The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42..... .....NO. 14,730.

JEROME AND THE BREWERS.

Justice Jerome's "modified Sunday opening law" wins the approval of the State Association of Brewers, and they have committed themselves to support his plan. It is an entirely reputable alliance, and one that the exigencies of the situation would excuse if it were not commendable in fact. The brewers represent $100,000,000 of invested wealth, and they are conspicuously on the side of order.

If the Sunday sale of ale, beer, wine and liquor between the hours of 1 in the afternoon and 11 at night is legalized, the main visible difference to those who do not drink will be that side doors which now open and shut surreptitiously all day and most of the night will be closed tight during church hours and during the time of night when the temptation to over-indulgence is strongest. A feature appreciated by the man behind the bar will be the absence of blackmail. It is not to be supposed that there will be any more disorder or any increase of the number of patrons. The limit of the latter is nearly reached in the quarter of a million persons who under the present conditions, as estimated by Justice Jerome, found no difficulty in quenching their thirst during the forbidden hours of Sunday.

"There's no excuse for men drinking so much. Now, you never see a woman carry a flask in her pocket."
"No. She knows she'd never be able to find it."

THE LADIES' KENNEL SHOW.

Many of the dogs now on view at Madison Square Garden, and all of the smaller ones, are born to the canine purple, as it were. They loll through life on silken cushions, and cuddle warmly in the laps of indulgent mistresses; and at the end, when the vital spark takes its departure from the feeble frame, they not infrequently find rest in a satin-lined coffin. They form a canine aristocracy whose lot in life might be envied by some human beings to whom fortune has been less kind.

But even the pessimist who deplores these inequalities of fate finds the exhibition under the auspices of the Ladies' Kennel Association eminently interesting and praiseworthy. Quite apart from considerations of prizes, improvement of breed, &c., the show is admirable as an indication of the increased feminine affection for animals. Babies are always better than dogs, but with women as with men it is hardly possible to err in loving dogs. As the venerable Edward Everett Hale recently put himself on record as saying, possibly for the hundredth time, men make a grave mistake in not seeking a more intimate companionship with animals.

Going to make any resolutions on New Year's?"
"No. I haven't broken all of last year's yet."

MAINE'S MASQUERADING BARBER.

A man who can pass as a woman without discovery for thirty years comes near breaking all records in the world's history of sex masquerade. The exploit of "Miss" Carver, who, as reported in this morning's World, conducted a candy store and barber shop in a Maine village (of all gossipy places!) and kept "her" secret until "her" own whim led to the disclosure of the ruse, has more features of interest attaching to it than the case of Ellis Glenn, the man masquerader and heroine of two sensational trials in West Virginia. For a man seeking to pass for a woman has need of more artful care in concealment than a woman needs in counterfeiting a man.

What a lot of good stories and droll tales Carver could tell of his patrons who mistook him for a woman! Does he remember a tenth part of the masculine compliments poured into his shell-like ears as he bent low o'er his customers, while his smooth, soft hand guided the cool steel over their rough chins and patted their fevered cheeks with the powder puff? If he does, half the town will feel sheepish at sight of him.

With seats for a Shakespearian drama selling for a quarter of a dollar and a Bronson Howard play visible for the price of two cocktails, it will be the impecunious theatre-goer's own fault if he strays from the legitimate into forbidden fields of vaudeville. If "The Taming of the Shrew," as given by the Donnelly company, does not recall the best traditions of Booth or Ada Rehan, and if the "Aristocracy" of the Grenwall troupe is not that of Viola Allen and Faversham, surely no one in the audience can complain that he is not getting his money's worth.

Trusts are iniquitous and monopolies menace us all, but just now it would be hard to impress this fact on Wall street clerks who are getting thousand-dollar bills for Christmas presents. The octopus is good to its own.

In thinking of the dirt in the streets remember that it is pay dirt—for Nagle. He has got $1,170,000 more out of it than Waring got, and left more behind for his successor!

When the Indianapolis lady whispered her "yes" to Marconi the chances are that he preferred to receive it in the customary short circuit way. There are times when wireless messages do not answer all requirements.

The Republican Postmaster of Riverhead, L. I., is in a predicament because he has appointed the daughter of a Democrat as his assistant. His former party friends have boycotted him and threaten to bolt the ticket if he does not remove her. Judging from the fair assistant's counterfeit presentment as it appears in The World this morning, she is eligible for the bonds of matrimony, and if the Postmaster is a bachelor a way out of the difficulty may readily be found. But it is to be feared that the standard of Republican gallantry in Riverhead is not high.

Firemen are always busiest in winter. An ordinary cold wave brings more alarms than are rung in on Fourth of July. This unexplained relation between cold and combustion is what makes an ice-house almost as bad a fire risk, from the insurance man's point of view, as a fireworks factory.

Letters from the People.

How to Keep Hornets' Nest.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Replying to M. A. Morris's request for information regarding the keeping of a hornets' nest, as to whether the hornets will hatch out and break up his household, would say: While not absolutely certain that the hornets will "warm things up" would suggest that the nest be placed in a close box with a couple of ounces of cyanide of potassium; which, while not injuring the nest, will destroy any life remaining in same.

WM. W. VOGT, Garden City.

Miller. Miller and Walthour for Team Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who holds the six-day bicycle record? A. B.

Value of Sunlight and Air.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is well known that chronic diseases are often greatly benefited by the action of light, especially of direct sunlight. Light not only has a tonic effect, stimulating and rendering more active the vital processes within the body, but it is also a germicide, being unfavorable to the growth of many of the bacteria which cause disease. Our hair stops growing on top of our heads principally from want of proper sunlight and air. If we never wore hats our hair would grow thicker on top than on the back and the sides of our heads.

SCIENCE.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was McGovern ever knocked out before Corbett accomplished it?

E. E. C.

Tuesday.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Please let me know what day of the week Dec. 18, 1883, fell on.

READER.

Friday.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Will you kindly inform me on what day of the week Jan. 26, 1883 fell on?

M. E.

Dec. 14, 1882.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly inform me the date of the month the second Thursday in December, nineteen years ago, fell on.

E. M. W.

HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Time: Evening, Dec. 26.
Place: Boarding-house bedroom.
Actors: Nellie Cox, artist. May Lowell, stenographer.

Nellie—Thus are my sins visited upon me. Did you ever see such an ugly, inartistic collar as this orange thing with the red freckles.

May—No, unless it is the purple tie in your other hand. But the blue and the yellow collars are both pretty.

Nellie — Neither harmonizes with my blue shirt-waist and my complexion.

May—How did you happen to receive so many collars. Did you ask for them?

Nellie — Ask for them? Hardly. I never wear anything except linen collars. As I said, however, it is my own fault. Last year my aunt sent me an expensive but hideous collar, which I immediately donated to a church rummage sale——

May—Then wrote your aunt that it was just what you wanted.

Nellie—My conscience would not allow me to do that. I filled up four pages, however, on the one redeeming feature of that collar. I spoke of the texture of the silk and dwelt on its wonderful richness.

May—I should have thought your aunt would have seen through that. When a girl goes into raptures over some detail of a gown I know she does not like the thing as a whole.

Nellie—My aunt's education has been neglected, for she doesn't know that. Let me read you her letter:

"'My Dear Child: There was so much pathos in your note of thanks last year I could see how you loved and longed for the beautiful, and I know that I am not making a mistake in sending you one more pretty thing to go with you all through the year. I have told your Eastern cousins how you enjoyed the collar I gave you last Christmas, and they are going to send you some. We have hired a poor seamstress to make them, so I have added pleasure to my own life in holding out a helping hand to two dependent women.'"

May—She must have a sense of humor if she calls you dependent. She ought to see you now.

Nellie—I'll have to waste 16 cents postage in writing letters of thanks and I have already paid 20 cents extra postage on the packages. I could have treated myself to a good magazine or a box of chocolates for that amount.

May—Last year I learned that an aunt was going to give me a year's subscription to a journal which devotes its pages to telling girls how to treat their employers and how to dress on $50 a year. I get all that kind of thing I wish without reading about it, so I took pains to criticise the paper before her and at the same time displayed my worn gloves——

Nellie—And she gave you a pair of gloves? Lucky girl!

"LET ME READ YOU HER LETTER."

May—I thought she would, but she sent me a housekeeping magazine and wrote telling me that I ought to learn to cook—as if a business girl has half a chance. She said that I might not like the magazine at first, but would become attached to it in time. I became detached.

Nellie—What do you mean?

May—I sold it for fifty cents on the dollar, went to the theatre and wrote auntie that I had derived more pleasure from her present than from any other she had ever sent me.

Nellie—Total depravity!

May—No, only good business management. I suggest that you sell your misfit presents.

Nellie—I'll do it. I know a girl who likes fussy things, especially if she thinks she is getting them cheap. I will tell her the collars are too elaborate for my plain clothes, but will just suit hers. I am certain that she will take them so I will invite you to the theatre for next Saturday.

May—Thank you, dear. After all, there is nothing like making the best of things.—Chicago News.

TALES OF RAPID TRANSIT.

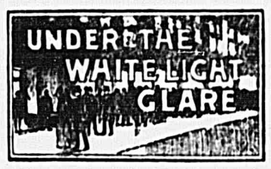
The Eighth avenue cars pass a corner, up near Seventieth street, where a vacant lot insures an uncleaned sidewalk early in the morning. The morning after it snowed last time the boards were smooth as a plate, and at a quarter before nine o'clock drifts of little people on their way to school blew over the glare like leaves and shouted all the way.

If a big van filled with new barrels and topped by a driver who waved his arms and said things—if the van had not stalled the car just at that corner, no one would have seen what, as it was, the car saw. No one excepting the driver, who wouldn't have minded, unless he happened to have a little lame boy of his own.

For the Littlest Boy was lame. He appeared suddenly on the corner as if he had grown out of the brown grass. He looked at the last of the red-cloaked children laughing over more ice down the street. Then he suddenly stepped carefully on the polished snow of the walk, fixed his tiny crutches well and gave his one poor foot an impulse that sent his twisted body several inches forward. The other little trouser leg hung empty.

Then he laughed, and did it again, delightedly, and again. And when he reached dry boards he turned and began it over—this mysterious new pleasure—always fixing the small crutches first with painful care.

The big van moved out of the way and the bell stopped clanging. And it was worth while to see how everybody crowding the aisle of the car leaned to look back at the Littlest Boy.



Mrs. Langtry's house in Twenty-third street seems to be what actors call a "Jonah." Although the rental has been placed at a most reasonable figure the house is seldom occupied. The rooms are large and each bedroom on the second floor is provided with dressing-room and bath. It is handsomely finished and is far more desirable than any of its neighbors, having ground in front and at the rear and being somewhat secluded. But it is usually tenantless.

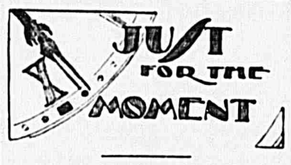
• • •

If you see a dapper gentleman on the alley in a glossy silk hat of unique design and an overcoat with a sealskin collar, ten to one you are looking at Marcus Mayer, a man who has dealt in dramatic stars for many a successful year. If the hat is all crown, with no brim worth mentioning, and the face underneath is fairly beaming with good nature; if the eyes are gray and kindly and the lips under the closely cropped mustache seem ready to smile at a moment's notice, then you may be quite sure of your man. That is he. That is Marcus Mayer all right. And "there ain't only but jest one of him.

• • •

Alice Fischer was guest of honor at a dinner given by Grayce Scott on Sunday evening uptown. Both Miss Fischer and her hostess looked very smart on this occasion, the former in a gown of pale blue silk, the latter in black crepe de chine, which set off her blond beauty to perfection. Miss Fischer is probable the best "heavy woman" the stage has given us in many a moon. Her hobby is the "Twelfth Night Club," of which, to quote one of its members, "Alice Fischer is just the whole push."

JANE GORDON.



THE NEW SHOPPING.

The tendency is toward abolishing the shop and substituting the reception-room. From the newest houses of business the counter has disappeared, and rounded armchairs appeared to harmonize with elaborate wall papers and electric light brackets. Of course, the idea of abolishing the shop commenced with the institution of the "first floor" establishment; it will end in a street of boudoirs and smoking lounges.—Court Journal.

OUR CONVERSATION.

No observer of modern life could pretend that English is now spoken well; polished phrases are found tiresome, if not vulgar; the slang of the music halls and sporting papers give weight to any expression of emotion or opinion which, told in pure language, would not be respected. A killing anxiety is, thus, rather a bore, a calamity is hard luck; our best friend is not a bad sort.—John Oliver Hobbes in Onlooker.

A LUNATIC PROFESSOR.

A case which is probably unique in academic annals happened recently at the Budapest University. A confirmed lunatic, an inmate of the local asylum, appeared at the university, accompanied by a keeper, and applied to pass his examination. He was quite successful in all the tests, and having duly received his diploma as a professor he returned to the asylum.—London Mail.

HE WAS TWENTY-ONE.

There is a young criminal lawyer in this city who on the occasion of his becoming of age began the celebration of his birthday in a way that caused his household a great deal of consternation.

On the eve of the fete, shortly after midnight, the young man's family were suddenly startled from their slumbers by a loud voice in the house calling, "There's a man in the house! There's a man in the house!"

The valiant paterfamilias rushed from his room, bearing in his hands a heavy billet of firewood, to learn the cause of the disturbance and to capture the intruder. His son was standing in the hall, shouting at the top of his voice.

"Where's the man?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Here, sir; here!" proudly replied the young man. "This is he. At last I'm twenty-one!"—Memphis Scimeter.

THE ARBITRATION IDEA.

By H. T. SMITH.

A SUGGESTION FOR ITS EXTENSION TO THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

THE SCHEME WORKED.

Brainy Bowers—It wouldn't s'prise me if I made a brain hit around here——

"Wid dis old umbrella cover and me rat!

"Ah! Just as I t'ought! Naw, me brain isn't failin' any, fur's I can see. An' I b'lieve cider is first-class brain food."

TOO MANY IN THE GAME.

The Dogs—Ah, the man wishes to play with us!

"Hooray! Bow wow! We're off!

"Ki-yi! Ki-o-o-dle! Murder!"

The Evening World's Home Department

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

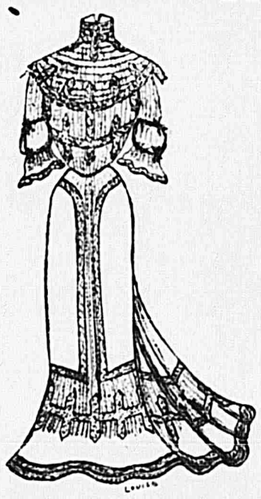
By Mme. Louise.

The Evening World places at the disposal of its feminine readers the services of a very competent dressmaker who will assist and advise them in planning new dresses and making over old ones. Address all letters on this topic to "Mme. Louise, Evening World Home Dressmaking Department."

Dear Mme. Louise:

Please tell me how to make a dressy dress of gray and white batiste with black lace insertions.

M. B.



The above design would be very stylish for your batiste gown. It is made with a tucked flounce joined to the skirt with crossed bars of black insertion; the foot of the flounce is trimmed with a cluster of tucks and a row of insertion. Above the crossed bars on the skirt the material is tucked eight inches deep all around, except the centre front, which continues to the waist line forming a tucked yoke. It is finished around the yoke, down the front, and around the upper edge of tucks with insertion. The waist can easily be copied from the sketch; the body of waist and part of the sleeve should be tucked. The shirred yoke may be of the material or of white chiffon. The remainder of the trimming on the waist is of insertion, with the exception of the black velvet ribbon belt and two bands and bows on each sleeve.

MME. LOUISE.

Dear Mme. Louise:

I have a blue brilliantine dress, eight yards of goods, and I would like to know how to make it up. I wear a 41 inch skirt, am 34 bust and 22 waist. I have dark hair and am thirty years of age.

L. K. G.

Your blue brilliantine dress would be very stylish with the skirt made with two graduated circular flounces like the one sketched for Mrs. K. The bands of taffeta should be the same shade as the material. The waist would correspond nicely if made in clusters of three tucks; have the tucks one-quarter of an inch deep and stitch them on the edge. Between these clusters place a band of taffeta like skirt bands. The yoke is of white taffeta with Persian appliques sewed on, and the space between the appliques filled in with tiny crosses of embroidery silk of the same colors as the Persian trimming. Finish around the yoke with a bertha of Russian lace. The sleeves are to be made with puff to match the yoke at the back of the arm, and the upper sleeve trimmed with band like the sleeve in cut in The Evening World Dec. 14.

MME. LOUISE.

Dear Mme. Louise:

I have a black tailor-made suit and would like to have a nice waist to wear with the skirt—something I could wear to the theatre as well as on the street. I am 5 feet 8 inches in height, dark complexioned and wear a 36 shirt waist. Would black broadcloth, same as the skirt, trimmed with some kind of light silk, be satisfactory? I have also two and one-half yards of red cashmere, of which I would like to make a nice dress for a girl of five.

L. G. H.

A waist like your suit would be more serviceable and durable than a silk waist would be. Make your waist with a V-shaped yoke; trim the waist around the yoke with three rows of satin bands like the skirt trimming, but allow them to cross in front, interlacing each other and ending in points finished with black crochet buttons. One yoke and collar (you may make them detachable and have two or three for variety) may be of white taffeta, with small black lace medallions. Line the medallions with pale green silk and place them on the yoke and collar about two inches apart, connecting them with rows of black velvet baby ribbon. I would advise a fitted sleeve for broadcloth, trimmed at the top with bands and buttons like the front of the waist, and trimmed at the hand with a deep turned back cuff, finished with satin bands. A satin belt pointed in centre-front, having two tabs at the back trimmed with buttons, would be a stylish finish for the bottom of your waist.

Your little one's dress should be made with a full skirt having a three-inch hem with three quarter-inch tucks above the hem. Make the waist a blouse, with three tucks on each side of the center front; turn the tucks toward the back and trim the space between the clusters, which will be the centre front of the waist, with a row of deep cream color insertion. As you desire a guimpe, you can have it of white china silk or of the material. Finish around the top of the waist at the foot of the yoke with an accordion plaiting of the material, with cream lace edging sewed on the edge of the plaiting to make it flare. Have a little fitted sleeve in the dress, allowing the guimpe sleeve to puff below it.

MME. LOUISE.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Points on Etiquette.

The Mysteries of Pronunciation.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Please tell me how to pronounce the words, "gallet," "valet" and "ballet," and is it correct to say "an hotel?"

INQUIRER.

"GALLET" is pronounced "gallay;" "valet" is really a French word, and is pronounced in French "vallay," but of recent years the word has been Anglicised, and is pronounced in speaking English "vallet," like "mallet."

"Ballet" is pronounced "ballay."

Usage has made "an hotel" proper.

A and B Argue Once More.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

A bets that golf is played on grass and dirt, while B bets that it is played on ice. Please inform me.

CASPER HARTMANN.

IS correct—golf is played on the turf.

Very Proper Conduct.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Is it proper for a young lady to ask a young man when he is going to call again?

ANXIOUS.

LET well enough alone! It is much better form for you to wait and grant the gentleman permission when he asks.

It is never wise for a girl to appear too anxious.

Do Not Meet Him at the Door.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

If a young man asks permission to call for a young lady at her home to take her to church, &c., should she meet him at the door all prepared to go, or should her mother let him in and entertain him until the young lady gets her hat and coat on? Would it be correct for the mother to invite him to call again? or whose place is it?

EIGHTEEN.

IT is good form to be ready at the time agreed upon, but not waiting at the door. The gentleman should be asked into the parlor.

It is not necessary for him to remove his top coat, and it would be good form for the mother to entertain him until the young lady comes in. It is entirely correct for the mother to invite him to call again.

Cannot Be Too Particular.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Is it proper for a married woman to receive gentlemen callers at her house when her husband is on the road? They are friends of mine and hers.

J. R.

STRICTLY speaking, it is improper for married women to receive men callers in the circumstances you describe. In fashionable life married women do receive visits from men, and their husbands are not expected to be at home at the time.

These visits are paid in the afternoon, and there is usually another woman present.

A great deal of trouble has ensued from the visits of men, friends or otherwise, of the husband to a married woman during the husband's absence. It is much safer for a married woman to decline to receive such callers in such circumstances.

Sweet Sixteen and Parties.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a girl sixteen years of age and have the first opportunity to go to a ball with my eldest sister, but as I have not attended any yet and think that I am too young for such enjoyments, I ask advice.

L. A.

SIXTEEN is rather young, and if I were in your place I should not go to parties for another year at least.

There is no impropriety in your going, but I think it is doubtful if you would enjoy yourself if you attend.

A little girl is more or less out of place at a large ball.

Send a Simple Gift.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young lady of eighteen years. I am keeping steady company. Please advise me if I ought to give my friend a birthday present. Would flowers be proper?

PERPLEXED.

GIRLS usually do not send flowers to men. If by "keeping company" you mean that you have arrived at an understanding with this young gentleman and expect to marry, it would be quite proper for you to send him a little remembrance, as a birthday gift—a card case, a silver pencil or a fountain pen. Some trifling thing of this sort would be entirely proper.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this shirt waist for a boy of eight years of age 1 7-8 yards of material 27 inches wide or 1 3-4 yards 32 inches wide will be required.

The pattern (No. 4,005, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."