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DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL



Yesterday was ground-hog day and the shadow was strong.

AS TO BAD PLAYS.

A WOMAN reader of The Evening World writes, suggesting the appointment of a censor for plays, her idea being that such censorship would prevent the production of immoral plays.

Who is to blame for the immoral plays? If the public did not want them no theatre manager in the world would produce them.

If the public stays away from a playhouse where prurient plays are given that theatre will quickly be closed by the sheriff.

The public after all is the censor. We can have clean, moral plays, and those alone, whenever the public will stop patronizing the other kinds of shows.

THE COURAGE OF NEW BELIEF.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS has the courage of his convictions. Having changed his mind, he promptly changes his pulpit. It would save all trials for heresy and irregularity of doctrine if every preacher who experiences a modification of belief would do likewise.

It is only upon a single point that Dr. Peters feels he has seen a new light. But that point is vital to a creed. If creeds are to live they must be supported by thorough believers.

In the grand scheme of things entire that creeds are to melt and merge, open dissent and changes of denomination have their usefulness to that end.

In any event, Dr. Peters is right in leaving a church to the tenets of which he can no longer strictly adhere. His step will cost him much in the breaking of old ties and associations. But his conscience will reward his courage.

YALE'S GOOD TIDINGS FOR ALL.

IT is demonstrated that the students at Yale are spending less money on drink and more effort on good works than ever before. The importance of this showing is not limited to the university.

In the course of their growing-up and development, young men of ordinary circumstances exhibit the tendency of the times in the country of their belonging. So if a great body of them are distinctly making for temperate habits and useful endeavor, it is evidence of a general progress, in other circles, on the same lines.

As regards the evil of excessive drinking, conditions in society at large happily repeat the situation credited to Yale. To get drunk is no longer good form anywhere and is steadily getting to be worse form. This is the result of no laws, except the statutes fixed by reason, self-respect and courtesy. Mere prohibition has nothing to offer in place of these forces.

GOOD TIMES MIGHT BE BETTER.

ALL records were broken by the total of ordinary customs receipts for the month of January just past.

The Schuylkill Coal Exchange has just placed the rate of pay for miners at a point surpassed but once in twenty-five years.

These are extreme details in a general story of prosperity almost unexampled in America. The good times have affected everybody, and the promise of their continuance is such as to increase the cheer in all hearts.

Have these conditions been brought about by our new national policy of imperialism? Has the inflow of dollars its source in our Pacific colonies? The statement regarding the customs is that a surplus has been attained "despite heavy expenditures" for extraordinary purposes, including a war. How would our property be affected if we were still in the good old way of doing our own business in our own territory, no grasping, armed hand reaching across

TALMAGE'S SATURDAY SERMON. THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

THE HAND---CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE SOUL.

The eye cannot see into the hand. I have no need of this. FOURTEEN hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by air of a concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed instrument, ignorant of much of the wisdom and goodness of God.

You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibres and its knotted joints, and turning on two axes--on the larger axis moving backward and forward, and on the smaller axis turning nearly round.

And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with fourteen bones, each finger with its curiously wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take.

There are the long nerves, running from the arm pit to the forty-six muscles, so that all are under mastery.

It at first seems a misfit, a mistake, a miscalculation that the fingers should be of different lengths. Would it not be more symmetrical to have them terminate alike, instead of having them like steps ascending from the little finger to the longest, and then descending to the index finger?

And the child asked his father, the scientist, why the fingers were of such different lengths. The father told his child to close his fingers on his palm, when



they were seen to be even, or to hold an orange, when the thumb also ended evenly. You see, the Creator makes no mistakes.

The whole anatomy of your hand is as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful as God could make it. It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can

repel, it can menace, it can clutch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can wave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can imprecate, it can pray.

I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or bused in the arts, or offered in substitution, or wrung in despair, or spread abroad in benediction.

God evidently intended all the lower orders of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting.

Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course He would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The hand is the divinely fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are so equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a ball of demolition.

He who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword-cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapons. At the frontier, or in barbarous lands, or as an officer of the law about to make arrest, such arming may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such reinforcement.

If you are afraid to go down streets or along country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting-needle. What cowards, if not what intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

CONSOLOATION.

MAUD Ashton, the English girl who had created such a sensation at Cannes, stood in the bow of the Jessica, she seemed the very personification of youth, health and happiness. Her hair had been blown loose by the wind, which had brought the crimson into her cheeks, and her eyes were a deep reflection of the blue sky and dancing water.

The twilight fell slowly after the sun had sunk be-



"STAY"

hind the violet mountains of Eterel. Guns from the fort on shore announced sunset, and at the same instant the flags and banners on the many boats in the harbor were lowered, fluttering in the light wind. The sea quieted and became almost motionless.

Without knowing why, Maud felt a sudden feeling of sadness creep over her. She stopped talking and looked down into the water, wondering at the dim feeling of foreboding which pervaded her so inexplicably.

The boat touched the pier, and with the others she left her place and crossed the plank. Suddenly she noticed a handkerchief waving from the window of a brougham, and recognized her mother's face.

Reaching the carriage, she opened the door and looked into the sweet face of its occupant.

"It is Tony," she said. "You have had news." Then, as her companion did not reply, she cried: "Tell me at once! Is he wounded? Tell me the worst!"

"Yes, dear, he is wounded--seriously, I fear." "Maud caught her wrist and looked into her eyes. "Is he dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"Lady Ashton put her arm gently about the girl's shoulder. "Yes, Maud, he is dead."

For a week after the news of the death of her fiancé Maud Ashton did not leave her bed. Then, pale and listless, she wandered about the house. Never she declared, would she take her part in the old life again. She refused to see any one, until a lieutenant named George Blith came and asked to deliver a message to her from her lover, in whose regiment he had been, and whose death he had witnessed.

He bore with her questions and her memories with the patience of a brother, telling her over and over the same stories of his friend, never tiring of giving her the comfort which talking of him seemed to bring.

Gradually the color came back into her cheeks and the light in her eyes, while her step regained its lightness.

"I do not blame him for loving you," said Lieut. Blith, one day, and the color in Maud's cheeks grew deeper.

They were together constantly, but at last his time of absence was up, and he told her he must go. "I might ask for a longer leave. But I think it is best for me to go now."

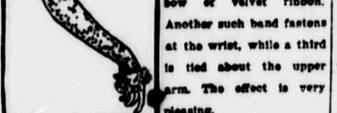
"Why?" asked she. "Because I cannot remain here with you any longer without loving you. Because I love you now. If I offend you, forgive me. I cannot help it. Now you will see that I must go." And he rose to his feet.

But Maud held out both her little hands and said simply: "Stay"--From the French.

NEWEST EVENING SLEEVE.

The newest evening sleeve is of lace and begins at the elbow and extends to the wrist. It is fastened to the arm securely, by means of a band and bow of velvet ribbon.

Another such band fastens at the wrist, while a third is tied about the upper arm. The effect is very pleasing.



HIS WIFE.

HE has no dog to fondle. She has no cats to pet. She does not own a parrot. She leads no social set. She writes no learned papers. To read where women meet. But she can get up dishes. Her husband likes to eat. And they are saving money. And find that life is sweet.

---Chicago Times-Herald.

ENGLAND'S WAR AND NATIONAL DEBT.

DURING the French war that began in 1792 England's debt increased to the extent of nearly \$1,500,000,000, and again during the Napoleonic wars there was an increase of about \$1,600,000,000. During the forty years of peace that followed there was a decrease of \$455,000,000; but, on the other hand, over \$200,000,000 was added during the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny.

A DEFINITION. He--What is a flirtation? She--Attention without intention.

THE TWO-HANDED HANDSHAKE.

TWO hands are needed for the newest handshake, and umbrellas and parasols are, in consequence, to be made with bracelet handles. "A long, slow, gradually increasing pressure, suddenly relaxed," is the translation of part of a French description of the greeting.

It sounds pleasant--if done by the right persons. The drawback to such a custom is the up-to-date artificiality-loving people who will adopt it are not the ones in whose clasp we can rejoice in letting our hands linger.

There is a timid, quick little squeeze which speaks better than words of a friend's sympathy; the emotional love that creates it could not be expressed in a long, slow, gradually increasing pressure.

Only the warmest-natured, yet self-reserved, folk shake hands like that, and they do it very rarely; but when you feel the touch you may be sure that the gift of a genuine love has blessed you for once, at least, in your lifetime.



WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

Maurice Jokal, the Hungarian novelist, gives the following birth-places of certain diseases: Scarlet fever came from China.

Cholera from Russia. Cholera from Hinduan. Small-pox from the Saracens. Yellow fever from South America. The plague from Turkey.

THE SHORT LIFE OF A BIG GUN.

THE bigger the gun the shorter its life. Those monsters, the 110-ton guns, cannot be reckoned upon to fire more than 99 full-charge rounds without becoming quite useless. The 61-ton gun can fire 126 rounds, while the 6-inch breech-loader is good for 40 or 50 full-charge rounds.

The reason of this is that the terrific heat and corroding effect of the powder wear away the bore at the chamber end, and then the shell does not catch the rifling.

There is nothing for it then but to send the gun to the factory and have the barrel bored and lined with a new tube.

QUICK * TALKS * ON * THE * "b."

The Cross-Eyed Man Visits the Zoo.

"WELL," began the Cross-Eyed Man as he and the Man with the Whiskers boarded the "L" car at Fifth street and seated themselves on opposite sides of the aisle. "I went to the Zoo Sunday. It's an impressively interesting place."

"Not as impressively interesting as if it were twice as impressively interesting," interrupted the Man with the Whiskers gently.

"No, perhaps not," assented the Cross-Eyed Man, "but it's perceptibly more impressively interesting than if it was only half as impressively interesting."

"How do you know? Did you ever try them for that?"

"No, I just inferred it," answered the Man with the Whiskers brokenly. "I know, of course, they're used in law. There's the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, for instance, but--"

"The bear ate it. He seemed to like it," pleaded the Cross-Eyed Man. "He seemed to like the way it happened to taste."

"Of course he liked it!" cheerily chimed in the Man with the Whiskers. "Otherwise he wouldn't have eaten it."

"He might have eaten it through politeness or from a mistaken sense of duty," snarled the Cross-Eyed Man.

"Or because he didn't know what else to do with it," suggested the Man with the Whiskers. "He couldn't drink it, you know, or absorb it by inhalation."

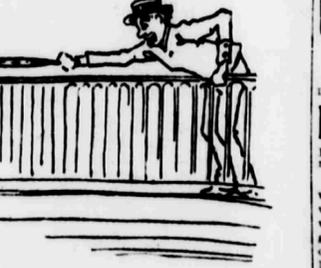
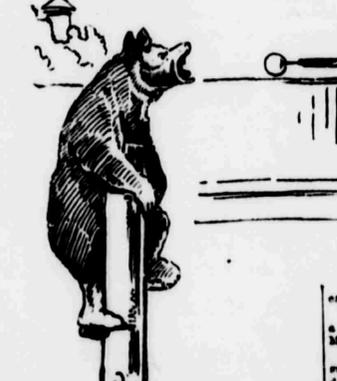
"One can't be too sure about that. He might--" "Oh, dear, dear!" sobbed an elderly woman from the country, who sat at an opposite end of the car, "Isn't it just ridiculous! And I was having such a pleasant, peaceful day, too!"

"But not as pleasant, peaceful a day as if it was twice as pleasant and peace!"

"One Hundred and Eighty-sixth street! All out for Bloomingdale Insane Asylum!" shrieked the guard. The passengers left the train individually, collectively and in family groups.

ALBERT PATRON TERHUNE.

JOYS OF WINTER. To marry Miss Anabel Brown Had long been his greatest desire; And arrayed in a rich bridal gown, She was truly a dream to admire. But now on his brow there's a frown, As the arctic waves draw nigher; As was raised in a natural-gas town-- And, of course, she can't build a fire.



"I went there Sunday. I liked the bear pit best. I fed an apple to a bear on the end of my umbrella." "Wasn't he pretty heavy?" "Wasn't what pretty heavy?" "The bear on the end of your umbrella. Not as heavy, of course, as if he was twi!" "The apple, not the bear, was on the end of my umbrella," corrected the Cross-Eyed Man with some dignity. "I gave the apple to the bear to eat." "So I inferred," sneered the Man with the Whiskers. "I didn't suppose you gave it to him to strike a light with or to help him qualify as a handwriting expert." "SH!" cut in the Cross-Eyed Man, "there's no law against my giving apples to bears for illuminating or chirographical purposes if I choose to."

"No law at all against it," agreed the Man with the Whiskers, "but you wouldn't be likely to do it." "No, it would be foolish." "Wasn't what pretty heavy?" "Not wise at all. Apples are not much good for striking a light or to teach people to earn \$50 a day as handwriting experts."

FIRST AID TO Wounded Hearts.

She Feels a Rival.

I am engaged to a young man. I am very much in love with him, and am sure he is in love with me at present, but I have observed that another young lady is trying very hard to win his affection. I fear that in the end she will succeed and cause the breaking of my heart, as I would be dead with death without love. Kindly advise me how to separate this woman from my intended husband. ANXIOUS A.

If you are sure the man is in love with you and half as clever as the average girl the other young woman will fall in her attempts to take your sweetheart away from you. You certainly can defend your own prerogative; don't exhibit the slightest concern in the matter or let your lover know that you are uneasy, but make yourself more than ever charming. All the advantages are on your side; remember that the young man had eyes and chose you in preference to all other women. It will be your own fault if you lose him.

Will She Make a Good Wife?

Please give me your advice. I am a young man nineteen years old. I am working in a shop where there is a girl, and her father works on the same floor. She takes a great interest in talking to me. I like the girl. Will you please let me know if she will make a good wife for me? WILLIAM WILSON.

The fact that the girl talks to you and, I assume, talks nonsense, does not give me any clear idea as to her character. If she is a good, self-respecting girl, neat, industrious, honest and amiable, she has the chief attributes that go toward making a good woman. What about you? Are you quite sure you are endowed with all the qualities essential in a good husband?

Like Him Only as a Friend.

A young acquaintance of mine very often takes me to pieces of amusement, and I very often meet him at a friend's house and he brings me home, but does not make a habit of calling on me, though my parents make no objection. I like him very well as a friend, but nothing more. Would you advise me to like him, or think he thinks the same way about me, but am not sure. Is this what you call steady company, and am I doing wrong in going with him, with no intention but friendship? ROBE L.

A girl cannot be expected to marry every man she meets or to wish to do so. There is no reason why you should not enjoy a pleasant friendship with this young gentleman, providing, of course, you are quite certain he is not in love with you.

POINTS ABOUT ETIQUETTE.

Which Should Ask? Which is good form, for a lady to extend an invitation to a gentleman to call or for the gentleman to ask whether he may call? IRVINE.

The gentleman should ask permission to call.

Is It Proper?

Is it proper for a young lady who is keeping company to ask a gentleman to accompany her to any place of amusement when invitation reads "yourself and company"? YOUTHFUL.

It is quite proper under the circumstances for the gentleman to accompany the lady, and evidently intended that he shall do so.

Yes.

Is it correct for a young lady of seventeen, when sending a birthday gift to a young man of ten, to include her card with it? MARGUERITE.

It is positively required that a card or note should accompany a gift, unless the present is offered in person.

Less Formal.

When at a reception, is it proper to extend my hand when getting an introduction to my friend's sister, or any young lady of my bow? A READER.

It is less formal to extend the hand, but it is not a breach of etiquette to acknowledge an introduction by a bow. It is not customary, however, when a gentleman is presented for a lady to extend her hand.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

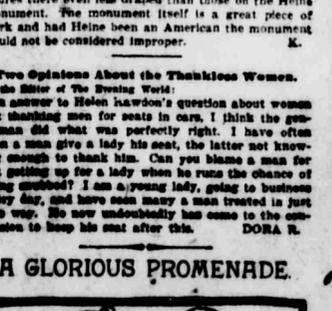
Wants to Be a Chorus Girl. To the Editor of The Evening World: Will somebody please let me know how best to become a chorus girl and where I have to go? -TERESA DUMANG.

Sarcasm for Trusts. To the Editor of The Evening World: For the suppression of trusts "social ostracism" seems to me as being a most heartless remedy. We all remember our boyhood days as though they were but yesterday, when our little playmates refused to let us in the game they were playing and we dropped our little heads and went running home to our mothers because we had been ostracized. Ah, those were unhappy moments of our happy boyhood days! Have we no feeling for the poor downtrodden Trust Magnates? It would indeed be a pitiful sight to see Rockefeller singing to a brother Trust Magnate, "Won't you come and play with me?" and in response to his pitiful appeal the other magnate would sing, "You can't play in my yard." How could we be so cruel? Can we not find some other less heartless remedy? C. E. FARR.

Secure Heine Monument Detractors. To the Editor of The Evening World: Having read about the W. C. T. U. applauding the sentiment that led to the act of vandalism on the Heine monument, I think if some of the W. C. T. U. members went to the Museum of Art they would find figures there even less draped than those on the Heine monument. The monument itself is a great piece of work and had Heine been an American the monument would not be considered improper. K.

Two Opinions About the Thoughtless Women. To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to Helen Lawdon's question about women not thanking men for seats in cars, I think the gentleman did what was perfectly right. I have often seen a man give a lady his seat, the latter not knowing enough to thank him. Can you blame a man for not getting up for a lady when he runs the chance of being snubbed? I am a young lady, going to business every day, and have seen many a man treated in just this way. He now undoubtedly has come to the conclusion to keep his seat after this. DORA R.

A GLORIOUS PROMENADE.



Rev. Mr. Selum--Madam, do you fully appreciate the danger of sending me so young for liquor? Mrs. Dooley--Yes, indeed. Only yesterday I sent him for beer, and he split ivory drop--Pick-Me-Up.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP TWIXT THE FEAST AND THE LIP.



William decided wisely to let Kentucky alone. The wine doesn't pain in the well-though class of stomach.

John saw the ship and has the men and the cargo, too, by Jingo! But, ah! the cause.

"I'll make familiarity is breeding contempt."

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"I'll make familiarity is breeding contempt."