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The Greatest Daily Circulation Ever Attained by the World or Any Other Newspaper Printed in English Language.

HOW FOR THE DUCKS!

Congress, with his able assistance, having made ducks and drakes of National finances and public interests generally, Mr. Cleveland is now about to pursue his sporting proclivities in other waters.

Mr. Cleveland's penchant for ducks is well known. Indeed a gentleman not a thousand miles from Mr. Pierpont Morgan's office is said to have remarked recently that Mr. Cleveland was a good deal of a duck himself.

Doubtless Mr. Cleveland lays down for a time the burden of office reluctantly, and with an idea that public apprehension and even unfriendly criticism may be aroused by his act. But we can assure him that he is mistaken.

Nobody begrudges Mr. Cleveland his vacation, nor even the Government coat, wood and oil that will be consumed by the Violet during his trip. The American public is perfectly willing to let Mr. Cleveland go on a vacation whenever he chooses. Indeed, there are those who would say that the longer he stays the longer he stayed the better for the country.

Good luck, therefore, to the President, and condolences to the Carolina ducks!

HOW IT IS OVER.

It is to be hoped the American people have had enough of the Gould-Castellane wedding by this time, and that the crowd of gaping idiots who thronged the neighborhood of the Gould residence yesterday at noon are the last who will suffer themselves to grow excited over the wedding of an amiable, ordinary-looking young man, one of the heirs of a successful business, and the heiress of a successful family, to a little Frenchman wearing a washed-out title and smart enough to sell for a good round sum.

No one will deny that the ostentatious display of wealth by the Gould family and the strutting after notices in this marriage has been thoroughly vulgar. Many people will excuse it on the ground that people who are rich have a right to spend their money in any manner they please. But it certainly would have been better if the Gould money had been made as a less objectionable manner; if it had not been hoarded at the cost of wreck and ruin and misery to thousands; if it was free from trickery and fraud in its accumulation, and if those who enjoy it, while flaunting it before the eyes of the people of New York, did not dodge the payment of just and fair taxation for the protection they receive and the benefits they enjoy in common with all other citizens of the State and city.

The people will wish all happiness to the married pair, who are young and have a long life before them. But true Americans will regret the hankering of our women after beggarly foreign titles, and persons of good taste will condemn the vulgar display made over yesterday's wedding.

POT AND KETTLE.

When the tickers yesterday tapped off the news of the final adjournment of the Fifty-third Congress there was an exciting interlude on the Stock Exchange. Business was suspended while a sort of impromptu jubilee was held. Old brokers took off their spectacles and danced can-can with their younger associates. Fat brokers essayed "boom-de-ays" and high kicking. Lean brokers whirled over the floor in the mazy whirl of the waltz. All brokers yelled and shouted as only stock brokers can yell and shout, and all hats went up towards the ceiling with an utter disregard of the hardness of the times.

All this was to signify the delight of the stock brokers at the fact that such a disturbing element as the Fifty-third Congress was at rest forever, and that the business of the country was no longer at the mercy of a lot of Representative incapables and Senatorial sugar speculators at Washington. The feeling of satisfaction at the adjournment was general. It has long been known that the Fifty-third Congress, with all its splendid opportunities, was utterly incapable of aiding the country at a time of financial danger and business prostration, and that its meddling and blinding legislation policy, its political jealousies and its general unreliable character made its existence a public evil.

MONOPOLY ROUTED.

The United States Supreme Court yesterday rendered a unanimous decision in the suit involving the continuance of the patents of the Edison Telephone and the General Electric Lighting Company, including the Edison incandescent lamp. The decision terminates the patents, and affects monopolistic interests said to reach six hundred million dollars of capital.

Of course, it will be necessary to obtain the full decision before understanding just how far it reaches. But the persons interested adversely to the patents declare that it completely sets at rest the question of their continuance and finally terminates the three Edison patents for the carbon transmitter owned by the American Bell Telephone Company, and a number of other very broad patents owned by the General Electric Company, including the important patent on the incandescent lamp. The opinion is written by Justice Harlan. It will be generally received with satisfaction. The inventors or those who have made the great inventions available have enjoyed, as they deserve to enjoy, very large emoluments. Enormous fortunes have been made, and the valuations warrant large remunerations. But the people's interests are to be studied, and it is well that they have met protection in the highest court in the land.

AN ELYSIUM DOWN THE BAY.

State Island is almost without any of its proximity to spottiness was brought to the attention of the Richmond County Grand Jury yesterday by Judge Richard, who in his charge to that body said there were only nine criminal cases on the court calendar and one new case for them to consider, and the new one was to some extent technical, growing out of a dispute about the extension of a school fund.

New Yorkers who have been hearing for the past two years of the woful wickedness of the metropolis will now know where to go if they wish to inhale the pure and fragrant air of innocence and the lap of idleness. The island is a beautiful and fertile unparaled inducement as a soul-elevating resort. The road to it is difficult as the narrow and straight path to heaven, for it takes a strong constitution to stand a trip on one of the S. I. R. Company's ferry-boats.

We have to congratulate several esteemed contemporaries upon their enterprise in putting upon the street at noon yesterday editions announcing that the Gould-Castellane wedding had taken place at that hour. True, the editions, aside from this false information, contained nothing as to the wedding but the preliminary details which had appeared in our issue of the "Evening World" an hour before, and this one piece of news was somewhat discredited by the edition of the "Evening World" immediately after 12.43, which was the time the ceremony actually took place. Still, congratulations are in order, for a fake heat is no small matter for a newspaper that never gets any other kind. We are always glad to recognize enterprise, even if it is a little premature. Our own specialty is to print the news when it happens, but we are not content to give it when who prefer to print it three-quarters of an hour before it takes place. But what an awkward thing it would have been if something had happened to postpone that wedding!

A bill offered by Mr. Pavey. In the Assembly proposes to prohibit the opening of barber shops after 1 P. M. on Sunday. But if the present laws were enforced to the letter the shops couldn't open at all on Sunday. Why complicate things by using one law to compound offenses committed under another law?

Broad of brokers throwing up their hats in rejecting over the adjournment of Congress. Would it not have been a funny exhibition if the Senate and House of Representatives of the Fifty-third Congress should have been found throwing their hats and floors of their chambers at the intelligence that the stock gamblers of the Exchange had gone out of existence?

The Stock Exchange exhibition was intended to imply deep regard for the public interests. But is it not an illustration of the old story of the pot and the kettle?

Why is it that the "Come On" is always the only one arrested in a green-goods case?

A broken overhead wire, as neatly as the juggernauts on the track ever killed a schoolboy.

The Power of Removal bill has stood too long as the one reform accomplishment of the reform Legislature.

The police census of New York will begin April 1, at the same time that the foot-finder starts in to have fun.

Warner Miller's position is a compromise one. He stands on all sides of the Republican question.

The Hon. Warner Miller is prepared for any sudden change in the position of the breastworks.

While the lamps hold out to burn the vile atmosphere pervades the "L" road car at night.

We've had Boss Croker. We have Boss Platt. Are we now going to have Boss Warner Miller?

As to Tom Platt and Warner Miller, it seems to be a case of "can't play in my yard."

Mr. Miller is not for Platt, unless—And equally, he is not against Platt, unless—

Diver, Koch, Grady et al. we still have with us. How long, O Legislature?

It appears that Lord Rosebery is in much worse health than his Administration.

If another census of the city is to be taken, let it be one that will count.

The Brooklyn trolley bosses should be called down and kept down.

The President doesn't trust his duck-shooting to a syndicate.

"Congress out of the way." Well put.

Who spoke of the breath of Spring?

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S DIARY.

March 4, 1895.—I draw a long breath of relief. The daughter of Jay Gould is safely married to the son of a French Marquis, and this city of mine is once more at liberty to do about its own business.

Somebody has been getting into the office of the "Evening World" and has been tampering with the copy of the "Evening World" an hour before, and this one piece of news was somewhat discredited by the edition of the "Evening World" immediately after 12.43, which was the time the ceremony actually took place. Still, congratulations are in order, for a fake heat is no small matter for a newspaper that never gets any other kind. We are always glad to recognize enterprise, even if it is a little premature. Our own specialty is to print the news when it happens, but we are not content to give it when who prefer to print it three-quarters of an hour before it takes place. But what an awkward thing it would have been if something had happened to postpone that wedding!

Here is a quiet little South American revolution asking into history and we can't help but be interested about it. Rebels have captured the town of Cucuta Santander, United States of Colombia, and Government troops are now trying to get Cucuta back. How Cucuta little revolution it is!

Says Warner Miller: "It is now an admitted fact that I was defrauded of the Governorship of the State of New York by frauds committed in New York City and Brooklyn." How that makes Tom Platt laugh.

As things have gone up to date the Republican Legislature at Albany should be the last body in the world to throw stones at the corpse of the Democratic Fifty-third Congress.



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ARGUMENTS FOR THE LASH.

What the Advocates of the Whipping Post in New York Has to Say. (Illustrated by T. Gerry, The North American Review.)

While it is true that it is the object of society to reform the criminal, it is not the policy of the State to encourage imprudence as a matter of public economy, that involves expense to the State. Every fresh convict imprisoned costs something to maintain and keep, and the State which could entirely obviate the necessity of a State prison would reap an enormous pecuniary benefit by offering a correspondingly large salary and expense. It is a question worth considering, then, not simply as a deterrent of crime, but as a question of political economy, whether, in addition to imprisonment, some other means may not be judiciously resorted to which would tend, at all events, to lessen and diminish the commission of crime even if it were ineffective to absolutely prevent it.

Corporal punishment is today the principal method of enforcing obedience to the rules and regulations of the prisons in which convicts are confined. It possesses the advantage, when properly inflicted under medical supervision, of inflicting the least amount of suffering which is applied, so of interfering with his personal avocations. At the same time, the infliction of physical pain is something which the lower criminal instinctively shrinks from, and which they shrink from so much that they will willingly avoid it if they can. It is an argument which can be appreciated, no matter how illiterate they are, or how debased by crime, or how hoodwinked by indulgence in liquor.

There are crimes which Lord Coke says are not so much as to be named among Christians. They involve the infliction of death for the offender, whose specific crime is the fact, and are carefully preserved and can be produced to verify this startling statement at any time it may be so desired. "Something must be done, imprisonment would be of no use, and the only way which can be successful is that which has been tried elsewhere, in cases where the character of the offense indicates that it consists in a crime which is not a crime of the blood, and which, unless checked, will result in the wreck and ruin of helpless childhood in this State to an extent unparelleled either by this or any other State.

Maryland and Delaware utilize this mode of punishment in cases of wife-beating and offenses against the person. The punishment itself has been held by the Supreme Court of the former State to be neither cruel nor unusual within the constitutional prohibition. The State, in Maryland, in Indiana, and in Georgia, it is permissible to enforce prison regulations. But the great plea for its necessity at the present time is the feasible and probable prevention of those nameless crimes referred to, and which, unless checked, will result in the wreck and ruin of helpless childhood in this State to an extent unparelleled either by this or any other State.

Deegan's Apply in Wife-Beaters Now.

Why is the loud cry from all sides against the Gerry whipping-post? Should not such crimes as it is intended for to be in their own order? It has been proven by many years' trial that merely imprisonment or a fine will not stop wife-beating; therefore common sense tells us that a more severe punishment should be inflicted, and eventually one would be reached which would finally reduce the number of such cases of brutality by husbands. But, on the other hand, if the old method be clung to, our jails, etc., will always be full, and the inmates of such institutions will continue to be a public nuisance.

He Saw It Work.

I have noticed recently in "The Evening World" letters condemning the whipping-post. This is done through ignorance. I had the pleasure of visiting New Castle, Del., shortly after Nellie Bly wrote her famous article regarding the whipping-post. I saw it in operation, and I must say that it is a good institution.

GREAT MEN OF OUR OWN TIME.

The most substantial of the "eleven virgins," as the New York City delegation in the Assembly at Albany called them, was distinguished as the first reformer to attempt the course of Mayor Strong, and as he had been at Albany before his services were of inestimable value in organizing the anti-Platt party in the lower house.

Mr. Lawson is a tall, portly man, with a shrewd face, and is very industrious in the interest of reform. He is about forty-five years old.

IN THE GOOD OLD TIME.

(After the style of Alaska) Montana's moon is moving, love, Through its imperial sky, Love's not still a wailing, love, With heaven's bright, love, Fantastically profane, love, Well, glow, bright clouds, sublime, As if thou art still as loving, love, As in the good old time.

Montana's tar is melting, love, On the bright, love, The sky counterfeiting, love, An contemplative, love, In love's reflective, love, All sense with self in chime, love, As I, your eyes once seeing, love, Lost in the good old time.

Montana's words are wailing, love, With love's low plaint, the sky, The light-deep sea, love, Responses to each sigh, love, So soft each pulse, love, On the love-living, love, The heart, each of us, love, Remains the good old time.

Montana's mountains are loaming, love, Like combs along the sky, Flourent peaks assuming, love, A love's symmetry, love, Love makes my heart in chime, love, Till thy love, love, Revives the good old time.

States and the Cabinet.

No less than twelve of the forty-four States have never been represented in a Cabinet of a President of the United States—California, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Washington and Wyoming— Rochester Post-Express.

Soldness in Public Life.

Bumrack's complaint that he has not had twenty-four hours of happiness in public life will be repaid by a number of men in political life in this country. At the same time few realize, and none yearn for the happy land far away.—Philadelphia Record.

Turn About.



This is a picture of the French Premier whose declaration in favor of an international understanding on the subject of the question is encouraging the silver-ties.

THE CLEANER'S BUDGET.

A second-hand book seller, who has a small piece of business on the west side, is possessed of an original sense of humor. His jokes are always "seasoned" and he knows how to realize on them is evident from the fact that the other day he hung out a placard on which he had printed the following:

DURING LENT I WILL ABSTAIN FROM PROFIT.

I was sorry to notice that notwithstanding this assurance the bookseller was apparently not doing a rushing business.

The recent resignation of Superintendent of Police Patrick Campbell, of Brooklyn, because it was claimed by Commissioner Welles he was too old, possessing grim humor, when it is discovered that Mr. Welles is only one year younger than the now pensioned Superintendent, but as they belong to different political parties, it is inferred that one year, perhaps, makes a score.

A small town near New York boasts of a spring of water that purifies everything that is dropped into it. In my possession several objects found by several persons, and which were close to where said water flows, and the appearance of the natural fruit as to deceive the most optical.

Somebody has taken pains to calculate the possible effect of the proposed Albany law providing for cumulative sentences for habitual drunkards. The second sentence is to double the first, the third double that of the second, and so on. Should one of these offenders go on and on to his father's family, he will take the first day's sentence for his first offense, be convicted of twenty-four for 14,777.34 days, or a little less than 40,994 years. Even with the necessary commutation, however, that would be rather a heavy penalty to attach to the carrying of a friendly jar.

One of the most picturesque sights in New York is obtained from the windows on the right-hand side of an uptown Sixth Avenue "L" train, any night, as the train glides along the elevated track, and the display of gaslights and electric lights in the streets and avenues far below the height of the elevated track; the effect, on a moonless night, is that of a city of lights, and the effect is particularly bright stars, which have apparently been arranged with a studied avoidance of all system.

CLUBS OF NEW YORK.—The Beethoven Mace-bearer.

Eight young men organized the Beethoven Mace-bearer Club, in a little place in Third Street. Now it is one of New York's biggest and best. It is a singing-school for children and classes for ladies have been among the Society's enterprises. The Beethoven has taken a prominent part in all the great German musical festivals in New York and have delighted the people of a number of other cities with their concerts. They sang at the dedication of the Beethoven Monument in Central Park and rendered choruses in connection with the Grand funeral ceremonies.

REPLIES TO DR. EDSON'S ANALYSIS OF NAGGING AS A SCIENCE AND AN ART. (From the North American Review.)

"Nagging is not a vice that attaches to sex, but is rather the outcome of a physical condition that is chiefly dependent on the amount of blood in the system."—Edna.

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YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.

It Calls Forth Comments from "Evening World" Readers.

To the Editor: Would you be kind enough to lay the following questions before your readers? Would there have been an aristocratic marriage in the Gould family if the "Wizard of Wall Street" were still alive?

How much water had to be put into "L" road and other street to enable the family to purchase a real live count?

Would Archbishop Corrigan give a dispensation and personally attend a wedding during Lent if the bride were not the richest Protestant girl in America, and if the marriage contract would not contain the promise that the children of the newly married couple shall be brought up in the religion of the husband?

How much will be the amount of commission due to that well-known matrimonial agency which supplies titled foreigners to American brides? Would it not be an appropriate motto for the new Castilians crest: Non dicit?

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

Parley a Love Affair.

To the Editor: Sir: I think Miss Anna Gould should have had at least three marriage ceremonies. It is too common to have only one performed. A marriage like hers that is "for true love only," cannot be performed too often, and one of the bride's friends told me—her sister I think—that it was a pure love affair, and we believe her; yes, we do; and I will prove to the public at large it is a marriage for real love—and great love—yes, sir, because one of the parties is a girl who is so much that she is willing to pay two millions for it as well as the bonds are signed. Of course, fifteen millions and a young lady goes with the bargain. And the dear little effeminate Count—God bless him and make him physically stronger for his labor of love—he loves the gold so much he marries "the lady." Don't tell me it is not a love affair. There never was such a love affair in this country before. No, sir, American men are not in it. Love at first sight, love for a title, love for gold—yes, American girl—great love, strong love, love with all your heart and soul, love for millions.

JOHN HENRY.

Too Late for This Now.

Although \$2,000,000 was a large bid, would it not be a good plan for the "Count" to have a few circulars printed (I am quite sure that any printer would furnish the same gratis, which, on the proceeds, the Count would be enabled to meet the necessary expenses in crossing the pond) as follows:

POSITIVELY THE LAST DAY OF SALE.

A Few of the Bargains.

My autograph.....\$10.00 A lock of my hair.....\$2.00 A grip of my hand, per shake.....\$3.00 To catch a glimpse of me.....\$1.00 COME EARLY, SO AS TO AVOID THE RUSH.

GEORGE W. HARVEY.

Poor Little Baby!

To the Editor: At 5:30 P. M. my wife presented me with a singing baby boy. In honor of the great wedding which will take place tomorrow, I named him Castellane Gould Condon. With best wishes for the happy pair.

T. J. CONLON.

"EVENING WORLD" GUIDE-BOOK.

Clubs of New York.—The Beethoven Mace-bearer.

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HOUSE OF HOME.

The lace muffs or the muffs with lace ruffles about the hands look best with a gold or silver chain. It is well, by the way, to bear in mind that nothing makes the hand look prettier than lace. Its softness seems to bring out all its beauties and to make it look much smaller than it really is, and a muff made of lace or chiffon held on with a gold or silver chain studded with diamonds or pearls is about as becoming and as handsome an addition to any woman's toilet as can well be imagined.

Fancies for the Fair.

In Paris women are wearing a long black velvet strip that has the effect of the clergyman's stole.

White broadcloth embroidered in gold are newest piano covers. They are sufficiently elegant to cause talk.

Fayette silk is quite the ideal material for tea gowns and evening