DOUBLE PAGE.

EVENING WORLD'S

The World.

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THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE AGAIN.

The Railroad Commissioners have yielded to the Central's solicitations and increased the running time in the Park avenue tunnel to twenty-five miles an hour, thus practically restoring the old rate of speed and removing the only safeguard of importance suggested by them.

The performance of the mountain in labor bringing forth a ridiculous mouse is likely from present appearances to be surpassed in futility by the Commissioners. And the public is watching the parturition process with mingled feelings of disgust and amazement.

The barbers are told to throw up the sponge, and they are obeying the order with fewer protests than were to be expected.

MR. SCHWAB AND THE LORD MAYOR.

In becoming the guest of the Lord Mayor of London Mr. Charles M. Schwab attains the perihelion of his meteoric flight through Europe. To break the bank at Monte Carlo, to twiddle thumbs while an Emperor waited an audience, was much, but to dine with the Lord Mayor! It is the fit climax of a little vacation trip abroad by an American steel sovereign, late chore boy in a Pennsylvania village, which has attracted more serious notice than a prince's journey.

Mr. Schwab says he has been taking these trips for years, but it has been left for the present occasion to bring his greatness into full effulgence. All America has watched his progress. A hundred pulpits have taken his Monte Carlo performance as a text for discourses on the sin of gambling, and a thousand newspapers have moralized editorially thereon. If the advice has reached him he should return home with a chastened spirit, but bolstered up somewhat and stimulated against morbid self-reproach by the consoling thought that no other American traveller in Europe—not Mr. Morgan or Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Depew on his bridal trip—has drawn to himself an equal measure of the simultaneous attention of press and pulpit and public.

The angry jurors who passed a night in a cold room might have had a worse fate—they might have been condemned to an early morning ride on the "L" or in one of Mr. Greatsinger's frigiferous trolleys.

A RICH YOUNG LABORING MAN.

As a Civil Service Commissioner, an inventor with three railroad devices of recognized utility to his credit, a National Guard lieutenant, bank director and what not, Cornelius Vanderbilt is one of the busiest young men in town. He puts in a twelve-hour day of activity, and at an age when most rich men's sons are industriously sowing their wild oats he is well established in business life with an enviable record for originality of mind and capacity beyond his years.

A last will and testament may make an heir, but it cannot always make the head of a house. Some of the things that were bred in the bone of the doughty old Commodore are coming out in his great-grandson's flesh, and they would please him mightily if he were here to see them.

The co-ed tank drama in progress at Columbia is in the nature of a comedy.

THE BARBER'S GERM-FILLED SPONGE.

Health Commissioner Lederle's war on barbers' sponges is one of the most satisfactory of the minor reforms of the new administration. It is a move for cleanliness in a trade where cleanliness is essential to the public health, and where the lack of it in former generations has been attested by the name given a disease popularly supposed by our forefathers to have originated from a neglect of sanitary precautions. As in the case of the king's evil, the odium was unjustly bestowed, but, however falsely and undeservedly so, the name remains to preserve the popular suspicion.

It is to the credit of the trade that most barber shops are commendably clean, and only those protest against the enforced innovation which most need it.

Alexander Hamilton, as Daniel Webster put it, "smote the rock of public credit and abundant wealth gushed forth." Mr. Coler, in ex-Senator Hill's less metaphorical phrase at the dinner last night, "brought order out of chaos and established the finances of the new and greater city upon a firm and acceptable basis." It was a handsome tribute. Mr. Coler, by the way, had more than ten times as much cash to deal with as Hamilton.

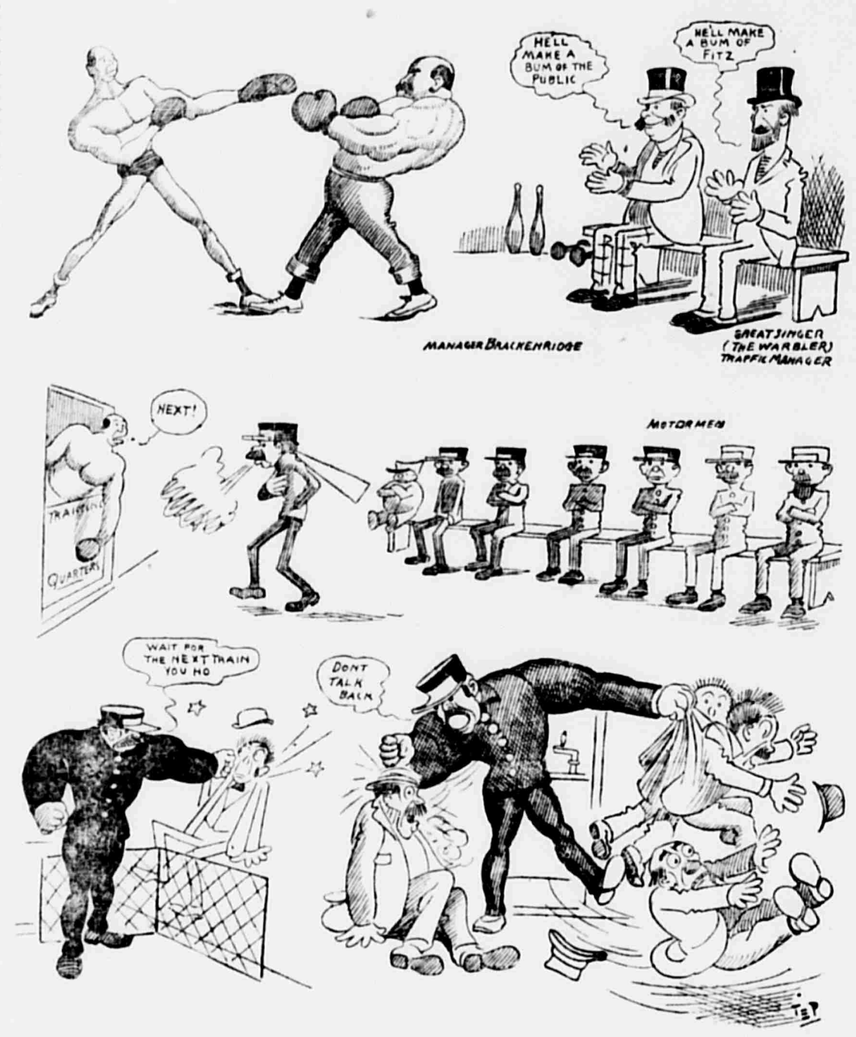
Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes, who obtained a divorce from her millionaire husband, now weds a former army captain. Money first and then love! The most conspicuous case of this feminine procedure in recent years has been that of the Troy girl who married a millionaire for wealth, a duke for position and lastly a young army officer for love.

In a piece of carpet one inch square taken from the floor of the House of Representatives millions of microbes were found, among them the germs of tuberculosis, grip, free silver, typhoid, imperialism, lock[illegible]. Faith will swallow most of these germs, but credulity balks at the last-named. What! lockjaw in the House of Representatives.

"Deacons' daughters" are proverbially smart; a bishop's daughter is presumably smarter, by the queer law of heredity which transmits the father's talent to his female children. This is one explanation of Mrs. Davidge's success in securing the contract for furnishing the Woman's Hotel.

The Funny Side of Everyday Life.

MORE B. R. T. MUSCLE FOR RUSH-HOUR CROWDS.



They've got new regulations on the "L" across the Bridge,
Resulting from the boxing stunts Fitz taught to Brackenridge.
Now the art of growing husky and of landing oft and hard,
And the way to awe the public, are imparted to each guard.

We'll soon be wafted to our seats with a swing or uppercut,
And the referees will slap the wrists of guards who kick or butt.
Ah! trainmen then will put up scraps the coldest blood to stir,
And every one will be so pleased—except the passenger!

A. P. T.

ONLY AMATEURS.

Billy Burntoork—I'm afraid I'll never get married, John! I seem to be so hard to soot.

COMPREHENSIVE.

Uncle—Johnnie, would you prefer this apple or the stick of candy?

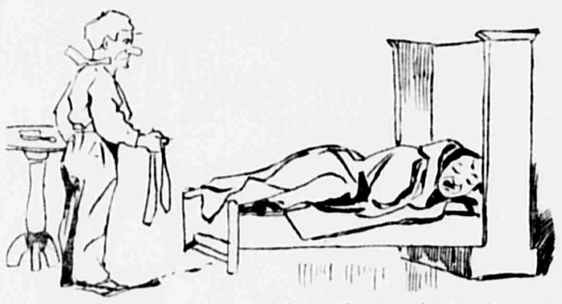
Johnnie (putting out both hands)—Oh, yes, indeed!

DARLING CHILD.

Mamma—And now, Willie, what do you say to Mr. Doodles for bringing you that nice stick of candy?

Willie—I say he's a stingy old geezer not to bring me at least a nickel's worth!

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.



Dumley would like to fix his necktie, but the only mirror in the room is the one in the front part of the folding-bed, and Groucher, his roommate, refuses to get up.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.

"They Just Dropped In."

PHILOSOPHY.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "gits de reputation o' bein' modest and retirin', when as a matter o' fact dey is too lazy to git out an' show whut dey kin do."—Washington Star.

TESTIMONY.

She (arising from the piano)—Continued piano practice is very trying on the nerves, I assure you.

He—Yes, so one of your neighbors was telling me.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE SHORTER ROUTE.

"Do you think there will ever be any women prize-fighters?"

"No, indeed. A woman can go on the stage just as easily by getting a divorce."

How to Make Your Own Dresses.

BY MME. LOUISE.

Dear Mme. Louise:

Will you kindly design a dress for me? I have eight yards of etamine same as sample. It is fifty-eight inches wide. Do you think it would look well made over pink? I would like to have it heightened in some way. I have dark hair and eyes, am about 5 feet 6 inches in height and 34 bust. I am a little short-waisted—that is, for my height. Am twenty-three years of age. Do not care to spend more than $5 for trimming.

E. R. S.

Your etamine gown made like the cut would be very stylish; and that shade of tan would look particularly well trimmed with green. The trimming illustrated is cut of green taffeta and stitched twice on the edge. The plaits in the skirt are stitched down flat until they reach the first strap and then partially flare, being held only by the straps. The yoke and lower sleeve are of embroidered chiffon. I would advise you to line your gown with green, the same shade as the trimming or a changeable silk—that is, if you use silk. If you desire a touch of pink, have it on the stock. It will be in good taste.

Dear Mme. Louise:

I have 3½ yards of the inclosed sample and would like to have a waist suitable to wear for the spring and also for the summer, as it is a washable goods. I am twenty years old, but look youthful. Am fat, but take 36 size. I also have a white fichu and would like to know if it is still stylish to wear and on what sort of a waist I can wear it. Probably the two can be combined.

I. M. L.

If you line your waist, have several little ruffles on the front of the lining to relieve that "flat look." Your silk is so prettily corded I would not advise tucking it, but make an attractive, simple blouse, with a yoke of shirred chiffon, and the fichu draped artistically around the shoulders. Wear a large black velvet bow where the fichu meets. A more serviceable yoke and one that could be washed as readily as the waist could be made of tiny folds of India silk, held in place with French knots and joined together with an open-work fancy braid. Have a full sleeve well below the elbow, with the lower sleeve matching the yoke.

Dear Mme. Louise:

If you will but tell me what will clean my white organdie dress, as it is too fine to wash, I will be indeed very grateful to you, for it is not stained, just soiled.

J. M.

Organdies are never too fine to wash, if done properly; do not rub or handle it roughly in the rinsing and you will be successful. After soaking it for a couple of hours in good suds put it in a pillow case and boil it, rinse and blue carefully, never twist it in wringing it, but squeeze it lightly through the hands and then let it dry, shaking it often while drying to keep it from sticking together. A little water starch will give it the stiffness of a new organdie. Any organdie that is cleaned will turn yellow very soon.

Dear Mme. Louise:

Please let me know what to get for a dress. I am going to a ball and would like to get something that I could wear next summer. I am 32 inches bust, 22 inches waist, 5 feet in height, light complexion and I am not pale. I have sixteen yards of inclosed sample and would like to know what to put it on and what kind of a waist to wear with it—something that would be stylish but not too expensive, as I am a working girl.

MARY.

If you want something inexpensive for a dainty evening gown, I think you would like a black silk mull, and on the skirt you could use the trimming of ruffling of which you inclosed sample; make the skirt with a flounce with two rows of the plaited ruffling around the bottom and the remainder of the flounce trimmed with ruchings in rows two inches apart; about three rows will be sufficient, as one of your height should not wear a deep flounce. Have the yoke and lower sleeve, which could be made as a separate guimpe, of black chantilly lace, with a decided pattern, and bead that pattern or figure considerably with steel beads; this has a surprisingly good effect. Make the waist a very full blouse, trimmed around the top with a ruffle like the skirt trimming, having another one over the top of the sleeves to match the ruffling over the shoulders' double. The upper sleeves made of three small puffs, held in with one-inch velvet ribbon and finished just below the elbow with two rows of the ruffling. Wear a velvet ribbon girdle with a gold buckle in the centre back, having long ends at the side front, knotted six inches from the ends.

MME. LOUISE.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

4042 CHILDS APRON
2, 4 and 6 YRS.

To cut this apron for a child four years of age, 2 5-8 yards 32 inches wide, with 2 5-8 yards of embroidered edging to trim as illustrated.

The pattern (No. 4,042, sizes 2, 4 and 6 years) will be sent for 10 cents.

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

CHARACTER IN THE EYES.

Steady eyes are always a sign of sincerity and honor, except when the head is slightly tilted back and the eyes look through half-closed lids. Then the possessor does not trust, nor is he to be trusted. Shifting eyes betray a treacherous nature, one thoroughly dishonorable, deceitful, restless and discontented. Clear eyes are a sign of a good constitution. Frequently persons in ill-health have comparatively clear eyes, but even in these cases they have either great recuperative powers or they have wasted health originally good.

Small eyes are indicative of an alert mind, of cleverness, wit and spontaneity. Large eyes show a quieter nature, one slow to rouse, but more intense when fully wrought upon. Long eyes belong to more poetic temperaments than round eyes. They proclaim more dreamy natures, more contented, less aspiring. Round eyes show ambition. They are sometimes found with unmistakable signs of an artistic nature, which is an indication of a rare combination of a sense of business and a love for art. Deep-set eyes show thoughtfulness and logic. Eyes that seem to stand out from the face show love of action.

PURSE ON WRIST.

A solution for the pocketbook question that vexes women may be found in a new purse that hangs by a chain which encircles the wrist and is clasped in such a way as to give perfect freedom to the hand. The wearer may detach the chain from the wrist in an instant, yet it baffles the pickpockets, being absolutely secure.

LUCKY!

Enpeck—I understand your wife is ill.

Meeker—Yes; she hasn't spoken a word for three days.

Enpeck—Good! You always were a lucky dog.—Chicago News.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE ON MANY TOPICS.

Wants to Blench Her Hair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any reason, apart from prejudice why a woman should not, if she chooses, bleach or dye her hair? I see none, but my mother forbids it. I'd like to hear the ideas of readers, please, on this topic. Personally, I think a girl has as much right to make her hair more becoming color as she has to wear a becoming hat.

C. J. P.

A Veteran's Plaint.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some one kindly explain to me why it is there is apparently so much unwillingness among merchants, manufacturers and others in employing discharged soldiers? Have we, by giving three years of our lives to Uncle Sam, in defense of our country's flag, lost the right to earn our bread by honest toil in civil life? It would seem so, for everywhere I seek employment the fact of my having been in the "service" seems to act as a bar to success.

EX-SOLDIER.

A Glass-Roofed Tunnel.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

So much loud complaint would be prompted against surrounding the tunnel or having it covered with a glass roof, so arranged as to be swung open in clear weather, and also with the understanding that either a powerful ventilating fan, or artificial heat shall be used, and furthermore, the entire tunnel shall be regarded as a single block, or at most, two blocks, with a brilliantly lighted room at the midway point.

R. KINGSTON.

"Let Them Learn."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I agree with Mrs. A. B. in regard to giving up your seat in the "L" trains. The majority of women either don't know how to say "thank you" for such an act or else are too tired to do so. Let them learn. In the mean time I'm going to hold my seat.

YOUNGSTER.

The Slow Express.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In order to make "L" road express trains run promptly on time? Often I get to my station and let several locals go by, waiting for an express that is often so late that I lose time by waiting for it, instead of taking a local. When they come they're jammed to the doors. Run more expresses, run them regularly, run them on schedule time.

STRAP-HANGER.

A Wail from the Gallery.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If you buy a $2 seat at a theatre you get a colored programme with the music and the jokes on it. If you buy a 50 cent seat, you get a flimsy strip of paper with the cast on it. Why not print the music on the gallery programmes? Let the poorer patrons be educated by knowing what music they are listening to between the acts.

SECOND ROW.

PICK UP $5 ON THE "L."

If You Miss the $5 You May Get $3 or $2.

The Evening World will award prizes of $5, $3 and $2 each week for the best brief stories of strange, annoying or pleasant experiences on the surface or "L" cars of New York or Brooklyn.

The stories must be true and should not exceed 200 words. Those of 100 words—quality being the same—will be given the preference.

The shorter a good story is the better chance it will stand of winning a prize.

Winners will be announced each Saturday, beginning Feb. 15.

Send stories to "Transportation Editor Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City."

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S HELPS TO BEAUTY.

Hair Tonic.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Will you kindly inform me what preparation can be used to keep my hair from falling out? Sometimes it is breaking short from the roots. As I have had a serious operation, fever set in and my hair was cut clean off the scalp. It grew in very nicely, but a few weeks since it began to fall out.

H. K. R.

This is also for Lillie C.

The hair usually will fall out after a fever. I should not be at all alarmed on this account. You should have scalp massage. Rub the tonic, for which I give you formula, well into the scalp. Take ten minutes a day by the clock for this operation. Rub with the tips of the fingers briskly. This formula is expressly composed for the use of patients who have lost their hair as the result of fever. It is far better than the remedies you suggest.

Phenic acid, 2 grams; tincture of nux vomica, 7½ grams; tincture red cinchona, 30 grams; tincture of cantharides, 2 grams; cologne, 180 grams; sweet almond oil, 60 grains. Apply to the roots of the hair with a soft sponge once or twice a day. This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

Internal Cure for Gray Hair.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Can you tell me something to use to prevent the hair from turning prematurely gray? I do not mean a dye.

INQUIRER.

It is said that a tonic containing iron taken internally will frequently arrest hair that is turned prematurely gray.

There is no reason why you should not try this method.

I must frankly say, however, that I have never seen a case where the internal treatment has been successful, although there are such cases on record.

Any external treatment of the nature of a wash or lotion is really a dye, no matter under what name it masquerades.

To Remove a Scar of Ten Years.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have a scar on my face which I have had for about ten years. Will you kindly tell me if there is anything I could apply that would remove it?

I do not think external ointments or lotions would have a perceptible effect on a scar of that duration. If you will send me your name and address and refer to the matter I shall be glad to give you further information.