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A POOR BOY WHO WAS GIVEN A CHANCE.

In the course of his very interesting address at the Authors' Club last evening Mayor-elect Low dwelt on the rise in life of Isidor J. Kresel, a young Columbia graduate, whom Justice Jerome has selected to be a member of his new staff as District-Attorney.

This young man from our east side, to whom the boon of a college education could have come in no other way, was himself selected by the District-Attorney-elect as a member of his staff.

"He is exactly the man I want for the place," Mr. Jerome said. "He can reach just the people that I want to reach, and I have been convinced of his mental equipment and capacity."

This young man, I understand, Mr. Low went on, speaks Polish, Yiddish, German, Russian, French and Italian.

Observe Kresel's accomplishments as a linguist. It seems formidable to those who know only English, and that not very well. Next to Russians the Poles are most facile in acquiring languages.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN CORONERS' VERDICTS.

In the lottery of love in which a millionaire's son is the capital prize and a poor but pretty girl the ticket-holder there is occasionally a blank. Miss Florence Ann Yates, of Cincinnati, who loved rich William Brown, drew one and swallowed carbolic acid, as reported in this morning's World.

This is extending the function of the coroner in a manner to excite apprehension. It is poaching on the preserves of the college professor of psychology. If the practice goes on unchecked coroners may feel called on to furnish the friends of the corpse with a neat little brochure detailing all the remote contributory motives leading to the rash act.

"What did your husband say when he found you were going to give him nothing for Christmas?"

"He said 'Thanks, so much. It's just what I wanted!'"

A RICH GIRL'S ALLOWANCE.

There is a sociological side to Jersey law court news that frequently makes the decisions of the justices of general interest to that important part of the nation not embraced within the State's borders. It was so in the recent decision rating a small boy as worth only one dollar to his parents; it was so yesterday, in Vice-Chancellor Pitney's judgment that \$1,250 is a fair annual income for the daughter of a man worth \$250,000.

Many Jersey families are living in comparative comfort, in town houses as well as in Lonelyhurst villas, on an income of this size, but as dress-makers and milliners' bills go the allowance cannot be deemed excessive for a rich young girl brought up in luxury. It permits the gratification of a taste for dress and allows a restrained indulgence in jewels and trinkets dear to the feminine heart.

The main value of the decision is as a precedent in estimating what per cent. of her father's income a girl should feel bold to ask for. At this rate a Rockefeller daughter might properly request an allowance of \$3,000,000 from the paternal principal of \$600,000,000.

Pat Garrett, the sheriff who put the finishing touches on "Billy the Kid," having been appointed Collector of Customs at El Paso by President Roosevelt, a local purity committee is opposing his confirmation, preferring charges of gambling against him.

In the Copper Trust, war Casey is keeping at the bat through the entire inning. Casey will be remembered as the \$2,000 a year clerk whom the United Metals Selling Company got rid of because he was not regarded as worth the price. It proved to be an expensive bargain sale.

At the Authors' Club love feast Mr. Low indulged in some Marconi metaphors. He said that "the function of the Mayor is to recognize signals coming from all the elements in this city and transmute them." He can never surpass the present administration in the use of wireless messages.

A theft of \$30,000 by a bookkeeper is far too large to be condoned, but as compared with the many millions honestly handed in the Comptroller's Department, it's only a Chipp off the big block, anyway.

"Seeing by telephone is a fairy tale," said Prof. Alexander Graham Bell to a World correspondent yesterday. Most of us are more than content when we can hear by it.

Letters from the People.

One Girl's Revenge. I have read different letters on the subject of parents punishing girls. When I was a girl my mother was very strict with me, but I was a girl who was the humiliation of being punished. Well, I stood it until my twentieth year. Then, guided by her cruel treatment, I went to a young man who I had reason to believe loved me. I told him of my humiliation and he was kind and sympathetic. That day I got my first punishment for the next day we ran away and were married. My mother was very indignant at me, but after a few days she has become reconciled.



When Carter first came to Blue Duck there were in the town a future Governor of a State, a future United States Minister abroad, a coming adviser of Presidents, an embryonic railway president and an ex-theological student who later was to control for some time all the faro layouts of New York City.

That wrong came. One afternoon Carter stumbled into the One Dollar canteen, peddled to the bar and with a gulp announced: "I'm going to take my last drink. I'm going to take it all then clean out the town. You hear me? I'm tired of everything here, and I'm going to drop the liquor, make my mark on you, and move on."

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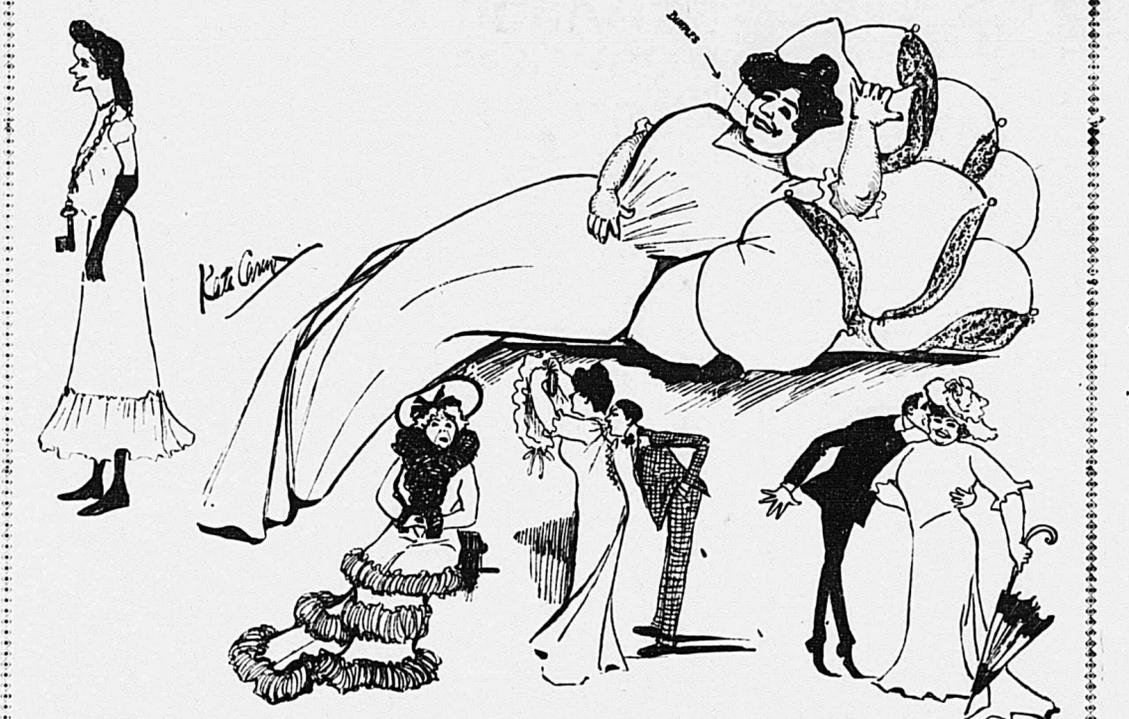
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SADIE MARTINOT IN "THE MARRIAGE GAME." AS SEEN BY KATE CAREW.



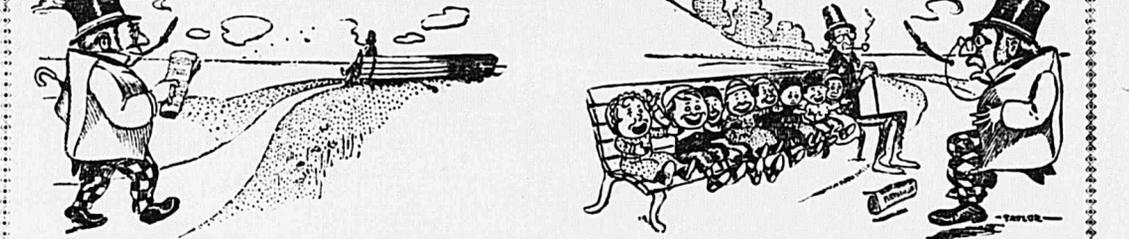
PUZZLE—WHICH ARE THE PILLOWS? Mrs. Martinot and pillows seem to have an affinity for one another. It is sometimes difficult to tell them apart, and a shortsighted person might easily be excused for sitting on her. It is chiefly by thus lending the weight of her personality to the "sooty corner" effects so dear to the flat regions that Miss Martinot makes it clear to all that she is a woman of the world, and a desperately fascinating and wicked one to boot.

A CASE OF HARD LUCK. It is a sad fate that impels Miss Grace Fisher, a young actress of great refinement and discretion, to enact the part of Miss Martinot's hated rival, Penelope, by name. Penelope is as impressively and outrageously good as Lady Caraby is impressively and outrageously vulgar.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S KISS. It falls to the lot of Mr. Julius B. Booth to kiss Miss Martinot's generous back. He applies himself to the task with manful resolution and almost succeeds in looking as if he liked it. The price of this chaste salute is a pearl bracelet with a pendant pearl as large as the knob of a parasol.

THE HUSBAND'S KISS. Mr. Guy Bates Post helps himself to another kiss, which is more legitimate in conception, but no less frantic in execution. It is sanctioned by marriage, but Miss Martinot makes as much ado about it as if it were desperately improper.

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.



Old Fusshead—Ah, there's a quiet bench where I can sit and read my paper away from family distractions.

Chorus from the Bench—Say, mister, give us some pennies—candy—crackerjacks—peanuts—popcorn!

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 dress-maker 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: Kindly advise me what to get for an evening dress that would be suitable for a girl twenty years old. I wish to spend about \$20 on it, and seeing how much you have aided others I think I can make it myself. S. GLADYS BROWN.

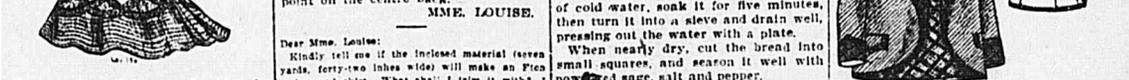
There have been several suggestions given in this column for trimming skirts with black military braid. Why not trim yours that way? It would be difficult to combine anything with your material for skirt trimming. You could change and trim your waist very much by removing the puff from the top of the sleeve, and after reducing its size arrange it nicely on the sleeve just above the cuff. Fill in the space left by removing the puff with cream-colored all-over lace over white lousine sleeve.

Trim off all the crust from two pounds of bread; put the crumbs into a basin of cold water, soak it for five minutes, then turn it into a sieve and drain well, pressing out the water with a plate. When nearly dry, cut the bread into small squares, and season it well with powdered sage, salt and pepper.

Warm one breakfast cupful of butter, beat in an egg and three teaspoonfuls of warm water, and pour it over the bread, allowing it lightly, but not mashing it. Stir it to soak for ten minutes and the stuffing will then be ready for use; or, to one pound of sifted bread crumbs add one-half pound butter, one cup of boiled and mashed potatoes, and a little marjoram or summer savory substituted for the butter.

To cut this house coat in medium size 4 1/2 yards 20 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide or 1 3/4 yards 51 inches wide will be required.

The pattern (No. 4008, sizes 24 to 46 bust) 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.

Dear Mme. Louise: I have a dress of purple and green changeable cloth. It has a yoke of black satin, which I wish to get rid of. The skirt is made of black and purple in the face with a wide black and purple ribbon. The skirt is made of black and purple in the face with a wide black and purple ribbon. The skirt is made of black and purple in the face with a wide black and purple ribbon.

TALE OF A PLASTER GAST.

J. K. L. Carter is a young man of considerable personal dignity. He is also an extremely careful of his personal appearance, and therefore he has been of late spending some time in the dentist's chair. Mr. Carter admits that the man who sits in a tilting chair, with a tool that rams his neck and his mouth pried open by a couple of pliers, does not present a dignified appearance, but he contends that the results justify the means employed.

Last Thursday young Mr. Carter went over to his dentist to get his front teeth fixed with a crown. As a preliminary step it was necessary for the dentist to take a plaster cast of Mr. Carter's mouth.

Mr. Carter leaned back in the chair and the dentist and his assistant came in, the latter bringing with him the hot and liquid plaster. The plaster was inverted and the dentist was told to "fill the teeth down hard."

"Will take five minutes," the dentist said, "for the cast to harden. Then I'll come in and relieve you."

The dentist and his assistant went out of the operating-room, leaving the young man in the chair. Just as they left the room the telephone bell rang and the dentist's wife asked him to meet her on the ground floor.

"The first thing he said when he recovered the power of speech was not at all fit for publication. Mr. Carter is now patronizing another dentist, and the dentist whom he deserted has absolutely forbidden his wife to call him up on the telephone during business hours.

"I've got somebody here I want you to meet," she said. "I'll only keep you a moment. The dentist went down on the elevator, saw his wife, and started to return, but he was met at the elevator door by the starter, who gave him startling news."

"I'm sorry, sir, but there is something the matter with the elevators and they are all shut down. They'll be running again in an minute."

The dentist's office was on the seventh floor, and he knew it would take him half an hour to climb up, even if he survived the trip. So he sat down and waited.

Meanwhile young Mr. Carter in the dentist chair sat and felt the plaster harden into a rocklike grip on his lips and nostrils. When he found himself unable to move his jaws, he went out into the reception-room, but the dentist's assistant was out in the hall trying to find what was the matter with the elevators. The waiting patients in the reception-room looked at him as if he were crazy.

Half an hour later the dentist got back to his office. He found Carter speechless and purple in the face with a red mark on the joint and long continued efforts of the dentist, his assistant, a cold chisel, a couple of drills and a gimlet to separate Mr. Carter and the cast. The first thing he said when he recovered the power of speech was not at all fit for publication.

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"No," responded the Human Hedgehog. "What did he do?"

"He found him in her stocking Christmas morning," Baltimore American.

"The quietest appropriate is the 'shortest day in the year should be in December,' said the stinky man, as he burned his Christmas liabilities." J. J. O'NEIL.

SCISSORED SMILES.

"Is he broken?"

"I guess so. He said if air was five cents a barrel he'd suffocate."—Indianapolis News.

"It is true," said the person of high ideals, "that you have attained prosperity by your writing. But you have produced nothing that will live."

"Well," answered the comfortable litterateur, "when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I don't hesitate to sacrifice my writings."—Washington Star.

"People generally think yours is a pretty high occupation," said his friend.

"That I suppose you don't care a rap for public opinion?"

"Perhaps not," responded the man who was compiling a directory of crooks; "and yet I seem to be spending a good deal of time getting the con consents."—Chicago Tribune.

"Did you hear what a sentimental way the Living Skeleton adopted to propose to the Fat Lady?" asked the Circassian Beauty.

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THE POPE'S MEDAL.

One of the most striking characteristics of the late Mr. Gambon was his exquisite courtesy. On one occasion he was walking to him when she heard he had brought back from Rome a number of medals blessed by the Pope. She did not know Father Gambon, but ventured, notwithstanding, to ask if he would give her a medal. She received a most courteous reply. He sent her two medals and some beads which he had gotten while in Rome. The lady valued these highly and explained them about with her constantly. One medal she gave to a friend, a Protestant, who was never to be found without it. A curious thing happened yesterday, however, in connection with the beads. The owner mislaid them, and on finding the lost souvenir she discovered the links broken and explained that it would be useless to try to mend them. "I shall feel lost without my beads," she exclaimed to a friend, "and know that Mr. Gambon will give me another pair if I call on him and ask for them."

"Mr. Gambon died this morning," said the other woman sadly.

It seems strange that the gift he presented the lady should have been broken to pieces on the very day on which he passed away.—Louisville Times.

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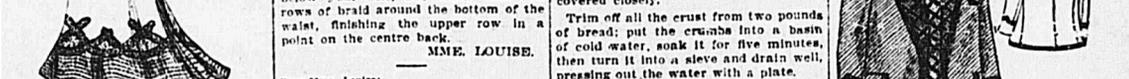
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