The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 PARK ROW, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1900.

VOL. 41 ..... NO. 14,266

CAN PRAISE GO FURTHER?

Both oracles spoke yesterday.

Oracle Platt—Mr. Coler is about as transparent a political mountebank as ever developed in New York City.

Oracle Croker—Coler is not fit for the office of Governor. Why, he's not even fit for the office he now holds. He takes a great deal of credit to himself, but he has no right to.

After this united boss denunciation, is anything needed to demonstrate absolutely that Coler is the very best man for Governor?

YOU LAUGH RIGHT ACROSS THE TOP TO-DAY.

USEFUL TRAIT.

"I suppose you would like your new clergyman to be a man of force?"

"Oh, yes; he would have to be a man of force to collect his salary."

HIS GAIT.

I wouldn't run for office
These days of sukry doubt
I'd mind the rule,
Which says "Keep cool"
I'd walk or go without.

NO RECALL.

"What is your age, madame?" asked the judge.

"Let the past be past," she answered slyly.

SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF THE GONG.

Long Tramp—I wonder what dat blamed gong is ringin' like dat fer, all by itself.

Whizz! Bang! Zip!

Short Tramp—Why, don't you see? It wuz ringin' ter let de engineer know we wuz on de track, so he'd slow up an' not run over us, but I guess he wasn't 'tendin' ter his business.

AT THE HOBO LODGINGS.

"Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me whether Black Bill lives here?"
"Dunno! Ask the gentleman on the upper floor!"

A DIVINE ATTRIBUTE.

"Ah! Rev. Mr. Fourthley," exclaimed the good old soul, "is truly a godly man."

"Well, certainly," replied the unregenerated man who had heard him preach, "he giveth his beloved sleep!"

BUT FORGET TO PAY.

Borroughs—What are you driving at anyway?

Lenders—I simply don't want you to forget that you owe me $10.

Borroughs—Don't worry. I expect to remember that to my dying day.

WRAPS OF THE COMING AUTUMN.

Of course there's a "L'Aiglon" wrap out for the coming Fall, with the Bernhardt indorsement. It is shown on the left in the picture in what may be known as the middle length. It is made of mode broadcloth. The yoke and tall collar are of violet panne velvet, enriched with alternating rows of fine gold and white silk cords.

The Eton coat, in the middle of the picture, is of deep blue cloth, beautifully satiny in texture. Narrow strappings of black satin are put on in bolero effect. A little black collar, stitched with white, peeps out from beneath the taller one of blue cloth, which is stitched with black.

On the right is a frock coat, which is supposed to be masculine. It is composed of fine mode broadcloth, and is set off with magnolia-white broadcloth facings. It is lined with white taffeta. Waistcoat fronts hold it into the figure, and these fronts are made of the mode cloth, fastened with pearl buttons, seven on a side.

HOUSEHOLD GIFTS.

Guest (of marriageable age)—This partridge is splendidly cooked! Who did it?
Hostess—My—ah—daughter.
Guest (later)—Who is that playing the piano so badly?
Hostess (quickly)—My cook!

THE PRESIDENT'S AUTOMOBILE CARD.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON.

William McKinley

Autograph collectors have a good friend in President McKinley. He never refuses a request for his autograph, however hard it may be for office-seekers to get that autograph on a government commission.

So great has been the demand for William McKinley's autograph that Secretary Cortelyou prepared neat cards like the illustration, and in moments of recreation the President writes his name on half a hundred cards at a time. Even then the supply runs short, but no one who writes for an autograph is refused, although there may be a delay in case of a rush of public business.

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

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

DANGER IN OCEAN RACING.

By
P. T. POWERS,
President Eastern League.

THE recent race (for in spite of assertions to the contrary it can be called nothing else) between the Deutschland and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse brings forcibly to the public the folly of such bursts of speed across the Atlantic.

The lesson which will surely result from similar exhibitions will come sooner or later, and when it does come it will be a terrible one. These mammoth liners carry often over a thousand passengers. They have one object in view every ocean trip, and that is to break the record. The time of crossing now has been reduced to a few hours over five days. I consider that the public itself is to blame for repeated trials to reach the other side in the least possible number of days.

All the passengers think of is the short run from this country abroad.

They do not stop to consider that the ship's engines are strained to their utmost capacity, that the vessel is urged forward at the expense of what looks suspiciously like safety.

Many a train does not attain the speed acquired by the big steamers. They plough along through fog, throwing great streams of water from their bows and in imminent danger of crashing into a sunken iceberg or another ship.

Imagine the calamity when in the course of events this happens. A huge mass of 16,000 tons going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour would leave little of the vessel with which it collided, and would probably go down itself with all on board.

The time has come, I think, to call a halt to this kind of thing. It is for the steamship companies to look ahead, for they would be the first to receive blame if any accident occurred as a result of running their boats at high speed.

They do not admit that their steamships ever race, but that does not blind the public to the fact that they do.

I think when a passenger cannot spare the time to cross the water in seven days at moderate speed he ought to transact his business by cable.

P. T. Powers

Brazil's Coffee Jag.

A visitor who returned from Brazil says that the whole country is perpetually intoxicated by coffee. It is brought to the bedside the moment one awakes and just before sleep, at meals and between meals, on going out and coming in. Men, women and children drink it with the same liberality, and it is fed to babies in arms. The effect is apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, yellow, dry skin and a chronic excitability worse than that produced by whiskey.

Mountains of Song.

There is more melody in Andreasburg, Prussia, in the Harts Mountains, than in any other town in the world. There 250,000 canaries are annually reared, and four-fifths of them are sent to the United States.

PIG BROKEN TO HARNESS.

A son of John Wraight, of Ashford, Ill., has a strange conveyance. He has trained a pig, broken it to harness, and hitched it up to a small wagon built to order for the animal. In this the little owner drives around town to the astonishment of strangers in that place.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD

Where the Farmer Revenges Himself.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The sun has ceased shining, the earth has stopped moving,
Things are mixed in an incomprehensible way,
And the cause of it all is: the girl that I'm loving
Has gone with her friends in the country to stay.
Yet suppose that some rustic should win my dear Emmy!
Kind readers advise without bunoombe or bosh.
To avert such misfortune I'd spend my last penny,
But what shall I do if she marries a josh?

A. J. N.

Chance for Wise Advice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am keeping company with a young lady, and my mother is trying to part us, if she can, by saying she heard this story and that story about the girl. I spoke to the young lady and she said the stories are untrue. Do readers think it is a good plan for me to leave home and stop all this trouble at once? G. C.

Complaints of Uptown Streets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can we not enforce the cleaning up of certain Harlem streets between Lenox and Seventh avenues? The north side of one street is a disgrace to any city.

A. MERCHANT.

Jersey Girls Want Name for Club.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There are about eight young ladies and we would like to form a club. Would your readers kindly suggest an appropriate name for the club?

Miss C. M., Harrison, N. J.

Pier Loafers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can nothing be done to stop the gangs of loafers that hang out on certain of the piers every day and night insulting every woman that comes down the pier? In the name of the law where are the police?

VICTIM.

PERSONALS PLUCKED FROM THE NEWS.

The youngest cattle buyer at the great Union Stockyards in Chicago is fourteen-year-old Melville Nelson Morris Rothschild, grandson of Nelson Morris, the packer.

Young Rothschild wanted to try his hand at buying cattle without the advice but with the consent of the elder Morris.

Nelson Morris said the boy's pick formed the best bunch of cattle in the yards, and he insists his grandson is a first-rate buyer already.

This boy, Clifford J. Tallman, sixteen years old, living now at Mason, Mich., has been runaway, stowaway and castaway, and has, in the last year or two, seen most of the round world and learned several of its languages. He started from South Africa, whither his people had removed.

Mrs. Fanny D. W. Hardin, of Denver, Col., and Mrs. Laura S. Dodge, of Boulder, Col., pictured above in the order named, hold the unique position of campaign managers. It was largely due to their united efforts that Mrs. Mary Lord Carr, of Denver, the candidate from the department of Colorado and Wyoming for the head office in the Woman's Relief Corps, was successful at the late Chicago encampment.

Mrs. Hardin is a Denver woman, who since the beginning of the national organization has been closely identified with its work.

Mrs. Dodge is the wife of Past Department Commander Dodge, of Boulder, who was all through the war with the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. In this regiment was the company whose Captain fired the first shot at the battle of Gettysburg.

This bright little fellow is the youngest commissioned officer in the United States. He is Francis M. Marriott, aged six, and he lives at Delaware, O. By act of Gov. Nash, his warm friend, he is "General Attendant of All the Squirrels in the State House Yard." He has 500 lively little charges, to hungry mouths he never fails to supply hickory nuts when he visits Columbus.

Little Hilda Jaggers, whose picture is printed here, died two years ago in Philadelphia. But the pennies she had collected and saved have formed the nucleus of a fund by which a new Children's Hospital has been built and dedicated in Germantown. Here the good that Hilda did lives after her.

Mayor Ashbridge delivered the address at the hospital dedication. The institution, founded in love, will be supported by voluntary contributions.

THE BRIDE'S SOFA PILLOW.

THE latest idea in the sofa-pillow craze is intended for a bride, and will be sure to occupy a prominent position on the hall seat of her new home.

It is made of bits of ribbons and silk left from the trousseau. The smallest pieces may be used and a very rich effect produced. It should be made on the old-fashioned patchwork pattern of our grandmother's days and will prove to be most attractive as well as worth cherishing for its sentimental associations. A piece of each sash, of every bow, and a little of the trimming of each gown, as well as of the material of which each dress has been made, should be used in the pillow.

Wanted a Rest.

A nurse visiting her patients in a Cape Town hospital ward found her favorite soldier fast asleep. Pinned to his coverlet was a scrap of paper on which he had scrawled, "To it to be nussed to-day, respectfully J. M."

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.

THE fresh young man is generally not worth his salt.

Love may be easily won, but it is not always easily kept.

Would you rather get what you want or want what you get?

The up-to-date girl has her monogram embroidered on the front of her black silk stockings.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Nov. 3, 1899. Jan. 10, 1899.

When did Jim Jeffries and Thomas Sharkey fight last? When did Kid McCoy and Thomas Sharkey fight last? A. W. P., New York City.

It is a "Classic," but Scarcely "Heavy."

A bets that "Il Trovatore" is a heavy, classic opera. B bets that it is not. Which is right? O. R.

"Cornelius."

Which is the correct and accepted spelling? A says "Cornelius" is correct. B says "Cornellius" is correct. C says "Cornelius" is correct.

CHARLES MILLER.

No.

When two gentlemen are passing a young lady and one (who knows her) raises his hat, would it be proper for his friend to raise his hat to the young lady the next time he passed her when alone, although he has never been introduced to her? E. B. S.

Year in State, Four Months in County.

How long must a voter live in a county of this State to vote on Election Day? FIRST VOTER.

No, Only of America.

Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world?

CHARLES FRANKLIN.

B Is Correct.

A says the President of the United States cannot be a Catholic. B says he can if elected. Which wins?

CONSTANT.

No, Second; London Is the Largest.

Is not New York City the largest organized city on the earth? O. R.

Knocked Him Out in First Round.

How many rounds did it take Terry McGovern to knock out Pedlar Palmer? THOMAS MAGUIRE.

At Cooper Union.

Where can I learn stenography free? J. J. M.

First Tuesday After First Monday.

If Nov. 1 falls on a Tuesday is that Election Day or is it the first Tuesday after the first Monday?

THREE GIRLS.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER TO-DAY ANSWERS QUESTIONS OF PERPLEXED LOVERS.

Mrs. Ayer will answer questions—
On MONDAYS, about the Baby.
TUESDAYS, of Perplexed Lovers.
WEDNESDAYS, of Unhappy Wives and Troubled Husbands.
THURSDAYS, of Beauty Seekers.
FRIDAYS, of Inquiring Housekeepers.
Letters without names and addresses will not receive attention. The names are not for publication. Write on one side of paper only.

He Is Worse Than a Crank.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am engaged to be married to a young lady. I have been stopping at a Summer resort where she and her mother are staying. A few nights since I escorted her to a dance at a fashionable hotel accompanied by her mother. As I was indisposed to dance that evening I told her I did not object to her dancing with other young men with whom she was acquainted, provided I was to be recognized, and they should ask permission of me. A few moments afterward she came to me and said "Mr. Smith" would like to dance with her, but did not like to ask me because I was a stranger to him. (I had had an introduction the previous evening.) Well, yes, I said, and they danced. After the dance I saw them come out on the piazza and walk past us to the other end, turn the corner and disappear from view. In a few moments I got up and walked around in their direction and found them at the furthermost end, where it was decidedly dark and gloomy, with linked arms. What their conversation was I know not, but I immediately walked up to them, and lifting my hat asked her if she was through dancing, and if she was I'd escort her to her mother. The gentleman with her immediately dropped her arm and shrunk away. The young lady's mother approved of my action and said it would teach her a lesson. The young lady, on the other hand, was very indignant, and she and some of her lady friends think I was very rude. Did I act right under the circumstances? CRANK.

IF you will allow me to say so, I think you describe yourself mildly when you term yourself a crank. From my point of view you are a domestic tyrant in embryo. No woman at this time of the world is going to permit a man to assume the "lord and master" rule with her. If you did not object to the girl's dancing with other young men you should have said so, and not have qualified your words by exacting so absurd a promise as the asking of your permission. Little girls ask their mamma's and papa's permission, but a grown woman, with average intelligence, is insulted at such a suggestion from a man who is very often her inferior in judgment and discrimination.

Now that I have given you a scolding, I should like to add that in this case, while I think the young lady should not have asked your permission at all, but should have just used her own discretion in the matter as to whom she should dance with, it being understood that you did not object to her dancing, I certainly think she behaved very badly in her vulgar flirtation, or whatever you may choose to call it, after the dance, and my opinion is that a girl who is honestly in love with a man instinctively repels every liberty which is a direct insult offered to her by any other than her fiance. I think your first position was an absurd one, but after that you were certainly badly treated.

Not Too Young to Marry.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young man twenty years of age, and am engaged to a young lady of eighteen. I am earning $15 per week and she $8. Neither of us has a home and we are both tired of boarding out. We have set the day of our wedding as Nov. 29. Friends say we are too young to marry and advise me to wait a year or two. We are both of domestic tastes and do not want to wait, as I am earning enough to support us. Do you think it would be better for us to marry now and make a home or to wait a year or two? My sweetheart does not wish to put our wedding off and I do not wish to hurt her feelings. E. S. LAWSON.

MANY young people, prudent and domestic, have married on the sum you are earning, and by economy and thrift have not only lived, but have lived very happily and in great comfort. In the circumstances you describe I cannot see why you should not marry in the Autumn.

You are, as a matter of fact, young for the responsibilities of matrimony. You should be thoroughly satisfied that your tastes are congenial. Do not fail to reflect on the fact which so many young people appear to overlook, that marriage is a most solemn undertaking, and that only those persons who, for sane reasons, believe they will be happier united have a right to contemplate it. Very few men of twenty know just what attributes in a woman will prove attractive year after year. But you may be one of the exceptions, and there have been happy marriages between lovers of your age.

An Encouraging Situation.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am in love with a young lady, my brother-in-law's sister. I love her and think she cares a good deal for me. How should I ask her if I can take her anywhere? I would like to win her love. She does not keep company with any other young man.

J. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THERE is nothing discouraging about this situation, surely. Certainly, invite the young lady to places of amusement, and do your very best to win her, if you are sure she is the girl you would like for your wife. You have rather an unusually good chance, with your sister to help you, and I wish you every success.

Good Form Says No.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am twenty years of age and engaged to Mr. X., who is twenty-nine. Our love is, of course, mutual and "unequalled," as we often whisper in each other's ear. Mr. X. calls at my house three times weekly; one or two of these meetings are usually spent outside the house.

Mr. A., a young man of about twenty-two, a distant relative through marriage and a neighbor of mine, frequently visits my folks. On one or two occasions he invited me to go out with him "just for a walk," and I accepted his invitations.

I asked Mr. X. what would he say if told that I was seen in the company of a strange young man, Mr. A. for instance. He answered that personally he would have no objections, having implicit confidence in me, but that for the sake of propriety I ought not to do it. I hold that there is no harm whatever in my going out with Mr. A. or anybody I know. This resulted in a petty quarrel. Kindly give your opinion. R. S.

IF your lover objects that should be reason enough for your respecting his wishes. There is doubtless no harm actually in your accepting the attentions you allude to from the other young man. But when an engaged girl is seen with a young man other than her fiance, it inevitably invites adverse comment, and for this reason, though her lover makes no protest, it is in far better form for an engaged young woman to decline attentions of other men.

An Absurd Prejudice.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young woman keeping company with a Swede. Now, as I am an American, my friends do not think it proper. He is hard-working, kind-hearted and respectable, and has been an American citizen for several years. TRUTHSEEKER.

IF the young man is a temperate, self-respecting, worthy fellow, the fact that he is a Swede, or of any other nationality than your own should not in the least be to his disadvantage.

There are good Swedish husbands and good husbands of every other nation. Your friends are unjustly prejudiced. If the young man, as I have said before, is himself worthy of a woman's confidence, respect and love, his nationality should be no barrier.