

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.

With Apologies to Ernest Seton-Thompson.
By J. CAMPBELL CORY.



No. 9 Macrobus Fitz-Lankibob Scrapicus.

A native of Australia, but for several years past a maker of pugilistic history in the United States. It is extremely pugnacious and has a most convincing manner in an argument; in fact, there are few even among the ablest and most learned of human beings, who will not immediately concede a mooted point to the Fitz-Lankibob Scrapicus when his opinion is found to differ from their own. In the comparative obscurity of its early life the Scrapicus is said to have worn a leather apron with grace and contentment, but of late it has frequently been seen in a dress suit. The leather apron is the most becoming.

GEORGIE'S MA GIVES PA A SURPRISE PARTY FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.

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"ONE of the saddest things about the Hermin race," paw told us one day after maw was out making calls, "is that people ain't the same when they are cumpy around. Whenever anybody comes to the house I notice you talk soft and low and pucker up your mouth like if the words tasted good and you kind of hated to let them out. That's one of the strongest signs that people dissented from monkeys, because it's the old animal instinct. When you put a strange horse in the field the other ones there, that were stouche before, hold up their heads and step high and put on just like a woman when Nabers come in, and it's the same way with dawgs."
"Whenever a stray Dawg come along

and me when I'm alone with the family and somebody else when folks run in for a few minutes. There's where wimmin show their weakness. If they were only Men in the world it would be Different."
"Yes," maw told him, "I no it. If they were nobuddy but men in the world you wouldn't throw back your shoulders. And try to look so pleasant when you saw Mrs. Bassett or some other woman that wasn't the mother of your Children coming down the street."
"Maw," paw says, "you rogg me. But I s'pose you can't help it becoz you're jellin. That's part of a woman's nature. Last week you sed you wouldn't believe a word Mrs. Nemitt told you and here to-day you go calling on her, and I'll bet you both sat there and talked as sweet as the Frosten on a piece of cake and you were glad when you got out of her house and she was tickled when you had to go, and told you to please not hurry away. That's the way with wimmin. It's too bad they can't act naterbly."
Maw didn't say anything for a little while, so or ty soon Uncle Wesley came over and ast paw if he didn't want to play a Game of Billiards. Uncle Wesley got a new Table Last Week, and paw likes to play on it becoz he needn't pay for the Game when somebody else beats. As soon as they got out of the house maw began to rush around and fix things up, for she was going to give paw a surprise party that nite on his Birthday. After the folks all got in the house and Everything was ready they sat in the Dining room and turned out the Lites and pritty soon paw came home, and yelled:
"Maw."
"What's rogg?" maw ast.
"Why the dickens can't you Lite up a little around here?" paw says. "They are no use Lette'n the hole naterbly know we haft to save gas. You mite have a Lamp lit, enny way."
Then Mrs. Bassett left out Lou, and they turned up the Lites and the Crowd rushed out where paw was Standing and he nearly Fainted.
After while he got away Long enuff

to go up stairs and put on a Clean collar and change his robe, but you could see by the way He Looked at max every little while that he wasn't happy. When the party was over maw tried to put her arms around paw's neck, but he wouldn't let her, and sed:
"I s'pose you think it's blame funny, don't you?"



WHEN THE LIGHTS WERE TURNED UP.

"Didn't you have a good time, dear?" maw ast.
"No," paw told her, "and I don't want anything like this to ever happen around here again. I never felt so ashamed in my Life."
"Oh, shaw!" maw says, "don't worry becoz you sed that about the Gas. I'll bet them it was only one of your jokes."
"I don't care so much about that," paw answered after he rubbed his hand across his Chin a few times and Looked at himself in the Glass above the mantle. "I haven't been Shaved for nearly Two days, confound it!" GEORGIE.



LOOKING PLEASANT FOR MRS. BASSETT.

our puppy tries to seem about three times as Big as he is, becoz he thinks he has to show his Cumpy manners. That's one good thing about me. I'm always the same, no matter whose there. I'm

WHAT SHALL BE MY DREAM?

WHAT shall be my dreams, I wonder,
When I, with sightless eyes,
Shall slumber the green sod under,
Shut out from the old blue skies?
Shall the dear and long-loved face
Come there with peaceful word?
Shall the silence thrill with traces
Of cadence of bee and bird?
Let me dream that, memory-fet-tered,
Some will pause the crowds
To say their hearts were bettered
By at least one song I've sung.

Wishes to Write Shorthand.

French Minister of War proposes shorthand lessons to soldiers in trench garrisons.

A FRENCH PORTIA.



This is the way women lawyers dress in court in France. The picture is of Mrs. Felt, the first woman admitted to the Bar of France. The law authorizing women to practice as lawyers was passed on Dec. 4 last.

WORDS ABOUT WOMEN.

SEMINAR.—Formerly women could not marry until, by their skill and industry, they had spun a certain amount of linen.
Wife.—The word comes from Anglo-Saxon "wif," or the same family of words as weaver or woof, so that the spinster, having accumulated the requisite stock of linen, soon became an expert in the weaving of cloth for him who, after the ceremony of marriage, became the husband, or bond, whence husband.
Widow's Weeds.—A term now nearly obsolete, but the present age rebolts in the retention of the widow's cap, by which the bereft one carefully and becomingly gives public expression of her grief.
Grace widows, really grace widows, are those who become so by grace or favor, not of necessity, as by death.
The bride's veil originated from the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the marriage ceremony under a square piece of cloth held up at each corner and over the bride to conceal her blushes, but in cases of the nuptials of the widow by grace, or widow by law, the veil was dispensed with.

NOT A COMPLETE SET.



Nora—Th' gasoline athove has blown up, mum! O'll not sthax in yes ould house another minnit!
Misses—You have a cheek, Nora.
Nora—Pah, mum, O' had two av thim until yes ould athove exploded.

FAMILY SKELETON.



"I suppose you'll be telling people that I'm a fool."
"No, dear. There are some things we must keep to ourselves."

The World.

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SEVERAL CURRENT HAPPENINGS, SMALL AND GREAT, FAR AND NEAR.

Thomas B. Reed, speaking at the Amherst Alumni dinner, said:

"The great secret of the progress of the world is not intelligence. There have been plenty of intelligent men since the world began. It is the diffusion of knowledge among all the people. It is when the tide rises that the vessel floats."

That last sentence is a fine epigram, one of Mr. Reed's best—the best that has been published since his refusal to defend the Administration in a series of speeches in the last campaign on the ground that he was "not a criminal lawyer."

What we need—and what we are doing—is making the tide of knowledge rise so that the highest reefs of ignorance shall be covered.

What is the cause of the enormous increase in the demand for books in the past fifteen years? Why are histories, essays, novels selling by the hundreds of thousands to-day where they sold by thousands, or at most tens of thousands, such a few years ago?

The public schools and the newspapers. The public schools make it possible for a taste for reading and for the acquisition of knowledge to be planted. The newspapers, cheap, covering all fields of human knowledge, appealing to all kinds of people, implant and encourage the taste for reading. The tide is indeed rising.

The news of one more—and the vastest—apartment-hotel again calls attention to the rapid change that is taking place in all our larger cities, the slower change in the smaller cities and large towns.

Obedience to the law of concentration, we are becoming a segregated people. It has not been so very long ago when to speak of a man as a flat-dweller was to indicate that he maintained an extremely modest establishment. To-day scores of families living in New York flats live on a scale that rivals the expenditures of the very richest dwellers in private houses. The reason is that in a city it is absolutely impossible for a family to live so comfortably, with such a close equality between expenditure and return for expenditure, in a separate house as in a flat.

Of course, one ought not to live in a city, and the day will come when most people will not. But, admitting the necessity for city-dwelling at present, you must admit the superiority of the flat.

It is a pity that those in charge of the programme for the Queen's funeral have not risen to the occasion and the opportunity.

If ever there was a life hostile to the military idea, that life was the Queen's. She opposed war. She opposed military displays. She sickened at the very thought of bloodshed.

Nor did her throne rest upon the military idea. On the contrary, it rested upon the exact reverse—peace, free consent of the governed, the utter elimination of force.

To bury a woman, and such a woman, as a soldier, a warrior, and in the morning of the twentieth century—is it not ludicrous?

It is a real pleasure to be able to say something complimentary of the unfortunate Alfred Austin, poet-laureate. The death of the woman whom the Journal de St. Petersburg well describes as "an object of veneration for the whole world" filled Mr. Austin with a genuine sorrow, which has found genuine poetic expression.

No one has better described Victoria: Queen, Empress, more than Empress or than Queen. The Lady of the World on high enthroned, By right divine of duties well fulfilled. To be the pattern to all queens, all kings, All women and the consciences of men.

And where is the British feeling about her death as well expressed, either in prose or in verse, as in these simple lines:—

And long and late this happy season wore,
This mellow, gracious autumn of her days,
This sweet, gave Indian summer, till we grew
To deem it limitless, and half forgot
Mortality's decree: and now there falls
A sudden sadness on our lives, and we
Can only bow disconsolate heads and weep
And look out from our lonely hearths and see
The homeless drifting of the winter mist
And hear the requiem of the winter wind.

It is not above criticism, but, unlike the most of Mr. Austin's verse, it is not beneath criticism.

THE LITTLE OLD NEW YORKER.

By T. E. POWERS.



He is taxed like a millionaire for a drink
That's no more than a smell of the cork;
But he thinks it all right, and "forks out" with delight,
'Cause it's dear "little old New York."

TALMAGE'S SATURDAY SERMON. THE LOVE OF GOD, WHICH SAVED THE WORLD.

THERE is much human love that costs nothing, nothing of fatigue, nothing of money, nothing of sacrifice, nothing of humiliation. But the most expensive movement that the heavens ever made was this expedition salvatory. It cost the life of a king. It put the throne of God in bereavement. It set the universe aghast. It made omnipotence weep and bleed and shudder. It taxed the resources of the richest of all empires. It meant angelic forces detailed to fight forces demonic. It put three worlds into sharp collision—one world to save, another to resist and another to destroy. It charged on the spears and rang with the battle-axes of human and diabolic hate. Had the expedition of love been defeated the throne of God would have fallen, and Satan would have mounted into supremacy, and sin would have forever triumphed, and mercy would have been forever dead.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Oh, the love of God! Luther said that this truth was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem, but I think it worth carrying all around the globe and all around the heavens. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. We have found it. Calvary is the fulcrum and the cross of Christ is the lever, and by that power all nations will yet be lifted.

Alexander the Great, with his host, was marching on Jerusalem to capture and plunder it. The inhabitants came out, clothed in white, led on by the high priest, wearing a mitre and glittering breastplate, on which was embossed the name of God, and Alexander, seeing that word, bowed and hailed his army, and the city was saved. And if we had the love of God written in all our hearts and on all our lives and on all our banners, at the sight of it the hosts of temptation would fall back and we would go on from victory into victory, until we stand in Zion and before God.

Leander swam across the Hellespont guided by the light which Hero, the fair, held from one of her tower windows, and what Hellesponts of earthly struggle can we not breast as long as we can see the torch of divine love held out from the tower windows of

the King! Let love of God to us and our love to God clasp hands this minute. Oh, ye disheartened and distressed souls, who roam the world over looking for happiness and finding none, why not try this love of God as a solace and inspiration and eternal satisfaction? When a king was crossing a desert in caravan no water was to be found, and man and beast were perishing from thirst. Along the way were strewn the bones of caravans that had preceded. There were harts or reindeer in the king's procession, and some one knew their keen scent for water and cried out: "Let loose the harts, or reindeer!" It was done, and as soon as these creatures loosened their feet went scurrying in all directions looking for water, and soon found it, and the King and his caravan were saved; and the King wrote on some tablets the words, which he had read some time before: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."
Some have compared the love of God to the ocean, but the comparison fails, for the ocean has a shore, and God's love is boundless. But if you insist on comparing the love of God to the ocean, put on that ocean four swift-sailing craft, and let one sail to the north, and one to the south, and one to the east, and one to the west, and let them call on a thousand years, and after that let them all return and some one haul the fleet and ask them if they have found the shore of God's love, and their four answers would respond: "No glory! No shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"
T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

WRITE A LETTER TO THE PEOPLE.

Should Early Oath Bind Him?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
When I was a boy five years old (too young to know better) I took an oath to my mother never to drink nor smoke so long as she lived. I am now thirty and she still lives. Nor does there seem much prospect of her dying soon. All my friends drink or smoke and I am now, readers, am I bound by a silly oath made when I was a mere baby? There seems no chance of mother's dying for years to come. What am I to do? I want advice. MARK E. A., Jamaica, L. I.

World Measure Him First.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I think the best way to weigh an

elephant (in answer to Belston's query on the subject) would be to weigh his trunk first, then get all his measurements, including that of his trunk. Suppose his trunk contained six cubic feet, and weighed 75 pounds, that would show that each cubic foot weighed 13 pounds. Multiply the total number of cubic feet by 13 and you have his measurement.
GRAMMAR SCHOOLBOY.

FANCY BODICE.

England's Insurance Gamblers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I see that a large number of English people have made money by gambling on the length of time Queen Victoria would live; in other words, by insuring her life. This seems to me the most heartless way of making capital out of a beloved sovereign. While England and all the world mourns the death of a good and great woman, these ghouls chuckle over the fortunes they made by her death. It should be illegal to do such things.
NATURALIZED ENGLISHMAN.



The New Style of Kansas Cystons.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why is Mrs. Nation, of Kansas, permitted to smash saloons? If saloons are forbidden by law, why do they exist? If they are not forbidden, why permit Mrs. Nation to smash them out of existence? She has just as much right to go into the parlor of a woman she doesn't like and smash the furniture as she has to place to allow such a funny creature to exploit her dialkies. W. C. FEEBLOU.

Police Convict Themselves.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The police do not seem to understand that every time they raid an out-of-the-way ten-cent poolroom or arrest an offensive woman for street-walking they betray the truth of the charge made against them that they protect evil-

A pretty waist is of white liberty satin with straps of the satin attached, between which is Persian embroidery. The vest is of white chiffon.

University Students.
The total number of students at the universities of Germany this winter is 24,000—a gain of 6,000 in ten years.