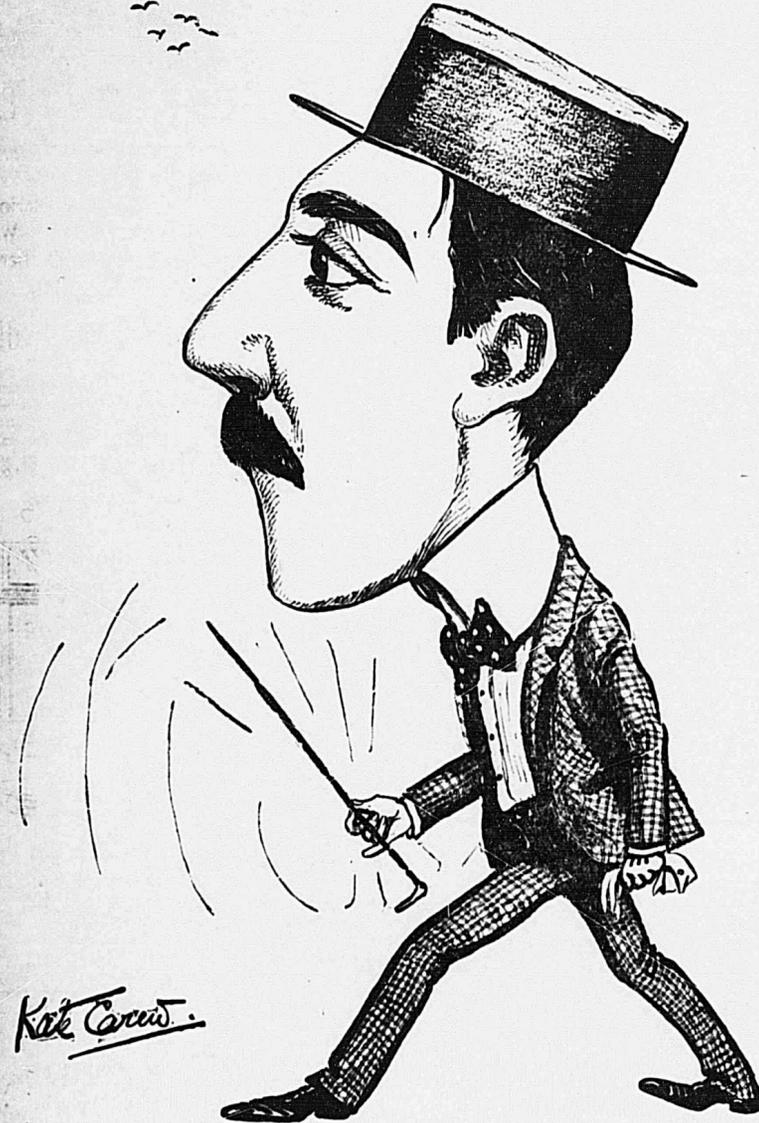


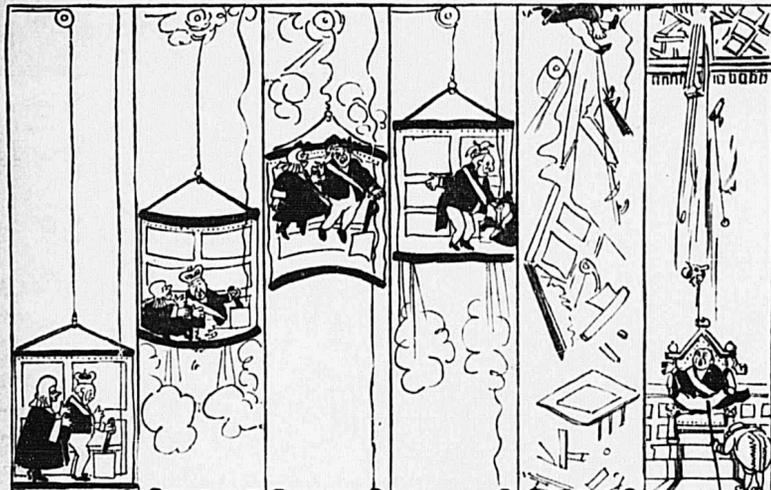
KATE CAREW ABROAD.

A NAVIGATOR OF THE AIR.



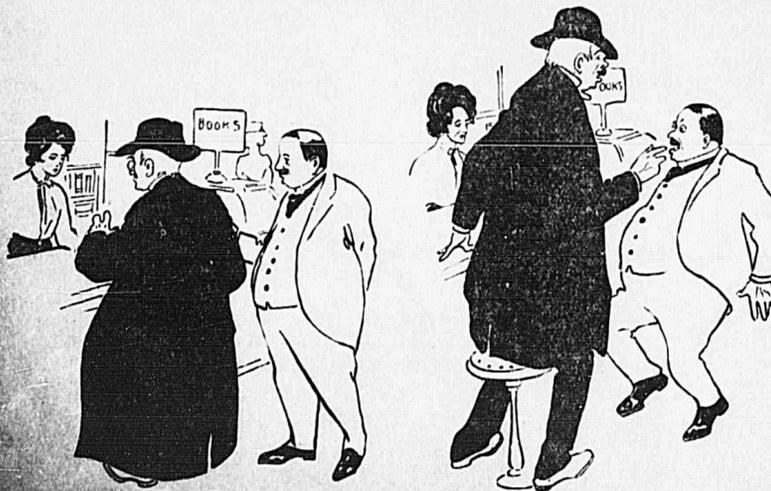
M. SANTOS-DUMONT. PARIS, Sept. 1.—M. Santos-Dumont was pointed out to me yesterday as he hurried along the Champs Elysee twirling his cane and apparently lost in a day dream of aerial adventure. All Paris is looking forward to the plucky little Brazilian's next balloon trip.

KING EDWARD'S NEW PALACE LIFT.



"Wonder how it works?" "Starts a little sudden." "Lemme out, sir." "Well, get out if you're afraid." "Whoop! I forgot to stop here!" "But you can't hurt the King!"

DECEITFUL APPEARANCES.



Floorwalker (in department store)—Won't you sit down, sir, while waiting for your change? Uncle Josh—See here, mister, don't you git tew all-fired fresh!

The Evening 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.

A FINER SIEVE FOR IMMIGRANTS DEMANDED.

From every part of the country comes one demand clear, distinct, emphatic above all others—"Shut out and send out the Anarchists!"

The Anarchist, with his hatred of all governments and his readiness to kill all rulers, is not an American product. We do not raise him in our own homes and public schools. If he is born here, as Czolgosz was, he is of European parentage, and his bringing up is essentially non-American.

Therefore it is universally felt that it is our right—yes, and our duty—to revise our immigration laws; to make the mesh finer through which the living stream of humanity from the Anarchist hateries of Europe enter our ports.

This is our country, not theirs. They come here not by rights of their own but by the grace of our hospitality. In the past that hospitality has been very nearly unconditioned and boundless. It was James Russell Lowell who said of this country:

Her free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.

But it was Lowell also who said that "new occasions teach new duties"—and the tidal wave of immigration that is now rolling in upon us from Anarchist-breeding countries is a "new occasion."

Within the first seven months of the present year very nearly 234,000 immigrants have come into our ports from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia—all known to be the nurseries of the most fanatical and ferocious type of anarchy's brotherhood of Cain. That was fully three-fourths of all the immigrants who landed on our shores in that period.

Surely the lesson of self-protection taught by the crime of Czolgosz is plain. Every immigrant hereafter must be closely examined on oath to discover if he is a believer in the divine right of alien murderers to kill American Presidents. We may reasonably require, too, that he shall bring a certificate from his native town in Europe that he is not an Anarchist and is of general good character. And would it be going too far, or imposing on him any great hardship, if we required him to make oath and say that he had no ill-will toward the United States Government or any of its officers, and intended, if he came to live with us, to respect its Government and obey its laws?

TRYING TO BAN THE "BOO."

That portion of a British theatrical audience which gave Actor Gillette a "booo" when the majority wished him to make a speech is receiving a sound scolding from the London press. The matter involved is not one of nationality. It is purely a question of behavior—of the etiquette of the playhouse.

From long custom the British playgoer of a certain class has come to consider his right to "boo" an inalienable one. He holds it on a par with his country's free press, free speech and incidental ruling of the waves. The task of changing this article of faith, if anybody proposes thus tardily to take it up, will prove a difficult one. But if the "boooers" can be finally convinced that criticism and dissent may be conveyed without boorishness, Mr. Gillette will not have suffered affront in vain.

In this country, if we don't like a play we go out and stay out. Empty houses kill a poor production more expeditiously than hallow "boos."

AMERICA'S DEBT TO SCIENCE.

In President McKinley's marvellous progress toward recovery lies a striking proof of the advance made in American surgery in twenty years—of the debt we owe to the toilers in the laboratory and the dissecting-room. To-day a patient wounded as Garfield was might be saved. In 1881 a patient of Mr. McKinley's years, as desperately hurt as he now is, would have had but a fighting chance of recovery.

In his despatch to The World the great British authority, Sir William MacCormac, says: "Nothing that surgical skill or care can do will be omitted." Emperor William's surgeon, Dr. von Bergmann, cables: "The President seems to be in most efficient hands."

Fortunate indeed it was that so many eminent men in the profession were within call when the President was stricken down.

But it must not be forgotten that the advance in medical science has placed at the disposal of the most humble practitioner resources more potent than the great generals of the healing art commanded when Guiteau's shot shocked and startled the country.

A GREAT HAND AT FIGURES.

"YES, my wife is great at mathematics. I sometimes feel that she ought to have gone in for astronomy or something of that kind where clever handling of figures would be required. You ought to have seen her last night. She did some calculating that was simply remarkable. How old do you suppose Mrs. Lammerson is? Forty-three. Yes, sir, my wife has figured it. How did she do it? Well, I don't know that I can explain exactly, but she heard Mrs. Lammerson say yesterday afternoon that she was twenty-three when she was married, and that two years later they moved to Bristol, where they lived for nine months. Four years after that they lived in London for a while, and then they spent a year and a half abroad. Now comes the clever part of the figuring. While they were in France the lady bought a ring which she wears to-day. It weighed 21 carats when it was new, but probably isn't more than half that heavy at present. This, according to my wife's figures, shows that the ring has been worn at least ten years. All these totals I can explain exactly, but she then subtracted from the age of the pony which Lammerson bought for his wife fourteen years ago, show that she was 43 her last birthday. "No, I can't tell just how it's done."

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT.

"Well," said Willie's school, after his first day in school, "what did you think of it all?" "Oh," replied Willie, "I think the teacher is a regular nuisance." "Oh, no. Why do you think that?" "Well, that's what you say I am when I ask questions, an' she asks lots more'n I ever did."—Philadelphia Press.

ADVICE TO PERPLEXED LOVERS.

WOUNDED HEARTS CURED

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She Would Be "Taken Out." Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am acquainted with a young man, whom I meet at a house where I go, and I would like to have him take me out. Kindly advise me how to make him take me out. H. C.

There is no way of forcing a man to "take a girl out," as you express it, that I am acquainted with. You have a perfect right to make yourself as agreeable to this young man as you choose, but you must wait for him to make advances. If he is the proper person for you to know, you might ask him to call at your home. If you are sufficiently attractive to him, he will be only too glad to seek your society and to escort you whenever opportunity arises.

His Love is a Flirt. Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am keeping company with a young lady whom I think a great deal of, but of course everybody has their faults, and here's in when we go out together, which is three times a week, she flirts with everybody who is dressed up to kill and without a cent in his pocket. I expect to marry this young lady, who is just nineteen, and I am twenty years old, some time next June, but have not set the day, as I am afraid she will not stop flirting. Otherwise she is a perfect lady, and I treat her like a gentleman should treat a lady. Please tell me how I can make her stop it? ANXIOUS WILLIE.

You must be a mind-reader to be able to determine how much money the man who passes you on the street has in his pocket. Seriously, the girl's behavior does not argue well for the future. If I were in your place I should have a fair, square talk with this girl and tell her frankly that you will not put up with her most unbecoming behavior. If she will not stop flirting before marriage you may be sure she will not afterward. If she will not mend her ways I should break the engagement.

A Romance of Two Summers. Dear Mrs. Ayer: A couple of summers ago I met a young man in a country place. I was with a lot of girls, and the person in charge forbade us to talk to any young man. I was introduced to this young man then by a girl friend and often met him on the sly, just to talk a few moments, that was all. The next summer I met him and he treated me very nice, was always very thoughtful and good-hearted. He then lost his mother and father and was often seen to drink a great deal and got sort of a bad name. He married and there was a lot of talk. Now what I would like to know is: I met him this summer at a fair with his wife and child. He invited me to come and stay a few days at his house with his wife, as she was so lonesome, and I said I would, but did not do so. I thought of sending the baby a little present. Do you think it would be the proper thing for me to do? GEORGIA.

YES, I think it would do perfectly well to send the baby a present. I should not visit this man's home in the circumstances. You cannot be too careful.

TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY.

She Was Economical. By OPIE READ.

nodded toward the kitchen. "On account of that girl. My son, I want to tell you that she is a treasure." "I am quite willing to agree to that, mother." "And I was thinking," the old lady went on—"now don't look scared! I was thinking that she would make any man a good wife." "But, mother, she is a servant." "Servant indeed! and what was I when your father married me? This girl has been well brought up—she is a lady, and the most saving creature I ever saw." "But perhaps she might not learn to love me." "My son, a saving woman can learn to love anybody. I will speak to her. Oh, there's no use to make any bones about it. We might as well have it out right now. Mollie," she called. "For gracious sake, let me get out," John pleaded. "Sit right where you are. Oh, Mollie! The girl came into the dining-room. "Did you call me, madam?" "Yes, Mollie, I called you. Ahem! Mollie, I am a peculiar woman." "I don't think so, madam." "Well, be that as it may, I am. And now, don't you be surprised at what I am going to say. For a long time I have desired to see my son married, but I can find no one that suits me. Mollie, you suit me. Will you consent to be his wife?" She started, but recovered herself instantly. "Perhaps the young man might not find me." "Never mind that, will you marry him? He has nothing to say." "But I could wish that he had something to say, madam. Yes, I will marry him." John groaned. "And I believe that I will make him a good wife. Madam, when do you desire that the ceremony should take place?" "At once, without any pow-wow." "But, madam, he has said nothing." "And it is not necessary that he should," replied the old lady. "Just as you say, madam. And now let me see. As the ceremony is to be private I think that the dress I wore to church last Sunday will be suitable—still, if you desire." "You are a gem," the old lady broke in. "And now that the affair is settled I will leave you to talk over a few of the minor details with him." The old lady went out and John and Mollie, hugging each other, smothered their laughter. "Oh, if she only knew that I met you at a watering-place last summer!" "Hush! she might hear you. But some day I am going to tell her that I loved you when I thought that you were poor." "You are an angel!" "At all events I am economical," she laughed.



EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

A Remote Contingency. To the Editor of The Evening World: If Sir Thomas Lipton wins America's Cup and is restrained from taking it home by the American courts, will all the English people get drunk? Oh, Lord! V. T.

Man and Woman. To the Editor of The Evening World: Miss Rebekah remarks: "This is an enlightened country. Its men have learned not to interfere with the fashions or vagaries of its women folk, but to keep silent and adore." That is radically wrong. Miss Rebekah overestimates the power of woman. If we are to take biblical history into consideration the very life of woman is dependent on man. She owes her very existence to man, and therefore she should not try to be an autocrat, a dictator, but should try to be all to man that he means for. Mother Eve was put on this beautiful earth of ours to be a companion to Adam and to obey his slightest wish. It would be well for Miss Rebekah to try to comply with all the requirements of true womanhood. B. M. TRITURATE.

A Bold, Bad Widow. To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like the advice of your readers in regard to a widow who stole the affection of my husband and left me to stay alone with my two children. He takes the widow out driving every day, and if I ask him to take me out for a walk he refuses me. A HEARTBROKEN MOTHER.

Suppress All Anarchists. To the Editor of The Evening World: Allow me to suggest to the lawmakers of every State in our great union the urgent necessity of passing and enforcing laws which will suppress forever every and all anarchistic publications without any exception. They are the chief educators of the masses at the shrine of Anarchy. Also laws which will make impossible such speeches as the Goldman woman and other vipers of society are making. Hanging is too good for them. F. A. HIBB, 8 Hill place, Manhett, L. I. Central Park, 802 Acres; Prospect, 510 1-4 Acres.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A friend and I have had an argument as to which is the larger in area, Central Park or Prospect Park. He says Central Park is larger while I say Prospect Park is. Who is right? Please tell me the area of each, and oblige. ANTHONY H. Brooklyn Street Noises. To the Editor of The Evening World: Some months ago you had something to say about the noise on our streets. Now I beg to say to you that from fifteen to twenty-five or more north cars with a string of cow-bells tied across each cart, with all of the rattling, pass our house every day except Sunday. And in addition to them we have the tormenting fruit, banana and fish carts, with most of the men bawling and yelling out as loud as possible what they have to sell. Just imagine the loaded wagons drifting slowly along the street with two, and often three, men, all of them yelling out aloud. One wagon passes on and another follows, and so it is all day. There are but few short intervals through the day that our street is clear of these howlers. W. M. No. 253 State street, Brooklyn.

Hard Questions to Answer. To the Editor of The Evening World: If man is born of sin how could Christ assume man's form and be sinless? Can a perfect God create sin? Thirty years ago a woman in Illinois asked these questions and her husband—a minister—had her confined in an insane asylum, not because she was insane, but because the majesty of religion as preached by the husband had to be vindicated. C. B. D.

The Only Way. To the Editor of The Evening World: I noticed Mr. Mayer's letter in regard to worms in a down bed. The only way to get rid of them is to empty the feathers on the floor of a small room or closet that is not used, and let the worms run away. Stir the feathers every day and let them lay six weeks. Boiling water or steam will not kill them. From an old house-keeper who knows all about it. MRS. POSTER.



The pattern (No. 322, cut to one size only) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS. The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

Harvest Song. SUMMER all is a pleasure past. Summer charm is a tale that's told; Days of reaping have come at last. Days of ripeness and days of gold. Down the meadow way, glad and strong, Love comes singing his harvest song. Love is brown with the harvest toll. Brown and branny of limb is he; Master strong in the garden mold. Lord of pasture and plant and tree; Treasure burdened, he plods along, Singing brightly his harvest song. And in answer the autumn breeze Sings a pleasant and glad refrain. Through the boughs of the orchard trees, O'er the fields of the waving grain. Hark! the echoes about him throng— Nature's singing her harvest song. —Frank Walcott Hutt in the Farm Journal.

Rules for a Watch. WIND the watch in the morning and not at night, as directly after winding, it works best, and can thus better stand the constant movement of its wearer during the day. Wind it slowly, holding it quite still in the hand, and carefully avoiding jerks. Keep it as nearly as possible in the same position—that is, if worn in the pocket during the day, do not lay it down quite flat at night. Avoid sudden changes of temperature; do not wear it in a warm pocket all day and hang it on a cold wall at night. Clean out the pocket in which it is kept frequently, or dust is certain to get into it. Have it cleaned once every year, even though it is going well.