

JOKELETS SIX.

Beginning with a Rhyme on the Season of Thawing Pipes.

Oh, talk about your Summer-time, with bloom
and leafy trees;
Talk about your songbirds and your softly sighing breeze;
Your June-time may be charming, but it isn't worth a straw
Beside the glorious season when the pipes begin to thaw. —Washington Star.

Something New.

"Can't you manage to get up something new to attract people here?"

"I have it. We'll advertise that Trilby will not be among the living pictures."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Once More That Hat.

O that some power the gift would give them
To see their hats as others see them,
Who sit behind them at the play,
And see but half for what they pay.
—Detroit Tribune.

No Cause for Worriment.

Excited Passenger—Captain, will you weather the storm?

Captain—It's doubtful; but don't let that bother you—every member of the crew can swim!—Rochester Post-Express.

An Interesting Romance.

When folks who are advanced in years
Fall into love, that fact presages
That likely very soon appears
A Romance of the Middle Ages.
—Brooklyn Life.

His Waiting Days Over.

Highee—Going to be married next month, eh? Why, you told me only last week that you would have to wait a year, at least, before you could save enough money.

Robbins—I know it; but I have been teaching her father to play poker since then.—Brooklyn Life.

EMPIRE STATE BITS.

The Salvation Army gathered fifty-eight recruits at Albion.

One member of Medina's first Fire Department, organized in 1832, is still living.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Onderkuk, of Cohocton, golden wedding, Friday, March 1.

A West Barre, Orleans county, farmer fed his chickens on cooked beans and eleven of them died, the beans freezing in their crops.

Elisha Hoag's seventy-third birthday was celebrated at Kirkville by a gathering of forty-five descendants, including one great-grandchild.

Supervisor F. C. Hibbard, of Wetherafield, has been so walled in by snowdrifts as to be obliged to enter and leave his residence through a window.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES

Norcross Does Not Mourn Over the Beaudet Company's Failure—Tree Pleased with New York.

There is one gentleman here who smiles sardonically at the stranding of poor little, dimpled, saucy Louise Beaudet and her company in Chicago. The gentleman in question wears an "I-told-you-so" expression and is known as I W. Norcross, jr. He was the original librettist of "The Dragoon's Daughter," the opera that Miss Beaudet produced after the unfortunate "Jacinta." He has a grievance against Manager Whitney, and is going to bring suit against him. Said Mr. Norchoss yesterday: "I have been very shamefully treated. When 'Jacinta' failed in Boston, which it did very deliberately, for they played to less than $75 a night, Whitney came to me and asked if I could finish the opera I was writing with Herman Perlet in a week. It was a surprise to me, but I agreed to do the work. It was an adaptation of 'La Belle Poule,' which was played in Paris twenty years ago. I wrote new lyrics and a good deal of new dialogues, and I cut out all the Frenchiness, which might not have been accepted here. The opera was produced. Some changes were found necessary—changes of detail, that is all. To my amazement, Mr. Whitney took the opera to Cheever Goodwin, who made some alterations, but restored a good deal of the original dialogue, and when the piece was done in Chicago, I was out of it, completely ignored, my name left out of the programme. I could not believe that Cheever Goodwin would be consciously guilty of such unprofessional conduct, and I wrote to him, offering to show him the originality of my work. He never replied to the letter or took any notice of it at all. I am an old hand at comic opera business, but I have never had such an experience as this. I have the satisfaction of knowing that Goodwin's work failed very quickly, but I intend to get more satisfaction through the courts. It is the only thing to do."

* * *

When Beerbohm Tree comes back to New York he will decide upon his plans for next season. Before settling whether he will return to America or not, Tree wants to see how the land lies in the other "principal cities." If he should return to America next year he will come for the entire season. Tree is very pleased at the result of his New York engagement. His business was good. He did not make a furore, but he established himself pleasantly in metropolitan favor.

* * *

Dan Frohman has discovered a new nook, in the seclusion of which he can read plays. It is Fortress Monroe. The manager says that it is delightfully quiet there. Charles Frohman goes no further away than Lakewood. Mr. Frohman received a letter from an ambitious gentleman the other day, couched as follows: "Dear sir: I quite appreciate the necessity of going abroad to get good plays. But I have a five-act drama that would just suit you. I shall forward it to you, and if you like it you shall have first go at a six-act melodrama upon which I am working."

* * *

Somebody in England wants to do "Fanny." That was the gigantic fizzle that Johnstone Bennett produced at the Standard Theatre for three consecutive nights. The somebody in England cabled to Charles Frohman, who bought the play, for terms. Mr. Frohman will allow him to do what he likes with it. "Fanny" was the work of George R. Sims, and Mr. Sims is trying to live it down.

* * *

"For goodness sake say that we are trying to ride a craze," said Paul M. Potter yesterday, "and that my version of 'Trilby' depends entirely upon the book. If the play isn't a good one, the craze will hurt rather than help it. I have tried to make a play that will go by itself. I'm not enthusiastic about it. I'm never enthusiastic about any play until I see its effect upon the public. Hypnotism is a very difficult subject to deal with, and it is impossible to say how the people will like it." The dramatized "Trilby" is to be produced "on the sly" somewhere between here and Boston March 8 or March 9.

* * *

"Why did I get out of the Koster & Bial affair?" said Oscar Hammerstein yesterday. "Well, a sort of Gilbert and Sullivan complication presented itself to me. I'm building a new concert hall, and my partnership with Koster & Bial would have interfered with my plans at my new house. I should have been afraid of hurting business at Koster & Bial's if I had engaged very good people. I should have been my own rival. I should have robbed Peter to pay Paul. See?" And Mr. Hammerstein smiled his world-famed smile and dismissed the question.

* * *

The suave young man who is here representing John Hare, of London, was very mute in evidence at Abbey's Theatre yesterday. He seems to feel very much "encouraged," but nobody knows why. Managers smile at the idea of Hare coming over here. Hare is a nice old man and very popular in London, where his money was made. But he is not particularly eminent even there. His head has probably been turned by the glowing accounts of American generosity that reach the other side. He might share the same fate as poor old Toole, who was very unhappy over here.

* * *

Miss Boecker, the only female survivor of the Elbe disaster, has indignantly refused an offer from a South of England music hall proprietor to appear for five minutes nightly on his stage. The remuneration promised was $50 per week. Huber would do better than that. Somebody has also tried to engage her for a theatrical company on the other side. By which it will be seen that "enterprise" is not absolutely restricted to this country, and that amusements in England are invariably not managed in that exalted style of which we hear so much.

* * *

Think, oh! think, what might have been! If—much virtue in an if—the new play produced by the Kendals had been a success, they had made up their mind to return here next season for a farewell farewell-tour. "A Leader of Men" failed, and they won't come back. Isn't it sad? In London the play, where it was produced at the same time as here, was equally unenthusiastically received.

"EVENING WORLD" GUIDE-BOOK.

Clubs of New York—XXXVIII.—The Ladies' Berkeley Athletic.

The Ladies' Berkeley Athletic Club, like its members, young and vigorous. It was organized in 1889 and its objects, as avowed in the constitution, are "the promotion of physical culture, the encouragement of athletic sports and the increase of means of recreation for women." The club-house is at 23 West Forty-fourth street. Of course, there is a fine, big gymnasium there, with all the modern appliances for developing and exhibiting muscular power; and the displays of strength and agility there given by members of the gentler sex are, it is credibly reported, such as would open the eyes of many a male athlete. Unfortunately for the men, however, they are not permitted to attend the Club entertainments. "Sound minds in sound bodies" are the rule among the fair and enthusiastic Berkeleyites.

HOUSE AND HOME

The Ballet Skirt.

The fussy frilled petticoat, known as the ballet skirt, is now worn by fashionable women under evening and dance gowns, but nearly reaching the ground. First, there is a close-fitting yoke of muslin, which is cut in four parts, and reaches well below the average corset, and very much below the short corset worn for skirt dancing. Onto this yoke is set, in full gathers or flat plaits, a wide skirt of the muslin, edged with a frill of lace put on slightly full. This skirt reaches from the yoke

to the full depth required, and over it, at the B line, another skirt is simulated by a deep frill, also edged lace, and put on so that the bottom edge is half an inch above the edge of the under lace, thus giving an extra full and ample effect. When worn, so wide is this skirt that it gives the appearance of a multitude of lace petticoats, and the dancer usually catches the centre with a safety-pin, or a few stitches, about ten or twelve inches below the yoke, and practically converts it into a divided skirt. These ballet skirts are also made for ordinary wear in dark silk.

Sponge Cake Roll.

This cake is very easy to make, and there is no such thing as "failure" in making it, if the directions are carefully observed. The eggs are not beaten separately, and the quicker the cake is put together the better it will be. Two tescupfuls of coffee A sugar, two heaping teacupfuls of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder; into this break six eggs, beat all well together, bake in a quick oven to a light brown. When done turn out on a moulding-board and spread quickly with jelly and roll carefully. Wrap each roll in a clean napkin; can be used for the table immediately.

Shoe Superstitions.

When you buy a pair of new shoes never put them on a shelf higher than your head, unless you want to bring bad luck; and if you blacken them before you have had both shoes on you may meet with an accident, or even have a sudden death. This is an old Irish superstition. The Scotch girls believe that if they drop their shoes before they are worn trouble will ensue, while a French lady losing her heel is sure of some disappointment in love, and a German mother in the same predicament feels that she will soon lose one of her children. You must not put your right shoe on your left foot or your left on your right, nor must you put your left shoe on before the right unless you want bad luck. This superstition dates back to one of the Emperors of Rome, who, it is recorded, put on his left shoe first one morning and came near being assassinated during the day.

February Fashions.

Satin antique and several grades of Liberty silks are in great use for crush collars and belts.

Bluet blue, cerise and magenta pink are the three colors now most favored as accessories both by modistes and milliners.

Pretty checked velvets now rival the sheperd's check silk used for fancy waists and dress trimmings.

Braiding remains a very fashionable trimming. It is too effective to be given up. The work is this season very often done upon strips of colored velvet or heavy satin, which are then applied in various ways on gowns of self-colored cloth.

Woman's Newspaper History.

The role of women in newspaper history is intensely interesting. The first daily paper was founded in 1762—by a man, think you? Rather it was Elizabeth Mallet, of London, who established the Daily Courant. American women have not taken a back seat in journalism either. The first paper in Rhode Island was edited by a member of the gentle sex. The Declaration of Independence was first published in a woman's paper, the Colonial Virginia Gazette. When Boston was besieged by the English the only paper that did not suspend publication was an enterprising paper edited by a woman.

A Skirt for Safety Riders.

The necessity for a safety riding skirt has brought various kinds to light, but the latest one invented is practically a large apron in the saddle, and a complete walking skirt when it is buttoned together. It does away with the disfiguring bulge at the knee, and the wearer can walk and ride with equal comfort.

Carrots and Cauliflower.

Carrots should be cooked forty-five or fifty minutes; cauliflower only thirty minutes; with peas and asparagus much depends upon the state of freshness and tenderness when picked, and the time varies from twenty to thirty-five minutes; indeed, peas sometimes require fifty minutes' cooking.

Baking Potatoes.

Baked potatoes take about forty-five minutes for cooking. A great deal depends upon the oven. If it be necessary to keep a baked potato warm break it open, wrap it in a towel and put it in a warm place.

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.]

Concerning the Proposed New Divorce Law.

To the Editor:

Twelve years ago, and after being married three months only, my wife deserted me, and I am told has admitted many times that I treated her well and lovingly, but she preferred to live apart from me and did not love me as she thought. Do you not think that under such circumstances, and as an act of justice and humanity to me, such galling bonds should be severed? No doubt, many are in the same position. You have done so much for the people in securing the enactment of just laws that you would still further endear yourself to those in my unenviable position by helping us to obtain our freedom.

ANOTHER ONE OF THE SUFFERING.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Police Raids on Hotels.

To the Editor:

Having read in the papers of several hotels having been raided recently, among them the old and well-known Bull's Head, I venture to ask what is the specific charge against these houses? Admitting the fact that any person having the price can stop at any hotel in the city, why should small hotels be raided while the more pretentious establishments uptown enjoy perfect immunity? Is it unlawful to conduct a hotel, and have the proprietors of the more elegant establishments a pull? I have always thought that hotel-keeping was a perfectly legitimate business, and I was very much astonished to learn of their being raided. COUNTRYMAN.

Mighty Narrow View of Inventions.

To the Editor:

Machinery and the steam engine are not of any good to the workingman. A correspondent says their tendency is to transform the workingman from a slave into a gentleman. May their tendency be what it is, but at the same time we see gentlemen becoming tramps on account of the steam engine and machinery, for every new machine takes away work from man in need of the work. The machines are purposely made to save work. And who gets the profit? The few who own the machine. It is true that the machines are time-saving appliances, but what good is that for the working people?

MORRIS SESKIND.

Single-Taxers Never Lose a Chance.

To the Editor:

I have never yet seen a query or anything that could be construed as a query, concerning the single tax, go unchallenged in this letter column; while socialism, protection and many other well-known "isms" have been frequently attacked without eliciting a single response. It is certainly puzzling. Can it be that these single-taxers have a sound argument, with a sure subject to talk upon, and that these other "isms" are full of holes? If not, why do not those readers who think that protection protects, and those who believe that paternalism is a good thing, bring forth their reasons? "DIXIE."

A Friend of the Babies, Bless 'Em!

To the Editor:

Evidently your correspondent, "Mary C. Eaton," is not alone in the advocacy of a tax upon the superfluous babies. It is most surprising that a woman, a word synonymous almost with the sacred term of mother, should be among the advocates of such an idea dangerous and unwholesome as it is. The reasons offered are most illogical, to say the least. Our friends, the enemies of the baby, would tax or inflict some other penalty upon those in humble circumstances who are the parents of more than a specified number of children. Truly, "what fools these mortals be," as if the babies are directly or indirectly the "perpetuators of poverty." God never sent a being into this world who could not, if things were as they should be, make or earn a livelihood. Therefore, why not look deeper for the cause and sources of destitution and squalor? Why not seek the right cure for evils inflicted upon humanity in this world of (at present) legally protected monopoly and Christian (?) Trinity Church corporations? Let nature work its own wise ways with the babies, and let their guardians learn that:

"What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Before their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,
These to the world are children,
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate,
Than reaches the trunks below."

C. 2 18.

Street-Department Horses.

To the Editor:

Perhaps if all the good folks who are now commending Col. Waring so warmly for his alacrity in cleaning our streets of the late heavy snowfall knew of the suffering which the poor horses used in its removal are called upon to endure, the cry for clean streets would probably be drowned in the howl of indignation which would be sure to follow such a revelation. Having occasion to pass the corner of Franklin and Hudson streets, I was hailed by an old friend, who told me he was employed as a driver of one of the carts. On making inquiries of the wretched appearance of the poor beasts, he told me the whole story. He said the horse and cart and himself were extras, and hired by contractors to do the extra work for Col. Waring. He said the horses had to work eighteen hours a day on an average, and some of them worked as much as twenty-four consecutive hours. The most horrible thing of all, he said, was that most of the horses never got a solitary oat to eat from the time they left the stable till they returned. While talking I saw many drivers kicking and beating the poor, exhausted brutes. I remarked how cruel they were, and he told me that was nothing to what he saw every night. Many of the horses which are owned by these contractors are broken down carriage horses, and were never used to such cruel treatment and hard work.

ANIMALS' FRIEND.

Oh, What a Philosopher!

To the Editor:

Some "philosopher" wonders "what becomes of all the men who are superseded by women? Is it as perplexing a query as what becomes of all the pins?" That philosopher must be as blind as a puppy. He is not a workingman—at any rate, not a mechanic. Every mechanic knows that labor-saving machinery has thrown hundreds of thousands into the streets, where they join the army of the unemployed in all our great cities and the desperate characters of the highway. I have heard of the fellow who couldn't see the forest on account of the great trees obstructing his view. This philosopher equals him in sagacity. Who would not be a philosopher?

NOT SUCH AN ONE.

Our Unpaid Brooklyn Heroes.

To the Editor:

I am a National Guardsman. I think it is an awful shame for the State of New York to keep us in waiting so long for our checks for services in Brooklyn. Heaven only knows how many families are in need of this money and how many National Guardsmen have lost their places through going to Brooklyn to perform duty. Now all they say