The World.
Published by the Press Publishing Company, 63 to 63 PARK ROW, New York.

MONDAY, SEPT. 30, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD (including postage):
PER MONTH..... 50c.
PER YEAR..... $3.50

Vol. 36.....No. 12,450

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave. at 326 st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—509 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Press Building, 702 Chestnut st.
WASHINGTON—703 14th st.

6,477 PER DAY. GAIN OVER JULY.

THE WORLD'S GREAT AUGUST CIRCULATION,

560,655

PER DAY.

This EXCEEDS the COMBINED CIRCULATION of ten New York newspapers, or, to be more specific, is OVER 100,000 more than the COMBINED CIRCULATION of

The Herald, The Telegram, The Sun, The Evening Sun, The Times, The Tribune, The Evening Post, The Mail and Express, The Commercial Advertiser and The Morning Journal.

CIRCULATION FOR

August, 1885	340,878 per day
August, 1894	487,121 per day
August, 1895	562,375 per day
August, 1895	561,532 per day
Gain in one year	73,234
Gain in four years	226,680
Gain in thirteen years	536,423

BLUE LAWS! OH, NO!

Warner Miller's Sunday laws, which are not in his opinion blue laws, which the Republican party is bound to maintain and which Roosevelt and Strong are bent on strictly enforcing, had an "inning" in Brooklyn yesterday.

August Markert, of Seventh avenue, in that reformed city, is a tonsorial artist. Yesterday he had a happy event on hand. His baby was to be christened, and all the delicacies for the occasion had been provided. Mrs. M. sat up late on Saturday night to fix the rooms and make the table ready for the christening feast. All day long her hands had been as white with flour as her husband's customers' faces had been with soap.

Markert rose promptly at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. While he was dressing, an early newsboy shouted through the door: "Mr. Markert, here's Mr. Ickelsbach wants a shave." "All right," was August's reply, "let him sit down and wait." Then Markert, as he pleads, forgot the Sunday law in his expectant joy over the christening and began to shave Ickelsbach.

He had got off one side of the Ickelsbach beard when a burly policeman arrested him.

In vain Markert urged the christening party. In vain the half-shaved Ickelsbach protested. The artist was dragged to the police station and locked up on the charge. Ickelsbach went home and frightened his wife into a fit; the christening pies were wasted; the christening guests were disappointed; the minister went without his fee, and the infant Markert is still outside the pale of the Church.

Yet Warner Miller says there Republican laws are not blue laws, the Republican party says they must and shall be maintained, and Roosevelt, Strong & Co. say they shall be strictly enforced.

The enforcement of the Sunday laws was again subject yesterday to the Rooseveltian discrimination. Yet they are all laws.

WHAT AMERICANS WOULD LIKE.

Great Britain seems to have quit fooling with China and fourteen English war ships before Nankin will drive that fact into the dullest pig-tailed head this week, according to the stories that come from Shanghai and London.

The British ultimatum is that an edict must issue before fourteen days degrading the Viceroy of the province of Sechuen, in which the missionary riots occurred. The beheading of a few of the rabble, the least responsible for the murders and outrages, and letting the principals go free will not do.

China is in a bad way all round and she deserves all she can get. But Americans would very much like to see the United States shoulder to shoulder with Great Britain at Nankin if not a little in advance. Our people are not in favor of stupid jingoism, but they do like a decisive, resolute foreign policy that will make all the world recognize the fact that the American Republic is the leading power of the earth.

It is now cool enough to talk politics. Therefore, speak up for home rule and the right kind of local option.

A CONSOLATION PACE.

Really, we could not afford to do it. We should not have been very sorry to see the plucky little English boat Spruce IV. win the Seawanhaka Cup. But after the Valkyrie affair it became a matter of pride to beat the English in everything if only to show them that they have no earthly show with Americans unless the latter let them win out of courtesy, as Mr. Gould's Niagara gave a Queen's cup to the Prince of Wales.

The American boat Ethelwynn won the cup in Saturday's final race, defeating the little Briton with nearly eleven minutes to spare.

In horse racing, in yachting, in fighting, in shooting, in all athletic sports going, America has beaten old England. Yes, the English did win one event at Travers Island on Saturday. An English athlete captured the one and a half mile run. But then it would have falsified history if the Englishman had not run before the American.

The only difference was that the race won by the English athlete on Saturday was a "consolation" race, while in the historical running of Britishers away from Americans there was no consolation at all for the English.

That was a fine frosty tingle in this morning's air. Is there any Autumn like New York's?

A PRETTY MUDDLE.

The Good Government clubs are in a quandary. They see no reason why they should not receive the reward of their work just as much as the Committee of Seventy. But how are they to get what they want in a combination for county offices that will be at all likely to win?

The Republicans are three-fourths of any successful union against the regular Democracy. Besides the Judgeships, there are only two good fat county offices, the County Clerk and the Register, and the ultimatum of the Republicans in the matter of union is both these offices and half the Judgeships.

There are only eight Judges and Justices in all. The Republicans take four. The Grace Democracy two. The Sheehans at least one. That leaves one Judge or Justice to be fought for between the German hollers, the O'Brien men and the G. G. C's.

Then there are the excise and Sunday blue laws. Warner Miller has told us what Republican success means in this direction. Strong, Roosevelt and Murray will not allow anything that interferes with saloon-closing on Sundays. What union can they make with the Grace men, the Sheehan men and any portion of the Germans on this issue?

The truth is, Roosevelt, Strong and Warner Miller between them have raised a ghost that will not be laid, and excise, even more than the grab for spoils threatens an unsurmountable barrier against a combine on a county ticket this year.

A Philadelphia firm will send a lot of locomotives to Russia. But these will not be the only American ideas which will get up steam in the Czar's dominions.

WHERE THE BLOOMERS CAME FROM.

The new woman isn't as new as she thinks she is. Lieut. Peary, now en route home from the Arctic regions, has discovered, among other interesting things, that the Esquimau women are the pioneer bloomer-wearers. The only difference between their bloomers and the new woman's is that the Arctic ladies make them of sealskin and wear a high-water pattern that shows a stretch of bare limb between the terminus of the bloomer and the top of the boot.

If the new woman knew that she was plagiarizing the Esquimau costume she acted wisely in eschewing some of the tastes and habits that go with it up in the Icy North. How would she look in a restaurant nibbling at whale's blubber instead of chicken salad, or in a confectionery munching tallow candles instead of refreshing her cherry lips with spoonfuls of ice-cream?

So far as the sealskin in the Arctic bloomers is concerned, that does not make much difference. Our girls may get into the sealskin, too, when the weather grows colder. A London novelty is a dress made entirely of fur. Why not, then, bloomers, like Bryan O'Lynn's breeches—with the furry side out, however?

New York needs Governor's Island for a water park more than the Government needs it for a military station. The proposal to garrison the island with a couple of regiments of regulars, which Gen. Schofield opposed and Gen. Miles will, it is said, advocate before the War Department, is a silly one. The city is amply prepared to face all emergencies which may call for military force. It asks nothing of Uncle Sam's bluecoats while it has its own police and militiamen. Governor's Island, fully garrisoned, would be merely a military show place.

If those foreign astronomers had been well posted, they would not have started the foundations for a new comet scare. They should understand now, once for all, that the celestial wanderer of which they speak is recognized in the platform of neither of the great parties in the Empire State. Not Mr. Faye's comet, nor any other, would dare to come into collision with this earth under such circumstances. It would be plainly out of order, and the chairman would so rule.

We may beat British yachts and athletes, but Britain is far ahead of us in laying down the law to the ugly Chinese. She has already presented her ultimatum to the Government at Pekin, in the matter of the Kucheng outrages, and will back up her case with a demonstration by a fleet of fourteen warships. Meanwhile, we are entertained with stories of fishing at Gray Gables and of a Sunday dinner on the Benedict yacht.

"Still selling protection. Entire detective force of one precinct to be transferred and sent back to patrol duty. Same condition of affairs said to exist in other precincts." This in the first year of the reign of Roosevelt I. And among the first fruits of the warfare against Sunday side-doors was to have been the suppression of police blackmailing.

The Roosevelt board fence and the Platt breastworks loom forbiddingly between the factions of reform. But both ought, by their very existence, to serve the end of promoting the revolt through which New York and the other large cities of the State will be unchained.

If the Fave comet will come fast enough, it may hit the earth before Fitzsimmons hits Corbett. This will lift a great load of responsibility from the shoulders of Gov. Culberson.

Bridge passengers are to be congratulated on the opening of the new terminal station in Brooklyn.

It was another uneventful Sunday for the clubs, by dispensation of Roosevelt.

Congratulations to Baltimore and her two-times pennant-winners.

It's the Ethelwynn's cup, despite that bad slip of last Thursday.

Baseball will be better in New York in '96 or it will die.

The woman bicyclist who caused the arrest yesterday in upper Seventh avenue of a driver who crowded her to the curbstone, did a favor to all devotees of the wheel.

Good times insure against a Winter of discontent.

Call it, rather, the Republican Big Four-in-One.

Good-by, September—and the baseball of '95.

The football face is almost due.

THE BIG FOUR—NEW.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

A number of years ago my attention was attracted to a group of women at the corner of Bleecker and Greene streets, the central figure of which was a very pretty girl, certainly not more than eighteen, whose face was already marked by dissipation. She was crying, and between her sobs explained that her "fellow" had struck her because she had no money to give him. One of the other women told me her name was "Baby" S——, and, pointing to a man across the street, said that he was Johnny S——, the man who had struck "Baby." A year or two later I dropped into a mock auction store on the Bowery. Some one leaned over my shoulder and assured me that the cigars then being offered were "cheap as bull beef at a cent a pound." I turned and found Johnny S——. He had secured an engagement as "capper." Some time after I was crossing the ferry to Brooklyn at a very late hour. It was raining, and I had forgotten my umbrella. Johnny S——was on the boat with three silk umbrellas under his arm. I suppose he had found them. The next time I saw Johnny was on one of the avenues. He was in the uniform of a policeman. I had witnessed an interesting evolution.

* * *

There is a lawyer in this city who is always full of fun, witty and a charming fellow, but who will look upon the wine when it is red. One day he went to Supreme Court Chambers. He was far from sober, but when the time came for him to address the Justice upon the bench he arose unsteadily, and, bracing himself with a chair, began, "Y'r Hon'r, I have a—hic—a motion to make which"—— "Stop!" said the Justice, in a severe tone, "you are too intoxicated, sir, to make any motion in these Chambers today." The lawyer gazed at the Justice for a moment, and then said, gravely: "Y'r Hon'r, I have been practicing at the bar in this—hic—city for many, many years, and in this—in Y'r Hon'r's court, I may say, Y'r Hon'r, that this is the first time that I could ever thoroughly coincide with one of Y'r Hon'r's opinions." Then he sat down. THE GLEANER.

The Weather Changes.

A nipping and an eager air
Will presently be all—
Those bloomer costumes they have donned
Will never do at all.
When grim November's piercing winds
Their shivering faces strike,
She'll have to wear an overcoat
Whene'er she rides the bike.
—Washington Star.

HOW COULD IT BE OTHERWISE?

"She knows the ropes."

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

MISS KATE HOGAN.

This is a picture of a woman lawyer, who wants to be Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools. It is the first time a woman has aspired to such an office in New York.

Good-by, September—and the football of '95.

The football face is almost due.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

A number of years ago my attention was attracted to a group of women at the corner of Bleecker and Greene streets, the central figure of which was a very pretty girl, certainly not more than eighteen, whose face was already marked by dissipation. She was crying, and between her sobs explained that her "fellow" had struck her because she had no money to give him. One of the other women told me her name was "Baby" S——, and, pointing to a man across the street, said that he was Johnny S——, the man who had struck "Baby." A year or two later I dropped into a mock auction store on the Bowery. Some one leaned over my shoulder and assured me that the cigars then being offered were "cheap as bull beef at a cent a pound." I turned and found Johnny S——. He had secured an engagement as "capper." Some time after I was crossing the ferry to Brooklyn at a very late hour. It was raining, and I had forgotten my umbrella. Johnny S——was on the boat with three silk umbrellas under his arm. I suppose he had found them. The next time I saw Johnny was on one of the avenues. He was in the uniform of a policeman. I had witnessed an interesting evolution.

* * *

There is a lawyer in this city who is always full of fun, witty and a charming fellow, but who will look upon the wine when it is red. One day he went to Supreme Court Chambers. He was far from sober, but when the time came for him to address the Justice upon the bench he arose unsteadily, and, bracing himself with a chair, began, "Y'r Hon'r, I have a—hic—a motion to make which"—— "Stop!" said the Justice, in a severe tone, "you are too intoxicated, sir, to make any motion in these Chambers today." The lawyer gazed at the Justice for a moment, and then said, gravely: "Y'r Hon'r, I have been practicing at the bar in this—hic—city for many, many years, and in this—in Y'r Hon'r's court, I may say, Y'r Hon'r, that this is the first time that I could ever thoroughly coincide with one of Y'r Hon'r's opinions." Then he sat down. THE GLEANER.

The Weather Changes.

A nipping and an eager air
Will presently be all—
Those bloomer costumes they have donned
Will never do at all.
When grim November's piercing winds
Their shivering faces strike,
She'll have to wear an overcoat
Whene'er she rides the bike.
—Washington Star.

HOW COULD IT BE OTHERWISE?

"She knows the ropes."

DUTY NOBLY DONE—NIT.

The guests were assembled in the spacious drawing room of one of the foremost citizens of New York. It was Sunday evening. They had come together in response to invitations to dinner, and the host's dinners were justly famous. Among the guests were the Pun, Terror Whoafelt, the Hon. Warning Filler, a number of members of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Unmitigated Goobers, and one or two military men who had fought with Mr. Filler outside the breastworks years agone.

"Dinner is served," announced a stately butler, and the guests went into the oak-panelled dining-room. The table was bright with the rarest of cut and Venetian glass, old china, ancient plate and flowers.

After the oysters came a delicate bisque of celery, and with it was served an old and particularly fine sauterne.

As the waiter filled the glasses of the Hon. Mr. Whoafelt and the Hon. Mr. Filler they were observed to exchange meaning glances. Mr. Filler grew very red and Mr. Whoafelt reached around to his coat-tail pocket and produced a small phial. With a deft and dextrous movement, betokening long practice, he poured the contents of his glass into the phial, corked it, hastily wrote the date and other memoranda on the white label, sealed it at one of the wax candles or the table and then arose. Once more the Hon. Mr. Filler and the Hon. Mr. Whoafelt exchanged glances.

"Do your whole duty fearlessly," cried the Hon. Mr. Filler.

"I will," was the answer as the Hon. Mr. Whoafelt drew from his waistcoat pocket a policeman's whistle and blew it long and shrilly.

The guests arose in consternation, but Mr. Whoafelt sprang to the door and placed his broad cowboy back against it.

"Don't move for your lives," he yelled. "I command you in the name of the law."

As they sank back in their places, pale and trembling, there was heard a tramping of many feet outside and the next moment a squad of reserve police marched in.

"Seize them," cried the Hon. Mr. Whoafelt. "I have the evidence of their damning guilt in my pocket. Wine has been given away here on the holy Sabbath."

LATER—When a reporter for "The Evening World" called at the office of the Hon. Mr. Whoafelt with the above exciting story this morning he was received with a cold and haughty smile.

"There must be some mistake," said the Hon. Mr. Whoafelt, as he glanced over the story. "There wasn't any such dinner. There was no such phial. There was no sauterne. It is all a miserable lie, and the man who wrote it stands to-day as a worse criminal than any in this city since the law prohibiting the eating on Sunday of apples from which the cider has not been extracted went into effect."

THE SUNDAY PARADISE.

When lately Bacchus wandered out,
I think 'twas Sunday last,
To see what mortals were about,
He stood, indeed, aghast!
There were no aching heads or hearts;
No one was even mellow;
No midnight songs, no morning smarts,
No "jolly good old fellow!"
No "Auld Lang Syne," no "hip, hooray,"
Despite the genial weather,
No "dear old pals," for, south to say,
They couldn't drink together!
There was no Irish usquebaugh,
No Tokay, sherry, port,
Not even Welshmen's curw da,
Or any other sort!
No one could ask a friend to dine
(It really seemed too silly!),
Unless he locked up all the wine
And thirsted—willy, nilly!
And there were sermons on the street,
And warnings of the morrow,
And every man one chanced to meet
Had donned a garb of sorrow.
"Great Jove! and has it come to this?"
Said Bacchus, "by this token,
I'm off to my abode of bliss"—
He took ferry—to Hoboken!
LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

HALF A DOZEN JOKES.

In days of old,
When nichts were cold
And babies a yard of mouth unfurled,
Ma used to rise
And wipe her eyes,
And the hand that rocked the cradle was
The hand that rocked the world.

Now when our young
At night give tongue,
Pa's in the parlor (ballet),
For ma needs sleep
With ears on, and weep
For the hand that guides the bicycle is
The hand that guides the world.
—Minneapolis Journal.

Proof of It.

Conductor—Did I get your fare?
Passenger—I guess so. I didn't see you ring it up for the Company.—Roxbury Gazette.

Seed Didn't Grow.

He sowed the wind and, though there came
Both rain and sunny days,
He soon discovered that the wind
Was mighty hard to raise.
—Detroit News.

Unimproved Methods.

After a discharge of large revolvers, which filled the passengers with terror and the air with noise and the smell of powder, the train robbers proceeded to forcibly empty the pockets of their victims.

The porter looked on.

"How crude!" was his sole comment.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MEN WHO CARRY OUR MAIL.

The subject of the above sketch is Charles F. McCarthy, Treasurer of the New York Letter-Carriers' Association. "Mac," as he is familiarly called by the boys in the General Post-Office, was born in Ireland Feb. 18, 1865, and came to this country with his parents when two years of age. He received an education in St. James parochial school, and was appointed a letter carrier March 22, 1887. He is deservedly popular with his fellow-postmen and all who know him.

SOME GIRLS AND OTHERS.

Foibles and Charms of the Fair Sex in Prose and Verse.

To the Editor:

What am I to do? Am in love with a blond typewriter whose smile is like the beaming sun, and eyes aglow like diamonds. It was love at first sight with me, but I have a rival, which is the only "obstacle" to mar my happiness. I believe he is scheming to outwit me at every point. He meets her on the way from business, and they are joined by a friend of hers, whom he pretends to like a great deal. The girls are inseparable companions and also great talkers. They keep him interested until they get to their station. This rival is a friend of mine, but I begin to despise him now. He is known as a "jollier" among the girls, but I believe he is serious in this case. It causes me great worriment of mind. Advice as to how to beat this base deceiver at his own game would be appreciated by

LOUIS III.

P. S.—He pays great attention to both at parties and socialics, but favors the blonde mostly.

Song and Singer.

To the Editor:

I saw, last night, a fair, sweet face
Aglow with warm and tender feeling;
A brow whose whiteness bore no trace
Of worldly care, and orbs revealing
From clearest depths of darkest blue
The light to guileless youth belonging;
A form round which in pleasing view
A thousand girlish charms were thronging.

I heard, last night, a rare, sweet voice
Ring out in melody so tender,
It bade the burdened soul rejoice,
And o'er the scene shed undimmed splendor.
A simple strain, but oh, its power
Called from the past bright dreams to greet me;
I lived again the joyous hour
When cherished tones rang out as sweetly.

Oh, winsome maid! oh, child of song!
Though all things else be sadly fleeting,
Thy memory pure shall linger long,
And thoughts of thee find welcome greeting.
The years may griefs and sorrows bear,
And hopes I prize may vanish fleetly,
But in my heart shall echo e'er
The tender strain you sang so sweetly.
—John T. McNally.

Can Support a Bicycle, but Not a Wife.

To the Editor:

I have been keeping company with a young man for several years, and have been engaged for over a year. His excuse has been all along that he did not have money enough saved to furnish a home for me, so I have been patient and waited. Now, I am twenty-two years old, I have a stepmother, and my home is not very pleasant, and I would like to get married, but he keeps putting me off from time to time with the same excuse—he cannot furnish a home. He has bought an expensive bicycle and gets a pretty fair salary. Now he wants me to ask my father to furnish a home for us, and then he will marry me. Please tell me what you think of him, as I am ashamed to ask my father to do such a thing.

HEARTBROKEN BESSIE.

Wants Another String to Her Bow.

To the Editor:

I am a young girl and I had an admirer, but I never kept steady company with him. Now I would like to get acquainted with a young man to take me to places of amusement for the winter. I know quite a number of young men. Ought I to encourage any of them or wait to see if the other one turns up?

KITTY MAHONE.

When a Girl First Falls in Love.

To the Editor:

I am a girl of nineteen and am very anxious to know how a girl feels when she is in love, and what is love, and how she should act to her first admirer.

VALKYRIE.

New Brighton, S. I.

They Paint Her Lover Black.

To the Editor:

I am a young girl with a spotless reputation. I am in love with a man who is several years my senior. People paint him black, but I do not believe that he is as bad as they paint him. Advise me what to do—stick to him like a porous plaster or shake him like a mat.

SPOTLESS REPUTATION.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Instances of Short-Sightedness in Actors—An Expected Failure Which Didn't Occur.

The short-sightedness of the actor, who can see nothing in a part beyond the mere lines that it contains, came very near preventing the production of "A Social Highwayman" at the Garrick Theatre—one of the most successful productions of the season. As late as Thursday, before the first performance, E. M. Holland informed W. A. McConnell that he would not appear as the thieving valet of the thief. "All I have to do is to move furniture and pour out wine," said Mr. Holland "and I'll be hanged if I'll do it. You can go to any dramatic agency and get a utility man to play such a part. It's undignified, and I won't do it." Mr. McConnell insisted, however. He told Holland that the actor had nothing at stake; that the success or failure of "A Social Highwayman" would affect Mansfield, and nobody else. He talked so plausibly that E. M. Holland succumbed, and the result is known. After the performance McConnell, who is a humorist as well as an agent, went behind the scenes and railed Holland. "I can't see," said he, "why an audience can be so ridiculous as to give curtain calls to an actor whose sole effort has been to move furniture and pour out wine. Really, New York theatre-goers are exceedingly inartistic. Real acting doesn't count. It's the furniture-movers and the wine-pourers who get the applause." This rather floored Holland, and he was silent. The role he played, to the inexperienced and to the actor, would certainly not have suggested the success that it has made. There are other instances of short-sighted actors besides Holland. Years ago, when "A Parisian Romance" was first presented, that admirable old actor J. H. Stoddard positively refused to play the part of Baron Chevrial. "I appear as that old simpleton, spilling wine over the guests at the supper table? Never!" cried Stoddard. The part was given to Mansfield, who was then getting $35 a week, and ever since that Mansfield has been a star. The part gave him the very opportunity he needed. Look at W. H. Thompson. His principal hits were made in the character sketches he interpreted for Charles Frohman. Thompson objected, and now—well, now he is playing a cheap part in a cheap melodrama—a part that the average actor would consider great.

* * *

Talking of "A Social Highwayman," nobody believed that it would be a success. In fact, all arrangements were made to put "A Man with a Past" back the next night. Then it would have been announced that: "Owing to a contract that stipulated a forfeit of $20,000,000 if 'A Social Highwayman' were not produced, the piece was played Tuesday night. 'A Man with a Past,' however, was withdrawn at the very acme of its prosperity, and will be removed." That's what would have happened. As it is, the irony of fate compels the Hollands to leave the Garrick Theatre just as success had followed failure. Modjeska is due there next Monday night, and nobody can possibly prevent her taking possession of the house. The Hollands will do nothing but "A Social Highwayman" on the road, and New Yorkers will see them in the play shortly at the Harlem Opera-House.

* * *

Ariel Barney, who is managing "The Globe Trotter" company for E. E. Rice, telegraphed to Rice the other day: "Company refuses to play unless you give them something." And Mr. Rice, with a fund of good humor that was worthy of Hoyt, telegraphed back: "Give them my kind regards."

* * *

Mommer Kendal travelled all the way from Hull to London the other day to see her daughter, Margaret Grimston, married to Charles Edward Hancroft, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. The marriage recalled the awful fact that Margaret was twenty-five—awful, because it means that Mommer Kendal herself must be at least twenty-five. The actress was "richly attired" in palest mauve moire, relieved with cream covered lace. She also wore a hood-shaped bonnet, similar to that she appeared in in "Lady Clancarty," and pearl and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Kendal gave her guests a reception at her home in Portland Place—a residence purchased for "twenty dollars" and as soon as she had seen the young couple off for Italy she returned to the provinces, to play twenty-four year old heroes to her forty-one-year-old husband.

* * *

The Bavarian peasants who are to appear at the Metropolitan Opera-House to-night swarmed about upper Broadway Saturday. They wore the Bavarian costumes that look so strange among the new-fangled up-to-date garbs of Americans. They seemed to enjoy the novelty of their surroundings, and were so vastly interested in the cable cars that some of the passers-by imagined that they would meet an untimely end before they had a chance to act in America.

THE SELF-ADVERTISING YOUNG MAN.

(Air: Sung by Grosvenor in "Patience.")

If you care to cut a shine in the self-advertising line
As a man of genius rare,
You must discourse without pause of the moral Sunday laws
With a high and mighty air.
You must be a midnight prowler, searching for the wicked growler,
Or to catch a drowsy cop:
Although you're but a sham, you must act the great I AM,
And never take a drop.
Then every one will say, as you go your moral way,
"If he's satisfied with a Sunday that is dry,
Which certainly does not suit me,
Why, what a most particularly good young man
This good young man must be!"
Then be eloquent in praise of the Puritans' old days,
Which have long since passed away,
And declare to every man that the rushing of a can
You observe with deep dismay.
Of course, you will pooh pooh the notions of the few
Who with you don't quite agree,
Declaring they are vile if they don't approve your style,
And from Blue laws would be free.
But the Democrats will cry, as they think of by and bye,
"If he keeps on in his highly moral strain,
And proclaims his wondrous worth,
His wings will soon be sprouting and he'll fly to worlds above,
For he's far too good for earth!"
N. A. JENNINGS.

HE GENERALLY GETS THERE.

"An up-to-date young man."

HOUSE AND HOME

The Empire Nightgown.

This nightgown is suggestive somewhat of the Empire style, with its deep

belt of embroidery, although the shape of the large collar is decidedly an anachronism.

For the Complexion.

It is often a mistake for a woman to use certain face lotions because they seem to agree with and improve the skin of some other woman. A dry skin requires one kind of treatment, a very oily skin another, and even the different features of the same face different treatment. A Frenchwoman thinks that our countrywomen are slow to remember or think of this difference. She says: "If the skin be of good quality on all the face, with the exception of the nose, and the latter secretes too much oil, a bath with a sponge dipped in borax water will keep the nose in better condition, while the rest of the face would be injured and dried by borax."

Always Ready to Dicker.

Many years ago, in Central Maine, a man started out to sell oilcloth table-covers throughout the country at 50 cents a cover. After travelling all day without sending one a happy thought struck him. He would charge $1 and take half the pay in cast-off shoes. The result was people imagined they were getting some return from their old shoes and there was a general ransacking of attics, and table-covers went like hot cakes. But the old shoes? Well, wherever he found a convenient hole beside the road, out of sight, he pulled up his cart and dumped the lot.

Wine Sauce.

One-fourth pound of butter, one cup of pulverized sugar, one cup of sherry wine; cream, sugar and butter, add wine little by little until all is in. When ready to serve have milk boiler on stove with boiling water under; put sauce in the top. It must be served as soon as taken from the fire; put in a pretty china pitcher and send to the table with the pudding.

Tea Gowns to Be Worn.

A pretty tea gown always appeals to a woman's heart and sense of beauty, and tea gowns are to be worn the coming season more than ever. They will be made largely of the soft light serges and cashmeres, both of which hang in lovely folds, and neither of which get stringy. A soft lining is necessary, but it should never be heavy. Although some of the house gowns are minus trains, it is nevertheless a fact that the ideal house gown is always trained. If a woman is short and dumpy the train adds dignity. Queen Victoria is almost absurdly short and broad, measuring barely five feet, but she adds six inches to her apparent stature by always wearing immensely long trains and by carrying herself with dignity.

Funeral Flowers.

Flowers for funeral offerings are oftenest now sent loose in a box, set pieces being justly regarded as stiff and painfully suggestive. Wreaths are still used, but they have become so full as to have lost the hollow of the centre, and are, instead, a round mat of flowers. Something different in flower designs for these sad occasions is the oval wreath of which one side is made solidly of ferns and leaves, and the other half as solidly a mass of flowers.

Chocolate Custard Pie.

Lovers of chocolate in any and every form can make this addition to a common custard pie. Beat one egg to a stiff froth, then add pulverized sugar and grated chocolate with one-half teaspoon extract of vanilla; spread this on top of the pie and let it harden for a moment in the oven. Or you may prepare it in still another way. Put the chocolate in a basin on the back of the stove and let it melt (do not put any water with it); when melted beat one egg and some sugar with it; in the latter case it will be a regular chocolate brown in color and in the other a sort of gray.

Russian Great-Coats for Women.

In the matter of coats that are intended for protection against severe cold it is rumored that women are going to button themselves into great Russian cut overcoats of cloth, lined throughout with costly fur and finished with fur collar and cuffs. If this is so, what's to be done with all the lovely fur capes invested in last season? They certainly can't make over into Russian greatcoats. Yet from this reflection women should not despair, but comfort themselves with the pleasing certainty that lots of women won't button themselves into such greatcoats, but will wear pretty capes of American cut.

Peculiars.

One pint of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt, one egg, one pint sweet milk, beat well. Bake quick in buttered gem pans. Try them; they are splendid.

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.]

All Hail the Returned Night Stick.

To the Editor:

I was very much pleased to see in the Evening Edition of The World of the 23d inst. where the Captain of the East Thirty-fifth Street Station was told by the Commissioners to turn his men out with night sticks. It is impossible for a policeman to compete with a crowd of young hardened fellows without having something like a night stick in his hand. The billy that Supt. Byrnes recommended when he took the night sticks away is too severe; a policeman doesn't want to be breaking people's heads, but when he gets into trouble with a crowd he must resort to the billy or his revolver. Now the night stick does away with all that, for these tough young fellows don't want to come within reach of the night stick. When they are congregated on the corner and see the policeman on post with his night stick in his hand they don't wait until he gets up to them. They make the remark, "Here he comes with that stick," and they go of their own accord. There are other districts where the night sticks are just as badly wanted as they are in the Thirty-fifth District. Take the Pan Handlers of the Seventh Precinct, the Corlears Hook crowd of the Twelfth Precinct and the crowd of Italians in Little Italy, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, for instance. In these districts the night sticks would be very good to suppress disorder at times. PATROLMAN.

The Heartless Flippancy of a Conductor.

To the Editor:

I have been riding on the Third avenue surface road for ten years and never was insulted until to-night. I got on a car and passed up to the middle of it to stand. There were others near the door that were in the way of everybody, but the conductor never said a word to them, but came to me and told me to pass up to the front. I would not move any further, as I was out of everybody's way and others were better able to move than I was, being lame. I told the conductor I would stand where I was. He asked me if I was passed to the spot, and said more, to which I paid no attention. But he had better beware, for he may be lame himself some day and then he will feel for those he has insulted. When a lady has to stand all day at work and is lame she does not feel like moving all over the car every time a passenger gets on, and I was in nobody's way. F. GOVERNETT.

A Policeman and Two Pistols.

To the Editor:

I witnessed an attempt to shoot a mad dog by "One of the Finest." It was on Second street, near Avenue A, and the shooter was a roundsman of the Fourteenth Precinct. To start with, he had no pistol of his own, so he had to borrow one from a saloon-keeper. He fired five shots with no effect, and then had to get another pistol from another saloon-keeper. He fired five shots out of that pistol at the dog, but his aim was bad and the dog had to be killed with a club. I think it is high time for the Police Commissioners to take in hand and teach some of the finest how to use a pistol. A CITIZEN.

Sept. 28.

One of the Beatitudes of Single Tax

To the Editor:

Stephen Bell says in your issue of yesterday, the 24th, that Mr. Kaplan's ignorance of political economy makes him tired. While I do not know anything about Mr. K's knowledge of political economy, I beg to remark I can run see from Mr. B's letter that he knows it all, and yet a few things he says puzzles me which I hasten to say no doubt puts me in the same boat with Mr. K. Speaking of the factors of production, he says: "We thus see that production is divided into rent, wages and interest. An increased production should mean a harmonious increase of all three factors." So Mr. B. thinks that under a normal condition of things, when the single tax machinery would be in full blast and everybody knew political economy as he knows it, that beautiful thing called interest would increase, that worm that eats and feeds on things produced would be increased "harmoniously with production and wages." The business man figures the interest he has to pay out an expense, and cuts and keeps wages down so he can make a profit above it, the landlord adds it, like all other expenses, to the rent, and those who work and produce must pay it. So this is one of the blessings to be increased when we get this cure all working. W. N. F.

Boy—Cigarette—Walloping.

To the Editor:

A little boy,
A cigarette,
A match wherewith to light it.
A puff, a hum and then a smile,
Oh, he was quite delighted.

A little boy
Against a fence to steady him he stood.
A moan,
A groan,
And then ——, you know,
And die he thought he would.

A little boy
Upon a knee, with face towards the floor,
A heavy stick,
A mighty hand,
There wanted nothing more
To convince that boy
That he was wrong,
In using tobacco. J. S.

Spanked Wives, Wake Up!

To the Editor:

A word to "Unhappy" and the other spanked wives. Show the marks of your husband's cruelty to one or more doctors, so as to have witnesses, as you cannot expose them in court. A man cannot force his wife to live with him. If you leave your husband, return to your father if possible. Keep the instrument of torture to be exhibited in court. Don't be afraid to go to lawyers and doctors without money. If one won't help you another will. Act at once. Don't degrade your womanhood by such humiliating slavery. Have you no self-respect?

A LAWYER'S WIFE.

Oh, but the Average Girl Is Mean.

To the Editor:

I have read with some amusement the letter signed "Broken-Hearted" and wish to say to him that I had a somewhat similar experience, but, unlike him, think I can give her up. For downright unadulterated, up-to-date perfidy and meanness give me one of the average girls of the period. That the young man must show a roll is correct. If you don't, just watch them get cranky. Just make a date with one and ask her to take a walk instead of taking her to some theatre and see what a splendid illustration of wounded feelings and prevish woman you will have on your hands. Most of them think it is a divine right which they possess to be entertained to the fullest limit of their own ideas. Most of them have no regard whatever for the feelings of others and their resentment will crop out in the most unexpected way, probably on account of heartlessness, want of sense and resentment and several other attributes that small brains are heir to. Select such friends of the fair sex from among people of finer feelings and culture is the advice I offer, else no, at all.

Harry's Code of Honesty.

To the Editor:

In answer to "Expectant," "Why Are People Dishonest?" I try to say that many times it happens when you are honest you get no thanks for being so. I crossed the ferry from Brooklyn one day and saw a party, a gentleman, I supposed, drop a roll of bills, to which I called his attention. Did he thank me? No. And there are others who have done the same. Now, if I find anything and know the party worthy, he shall have it back, providing he prove property. The party I refer to looked and spoke as though I had been the cause of his dropping the money.

HARRY PARKER, Brooklyn.

When you want a duplicate of this book it will only be necessary to send the above number.