

DOUBLE PAGE.



THE EVENING WORLD'S



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THE REFERENDUM TO BE TESTED.

There is a promise that the new idea of the referendum will be given a trial in Chicago under the most favorable conditions. All the street railroad franchises of Chicago are about to expire, and the terms on which they are to be renewed constitute the vital issue of local administration.

A SURE THING.—There is a fortune for young Mr. Croker in his new dairy at Wantage if he can only get his expert father to teach him the secret of thorough "milking."

A TRUE KENTUCKY PATRIOT.

So long as the Hon. Charles K. Wheeler represents Kentucky in Congress the palladium of American liberty will remain safe—secure under the aegis of his oratory. Mr. Wheeler's speech yesterday was a masterly performance. His denunciation of the supine Secretary Hay kind of diplomacy led him into flights of impassioned invective that maintained the best traditions.

That Breach of Etiquette.—It seems to be "up to" Private Secretary Reynolds to explain that provoking breach of etiquette which permitted Admiral von Baudissin's official visit to remain unnotified for more than twenty-four hours.

THE WAR ON VICE.

The Parkhurst Society is planning a campaign against the Raines law hotels, beginning with the worst cases of violation of the law, and every honest interest will wish success to the effort. One of the first and most important steps in the final and satisfactory settlement of the excise question is to get these law-breaking Raines law hotels out of the way.

THE FRUITS OF LEISURE.—The astounding propositions for the development of the Metropolitan Street Railway put forward by Mr. Whitney so soon after his retirement from the cares of business lead us to wonder what he would have done if he had kept steadily at work.

A SURVIVAL OF RACE PREJUDICE.

What is to be done with those students at the Nebraska State University who declare that they will refuse to accept their degrees if the invitation to Booker Washington to deliver the commencement oration is not withdrawn? It is evidently useless to reason with them and hopeless to attempt to instruct them if their four years of study have not taught them to lay aside the race prejudice even to so slight an extent.

From the Dark and Bloody Ground.—The Governor of Kentucky has pardoned before trial four of the Clay County feudists charged with murder, on the ground that an attempt to try them would probably lead to wholesale killing in the court-house, while the killing they are charged with was only justifiable homicide anyhow.

A DREADFUL WARNING.

It is to be hoped that the managers of the New York theatres, especially of those devoted to comedy and the lighter forms of the drama, will heed the lesson conveyed by the sad accident of Friday night, when a front-row auditor in the balcony, overcome by the drowsy influence of the performance, fell into a slumber so profound that he was only awakened by falling over the railing onto the heads of the unsuspecting occupants of the orchestra.

Miss Carnegie's Advice.—Helen Gould told a poor boy in New Orleans yesterday that the way to get on in the world is to rise at 5, as her father did, and study by the light of a candle. "Then," said Miss Gould, "you may become President of the United States." Or of a trust, which some smart small boys are beginning to prefer.

Mr. Carnegie as an Author.—Prof. Thomas declared at the Authors' Club reception to Andrew Carnegie last night that "Mr. Carnegie's fame as an author will rest on his minor writings, those small rectangular slips written on one side, with nothing original about them except the signature." They form a kind of tabloid literature which authors and readers much prefer.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

SUCH A FITTY! "I see the English Government has called in the new issue of stamps because King Edward's face on them isn't turned to the left." "That's nothing so new! I've been trying to kill back-fence cats for the same reason all my life!"

NOTHING SO NEW. "Did you read about the pedestrian who was so crazed by lack of sleep that he tried to kill his trainer?" "That's nothing so new! I've been trying to kill back-fence cats for the same reason all my life!"

PUGILISTIC TERM. "When John L. Sullivan's company was stranded in Jersey City the other day they didn't have money to buy a breakfast." "Why didn't old John L. hand them out one?"

THE QUERY. "So Andrew Carnegie declares we need no new navy." "Then who is to write up-to-date sea stories for his new libraries?"

WASTEFUL. "I wonder why fat men are so seldom 'stinky'?" "Because, by nature, they run largely to waste."

A FULL SUIT. "Sixteen men were rescued Thursday off the Massachusetts coast clinging to the breeches buoy." "If it had a coat of ice they must have been well suited."

CHOICE OF FATE. "A Western club has started a discussion as to whether tea or wine is the more fatal to the system." "It all depends on whether one prefers to die by grape or by cannister."

WHY NOT? "My dear young lady, you should boil all water before drinking it in order to kill the germs." "But, doctor, I'd just as soon be a germ aquarium as a microbe cemetery!"

NO DOUBT. "I see you've got a copy of that new novel. I suppose you know it's a book of doubtful morality?" "No, I didn't, but I'm glad to hear it."

"Yes, the last one I bought was of undoubted immorality."—Philadelphia Press.

COMEBODIES.

ABRUZZI, DUKE—Will, at the request of the King of Italy, postpone for three years his search for the North Pole.

CONEY, PROF. S. R.—Who drank only distilled water for years, has died of typhoid fever.

DIXON, PRESIDENT—Has introduced the study of Spanish into the curriculum of Newcomb College.

HANNA, SENATOR—Owns the pen with which ex-Speaker Reed attested the passage of the McKinley Tariff Act.

HENRY, PRINCE—Will celebrate, soon after his return from his country, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the German navy.

ILITZ, PRIVATE—Of the hospital corps, has received two medals for bravery on the field.

KEARNS, SENATOR—Owns the costliest watch in the Senate.

NICHOLAS, CZAR—Of Russia, always wears top boots, into which his trouser legs are tucked.

ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT—Wants Mr. Cleveland to attend the state dinner in honor of Prince Henry at the White House.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN, THEIR DOINGS AND THEIR SAYINGS.

Mary Kealty, an actress, draws a comfortable salary solely for granting a monopoly over the exclusive privilege of photographing her face.

Pleasant Valley, Pa., boasts a successful miller of the fair sex, Miss Martha Cressmann by name. She is a recognized expert in the locality on corn, and can estimate correctly the yield of an acre of standing grain.

Queen Christina of Spain has a hobby for collecting playing cards. One pack made of ivory is said to have belonged to Prince Eugene, who fought with the Great Duke of Marlborough.

One of the Klumpke sisters, Dorothea, who has for a dozen years or more been connected with the Paris Observatory, has married Dr. Isaac Roberts and moved to England. Miss Klumpke was born in San Francisco but has lived in Paris since early childhood.

Elizabeth Patterson has supplemented her recent gifts to the Lafayette Art Gallery at Indianapolis with a collection of autograph letters written by men of world-wide reputation.

Miss Edith Lehmann is a vegetarian.

The Funny Side of Life.

THINGS WE SHALL NOT SHOW PRINCE HENRY. BORROWED JOKES.



OUR BOWERY BEER KOMMERSES.

INQUISITIVE.



"You come right up here into the picture, Willie. What are you doing down there?" "Oh, I just want to read what they're saying about me."

COMPETENT.



"Yes, sir, in my business it is necessary to be an all-around man."

AS OTHERS SEE US.



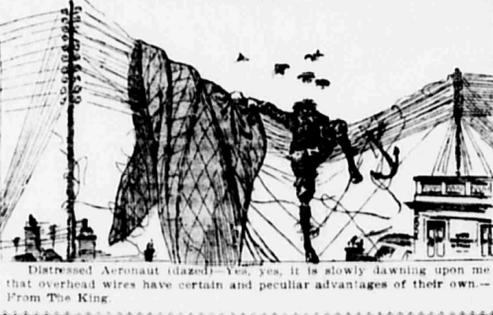
Little Elsie—Mamma says you are a self-made man, Uncle George. Are you? Uncle George—Yes, my dear, Little Elsie—you must have made yourself in the dark, didn't you?

IN CANINE LAND.



Fido—Ge! Old Towser looks disappiated! Bruno—Yes; he's been going to the men at an awful pace.

THE FLYING AGE.



Distressed Aeronaut (dazed)—Yes, yes, it is slowly dawning upon me that overhead wires have certain and peculiar advantages of their own.—From The King.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE ON MANY TOPICS.

Gen. U. S. Grant. To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly give the name of the author of the following saying: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." M. K.

A Sensible View. To the Editor of The Evening World: If a man is invited to your house by any member of your family you treat him with courtesy, even if he does not happen to be a personal friend of yours. You would not think of refusing him your place at table, or putting yourself out in other ways to show him hospitality. Then why do so many people show about Prince Henry's visit here? He is invited to our city. It is the honor and duty of every member of the big family of New Yorkers to show him all courtesy and make his stay pleasant. Why, then, all this talk of catering to royalty? He is merely our guest. Let him take our opera boxes, let him do as

thing at all that will render his stay pleasant and that will make him regard us as ideal hosts. S. J. VON STEYR.

Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to say a word in defense of the nation's credit, while our credit is so low. Please say you don't owe us on him and let us know to him that is extremely abusive. Then also suggest by persuasion he answer back and say impatiently they report him or write to the papers about him. He is, I judge, from his own mouth, a very good fellow. MRS. T. E. YOUNG.

Two "Anachronisms." To the Editor of The Evening World: Can't our ferry-boats be run by electricity or by overhead cable or by some other means which will make them faster? In this day of rapid transit the crawling ferry-boat is as much an anachronism as the plodding little old horse-car that keeps our big city so old-fashioned. How about it? They're back out. F. G. EASTMAN.

To Relieve Bridge Crush. To the Editor of The Evening World: If Mr. Laidlaw suggests that to relieve the crush at the bridge to take the road from the Park Row side, I would suggest that another opening be made on the upper end of the Williams street side of the bridge, with an exit at the north side of

HIS COLORS. "That butter is too white. Give me two pounds of this. It has more color in it." "All right, sir. Anything else?" "Yes, I want half a pound of un-colored Japan tea."—Chicago Tribune.

HIS ONLY CHANCE. Mother—Another time you must not interrupt me when I am talking to visitors, Willie. Willie—But, mother, by the time you'd finished I should have forgotten what I wanted to say.—Detroit Free Press.

THAWED HIM OUT. "Yes, I saw your father and it's all right." "Splendid! How did you accomplish such a delightful result?" "I got the janitor to crack on all the heat he could and concentrate it in your father's office." "Well?" "Well, it thawed him out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DIDN'T NEED 'EM. "I should like," said the man, "to get a position as proofreader." "Sorry," said the publisher, "but we've paid off all our proofreaders; don't need 'em." "You don't?" "No. We're publishing nothing but dialect stories now."—Philadelphia Press.

STILL IN TROUBLE. "Wealthy, is he? Why, the last time I saw him he had trouble keeping the wolf from the door." "Well, now he has trouble keeping his poor relations from the porte cochere."—Catholic Standard and Times.

WOULD DO EVEN BETTER. "Is this Mr. Jones?" asked the reporter as the door of the office opened in response to his knock. "Yes, sir," answered the man who had opened it, "but I am not the prominent politician you are looking for. I'm here to see him myself. I'm the Jones that furnishes him his whiskey and his cigars." "Then you're exactly the Jones I want to see," rejoined the reporter, whipping out his notebook.—Chicago Tribune.

AND AWAY IT WENT. "Now here," said the salesman, "is a very fine umbrella. The handle, you will observe, is especially attractive." "That's just what I want to avoid. Every umbrella I ever owned has been entirely too attractive."—San Francisco Post.

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Battle Song of the Brooklynite.

David Rosenheim fell and was tramped on by fifty men in a race to train at the Brooklyn end of the Bridge to-day.—Daily newspaper. I leap from my bed at sunrise I grind my teeth with rage. I stamp on the floor and sullenly roar like a lion in its cage. I eat raw meat for breakfast and chew a pound of nails. And leap in the air and tear my hair and swing my arms like flails. I attack the cellar furnace, I fill its gaping maw; The bac I pound for a half-hour round and I smash myself on the jaw. When my eyes start from their sockets and I'm berserk through and through, I start with a rush for the big Bridge crush, my daily stunt to do. When I hear the sound of battle come ringing from afar I step on the feet of all I meet and long for the old bridge car. The smell of the fray is incense, the prospect of slaughter is joy. With a fearsome shriek I smite the beak of the hurrying messenger boy. As I climb the stairs from the Plaza and finally get in the whirl I clamp my grip for a struggle to strip the coat from a working girl; Should any old man oppose me I fully compose my mind To tear his hair till his scalp is bare, and his wrinkled face to grind. At last I am in the vortex; they crowd on every hand; With one intent, each man is bent-on his neighbor's neck to stand. It is here that I spread my elbows, my strength comes into play; With pitiful moans and quivering groans my victims line my way. I crowd my course to the platform, I shoot myself through the door. I form the edge of a flying wedge and lay them four with me on the floor. And when I get to my office my trophies I show with pride— A couple of eyes and a few neckties that I've gathered during my ride. MARTIN GREEN.

High Roads To Happiness.

By GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN.

CUPID IN FATIGUE DRESS.

PHRODITE set an excellent example for all the later goddesses of Love when she arose each morning from a bath in the sea. The sea is not always at one's door, it is true, but there are substitutes for it within limitations as humble as a tin washpan. And every bowl of purifying water brings and overflows with the dancing bacilli of happiness and beauty. The well-groomed girl is everywhere in evidence, but it is not as common a sight to see a crisp, sparkling matron. "I manage to keep clean," said a woman to me the other day. "But I have no time for massage and steam-baths and all that nonsense. What time I can spare from my children I devote to my comb." Her hair was strained back from her face; her nails were broken and unlovely. And I thought as I looked at her that even so great and excellent a thing as a woman's club might well be sacrificed on the altar of vanity. There is a lot of nonsense preached and prattled in this world, and it is just possible that this is some of it. But when I hear men and women talk about unchanging love I want to tell them that the unalterable quality is found only with God and some mothers. Romantic love lasts as long as its object remains lovable. Not one moment longer. It may survive great shocks and forgive deep injuries, only to falter and die at sight of a crumpled ribbon, a tumbled head or a knotted shoestring. And the woman who would keep a beautiful love to the end must preserve all the ideals which cluster around her. Many illusions escape through the slender hoop of a wedding ring, which might far better be retained. Little artifices which are added to the girl's attractiveness, and are confessed and abolished at the time when they are most needed. Of course, this is generally at the suggestion of the husband, who theoretically despises cosmetics and defeats his wife's plan for continued loveliness. So the little wife cheerfully puts them away and then weeps and wonders to hear him loudly admire some other woman whose complexion comes out of a jar similar to her banished boxes. I recall the case of an obdurate old farmer who would not let his wife crimp her hair. She had been the belle of the neighborhood, and more than one young planter had thought nothing of swinging out for a moonlight walk of ten miles or so to sit for an hour on her father's vine-sheltered veranda and hear her sing "The Land of Leal" or "Bonnie Logan." She was prettier than any girl around. And she frizzed her wavy hair, and tied it with wonderful blue ribbons. One night at a husking bee she had danced and laughed and trifled as any girl has a right to do, while the strains of "Money Musk" made the rafters of the old barn tremble. And when the light winked through the tatted lanterns at the corn there was not a lad in all the crowd who did not pray that he might find a scarlet ear and claim a kiss from Janie. But while they worked in eager haste, stripping the crisp husks backward, Albert rose sprang up with a shout of triumph and leaped over the yellow pyramid to where the girls played at helping the huskers. No one doubted where his choice would fall; and his lips met Janie's and found them unprotesting. Then they walked home together; and as the others saw her eyes shine up at him like stars they turned back out of the running. The two were married later in the year under the holy white and mistletoe. But as they rode over the white fields to their new home Albert said: "I don't want you to friz your hair any more, Janie; it attracts too much attention." So the soft locks that had been his pride were brushed back, and after a while the blue ribbons were put in a box and left there. Then people wondered why they had ever thought Janie Martin pretty. Albert wondered, too; but Janie cried when her mirror told her the story, and timidly asked at carefully chosen times during the years to be allowed to wear her hair in the old fashion. But he told her not to bother about that; she was good if she was not pretty, and he was satisfied. So for thirty years the old wish clutched her meek heart. Then she died, and Albert sat holding her hand, while the neighbors bustled about the ceremonial death requies of us. But when one kind woman was about to smooth the locks on the cold braid back in the old fashion he stirred uneasily. "You needn't do any more, Miss Jenks," he said. "Janie liked her hair frizzed, and I think I'll go to town and fetch out the hairdresser." And, with the amazed looks of the woman upon him, he went. It was late in the afternoon when he was called into the room again, and the sunlight rested like a halo around the face in the casinet. Albert's hand touched the softly waved tresses tremulously. "I thought," he whispered, "that Janie's hair was yellow." "So it was once," said the woman who waited beside him, with a sob. "But don't you know who she is old? I remember how pretty she was when she married you." There was reproach in her voice, but he did not hear it. His rough fingers stroked the beautiful white meshes tenderly. "I'm sorry, Janie," he murmured to his dead, "that I did not let you crimp your hair. I am sorry, Janie."