

LOOK FOR THE "PULL."

The District-Attorney's office proposes to find out where ex-Dive-Keeper Ackron gets his "pull."

Good enough. But why stop with investigating the late boss of the Tivoli?

Let us find also where that gambling house in West Thirty-sixth street gets the pull which produced a "tip" which closed its game till a police raid was over.

Let us find out, too, how a whole neighborhood comes to know that a certain policeman sleeps his duty hours away in a certain engine house while Headquarters hears nothing of it.

There are more things about town than are dreamed of in the philosophy of inquirers who stop at the case of Ackron.

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

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

MOTORS HAVE RIGHTS.

From an interview with ex-Judge DILLON, founded on an action brought in New Jersey to recover damages for the death of a woman from injuries received by being thrown out of a carriage by reason of her horses taking fright at a motor vehicle in the highway.

THE particular facts in that case as to whether there was anything unusual in the construction of the motor in question or in the letting off of steam to make it more dangerous than usual, have a great deal of bearing on the rights of the motor vehicle.

My own opinion is that the motors have come to stay, and that the owners of them, operating them with care, are not liable for injuries resulting from horses taking fright, unless, indeed, the construction or operation is such in the particular case as to frighten horses which are ordinarily gentle.

In short, the motor is lawful on the street or highway and its being there cannot be rendered unlawful, unless there is something in the construction of the particular locomotive or the manner in which it is being operated which renders it liable to cause fright in such horses.

DISCIPLINE BY THE KISS.

MISSON for bad little boys who will be good little boys while in school is the latest idea from out the fertile West.

Miss Mills Daniels, who presides over a district school in Nemaha County, Kan., is responsible for the introduction of this oscillatory system of discipline.

And it's a glorious success and has been from the start. Miss Daniels hasn't a bad little boy in her entire school.

Miss Daniels's school closes on Fridays. On that afternoon she dispenses her oscillatory awards to the boys who have been good. Notebook in hand, she goes about the room, and when she reaches a boy whose record is clear then she stoops over the face of the young rascal and plants a telling and sounding kiss on the puckered lips.

And the favored ones remember the kiss for a whole week and until time for another comes around.

Miss Daniels has the model school for miles around, and the school directors approve heartily of her system of preserving discipline.

"I find that the system works to perfection," she says recently. "It shows the pupils that the teacher takes a personal interest in them, and they make an effort to reciprocate by doing as she would have them do. My experience is that when department is good, scholarship is good. I am diligent, therefore, to have my school excel in department."

MARRIAGE A REAL LOTTERY.

WE have often heard of the matrimonial lottery, but a matrimonial raffle is not quite such a commonplace. Russia, which rejoices in so many singular products, has invented this also.

It seems that when a girl is unable to secure a husband in the ordinary way she gets up a raffle for herself. She sells, say, 50 tickets at 10 shillings each, and the winner captures not only the girl, but also the £50.

If he does not wish to marry her he can dispose of her and the sum for a share in the latter. If, on the other hand, she refuses to accept the winner she can give him half the money and cry quits. After that she can start another raffle of the same kind.

It occurs to one that some of our penniless beauties with a turn for finance and a number of admirers might easily get up several of these raffles, halve the stake with the winners and finally marry the man of her choice with a very comfortable dowry.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

It will. An acquaintance of mine will graduate from the Girls' High School of Brooklyn in February. Her faculty is languages, and she would like to educate herself in languages at the University of Bonn, Germany. Will this course of education, together with one year's training spent at the College for Teachers, entitle her to teach in the high schools of the United States, New York State especially?

In His Fifteenth Year. Can a person born July 28, 1885, define his age at fourteen, or can he claim to be fifteen years of age at the present date?

A Political Query. How many political parties are in the present Presidential strife and what are their names?

Answer—Nine parties: Republican, Democratic, People's (Middle of the Road), People's (Fusion), Social Democrats, Prohibition, United Christian, De Leon Socialist, Silver Republican.

Through Pictured Lines You Here May Find Such Smiles as Ease the Troubled Mind.

TIMELY CRITICISM.



"It does seem strange, Emma, that with seventeen locks in the house, given to us as wedding presents, you are never ready on time!"—Justice Blaetter.

GRASPING AMBITION.

They were out driving and the young man was holding the lines with one hand. "Sweetheart," he whispered, as the moon went behind a cloud, "I wish I had arms like—like—"

ESPECIALLY FOR HIM.



Captain—The boat is sinking. We're lost this time, for sure. Isn't it terrible? Henpeck (with a life-preserver)—Oh! awful! And I promised my wife I'd be home early.

FAMILIAR.

"Your face seems very familiar to me," said the good deacon. "Mebbe it is," replied the other man. "I can't keep track of 'em all. 'Tis O'Reagan's bar-keeper."

CRUSHED.

"Walking or sleeping, my thoughts are ever of you," he exclaimed. "Well, you are entitled to another thought," she replied.

TO GIVE AWAY.

Some of the things it is better to give than receive are a plugged nickel, a bad cold, and advice of any old kind.

BLIGHTED.

Bilinear—You don't seem to care for anybody. Cynicus—I can't. A Chicago girl once trampled on my affections.

ALL HANDS PLEASED.



"Why is that man laughing?" "Because he bought a horse cheap." "Why is the other man laughing?" "Because he sold a horse."

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER ANSWERS Unhappy Wives & Husbands

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. Write on one side of paper only.

This Husband a Cheat.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Before we were married we cared for each other, but I must say that he loved me ten times as much as I loved him. And then my parents opposed the match. They did not think he was good enough for me, as I was a very good girl at home, and am just as good a wife. And I would not marry without their consent, so he did everything that a man can possibly do to gain their consent. After the ceremony was over I found out that all the money he had lost in card playing, and he borrowed from everybody he knew. I felt terrible, but could not say anything as the wedding was a brilliant one and everybody seemed to be enjoying it very much, so I could not get a chance to speak to him alone until we went home. Then I told him all I heard, and he cried and said that it was true that he speculated to make more and lost everything.

He promised by everything holy that he would do nothing wrong any more, and that my word would be law with him. Well, what was I to do to let people talk of my misfortune, but to hide everything and hope in the future? I then went to work for a while to help him out. If people asked why I worked I said I was lonesome. I had to do

A SMART AUTUMN COAT.



The illustration presents one of the new and fashionable Empire coats for Autumn wear.

my housework at night, and he saw I was busy, especially Saturday nights, so he'd say, "I am going out to see my friends for awhile; I will be home soon." That "soon" would be 2 or 3 in the morning. Now we have a beautiful boy and he goes out the same and he has lost money on cards also since, and I don't see why he does it. He has nothing to complain of, and I know that he is very fond of me. I do my own housekeeping, my own washing, household sewing and my own dressmaking and take care of the baby, but he does so many things wrong which I cannot even write. I have told no one my story till now and will anxiously wait for your answer in The Evening World.

A Husband Gone.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: My husband deserted me about a month ago for another woman. I have just received a letter from him asking me to get a divorce from him. He says he will pay the lawyer. I am determined that I shall not divorce him. Can I sue him for support? He has a splendid position with good pay. He is living in another city (where he deserted me). I am living here. Will I have to go to the city where he is living to sue or can I sue him here? M. H.

A BOER'S NOVEL WAISTCOAT.



This handsome waistcoat, which was found on a Boer prisoner, is not only highly ingenious in its construction, but is also very interesting from the fact that of the twenty-six pouches sewed on to the leather waistcoat the greater number had been taken from British soldiers, as, of course, had also the collar ornaments shown under the pouches—London Graphic.

SHE GOT HER MONEY.

"I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check. But this woman, instead of saying haughtily, "Do not waste your acquaintance, sir," merely replied, "Oh yes you do, I think. I'm the 'red-headed old virgin' next door to you, whose 'sacredly little boys' are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started downtown this morning your wife said, 'Now, Henry, if you want dinner fit to eat this evening, you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't run this house on the city water and 10 cents a day.'" "Here's your money, madam," said the cashier, pushing it toward her and coughing loudly.

Geographic Board.

A geographic board in the Dominion of Canada settles all questions as to the correct spelling of geographic names in the Dominion.

DO NOT PUSH YOUR SISTER'S FACE.

An old man tottered down the street. With age his form was bent; His voice was weak and almost gone, Upon a cane he leant. He saw a curly-headed boy With his sister dear at play; He saw him raise his hand in rage, Then unto him he did say:

CHORUS.

"Do not push your sister's face, Do not smash her jaw, It is not gentlemanly, and It is against the law. So do not raise your angry hand And give her face a swat; My boy, remember that it is The only face she's got."

The years rolled by, as years will do— The boy grew to a man; But there was nothing strange in this, As it is Nature's plan. But often he would think upon The old man far away, Who met him on the little street And unto him did say:

CHORUS.

"Do not push your sister's face, Do not black her eye, Do not spoil her countenance, You'll rue it when you die. So do not raise your angry mitt And give her cheek a swat; My boy, remember that it is The only face she's got."

—Baltimore American.

A BREAK.

Our temperance meeting didn't prove The big success it oughter; The chairman tried to blow the froth From off a glass of water.

The Day's Love Story The Portrait of Patricia

Ever a man put his whole heart into his work. Bertram Ainsworth put his into the portrait of the steel king's only daughter. He was not unconscious of the honor done him in the selection of his chair to keep alive for the father, soon to be left lonely, the vision of his child's loveliness. He knew that it was to the friendship of Tom Heath he owed the commission. The two had met abroad, had toured Italy together and had kept up their warm friendship after their return to the States. Now had the work was nearing completion Tom came to watch the exquisite face, the lissome form beginning to live—seeming to breathe under the swift touches of that magical brush in those nervous white fingers.

He had a nod for his friend—a smile for his sister. He looked from the original to the picture and back again in a trance of admiration. "Patricia," he announced, "I have news for you." "Good news?" "What else? Father had a cablegram this morning from Lord Harbetsen. He has sailed—is on the Atlantic by this." She started, her attitude of haughty indifference gone in an instant. Her hands gripped the arms of her chair. As though an obliterating sponge had been passed over it all, the winsome sparkle and color was swept from her face. "So soon!" she whispered. "So soon!" Her brother's booming laugh filled the studio. "How complimented he would be—the bridegroom who comes across the sea! Eh? What is it, Ainsworth?" "Nothing!" returned Ainsworth curtly. He stooped to pick up his maulstick which had clattered to the floor. He rose, hastily set aside his palette on which a wide, blurred streak of many colors betrayed the random course of a nervous brush. "Nothing. I shall not detain you longer, Miss Heath. The light is gone."

It was the day of the last sitting. Tom was out of town. Patricia's chair stood waiting—an empty throne. She came to it, pale, a little languid—"an hour's defect of the rose." Was this the radiant creature his genius had evoked on canvas? He stood before his easel, palette on thumb, brush suspended. Suddenly he flung both aside. "There is nothing more to do," he said. His voice was harsh. "The portrait is finished!" Then he was beside her, his hand clutching the back of her chair until the knuckles showed white, his eyes blazing down into hers. "Do you understand," he cried, his words half a sob half a groan, "what that means to me—finished?"

"I understand," she said. All at once she shrank from the lightning of his glance. "I—I understand—God help me!" He did not speak nor touch her, but over his face came a great awe—an infinite joy. That admission—that confession! Now—now—let fate do its worst! "Look at me!" he commanded. She lifted her eyes. Then he lost himself. Then he forgot all things save that he and she were there together—together for the first—for the last time! But she was not a woman to be won by violence—to be carried by storm. She spoke and he listened. When she had done he did not lift his head.

"I am to be another man's wife," she told him. "This is good-by." "Fretful me!" he said. "God's love go with you!" He stood aside to let her pass.

"Patricia—Ainsworth!" There was a step, a voice, a presence between them. Smiling a little sadly Lord Harbetsen stood between them.

"I did not mean to be an eavesdropper. I had come in early. I had fallen asleep behind that screen. I am sorry; I am glad—sorry to lose you out of my life, Patricia; glad not to buy my happiness at the cost of yours. We can be discreet. It will be less than a nine days' wonder if we are cautious. And your father—his will is yours, Patricia." He looked into her eyes that shone through happy tears. He kissed the hand she gave him, and Ainsworth's hand he wrung hard. Then he was gone.

On the stairs—for he would not wait for the elevator—he met Janet Ainsworth. Impulsively she stopped him.

"You are ill? You have been hurt? What is it?" "I am not ill. I have been hurt—a little—yes. I am going away—for a long time. Or—it may not be so long a time." He was warned by the sympathy of her lips—her eyes. "When—when I return may I come to see you, little Janet?" "Oh!" said Janet, oh! She thought of the portrait of Patricia. Then their eyes met.

"May I—Janet?" "Come!" she said.

BY MISS KATE CAREW.

The Evening World's Woman Caricaturist Pays Her Respects to Mr. Crane and "David Harum."



MR. CRANE AND HIS MOUTHS.

Mr. Crane's David Harum is a person who gives vent to a rich chuckle after every phrase. This gives the audience the cue when to laugh, and also enables Mr. Crane to exercise his facial muscles. A few of the results are shown in an arabesque down the right-hand side of the portrait.



WITH APOLOGUES TO A FELLOW-CRITIC.

Mr. William Winter, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, was only a member of the audience, but I was constantly tempted to make studies of his head instead of attending to David Harum. He was easily the most picturesque object in the house.



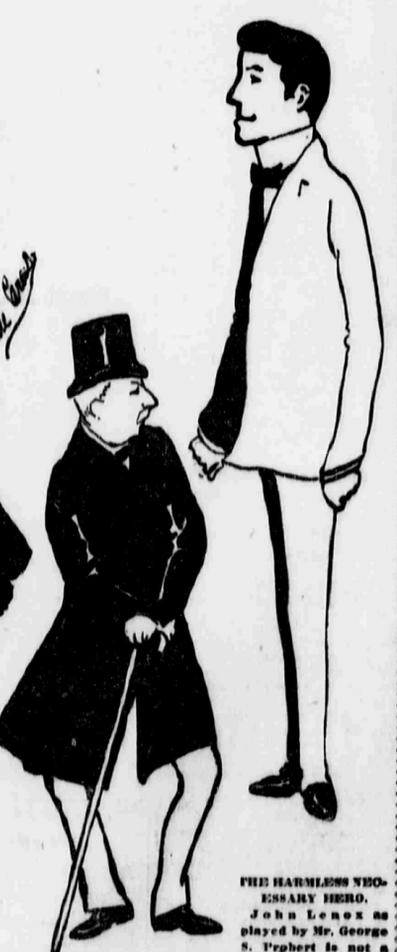
HOW MR. CRANE LIETS A MORTGAGE.

This shows the favorite actor in a feat that he is said to perform better than Sandow. Lifting mortgages is a characteristic diversion of David Harum. The lady in the picture is a widow. I have tried my best to reproduce her widow expression.



AUNT POLLY BIXBEE.

As played by Miss Kate Meek she is fat, fair and—oh, well! it's of no consequence. She is David Harum's sister, and her sole duty in the play is to say: "Dave Harum, what do you mean?" and "Dave Harum, what will you say next?" and "Dave Harum, ain't you awful!"



THE HARMLESS NEGRO-SHARRY HERO.

John Lenox as played by Mr. George S. Prebert is not a startlingly novel youth. The Sunday-schools are full of him. But I imagine he is from the dramatic school—and recently. I am mistaken. I offer the school my sincere apologies.



GEN. WOLSEY A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I don't know why he's "Gen." instead of "Mr.," but I do know that he's intensely disappointing in not turning out a villain after making such a violent entrance in such a shiny hat, such a tightly buttoned frock coat and such carefully floured hair—all the proper signs of villainy if I know aught of the drama. The actor's name is Frank Burbeck.