

The World

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FOR THE RICH ONLY.

DIVORCE TRIAL



In the matter of "open doors," why should this one be closed for the rest?

WILL THE LOOTERS ESCAPE?

REAP in its right for the embarrassed Third Avenue Railway. Not first aid from the usefulness, for there's money in the business. Nevertheless it is good.

NO STEAM IN THE TUNNELS!

TOP the idea right where it is! No steam locomotives in the rapid transit tunnels!

It has been promised that the underground route shall be clean, and that the air about the trains shall be pure.

MORE KILLING OF INNOCENTS.

AT the Interstate Park, on Long Island, there began on Wednesday of this week a slaughter of live pigeons, duplicating in barbarity that at Alken, S. C., upon which The Evening World commented the same day.

The Long Island "sport" passed under the name of "the eighth annual Grand American Live-Bird Handicap."

On the opening day pigeons were killed at the rate of about five hundred an hour. The slaughter was purposeful and cruel.

WOMAN AND BARGAINS.

HERE is grumbling complaint from an anonymous quarter that the shopping woman is wasting her husband's substance on frivolities. Passing the inaccuracy of the assumption that the shopping woman is a woman who buys, we challenge any manly male to compare his own expense account for superfluous cigars and "treating" with the itemized bills of his wife's bargaining.

It is only when a woman's purchases run to extravagance that she is open to the censure of the equally extravagant man. In these days good taste is not expensive. It doesn't by any means imply luxury.

WASTE WIT NOR DOLLARS.

THE intending victim of the get-rich-quick mania: When you invest your \$1 with the vain hope of getting \$10,000 in return you waste on your delusion an amount of nervous energy which would yield substantial results if devoted to practical industry.

Waste authors waste as she does a vacuum. Do you the same.

Save your wits for legitimate business; save your dollars in the bank until the opportunity for investment presents itself.

There is no excuse for teachers using bad English language. But bad language comes naturally to people who have to stay out there the year round.

Summer (Linda) will come to live in New York and she gathers in the dead men, but she takes the five ones.

ZOLA ON KIPLING.

By Emile Zola.



EMILE ZOLA.

RUDBYARD KIPLING is the most popular English novelist; it is no longer Dickens, the charming narrator, that the nation reads; no, Kipling is the author now winning loudest applause. Kipling, who is almost a soldier, a bugle sounding the charge. He fans all England's warlike passions, chooses his types from the new generation, and these types are those of men ready for war, putting in war their only hope, developing themselves morally and physically for war—in fact, having naught else in view but fighting and conquests.

Until now, England has escaped the military spirit, in the sense that she has not had conscription. She has had no experience of that blood tax, for she always had, and still has, paid troops. But the possibility of establishing military conscription in England, as it now exists in France and Germany, has already been discussed in the Houses of Lords and Commons. And this fact is singularly significant.

After the battle of Waterloo and the defeat of Napoleon England was wise enough not to be intoxicated with the glory of victory, and was satisfied with an army of hired soldiers; but today she is prone to introduce the system of military conscription.—North American Review.

No End of Explosives.

Thirty years ago there were only about 25 explosive compounds known. Now there are more than 1,500.

Two Little Girls.

"I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my ma say I'm two little girls. An' one o' me is good little girl; an' the other 'n' she is bad little girl as she can be. An' ma says so, 'most every day. An' she's the funniest ma! 'Cause when my doll won't mind, an' I let cry, 'Why, now my ma she sob an' sigh. An' say, 'Dear good little girl, good-by! Bad little girl's come here again!'"

Last time 't ma sot that a-way, I cried all to myself awhile. Out on the steps, an' nen I smile, An' get my doll all fixed in style. An' go in where's ma's at, an' say, "Morning to you, mommy, dear; Where's that bad little girl wuz here? Bad little girl's gone clean away, An' good little girl's come back to stay." —James Whitcomb Riley, in the Century.

SUMMER'S STOCKINGS WILL BE GAY AFFAIRS.



You cannot wear stockings too gay this Summer. Bright red hose with black polka dots are highly favored. French blue with white dots or figures is very fashionable. Stockings of gray, with vertical stripes of red, white, blue or black, are another variety recommended by Madame La Mode. These and the French blue stockings will be very effective when worn with patent-leather low shoes. Vieg with the red polka-dot stockings for favor for wear with tan half shoes are the brown hose with white polka dots. Very gay hose are of black, with a kind of lattice-work pattern in pastel shades. Others have a clock effect in brilliant colors. All these styles appear in the list of stockings, which are comparatively not at all expensive.

THE BUSY LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

FRIDAY—CLEANING DAY.

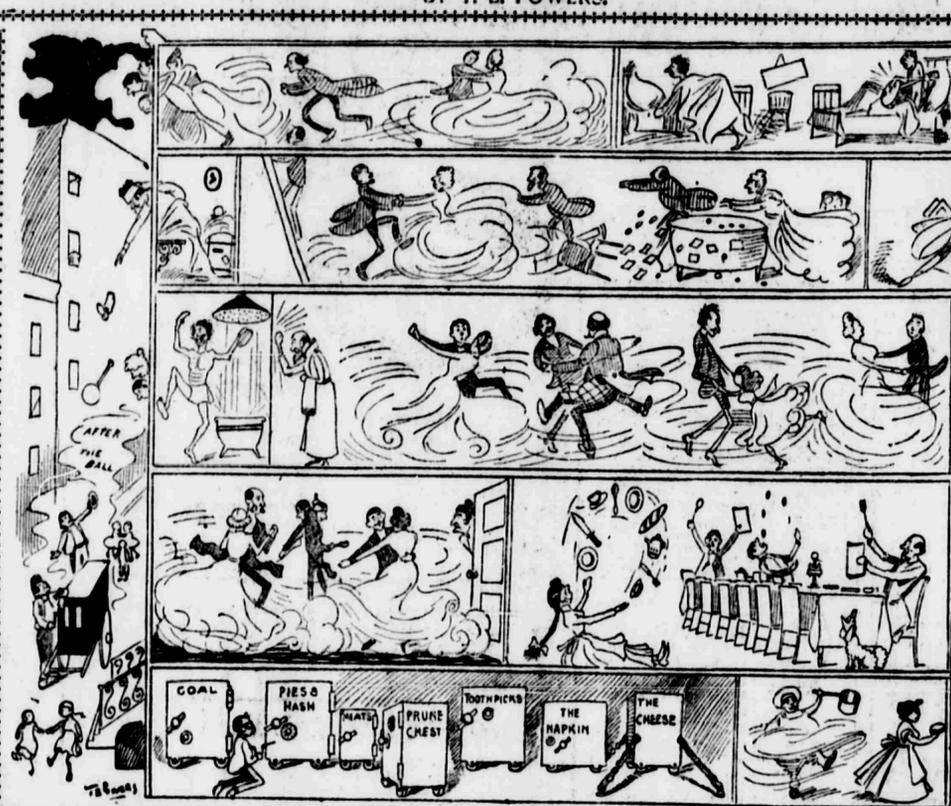


LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

He Won't Live with Her Parents. To the Editor of The Evening World: I want the gentleman to whom I am engaged to let his live with my parents after we are married. But he refuses, though they offer us lower and better board than we could get anywhere else in New York. I say he is wrong. He says no house on earth is large enough to hold two families. He also says we'll remain on better terms with my parents if we don't live with them. Who can settle this dispute, which bids fair to break our engagement? UNHAPPY GIRL.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS FOR OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY T. E. POWERS.



A Street Organ, Playing a Waltz, Sets Our Boarding-House in Motion.

The landlady is fond of music, especially when her daughter plays "Rusticana" on the piano for the star-boarder, but she does not like it when it comes from a hand-organ emitting melody under the windows of her boarding-house. For then the boarders shake the kinks out of their legs and swing their hoofs in rhythmic mazes as they whirl in the giddy waltz, all the while digging their heels into the moquette carpets and shaking the tin foil from the chandeliers. She says that this sort of thing spoils the furniture and brings the house down to the level of a Coney Island pop-corn pavilion.

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.

It is always easy to borrow trouble. The man who rides a bicycle has lots of go. Never loan a thing you cannot afford to lose. The soft young man is apt to be half baked. Young folks in love are very much inclined to wait time.

FOUR GOOD SALADS.

ARMY AND NAVY SALAD. Shred a small white head of cabbage as fine as possible and cut half a pound of lean boiled ham into small dice. Mix the two and pour over them a dressing made as follows: Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with a teaspoonful of made mustard, two saltspoonfuls of salt, a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, half a saltspoonful of white pepper and three tablespoonfuls of oil. When thoroughly mixed add a wineglassful of vinegar and beat in the whites of the eggs, chopped fine.

EGG SALAD.

Boil the eggs carefully for twenty minutes. Cut them into halves and take out the yolks. Put the yolks through a sieve, then rub them to a paste, adding a little at a time sufficient mayonnaise dressing to make them smooth. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a liberal seasoning of red pepper. Make this into tiny little balls the size of small marbles. Garnish the dish with lettuce leaves, sprinkled with chopped tomatoes, then a thin layer of chopped parsley, and over this place the egg balls. Cover with French dressing and serve.

APPLE AND CELERY SALAD.

A delicious salad may be made from apples and celery. First chill them in cold water. After they are dried mix equal parts of both together. Salt to taste and blend thoroughly with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves.

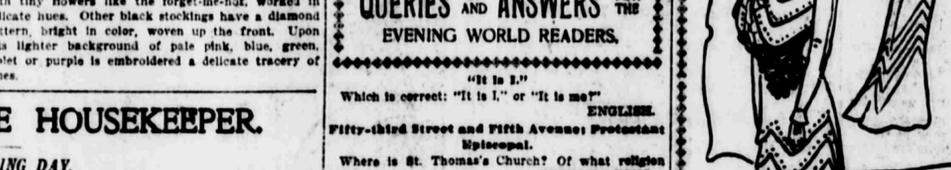
NUT AND CELERY SALAD.

Mix equal parts of English walnuts and celery, both cut in small pieces. Mix a little French dressing and pour over all. Serve with a border of shredded lettuce.

QUERIES BY ANSWERS FOR THE EVENING WORLD READERS.

Which is correct: "It is I" or "It is me"? ENGLISH. Fifty-third Street and Fifth Avenue; Protestant Episcopal. Where is St. Thomas's Church? Of what religion? GEORGE LYONS. 125, 222, 173; 325, 222, 140. What is the population of the Russian Empire? What is the population of England and all her possessions? WARWICK ASHER. Apply to Supreme Court. Can I have my name changed, and where will I have to go to do so? PETER GRUNNAGLE. 7,200 Feet; 118 Feet; 225 Feet; \$12,000,000. Kindly give me some information about the building of the bridge at Delancey street, East River; its extreme length, width, height and its probable cost. MAX L.

A DOLLY DIALOGUE.



This modish example in fawn broadcloth commends itself to the tall woman. Zigzag folds that dip in the back are added below the shaped yoke, which forms the top of the skirt; though so deep it is yet called a yoke. A corresponding effect in folds finishes the bolero, which is worn over a white mousseline blouse, held in with a black satin girde with white embroidery. Keru lace ornaments the neck and the white mousseline revers of this Bon Ton showing. All the cloth edges are finished with stitching, and four fancy buttons are at the front of the jacket.

FASHION'S FETISHES.

HERE STOURNEAU, a Dominican priest and one of the most eloquent speakers in the French priesthood, delivered a sermon at the Cathedral of Notre Dame the other day that created a sensation among the fashionable fair ones who had come to hear his preach. These beautifully-frothed molasses eggs told that they were becoming little better than barbarians; that from not caring for the ways of righteousness they were actually enacting in foolishness and idolatry. The savage of South Africa and the fashionable woman of Paris both had their charms and amulets. In Paris there were signs for the sale of such amulets, too, such as talismans, charms, and so forth. All these things were sold by the thousands of fashionable women and the young ones (many of them) who were so much taken with the charms of the church of St. Peter.

WHY SHE FROWNEO.



Where Girls Are Preferred. IN Germany and Holland girls are chosen in preference to young men in all occupations where they can be advantageously employed. At Munich many of the clerks and bookkeepers in the banks are girls. At the railway stations some who attend the windows for the sale of tickets are girls, and the waiters in the cafes and restaurants are of the same sex.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A QUARREL WITH PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS and I had been quarrelling, which wasn't at all unusual. But more than half an hour had elapsed since the last busy words and we were by no means ready to make up, which was unusual. I sat by the window, pretending to look over a box of photographs. Phyllis studied a volume of political economy. That there were tears in her eyes I felt certain. I had been fuming and fidgeting for something to say more than twenty minutes before Phyllis gave me my cue by rising suddenly.



"I PLACED ONE HAND UNDER HER CHIN AND COMPELLED HER TO LOOK UP."

"I signed. Phyllis heaved a sigh, too, but repressed it. It was over the club paper that we had quarrelled. "Good-night," said Phyllis, stiffly. But I fancied that I detected signs of softening about her eyes and mouth, and I spoke up bravely. "I suppose it had better be 'good-by' as well," I told her.

"You know we long ago decided that we believed it worse than foolish for two people to marry unless they could promise to think alike upon all subjects or agree to differ pleasantly. We've clearly demonstrated our inability to do either to-night, so there seems nothing for it but to shake hands respectfully and part."

"Of course, we shall but be a little lonely for a while, but I suppose we shall get over it in time, and be glad we had the strength to part before matters had gone too far. It will be much harder for me than you." I finished, meditatively, "because you will have so many friends and lovers to console you, while Matilda Jenkins is the only person I can think of at present who will try to console me."

"She'll talk you to death and let you go hungry afterward," snapped Phyllis, who cordially detested Miss Matilda. "Matilda Jenkins is the only woman I know of who is willing to own herself defeated in an argument," I began presently. "I know she is capable of this greatness of mind and soul because she—"

"Told you so herself," interrupted Phyllis. "And she thinks just as I do about this subject, anyway," continued Phyllis in great triumph a moment later.

"You mean you think you think just as she does," I checked her by remarking. "But, then, she's different from some women. She says that it is only the plain woman who has the courage to keep silence or to give in and own herself defeated, as a rule."

"Oh, indeed! Is she?" said Phyllis, with sarcastic intonation. "Well, Matilda can't know anything at all about pretty women, excepting by hearsay."

"Now, if Matilda were in the position of either of us," I continued, passing over that last remark in silence, "she wouldn't hesitate a moment about declaring that the subject of dispute didn't matter a trifle to us, either way, but then, Matilda," I concluded, looking quite away from Phyllis, "is a remarkable woman in many respects—a remarkable woman, indeed."

"I don't believe she's remarkable at all," cried Phyllis, hastily. "Hosts and hosts of other women would do just the same when they came to think it over."

"Pretty women, Phyllis?" I questioned, looking toward her now. "Pretty women," said Phyllis, didactically, and blushing over.

"Would the prettiest and sweetest and dearest little woman in the world be willing to own herself at least half wrong, and to let the whole thing go, Phyllis?" was the next question. In order to make sure of answer by her eyes as well as lips I placed one hand under her chin and compelled her to look up at me. The next moment both eyes and lips were hidden from sight against the breast of my coat.

"This woman would!" was Phyllis's whispered admission. "If—if the nicest and dearest and loveliest boy in the world would say so, too!"

Two seconds later everything was lovely again. An hour and a half later I was saying good-by—not for the time, but merely until next evening.—Chicago Tribune.

WHY SHE FROWNEO.



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