

The World. Published by the Press Publishing Company, 15 to 17 PARK ROW, New York. MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1900.

PUSH THEM OUT! LOUPAYN SEC. GAGE MUST GO!

THE NUISANCE OF BEGGING.

Why should I work as long as I keep my health? demanded Thomas Kirkwood, forty-five years old, in the Yorkville Court. "I made \$1.25 a day when I did work, but I quit when I found I could double that by begging."

LET STREET NAMES ALONE!

Yielding to a foolish idea of prejudice against the historic name of Chatham street, an Aldermanic Board of years ago substituted for the old designation the utterly inappropriate one of Park Row.

JUST ONE EXCISE REMEDY.

It is perfectly comprehensible that the patience of a Court should be sorely tried over the proceedings in New York City excise trials. And the perplexity of a merely human jury over many of these curious cases is also easily understood.

A SOLDIER'S READING MATTER.

When our volunteers marched away to fight the Spaniards it is not recorded that the authorities at Washington prescribed any fixed course of reading for their edification in camp.

Perhaps the British recruit would prefer a little literary amusement—something to read in the evening and rather nearer his environment.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY: MEN WHO TAKE MONEY FROM THEIR WIVES.

The following letter from a correspondent signing herself "A Puzzled, Unhappy Wife" may find an echo in the hearts of many women who read The Evening World.



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY. From their wives' and give your valued opinion if you will.

womanly sweetness and forbearance wherever it is possible. But this is one of the instances where it is not possible. The husband who would flich (under the name of borrowing) from his wife her paltry earnings deserves from her neither respect nor kindly, considerate treatment.

THE BANDMAN FOOLS THE DOCTOR.



(1) "Please, doctor, I've got a sore throat and I can't play in the band," said the bandman.

(2) Armed with the doctor's certificate off he goes for a week's rest.

(3) "By the way, what instrument do you play?" "The big drum, sir."

THOMAS B. REED: IT IS KNOWLEDGE THAT WILL BANISH WAR.

WHAT is the cause of civilization? What makes men as a race improve? The answer is knowledge, and knowledge only. Knowledge of all kinds, of pleasure and of pain, physical and mental. Human minds are like soils. They must grow something.

War is a heathen barbarism. It is only murder on a large scale with ranked battalions and pomp and circumstance. Eighteen Christian centuries have not abolished it. The wars which ended in the Dutch Republic were religious wars. Men fought for their religion.

War is dying out because men have something else to do. They are engaged in trade, in enterprises which will interfere with life. Life is getting every day to be better worth living. Hence men do not want to lose it.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER. BEAUTY HINTS TO MANY READERS.

Hair Tonic.—The hair tonic you refer to I think is this one: Cologne, 1 ounce; tincture of cantharides, 2 ounces; spirits of camphor, 2 ounces. Apply to the roots of the hair every other night.

Skin Whitener.—George B.—You can make the milky liquid you speak of for about 25 cents. I give you the formula. Of course, you understand this is only a temporary skin whitener.

A Corn Remedy.—Mrs. C.—I think this is the formula you wish: Borate of sodium, 1 dram; extract of cannabie, 1 scruple; collodion, 1 ounce. Paint over the corn with a camel's hair brush once a day for five or six days.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

The Hen to the Frog.—Humph! So you're the party whose legs the epicures say resemble mine. Well, I'm blowed!

AN EXPLANATION.—"What are all those funny little steamboats?" asked the St. Louis girl, pointing to the tug.

Coffee and the Skin.—Sophia—A great many persons insist that coffee will have no bad effect upon the skin. But I am quite certain that it will, and if I were in your place I would certainly give it up.



MENU CARDS FOR LUNCHEON.

The girls who entertain are using very effective little menu cards at their feminine luncheons. These cards come in the form of exaggerated vegetables and fruits. They are made from heavy white drawing paper, cut to the required shape.

COMPOSITE OF APPLE IS MADE THIS WAY.

Parse, core and cut in halves medium-sized tart apples. Take some water and white lemon juice, boil two cupsful of sugar and two cupsful of water and the rind and juice of one lemon; bring them to a boil and add the apples; let them boil five minutes.

FIRST AID TO WOUNDED HEARTS.

I am a young man and love a young lady whom I love very much, and I think that she loves me, but I cannot understand her. Her sister goes with a young man also, and when we are both at their house the young lady I keep company with is more attentive to him than she is to me, and the young man she goes with.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY. MISS ASHLEY'S CLERK.



Now, this was just what Mr. Hirst did do. He hurried after her with all speed, and in her eagerness to escape him, she made a rush for the stepping-stone in Lane Dog Dyke and fell ignominiously into the water.

On a wet Spring morning, for the first and last time in his life, Farmer Hirst walked into Miss Ashley's millinery shop and left a trail of muddy footprints on the linoleum. Kitty Rogan was gingerly trying to crowd a big hat into a very small box.



"The next day but one Kitty declared that she was quite ready to go to the shop again. She had reached the end of the lane before she heard wheels approaching—the horse stopped suddenly, and somebody—how well her heart told her what-jumped down.

"To the shop, Mr. Hirst," she answered, indignantly. "You're not." He spoke firmly, and drew a step or two nearer. "You're going for a drive with me."

FOR THE WIFE-BEATER, ODIUM; FOR THE HUSBAND-BEATER—WHAT?

A JERSEY woman was recently brought to trial on a charge of beating her husband. The husband's story was as follows: "I am fifty-five years old. My wife is a quarrelsome youngster. I was told that a young wife makes a happier home for a middle-aged man than would a woman nearer his own age. That is a mistake.

But how about the woman who strikes or beats her husband, either in anger or as a form of punishment. If she is vexed beyond self-control is she to blame for striking him? If he is self-restrained, is she justified in punishing him?

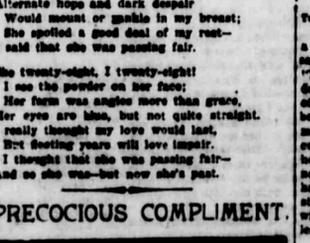
HERE'S THE WHOLE STORY.

I was nineteen, she twenty-eight. When first I saw her lovely face, Her fairy form of lissome grace, I knew that I had met my fate.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

To Remove Greases. Relative to an inquiry as to how to remove stains from black dress fabric: Place a clean, dry blotter over the grease spot and run a hot iron over the blotter, which I have found practicable.

A PRECOCIOUS COMPLIMENT.



To the Editor of The Evening World: While coming out of a mill store last Friday with a can wrapped in a newspaper, a man stepped up and said: "I believe I can see a can in that newspaper."