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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

POWER OF REMOVAL WANTED.

Mayor Strong's attempt yesterday to mitigate the nuisance of the office-seekers resulted poorly. He made an order that the doors of his office should be closed until noon, instead of opening early, hoping doubtless that many of his persecutors would go away rather than wait and annoy him. The order did what might be expected before noon by the foul air of the dark corridors. The Mayor mistook both the patience and the toughness of the place-hunting mob. Their tempers and their manners suffered by the irksome delay, but their vigor and audacity remained unimpaired. They practically broke into the Mayor's office at noon, acting with such violence and insolence that to preserve his dignity he was compelled to escape by a side door, leaving the mob in possession.

It is to be hoped the Mayor will temporize no longer. He must see that there is neither sense nor decency in the order that daily besets him. Courtesy is wasted upon them. They should be barred out entirely.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

It is astonishing that the local authorities on the other side of the Bridge or the law-makers at Albany do not take up the cause of the people against the Brooklyn trolley slaughter companies and provide some protection for human life. The case of the employees against these blood-stained corporations is now over, and the most conservative guardian of the rights of property and capital cannot pretend that the enforcement of justice against the railroads is now encouraging rioting and lawlessness. It is therefore time that the people should have some protection.

Yesterday a poor child, seven years old, returning from school with her young companion, happy and full of life and health, was gathered in by these murderous juggernauts and crushed to death. She had just crossed the track after waiting for an upbound car, when a downing car came rushing along at a frightful speed, with a driver and conductor in control. The fender struck the poor child, throwing her twenty feet in advance. The new hand got bewildered and could not stop the car. It caught up with the child, rolled her over and for another twenty feet, and then catching her between a tender and the ground proceeded to crush her bones into pulp and to squeeze the young life out of her.

It is an outrage on humanity, an infamous neglect of justice, to delay an hour longer in compelling these trolley companies to employ none but capable and licensed motormen and to limit the speed of their death-dealing cars. The pretense before was that law and order must be restored before anything could be done. Now law and order are restored, why should they further delay in protecting the public? Do the corporations pay for the privilege of being left alone?

SOMEWHAT NEW IN DIVORCE.

Cincinnati has the honor of presenting to the world an entirely novel feature in divorce cases.

John W. Flerns, described as that rare avia, a "wealthy artist," seeks a separation from his wife on the ground that she has "absorbed" a bitter hatred for mankind.

Now, there have been numerous divorce suits based on the allegation that the lady had altogether too absorbing a regard for mankind, but this is the first case of which the public has information in which a man has sought release from his marital bonds on the ground that his wife is a man-hater.

Of course, an unhappy husband has alleged in his complaint in a divorce suit that his wife has been lacking in affection for one man, and that the man she is most bound to love as well as to honor and obey. But the complaint that Mrs. Flerns makes is a settled prejudice against all men is a novel one as a forming ground for a separation.

Perhaps, after all, John W. is playing possum in his plea. It seems that the lady from whom he seeks divorce is a well-to-do and a spiritualist, and she insists on questioning the spirits as to John W.'s going on when absent from the domestic hearth. The spirits give her all sorts of horrifying informa-

tion, and as Mrs. F. is a firm believer in their truthfulness, her husband no doubt has a pretty rough time of it. At all events, he will be curious to ascertain whether the Cincinnati divorce courts regard hatred of mankind a good and sufficient cause for the severance of the marital relations.

A LABOR CITY.

Chicago is a great city. It boasts of being larger than New York. It is larger than London. Yesterday the body of a man who had been robbed and murdered was found on the corner of Western avenue and Ninety-fifth street by a traveler. It had evidently been there, undiscovered, for several days, and was partially devoured by wolves.

The object of the murderers had evidently been to destroy all clues to identify in case the body should ever be discovered. But some papers overlooked in one of the pockets proved the remains to be those of a butcher named Frederick Halutzler, who, when he left home, had three hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket.

Western avenue and Ninety-fifth street is out on the prairies, far from any human habitation. It is supposed that the murdered man was allured to the spot on a hunting expedition.

Yes, Chicago is a very large city.

MATTER OF CONGRATULATION.

The 4 per cent. bonds, which started among the people at 112 1/4, are now at 118 and 120, and are in sharp demand. It cannot be repeated too often nor too deeply impressed on the public mind that these bonds were sold in a lump to the syndicate of bankers at 104 1/2.

While the imbecility of the financiers who thus allowed the Government to be the purchaser of one of many millions of dollars for the benefit of a clique of wealthy speculative bankers will not readily be forgotten nor excused by the people, it is gratifying to find proof of the high credit of the Government in the popular demand for the bonds.

In this view of the affair, the imbecility of the Government has given the world, as it were, an object lesson of the credit the United States commands.

Still more gratifying is the proof afforded of the universal trust in the honor of the Government. The London Economist, a financial authority much relied upon by the English people, contended when the bonds went on the market that they were in fact silver bonds, and would assuredly be paid in silver when due. In spite of this assertion, the English people have been as eager as our own to obtain the bonds, and to-day they are the favorite security on the English market.

NOTHING BUT A FRAYED JAG LEFT.

John L. Sullivan, only a little while ago the fistic idol of the American people, is said to be dead broke in Jacksonville, Fla. John Harbeycorn has done him up. His theatrical company has disbanded, his trunks are in the hands of a Sheriff and he has nothing left but a frayed jag. The London Economist is convertible only into remorse, and will not be accepted as collateral for board or railroad fare anywhere by anybody.

The "champion of champions" is now a repentant wreck with an arm that will make a man of straw. The London brewer was going to take the ex-bruiser and his actors to Cuba, but in a sober moment he repented this rash promise, and now says he is willing to buy Sullivan a railroad ticket, provided John does not travel in the same direction with him.

How are the mighty kermuffled! Three years ago a grasp of the Boston boy's hand was a favor to brag about. To-day men pay good money to rid themselves of his presence. Fortune is a great biffer, isn't it?

Col. Waring tells the city plainly that it will cost \$2,000,000 to remove all the snow from all the city streets next winter. He shows, by comparing the present condition of streets from which the snow has been removed, with that of streets where it hasn't been touched, that it is the interest of the public health and decency that the removal shall be general. Then he says: "This is a question for the people to decide." Thus speaks the practical man.

"The work can be done, it ought to be done, it will cost so much," the Commissioner of Streets, Mr. Platt, says. It is necessary work, and it cannot be done for less money, the cost is not too great," should be the city's ready response.

The first official act of the new Park Board is to abolish the secret sessions. And it is most gratifying first act. If this Board ever has a special \$1,000,000 appropriation to spend, the public will be in a way to know how the money goes.

An effort is being made in England to get a State grant of \$25,000,000 to bid over the needs of the unemployed. So it comes to be a "State of the times" on the other side, too—whatever may be responsible for them.

"I don't give a d—n for politics in the conduct of municipal affairs." Thus Mayor Strong expressed himself yesterday. And the best of this particular big, big D is that the Mayor not only talks it, but acts accordingly.

An earthquake shock has been felt in Kirkwood, a St. Louis suburb. Kirkwood is a gold cure town, and the seismic disturbance may be due to the overloading of the atmosphere with discarded jags.

It was a mighty small pebble that the disaffected O'Brienites threw in refusing to endorse the Strong administration. The Mayor is secure in a bigger and better endorsement than theirs could be.

Mrs. Cleveland has joined the Women's Christian Temperance Union. A Washington despatch says: "There has been a tremendous effort made to conceal that fact from the public." Why?

Other baseball rules may change, but there remains that good one and old: "Go in to win." Let the Giants remember this when they return from their Big Bear practice.

The big bat bills are falling in all the legislatures. New Jersey has refused to accept. Who will say that woman's influence counts for naught in our government?

Gov. Morton denies that he made himself an outside busybody over New

York's municipal affairs. A wise man he, in the generation of a ridiculous ex-

Ex-Police Justice Jacob M. Patterson wants to be Commissioner of Charities and Correction. He has his own unanimous endorsement for the place.

If Mayor Strong can frighten off the office-hunter through using a big, big D now and then, more power to his blue streaks of eloquence, we say!

To Assemblyman La Petra, who introduced last night's attack on the Power of Removal bill at Albany: Keep off the grass. This is business.

Bitter political pills, washed down by Albany water, were too much for the ridiculous Boss. He's better, now, but his bossism isn't.

The Brooklyn trolley roads are running in their old form. We know this because a seven-year-old girl was killed on one of them yesterday.

The Power of Removal bill isn't in nearly so much danger from the Legislature as those who it affects are from Mayor Strong.

It seems rather a shame that the work on the new and needed St. Luke's Hospital should be stopped by a sympathy strike.

Mrs. Cleveland has joined the W. C. T. U., but the President will continue his mud-fishing and duck-shooting as usual.

Office-hunters wouldn't give the Mayor breathing-space, so he took it. Good! Keep taking it, Mayor Strong.

The Gerry Whipping-Post bill passed its third reading in the Senate yesterday. It has gone far too far.

Mayor Strong let it be plainly understood that there was no political plum for Mayor Plimley's plum.

Platt says he won't drink any more Albany water. The Albany whiskey is every bit as bad.

Revolution is said to be ripe in Cuba. Then let her revolutionize, as A. Ward was wont to remark.

Are the building trades sympathy strikers building as well as they know?

Riotous office-seekers have no rights which the Mayor is bound to respect.

New York is a pretty big town, but it has no room for sandbaggers.

"Congress now at work." An eleventh-hour Congress.

FATHER SNICKERBOCKER'S DIARY.

Feb. 28, 1895.—Mayor Strong, who has been taking his own time, has decided at last to take his own time. The Mayor is a Twenty-third District Republican and a reputed Plimley man. But the Mayor gave him plenty to understand that these were sub-considerations. Said Mr. Strong to Mr. Plimley: "There is no politics in my administration, and I want it understood that no man appointed by me is bound to any man or set of men. All I want is a pure, honest and upright administration of the city's affairs. I don't give a damn for politics in the conduct of municipal affairs. I have selected you for this office because I believe you will conduct it in the right way."

And I quote that big, big D in my diary with out a blank.

The Sly Oyster.

"The voice of the oyster," I heard him complain, "I have been here for some time, but I must slumber again. I'm fast and quite well—Have no doubt on that head—But say that I'm ill, and do leave me to be."

"Just a little more sleep," I said, "and you'll be all right." "I must slumber, my dear friends. I shall be at my best! Oh, let me repose. Say till May—May the one—When as every one knows—There's no 'I' in the month!"—London Punch.

Trilby's Front Overturned.

A couple of gold, as seen from our esteemed contemporary, The Tribune, is worth \$25,000,000.

Gov. Morton denies that he made himself an outside busybody over New



Go for Him, Boys! He Can't Kick.

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

The dog made the hit. I tell you it did. I can't help it. I admit that Ada Rehan was in the cast; that Maxine Elliott was in the cast. What of it? We have seen them all before, and to far better advantage than they appeared in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." You see, we are a very ticklish public. We get tired of people, even of those whom we admire. It's a perpetual struggle for novelty, and—never mind. I decline to argue the case. If you don't believe me, go and see for yourselves. I say once again, the dog made the hit. It was a trained dog, and it stood on its hind legs and looked wise, and "Jimmie" Lewis placed a red hat on its head and talked to it paternally. It stood there like patience on a monument and the audience howled with glee. That faithful audience didn't get many other opportunities for glee-howling, so the opolites with launce and his dog were hailed with joy. If you read them in your Shakespeare you'll see that they are rather naughty (finish this before you rush to your Shakespeare), but the dog made the hit. I repeat it—I shall continue to do so—the dog made the hit.

Shakespeare was done up with all the modern improvements at Daly's Theatre last night. I loathe humbugs, so I'm going to tell those fond admirers of the dog that they were not seeing a Shakespearean play, but a specialty performance to which "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was incidentally attached. If they enjoyed themselves—which I doubt, don't let them thank Shakespeare, but let them thank gratefully to Daly, who introduced the specialties and "arranged" the comedy into four acts, besides chopping out its naughtiness and tampering with its logic.

In addition to the dog that made the hit—it did, you know that—there was a man Thompson, who stood in a line that invaded in "The Old Homestead" and "Rory of the Hill." It was apropos of nothing at all, but it was quite pretty. It was not introduced in the Duke's palace—though it might have been, for Daly can do anything—but in a forest, near Milton's early Italian storm, and the lightning was really almost as good as that seen in "Shaft No. 2." I always maintain, and shall continue to do so until I am sore yet, that the lightning in "Shaft No. 2" is the finest I have ever seen. The lightning, however, was exceedingly bright, and if the dog hadn't made the hit—but you know it did—I'm quite sure that the lightning would have done so.

Then there was a dance in the third act arranged by Herr Carl Marwig—who would be nothing without the Herr. It was very pretty, and the dancing was of the sort that is called "the dance of the tra-la-la chorus." They always seem to reek with latest poetry. I wonder why tra-la-la is so popular, for, of course, there is really no meaning in it. But perhaps that is why it's popular. If the dog and the lightning hadn't been there, the tra-la-la would have made a hit.

The songs introduced were: "On a Day," music by Sir Henry Bishop; "The Merry Good Year," "Who Is Sylvia?," "Good Night, Good Rest," music by Sir Henry Bishop, and "Monarch of the Vine," music by Sir Henry Bishop. There was an altogether nice dose of Sir Henry Bishop. You grew to hate him before the evening was over. A soupon of Charles Harris, of Milwaukee, would have been a positive relief, and I can't see why Daly didn't introduce a dash of him, with the dog and lightning. True, the dog was not in the cast, but I said before, Daly can do anything. Sir Henry Bishop is like candy at 15 cents a pound—cheap and nasty.

"Two Gentlemen of Verona" is not a good acting comedy, and that is why it has not been more frequently acted. True, the dog made the hit, but the dog that made the hit before he ventured to produce it. Sylvia and Julia are most uninteresting ladies, and perfectly un-real. Fools say that they are postical because they are unreal. I don't believe it. It is quite possible to be postical and real. True postical is a reality. Then Proteus and Valentine are absolutely impossible. You can forgive Orlando in "As You Like It," when he fails to recognize Rosalind in bloomers, and a somehow or other, you owe Proteus a grudge when he doesn't know Julia. Launce and Antonio and the Duke of Mowbray are very dull folk.

Miss Rehan was Julia in her accustomed fustie style. She looked lovely in her chiffon gowns (chiffon gowns are s' Shakespearean). Miss Maxine Elliott made a distinct success, and it wasn't for agents who frequently acted for her benefit. Neither Frank Worthington nor John Craig can be complimented on his performance. They were two very artificial mouthing gentlemen of Verona. I shall say no more about the cast. Everybody was overshadowed by the dog. That dog will be discharged. Miss Rehan will go to Daly and say, "My legs, I'm the star of this company. You know that, to your cost. I'm not going to be cut out by a mere dog. I won't have it. Shoot the dog. My legs, shoot the dog. Things have come to a pretty pass when a queen, I am distinguished by a mere dog. I don't blame Rehan. I really don't. For the dog made the hit, and there's no denying it."

ALAN DALE.

BY OTHER EDITORS.

China's Unlucky Forgetting.

China invented gunpowder, but it was so long ago that she forgot what it was for—Cincinnati Tribune.

A May-Be Sensation.

Some of these days an American hotel will provoke a rip-roaring sensation by marrying an American—Washington Post.

Hint for New York and Brooklyn.

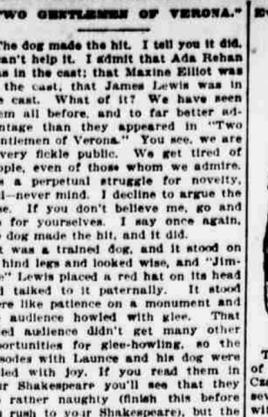
As soon as Baltimore feed the street-car companies for not putting fenders on their cars, some fenders were discovered. Here is a valuable pointer for Philadelphia—Philadelphia Press.

As It Goes.

Gov. Morton, of New York, appears to have sense as real and emphatic as the majority by which he was elected. He thinks that public sentiment sustains Mayor Strong—Boston Traveller.

Sugar Trust a Winner.

The Sugar Trust wide up the Congressional campaign a clear winner. There is every reason to believe that the American farmer will not get a large share of his products sold to foreign markets for a year to come that Mr. Harbison's bank account may be fat—Chicago Times.



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

Evening World's Gallery of Living Portraits.

What is there about death that we fear it so? Go out all the world that is well meaning, and you will find some ready or willing to die. Ask the religious, who believe in paradise hereafter, and they will reply, please heaven, they would live a little longer. Ask the infidel, who has no beliefs and no fears, and he will tell you he hates death. Ask the old, the sick, the blind, the poor, and they will all say that they can endure any ill in preference to death.

And yet we fear and hate it.

If it was not for this fear of death, we'd have no poor, no invalids; we'd have no unhappy persons. Only the rich, healthy, prosperous and happy would live. But we all, in our right mind, fear and hate death.

There are times when we can face death calmly. There are times when we can face our small bills that we don't care whether we live or die. Our illness has had the effect of blunting our fears. Often in deep sorrow we suffer so that the brain gets dull and slow, and death is no longer dreaded. Just as the body may become paralyzed so that it is dead to the sensation of pain, so illness or trouble may paralyze the brain so that fear of death is forgotten.

But with the brain active and normal, the dread of death is the strongest instinct in life.

I have noticed it even in animals. When a horse or bull is killed in the bull ring in Mexico all the other horses show the greatest fear. They will creep up to the fence and look on in the opening bars as they look towards when driven in to haul out the dead bodies.

Not only do they fear a dead animal, but dread the approach of death. I have a pet monkey that died of consumption, and when he felt death creeping over him he hung his little arms around my neck and cried as I thought only a human being could, and when he was dead his little hands were so tightly clasped about me that I could only with a difficulty unloose them.

A few weeks ago a dog of mine died—the dearest one to me. His death came suddenly, and when he felt it he was so terrified that he ran to his master and hid himself under his feet. The other dogs had loved him and understood that he was the pet. They saw him as he fell sick, and in helpless pity crowded around us.

But as soon as he was dead they looked at him and crept away, nor could anything induce them to return.

In fact, so frightened was one that over which he will cry with fear if left alone in a room, and now he is ill, I am convinced, to the shock and dread of death.

The same fear holds good with human beings. We never lose our dear ones so much as when they fall ill. We nurse them tenderly; there is nothing we will not do for them and our love seems to be increased with their weakness. At the moment the breath leaves the body we shrink back in fear. It is no longer our dear one; it is death and we fear and dread it. Where before we could love and careen them, now we shrink from them with their weakness. Where before we would nurse them and care for them, we frightenedly seek the aid of a stranger to perform the duties that now fill us with terror.

It is not our dear ones we fear and dread; it's death, horrible death!—NELLIE BLY.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Goats are coming over the sea; What are the girls they bear for me? Bringeth one in his dusky hood? Whose hair is like the sunset glow? Sateeth a lad or the ocean's brine Whose shadow for aye shall bleed with mine? Rears a dove on a peaceful deck, Croaks a raven of doom and woe?

Ships are coming over the sea; Who can tell what their freight may be? Bringeth one in his dusky hood? Whose hair is like the sunset glow? Sateeth a lad or the ocean's brine Whose shadow for aye shall bleed with mine? Rears a dove on a peaceful deck, Croaks a raven of doom and woe?

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OVER THE SEA.

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CHARGE OF THE PLACE-HUNTERS.

At the door, at the door, At the door, thunder! All in the City Hunt, Men by the hundred, "Charge for the Mayor!" they yelled, All by one aim impelled, Into the City Hall Piled quills six hundred.

"Forward, the Grab Brigade!" They roared, a man shouted, "Nay!" for well they knew, Tom Platt had blundered. There's not a care for Grace, There's but to sweep a place; Into the Chief Clerk's den Rushed those six hundred.

Coppers to right of them, Coppers to left of them, Coppers in front of them, Loud curses thundered. Stormed at, no Grabbers feared, Boldly they went pell-mell Into His Honor's room, Shouting, "Say, what tell!" Squeezed the six hundred.

Fat jobs to right of them, Fat jobs to left of them, Fat jobs behind them, Others had plundered. Stormed at as out they fell, They that had fought so well, Came from the City Hall, Not one had got a smell of all Strong's patronage. "Lads!" were six hundred!

When will these Grabbers fade? Oh the vile charge they made! All God goes Grabbered! Shame on the Grab Brigade! Shame on the Grab Brigade! Wretched six hundred!—N. A. J.

An Unlucky Number.

Ray—The number 13 is awful unlucky, isn't it?

Agins—Why do you think so?

Ray—There's just 13 in our spelling class, and I've been at the foot of it ever since it started.

Suec & Smith's Good News.

GREAT MEN OF OUR OWN TIME.

The most interesting man in the Assembly at Albany to the ladies should be the Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, A. H. Gardiner, of Columbia County, because he holds the fate of the leading woman suffrage bill in his hands. Here is a picture of him. Mr. Gardiner is regarded as a being of ability. He is a gentleman of imposing dignity, not as approachable as most of his colleagues, although his fellow-townsmen at Albany to the ladies should be the Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, A. H. Gardiner, of Columbia County, because he holds the fate of the leading woman suffrage bill in his hands. Here is a picture of him. Mr. Gardiner is regarded as a being of ability. He is a gentleman of imposing dignity, not as approachable as most of his colleagues, although his fellow-townsmen at Albany to the ladies should be the Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, A. H. Gardiner, of Columbia County, because he holds the fate of the leading woman suffrage bill in his hands. 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