

MR. LONELY OF LOVEYDOVEYVILLE-ON-THE-SOUND; OR, THE JOYS AND WOES OF A COMMUTER.—By T. E. POWERS.

CUT OUT These Pictures They will make a beautiful souvenir. Do not miss one of them!

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THE AUTOMOBILE PERIL.

It is strongly indicated that we must go through the horrors of a shocking automobile tragedy before all the people with wealth enough to buy horseless carriages acquire sense enough to learn how to run them. The automobile is more than a mechanical toy. It is a serious piece of machinery, of elaborate and intricate construction. Only the man who has studied it is fit to run it.

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

HOW TO RUN A CAMPAIGN.

By FREDERICK S. GIBBS, Republican Leader and Former State Senator.



A great many persons know how to run a campaign—on paper. The practical management is another thing. A game of chess is a child's play when compared to the intricacies of reconciling opposing opinions and bringing harmony out of frequent chaos. The duties of a campaign manager are of a multifarious character. He must have a thorough understanding of human nature for a fundamental ground work.

The foresight which made Napoleon great, that quality of selecting able aids and responsible men, must form one of the manager's most prominent traits. Personally he cannot attend to the thousand and one details incident to perfecting his plans over the country. His lieutenants must do this for him. Thus in a great measure he is dependent on them, and their success proves his judgment.

Discretion is the better part of valor. Likewise it should be the predominant feature of campaign management. I believe that ability of high order is required to engineer any party to success. Again, the whole issue at stake should be viewed by the manager in the light seen by the people of the country at large. It is the consensus of public opinion which makes the party strong. Men vote for sound government irrespective of political affiliations. What the party stand for has often more weight than the party itself.

Different sections of the country have different interests, and the manager must realize all this. What pleases one outwitting displeases another. Complaints are often many. They have to be dealt with cautiously and efficiently.

Taken as a whole, the campaign manager is not only expected to be a paragon, but he has to approach that enviable position as nearly as he can. Others may take credit for a brilliant victory in a national battle between two parties, but if the manager is not awake and on the qui vive for any mismove all the last gun is fired he loses all the prestige which others are so ready to take.

Frederick S. Gibbs

FOR OUR SOLDIERS IN CHINA.

Mail for United States soldiers in China should be addressed with the full name of the soldier, his company and regiment, with the words "China, via San Francisco."

A NEW GRAVITATION THEORY

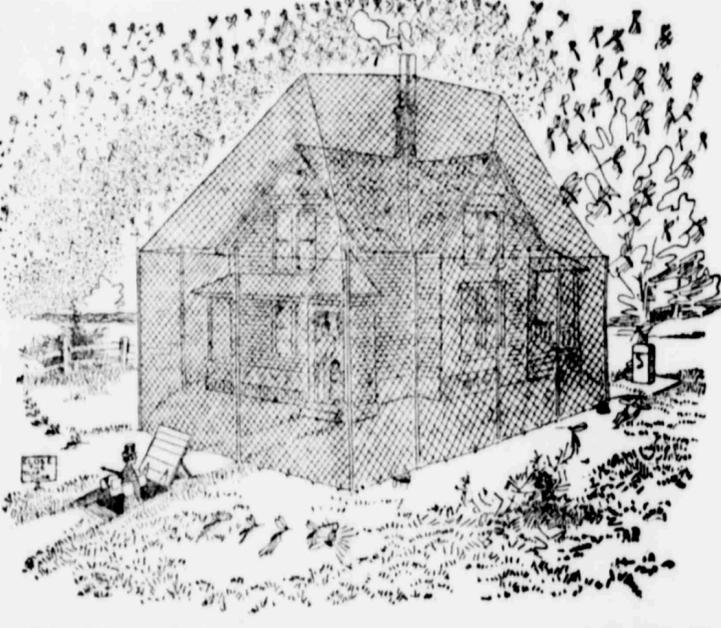
PROF. JAMES STANLEY GRIMES, a Chicago scientist, ninety-four years of age, has been editing and revising Newton's law of gravitation theory. He has evolved what he calls the law of radiation. This law is established by the fact that the force of gravitation enters every mass in extension and does not produce any expansion. It is certain that this would be impossible if an equal force did not pass out at the same time. All the facts indicate that there is a stream of force constantly moving into every particle in existence and an equal force tending from it. Consequently the greater the number of particles in a mass the greater also is the quantity of heat evolved in the mass. When bodies fall to the earth they are carried there by a stream of force that penetrates from all directions of the earth. They move faster the nearer they are to the earth for the same reason that planets move faster the nearer they are to the sun. The force penetrates to every part of the sun and every part of the earth. Gravitation cannot be kept out of anything.

PAPER-HANGING.

Wall-paper does not hang, and yet the person whose business it is to paste it up is called a paper-hanger. The reason is simple. Long before the introduction of wall-papers, Arabs, a town in France, was famous for its tapestries called "arabes." These were used as wall coverings, and the men who were employed to put them up were called hangers.

Switzerland's Inns.

In proportion to its size Switzerland has more inns than any other country in the world. No less than 10,000 inns are on the list, and the receipts of the Swiss Government amount to \$50,000,000 a year.



Tiring of the scent of sulphur candles on the inside of his Loveydoveyville home, Mr. Lonely adopts heroic anti-mosquito tactics on the outside. If you have observed a corner in the mosquito-netting market, this is the reason. Please take notice of the triumph of engineering skill involved in the cyclone-eoliar entrance to the Lonely cottage from the front yard.



The neighbors come around to the Lonely cottage to borrow a few things. In Loveydoveyville this is a guarantee of good faith. Ability, combined with willingness to lend, assures any own-your-own-homer of an entree into the best commuter society. The resemblance of lending day to a moving day is purely superficial. It is not the same thing at all.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE AND PRINCE SHENG.



When Senator Beveridge was returning from the Philippines last year he stopped off in China and met several high Chinese officials. One of these, Prince Sheng and the Junior Senator from Indiana sprang up a friendly feeling, was Prince Sheng, the Imperial Commissioner of Railways and Telegraphs in China, from whom have come many of the recent cable messages concerning the situation about Tientsin and Peking.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer

THE CHARM OF THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S recent marriage to a young man about the age of her elder son has given rise to endless comment. Marriages between women of mature years and very young men are not so unusual that all the world should throw up its hands in amazement. For we have vicariously assisted at too many such alliances both here and abroad during the past five or six years to be overcome by the spectacle of a bride much the senior of her husband.

We have seen Adeline Patti take to herself a husband at least twenty-five years her junior. We have heard about Mrs. Langtry's and Mrs. Hudson Burnett's second matrimonial ventures each with juvenile bridegrooms. But in all these cases the women have been rich—very rich—and the bridegrooms poor. That Lady Randolph Churchill is not rich. On the contrary, she is, according to modern standards, poor. Lady Randolph Churchill exemplifies in her own person the potency of that intangible attribute in woman which for want of a better word we describe as charm, and possessed of which a woman serenely defies age and untoward circumstances. A great many women imagine that to be charming is a question only of appearing youthful. There never was a greater mistake. A charming woman is, first of all, intensely feminine. Her hold over men is largely mental. She is soft and gentle and exquisite—a reflection outwardly of a tender, sympathetic soul. She may be a new woman in thought and sympathy or a genius intellectually, but she will never be a bluestocking or a shrieking reformer or manly new woman. She will never by any chance offend. She is unselfishness itself, sympathetic, with a knowledge of the world that prevents her ever being crushing or publicly sentimental—appreciative and flattering by her actions rather than her words. The charming woman has really no prescribed age; she may have been lovely in her youth, and if so she guards her physical charms jealously.

HERE'S FOOD THAT LAUGHTER THRIVES ON.

BURLESQUE QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE. DE TROOP. "Don't talk to me about a Third Party!" exclaimed the old politician. "A Third Party is always a fraud." "He's awfully in the way sometimes," assented the politician's pretty daughter. PROOF. "Is she very stylish?" "I should think she was. Her baby is a year and a half old now and regards her as an utter stranger." HEROIC. Pastor—But, Michael, you are drunk again! "Can't you drink water when you are thirsty?" Michael—Oh, yes, but you see water would quench my thirst. Brabantio (appearing at window)—What do you want? Be off! Iago—Look to your haub. Brabantio—They're safe; I've got them on, you sorry wags. Othello—You're drunk. Othello—Now to escape before I— Cassio—I own I've taken too am discovered. Some other people then will find her some-othered. Othello—Be off! No more be off— her some-othered. ESCAPE. Mr. Kawdle—I wish you wouldn't interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you are talking? Mrs. Kawdle—No, you wretch! You go to sleep! DECEIVED. She—George, I—I am sorry to tell you that father has failed. He—And the old snare told me only last night to take you and be happy. A SEA JIBE. "The pilot looks like a humorist," she said. "Yes," he replied; "he has the appearance of a man who is giving us all a steer."

A COOLNESS.



Cart Horse—That white nag yonder won't recognize me any more. Cab Horse—Why not? Cart Horse—Why, the day he first appeared in that pneumatic-tired rig there I yelled "rubber!"

PROMPT RETALIATION.

"You had a lot of visitors last week, didn't you?" "Yes, but when they went home we sent our three daughters back with them."

WELL LAID ON. The Boxer's streak of yellow was thoroughly applied; It's up and down the front and back And meets on either side.

AS IT SEEMED. "What did you find to be the most entertaining exhibit at the Paris Exposition?" "My husband's exhibit of American French seemed to entertain everybody the most."

INFALLIBLE SIGNS. She—You haven't told me you loved me once to-day. He—And you haven't asked me if I loved you since yesterday. The honeymoon, shuddering, saw its finish.

HOW IT HAPPENED. She—How do you suppose His Satanical Majesty succeeded in tempting Mother Eve? He—He probably told her that apples were good for the complexion.

THAT TRYING MOMENT.



When you get yourself thoroughly soaped and then find that the water is turned off. TO HEAR HIMSELF. He—Why are you so constantly talking to yourself? She—For the same reason you are always talking to others.

THESE ARE MARKED PERSONAL.

In resting while in the Maine forests Quay just intends to say nothing but see woods.—Philadelphia Times. It is but a waste of energy for the Hon. William L. Strong to cough every time Tom Platt takes up the gubernatorial question.—Washington Post. Mr. Jones, of Toledo, still deserves to be remembered as a man who got through a long series of horseless carriage trips without an accident.—Washington Star. We do not see how a man with Hanna's rheumatism could "jump" on a rough rider of Teddy's warlike nature. Perhaps Teddy wouldn't hit a cripple.—Nashville American.

NOTICE THE EVOLUTION OF THE HAT.



The ancient wise man, Seneca, is on record as having worn the first hat. The other wearers in this picture, in order, are Rich, elieu, Henry of Navarre, John Knox, Ben Franklin, Napoleon and Ben Harrison. Note the changes in headgear. The ancient wise man, Seneca, is on record as having worn the first hat. The other wearers in this picture, in order, are Rich, elieu, Henry of Navarre, John Knox, Ben Franklin, Napoleon and Ben Harrison. Note the changes in headgear.



THE DAY'S LOVE STORY UNDER THE APPLE TREE. I WAS disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. But Fry did not come. At last I got a note by his servant. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust. It was annoying, but I trust I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair and had out a single canoe. Paddling slowly along between the lawns I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant-growth. While thus engrossed I failed to notice how narrow the creek had become until I found myself close to a lady lying on a lawn—so close that I was almost touching her. Half a dozen cushions were about her—her book lay open. I had never seen so glorious a picture. She was in something white and dainty, her hat was hung on a branch, and the old garden tree under whose shade she reclined was covered with apples. Her hair was tangled and golden, and her eyes full of light and laughter. For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered: "Where am I?" Her answer was perfectly calm, but her voice was so soft that the words were a melody. "You are in my father's garden," she said. "And I—?" "You are a trespasser." But she smiled as she said it, a smile that showed two rows of pearl sparkling in the sunlight that dappled her face. "And you?" I said. I know not what I said, but soon I asked her name, and she told me it was Eve. "And this is Paradise," I answered, looking through the leaves of the old apple tree at all the beauties of the garden. "Then we talked. Of what? Of everything. Of solitude, of friendship, of books; I fear, of Canada—and of the flowers that grew wild there by the water's edge I made her a crown, and this I put upon her tangled golden hair. She was my queen there and thenceforth forever; and so I told her, the poets adding me. "Two roses that I had not seen before bloomed on her face, and she ran away, light-footed and lithe of limb, over the lawn into her father's house. "But just as I was about to enter the canoe she came out to me across the lawn. Her gesture to me was that I must go. "Eve," I said, passionately, "you do not know me nor who I am, nor I you; but I know this, that I love you. Yes, I love you, and shall love you forever. Your heart is my Eden. Do not shut the gates of this my earthly paradise. I must, must see you again, and I will! Say that I may." She looked down and blushed. "To-morrow." She looked so pretty when she said it that I was about to dare yet more. I had the temerity to formulate the idea that I would take her in my arms and steal from her lips a kiss, when I heard a shout—"Hallo, old chap! Is that you?" I looked up. "What, Fry?" I cried. "Is it Fry? It is, by all that's wonderful!" "I'm awfully sorry, my dear chap, that I couldn't join you on the river to-day. Abominably unwell, you must have thought me. But I didn't know you knew my sister." "Oh, yes!" I said, "we know each other," and I stole a look at Eve. The glance she gave me was a grateful one. Three months afterward there was a river wedding, and as we were rowed away from church in a galley manned by four strong oarsmen, and I handed her out of the canopied boat on to her father's lawn the wedding bells rang out merrily, for Eve and I were man and wife, and I gave her a husband's kiss under the old apple tree.—The Sketch.

Word-Building.

In coining such modern words as "telegram," "photography," etc., the Japanese have recourse to the Chinese language, as we do to the Greek.