

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN. With Apologies to Ernest Saton-Thompson. By J. CAMPBELL CORY.



No. 6.—Crockerus Constabulum Rinkydinkus.

This interesting animal is chiefly remarkable for its dauntless valor and a mysterious faculty for never being within call when its assistance is needed by a citizen in distress.

Its chief duty is to discourage vice of all sorts, and this it does in a measure by levying a heavy tribute upon all disorderly persons within its allotted territory.

When not occupied as above the Rinkydinkus puts in his time in the fearsome pursuit of his own shadow, as shown in the illustration. The monotony of this routine is sometimes broken by the valiant arrest of an innocent, respectable and presumably defenseless woman, or the playful clubbing into insensibility of a consumptive but otherwise blameless little man.

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THE REAL QUEEN VICTORIA-- A WORTHY WOMAN.

Victoria has four separate and distinct meanings. First—An era in British history. Example: "The age of Victoria." Second—A political figurehead. Example: "Victoria, Queen and Empress."

With the three first meanings we need not bother. They have no especial significance in fact, though a great deal of false significance has been attached to them by snobbish and sentimental imaginations.

Her maiden name was Azon. She married Albert Wettin and by him had nine children. She was born poor, a pensioner. By strict economy she managed to accumulate a considerable fortune.

In appearance she was insignificant—very short, very fat, with a dull, heavy, but extremely kindly, face. She had no personality and no taste in dress and little personal charm.

Her disposition was most amiable. While she had a quick temper and was at times unreasonable, her natural kindness usually made her soon repentant.

Her character was honest, sincere, upright. Her tastes were altogether domestic. She cared nothing for matters outside of her own family.

As is customary in the case of every person of exalted station, many myths have accumulated about her intellect.

But there is not anywhere to be found a single clever remark, a single reputable observation, a single wise thought, coming from her or even credited to her.

On the other hand, we have indisputable evidence of her mental qualities in her own handwriting. She wrote and, yielding to the flatteries of her entourage, published two books containing extracts from her diaries.

But her private weakness was her public strength. Except in the unfortunate instances of the two publications noted above, her defect was carefully and successfully concealed from the general public.

In a period when England did not need and would not tolerate an intellect on the throne, she met the public need of nonentity.

In a period when examples of domestic virtue were valuable in high places she supplied a serene and beautiful example of domestic virtue.

Perhaps her greatest stroke of good fortune—next to her mental dullness—was the death of her husband thirty-nine years ago. Had he survived into the period when democracy began to take hold upon England he might, probably would, have caused trouble for her.

He was a vain man, sensitive about his position and full of ridiculous ideas as to his abilities as a statesman. He soon made himself extremely unpopular, and was in a fair way to become intolerable; and his wife was completely under his domination.

His death removed a menace to the continuance of monarchy in England; it gave his widow an excuse for devoting herself wholly to her domestic concerns; and this seclusion gave fancy and sentimental snobbery an opportunity to build her up into a "figure."

To sum up: "Victoria" means a good woman whose domesticity and dullness preserved her from injuring herself.

"Let us honor her as we honor every member of that noble company of men and women who are striving to do the right as it is given to them to see the right. But let us be careful to remember that it was not royalty that shed lustre upon her virtues, but her virtues that shed lustre upon royalty."

TO THE PEOPLE AND IT

thing about it. Usually in Winter we go about in agony with frozen ears, red noses, hands jammed in pockets, shivering all over and miserable; wading through snow, our shoes tilled with it, our feet wringing wet or incased in heavy rubbers. This year we have to go about in a cold day; we walk about in comfort. The weather is usually as serene as in October. No snow, no wet feet, no chilblains, no awful misery for the poor who cannot afford fuel and

HORACE THE HOG. By FERDINAND G. LONG.



He gets his money's worth when he goes to the theatre, and doesn't care whose enjoyment he spoils.

COMMON PHRASES.



"A touching scene."

WORSE THAN SEEING THEM.



Friends—Dear, dear! Have you caught the palsy, Adelbert? Sufferer—No, but I swallowed one of those toy snakes that never stop wriggling.

HENRY WARD BEECHER And the First Snow of the Winter.

A GOOD many years ago a stranger from the West went over to Brooklyn. It was prayer-meeting night at Beecher's church, and the Western man had heard that Beecher always talked in a conversational manner at such meetings.

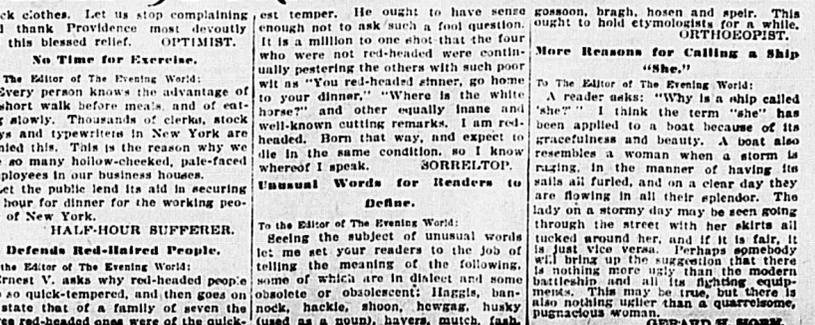
The Western man had never heard Beecher. On his way to the prayer meeting there was a fall of snow. It was the first snow of the Winter.

It was Liebig who remarked that the quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization. The rich in the Middle Ages, who concealed a want of cleanliness in their clothes and persons under a profusion of costly scents and essences, were more luxurious than we are in eating and drinking, in apparel and horses.

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SAVING HIM.



Father—There, now, will yer stunt yer growth smokin' cigarettes?

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER SAYS DOLLS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR SMALL BOYS TO PLAY WITH.

THE women who are standing at their helm of the Twentieth Century bark of life, if my kind readers will permit the touching metaphor, have got down to work, and the first blast from the oracle of the Child's Study Club called "The Dolls of the House" to the arms of the small boys.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

For, seriously, why isn't it far better to train a little boy to be gentle, tender and paternal with the puppets which we give our children as toys than to bring him up to fire popguns, draw swords and use his fists after the fashion of a young pugilist?

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

And I hasten with joyful pen to record an edict which should meet the approval of every man, woman and child who can remember last Fourth of July, or has had an every-day experience with a boy gun and a battered, shattered result total.

Give us women time enough and we will settle the most intricate problems that confront the world. Just at present we have struck a vital spot in the process known as "character building."

It isn't so very long ago that a number of charming women assembled in Washington and constituted themselves an executive body for the training of the American child, and incidentally for the reforming of every mother, good, bad or indifferent, on the face of the earth.

The mothers of the United States infants were given come rude shocks, individually and collectively, and many of the most drastic criticisms of the guilty parent were hurled at her offend-

MARRIED AS THE ROMANS DID. William Wombwell, aged seventy, and Catharine Heley, aged fifty-seven, jumped over a broomstick at Cove Neck, Denmark, England, recently, and thereupon became, according to Roman custom, husband and wife.

WRITE AN INTERESTING LETTER

An Interesting Problem. To the Editor of The Evening World: A certain Eastern potentate once promised to spare the life of a State prisoner on condition that the latter should devise some means of weighing the elephant's favorite elephant. There were no scales in those days that could register over 100 pounds weight.

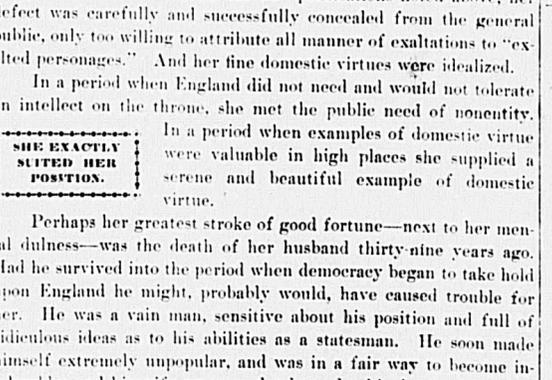
ARTHUR PAYNE BELSTONE. Wants Reply for Friends. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am getting a very good salary, but

HER LACK OF MENTAL GIFTS AS REVEALED BY HERSELF.

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

GRAY BROADCLOTH.



This cloth gown has a tucked yoke with bolers of Chiny lace. Flowered mousseline dotted with crystals is used for collar and vest. The giraffe is of gray panne.

SHE EXACTLY SUITED HER POSITION.

other papers and must go through enough tedious legal formalities to render them heartily sick of the notion of marriage unless they are really in earnest. And the consequence is that home life in France is ideal. Let New York try some what the same plan.

TO THE PEOPLE AND IT

WILL BE PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

thick clothes. He ought to have sense enough not to ask such a fool question. It is a million to one about that the four who were not red-headed were continually pestering the others with such poor wit as "You red-headed snigger, go home to your dinner." "Where is the white horse?" and other equally inane and well-known cutting remarks. I am red-headed. Born that way, and expect to die in the same condition, so I know whereof I speak.

GERARD H. BORK.