

A LORD CHAMBERLAIN NEXT. The minute and positive instructions issued by President Roosevelt for the conduct of his receptions during his progress through the sovereign State of Rhode Island are novel, but they will probably be followed by instructions to the other States favored by the Presidential presence and will furnish a precedent for Roosevelt's successors.

As the poet says, "New occasions bring new duties," and thus does the Presidential office accommodate itself to the new conditions of the Republic. But what is really needed is not a piecemeal settlement of questions of Presidential etiquette but a new department of the Government vested with authority to frame a code which shall fully cover the whole important question and which shall be binding on all citizens of the United States.

Such an office is filled in England by the Lord Chamberlain and in France by a social despot known as the Clerk of the Protocol. The importance of their functions is attested by the fact that their authority is absolute and no one would think of questioning any of their decrees.

We ought to have such an office in this country. It might be hard to fill it at first, but we might go to Rhode Island and get some one of the Newport set who would be competent to tell us how to behave when the President is around. He would probably prefer to be called the Lord Chamberlain. He should have a uniform, and he ought to wear knee breeches.

Clubs and Wives.—One of the allegations of a wife seeking divorce is that her husband "spends too much time at his club." As the slightest wife is pretty and a sympathetic jury will doubtless agree with her that her husband was a brute.

TWO INHUMAN CORPORATIONS. New York's sense of humanity was shocked last week by the story of the killing of Mary Kelly by a trolley car while crossing Third avenue at Tenth street, when the car hands merely lifted the dead body out of the way of the car and hurried off to make up the time lost in the manslaughter.

One would think that such callous inhumanity could hardly be matched outside of savage Africa, but yesterday an investigation of the death of Thomas Price, who was found on Sunday morning lying dead near the corner of Kent avenue and South Ninth street, Williamsburg, shows that street-car management is not less brutal in the Borough of Brooklyn than in Manhattan.

In this case a witness testified that Price was knocked down and run over. The motorman and conductor, assisted by two other men, pulled the body out from under the car and left it lying in the gutter. Then the car went on its way. As car hands are not less human than other people, the only construction to be placed on such incidents is that the employees of the corporations are acting under strict instructions from the management which they dare not disobey. From the corporation point of view the killing of a pedestrian is a trifling matter compared with a failure to make schedule time. The law ought to be able to reach not only the train hands who obey such brutal instructions but also the managers who issue them.

Ocean Liner Poker Game.—A game of poker on an ocean liner with \$1,000 in cash and chips on the table size up pretty well with high plays at Canfield's. How a Tenderloin police captain would have liked to get his clutches on the Kaiser Wilhelm's players!

A CUSTOMS LAW HUMILIATION. One of the passengers on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, arriving yesterday, was a young girl named Weiss. She was bound for St. Louis to meet her intended husband. The customs officials suspected an attempt by some one to smuggle in diamonds, and Miss Weiss's looks betraying guilt to their practiced eyes, they detailed two women inspectors to "make a thorough search of her person." By the time it was finished the protesting girl had been subjected to a humiliation that will bring tears of shame to her eyes for years to come. The traveler's conscience is not as sensitive as it ought to be about smuggling and the customs laws are strict. But the spectacle of Uncle Sam engaged in a proceeding of this sort is not edifying.

Much the Same.—Prof. Reiser, of Harvard, reports that he has discovered the very ancient cemetery of Coptos in Egypt, but says nothing as to whether the epitaphs are as truthful as those in modern cemeteries.

THE MEANEST YET. The story told by The World this morning of the organized extortion practised by the attendants at the public baths ought to open the eyes of the Commissioner of Public Buildings and of the Reform Administration of Mayor Low and should lead to prompt action. Ostensibly the baths are free. They were intended to be so and are supposed to be so. As a matter of fact the poor little children who are unable to put up a nickel are seldom able to get a bath at all, and when they do are subjected to rough treatment.

It is a part of "the system." It came down from a former administration, but it ought not to last after being once exposed. The employees who have made a good thing out of this contemptible extortion should not be continued on the pay-roll of a reform government.

A WORD FOR SLANG. In a lecture at the University of Chicago yesterday Prof. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, said: "Boys and girls need slang. It's good for them. Let them use it. It keeps them from becoming tongue-bound." Prof. Hall is a great kindergarten authority and we must listen respectfully to him while revising our old opinion that slang indicates poverty of language. At any rate, it gives ideas expression, and is not that what language is for?

The professor's remarks will be appreciated in many quarters. Can you not hear Chimie Fadden chewing the rag to this effect: "Say, dat college guy's all right in dat song and dance he giv' about slang. Youse may 'think he's stringin' ye and dere'll be a kick comm' from de foidies but he's dead on. Hully gee, but he's fly up to de limit; he's a guy what knows."

And can you not hear a Pike County citizen say: "I don't go much on them college chaps and I ain't never had no respect for them, but I allow Hall's middlin' good. When a galoot comes down the pike with talk like that he hits me jest right. Put it thar, pardner! Some of them grannies'll say you're too sassy, but ye suits me to a T-wyty. I'm a keerless man, but I git your drift and sure's you're born you're right."

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

CANINE AND FELINE. The dog dove hit Manhattan now; And Sixth ain't all this time. By making it "rain cats and dogs" Three-quarters of the time.

SAME SENSATION. Hector, having been dragged three round the walls of Troy led to Achilles's chariot, feebly opened his eyes. "It is this Harlem?" he weakly asked. In another instant he realized that he was not hanging on the back of a rush-hour car, and the bitter disappointment smote him to the heart.

A HARD LUCK STORY. "Do you believe in luck?" "If 'seeing is believing,' I've no faith in it."

NOBLE EMPLOYER. "I am a benefactor to my employees this year." "How so?" "I noticed in past seasons how sick and tired and blue and worn out they were when they returned from vacation; so this year I spared them all that by giving no vacations."

THAT LET HIM OUT. "I invested in those stocks at your advice and lost everything. You said there was a fortune in them?" "So there is. It's there yet. I didn't guarantee you'd extract it."

BORROWED JOKES. "Throw away that vile cigar." "Not much, mister; go on and find yer own butt!"—Ohio State Journal.

OUTDOOR. "No, indeed," answered the milliner-made girl; "they stay quietly in their trees. They are not nearly so bad as caterpillars!"—Washington Star.

SUMMER PREFERENCE. "Do you think there is anything serious to be apprehended from seventeen-year locusts?" "No, indeed," answered the milliner-made girl; "they stay quietly in their trees. They are not nearly so bad as caterpillars!"—Washington Star.

QUITE REMARKABLE. Gushington—Ah, your wife is a most remarkable woman. Henpeck—Think so? Gushington—Indeed, I do. Don't you? Henpeck—Well, she certainly is able to make more remarks than any other woman I know.—Philadelphia Press.

SOMEBODIES. BYERS, MAJOR S. H. M.—author of "Marching Through Georgia," says he wrote the song in one hour.

CHAMBERLAIN, JOSEPH—will carry to his grave the bad scar on the forehead which he received in his late cab accident. It must seem hard to come unscathed through the Boer war and then receive a battle scar from a hansom smash-up.

GARNAULT, PROF.—has started a crusade to prove Prof. Koch's doctrine of inoculation false, and says he will keep up his experiments to that end until every scientist is led to his way of thinking.

CHARLES, PRINCESS—of Denmark, has learned to speak and write fluently in Russian, the most difficult of European languages to master.

TWEED, JOHN—has finished and now exhibits in London the statue of Cecil Rhodes which is to stand in Kimberley.

YANAGISAWA, MISS—a Japanese girl, 4 feet 10 inches tall, has received the degrees of LL. B. and M. D. from California colleges.

HER LITTLE FELLOW YET. What funny creatures mothers are! I sometimes laugh to see— For all my bigness and my age— How mine looks after me. She wants to warm me when I'm cold, To dry me when I'm wet; I do believe she thinks me just A little fellow yet!

I'm not a schoolboy any more. With satchel at my back; It won't be many years before I don the haversack. I'm going to join the volunteers— My father was a "vet,"— And surely then I will not be A little fellow yet!

Ah, well, the mother's good as gold, And kind as kind can be; There's no one else in all the world That's half as kind to me. So let her think it if she will, When I, top, am a "vet." It may be I will wish I were Her little fellow yet!

—W. A. Matland in Christian Work.

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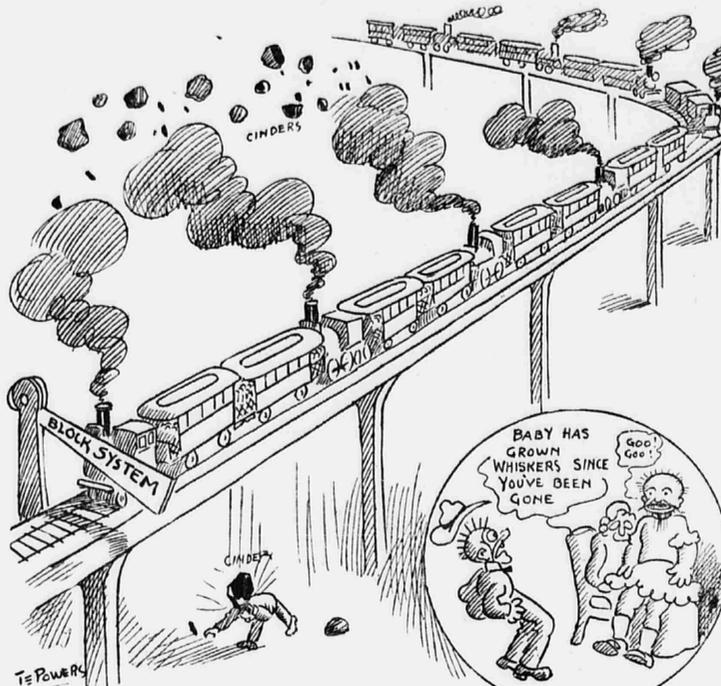
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THE BLOCK SYSTEM ON THE "L."



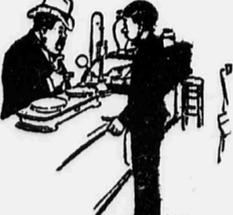
Have you heard about the system—the Block System on the "L."? The block that blocks for blocks and blocks; whose finish none can tell. And folks due home at 6 P. M., thanks to that little block. Will land there for cold dinners about thirty-five o'clock.

GOOD BUSINESS.



Mrs. Flush—And why do you take off your hat to me? Little Willie—Cause ma said if I took off my hat and was perlitte you might give me a nickel.

NO SALE REPORTED.



Customer—Have you anything that is good for falling hair? Facetious Clerk—How would a waste basket do?

UNFORTUNATE.



Constance—Papa, Willie has simply ruined my new bathing suit! Papa—What did he do? Constance—He spilled a lot of water on it!

HE WAS IT.



Mrs. Alceah—I was directed to you as a diamond expert. Mr. Wayupp Toppe—Just so, ma'am. I'm a baseball magnate.

LOVE IS BLIND.



She—Ma and I are so anxious to see this game. Mr. Loveleigh, is it like ping-pong?

DRAMATIC NOTE.



The villain ground his teeth.

NOTHING TO IT.



Mr. Johnsing—Well, uncle, how are people treating you to-day? Uncle Remus—Dey ain't treatin' me at all. I ain't had a drink dis mawnin'.

SHE'S ABOVE IT.



Mr. Quizzer—Miss Snapper says that you have called yourself twenty-two for five years. Miss Proutymaid—Well, sir, I am not one of those women who say one thing one day and another the next.

COUNTRY SCENES.



Shooing the chickens.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Scores the "Victim." To the Editor of The Evening World: No self-respecting gentleman, however handsome, would for a moment think of allying himself with a victim for his "Portchester Victim" who does so simply (as it is apparent. His mental calibre is as visible to the naked eye (through his recent infantile plaint) as though his concealed "phlegm" was published. What kind of ladies must they have been to have made the alleged remarks on his beauty? Go back to the woods, Portchester, you're threecome. O. O. B. Robber Versus Policeman. To the Editor of The Evening World: Regarding the riot at Rabbi Joseph's funeral I would say that it is better to

face the attack of a robber with his revolver (who is only after your money) than that of the policeman with a club and brass buttons. Though the former attentively attacks his victim for his body because of lack of bread, the latter gets his booty and makes the attack irrespective of it. I am an innocent injured of it. I. J. A Good Suggestion. To the Editor of The Evening World: May I have the privilege of a few remarks concerning the letters of "Victim, Portchester" and "Another Victim" who claim to be so handsome that girls annoy them by outspoken admiration of their beauty? Would it not be charitable—aye, even philanthropic—to bring together these two "unfortunately handsome" and "Apolloesque" gentlemen (sic), with a view to establishing a "mutual admiration society" and pur-

chasing by aid of popular subscription some lonely life far from the rude and heartless gaze of girls, where undisturbed and unmolested the two sweet creatures could stand Narcissus like and feast their eyes upon their noble faces? (Permit me to suggest Ward's Island. I will give as much as two cents for a photo of either of these beauties! NAUSSA. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where is the Metropolitan Museum of Art located? Dec. 29, 1890." To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly give me the date of the Battle of Wounded Knee Creek. W. J. D.

ODDITY CORNER.

NITROGEN.

Crystallized nitrogen is one of the greatest chemical curiosities. By cooling nitrogen gas down to 367 degrees below the freezing point, and then allowing it to expand, solid snow-like crystals are formed.

HEAT IN LAVA.

The retention of heat in lava is almost incredible. Lava is so bad a conductor that it is possible to walk on the surface of a lava flow when it has cooled and yet see red heat in the fissures below.

WEE PLANET.

Vesta is the only one of the smaller planets which can be seen with the naked eye. Its diameter is only 300 miles, and its whole surface but one-ninth that of Europe.

SLANG CANDY.

"The latest slang manifestation, however, is slang candy," remarked a student of signs of the times. "Have you seen it? It is on sale at many candy stands. Do you remember the old-fashioned, flat, scalloped, diamond or heart-shaped candy lozenge, ornamented with sentimental words such as 'Sweetheart,' 'My Own True Love,' 'Faithful to Thee,' 'Ever Thine,' and so on? We used to pass these complimentary lozenges around at little gatherings when I was young, and much harmless but deeply fervent lovenaking was carried on by means of such simple tokens.

"The pink and white candy lozenge of the present day, however, is a degenerate. It is much smaller in size, although still scalloped, and the phrases stamped on its surface are below the dignity of genteel members of the lozenge family. The words you read now on the candy lozenge are as follows: 'That's What,' 'My Best Girl,' 'Rubber neck,' 'Move On,' 'Sure,' 'Bat Them Out,' 'My Size,' 'Do You Like?' 'Gee Whiz,' 'My Baby Lou,' 'Guess Not,' 'Just So,' 'Come Again,' 'That Face,' and so on."

DUMAS'S CAPITAL.

Alexander Dumas, the elder, whose hundredth birthday anniversary was recently celebrated in the little town of Villers Cotterets, used to boast that he came to Paris with but one 20-franc piece, which he kept in a little wooden box. During his whole life he had the habit of trusting his spare pocket money to this little bank. As he lay on his death-bed surrounded by his friends he suddenly raised himself and pointing to his money-box, he asked: "How much is there in it?" "Two 20's," answered a friend after examining the box. For a moment the post was silent. Then he sank back upon his pillows murmuring: "Then I have doubled my capital!"

HE STRUCK A SQUALL.

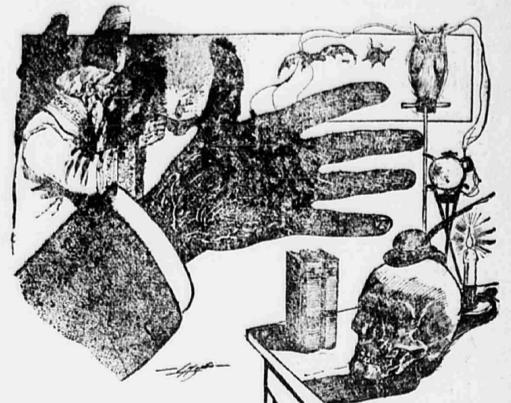
It All Started with a Red Bandanna Handkerchief.

"No, Miss Barrett will not sail with us this year." "What?" Five astonished members of the Ben Moore's crew stopped eating a rough-and-ready supper to express their astonishment, says the Chicago News. Palmer leaned back on the bunk and slowly slipped his coffee before replying. "It is all on account of those red bandanna handkerchiefs which we wear instead of yachting caps. They are actually a sticking, and they make us look like old pirates, but I think we would better go back to the regulation yachting cap." "Indeed we won't," retorted Chappell. "Well," continued Palmer, "I don't know exactly what you fellows have done when a pretty girl has asked you for one of those red bandannas—something to remember the yacht by. Miss Barrett was like the rest of the girls. It was after a moonlight sail and every one was getting ready to go home, that she found one of those handkerchiefs and begged me to give it to her. Like all the rest of the girls, she promised to make it into a cushion for the boat. Say, boys, during the past two seasons I have given away about five dozen of those handkerchiefs, and I don't see any cushions of that particular design aboard the boat." The boys exchanged glances. "Ah, I see that other dozens have been given away. Well, I let Miss Barrett tease about half an hour. I told her it was against the rules, but I would give her the handkerchief if she wouldn't tell any of the girls. She went home happy, thinking she was the only girl in the city who could have such a souvenir of our yacht. You know Miss Barrett lived clear out on the north side. But recently her people moved down toward the city and the girls all called on her. She returned the calls and then she discovered that every girl in Woodlawn had a pillow in the cozy corner with a red bandanna cover." The crew grinned. "Talk about a squally time! When she had made the tenth call there was a decided drop in the temperature, and I ran into the wo much sail. I couldn't beat out. There was only one thing for me to do, fellows—I dropped anchor. I can't sail with you very much this summer. Miss Barrett says the boat is too far from her home."

ATHLETIC HANDSHAKE.

Beware of the athlete's handshake, says the Boston Herald. A Philadelphia lady had the honor of her lily-white hand crushed by a man to whom she had just been introduced. But what says the book of etiquette? "When a man is presented to a lady they must not shake hands, but merely bow." Now we know why the books of etiquette are needful literature. "Ouch!" exclaimed the girl with the jeweled fingers, "just see what you've done squeezing my hand!" Then the athlete is so sorry, especially if he also breaks a bone or two.

ARE YOU GOOD AT PALMISTRY?



Soothsayers and wise fogies of the great land of mystery tell us that our lives and our futures may be read in the palm of the hand. There are many strange lines to be seen and our lives may, perhaps, fashion these lines, but— A hand is here shown with white network of lines. The fortune-teller has just explained that the gentleman who has dared will fall into much health. With a soft pencil mark over unnecessary white lines, leaving only the face of the Goddess of Fortune.

A SAINT COVERED WITH MONEY.



On the festival day of St. Mary of Mount Carmel the parishioners of a Chicago church named in her honor literally covered the statue of the saint with money and jewelry. The Italians and Poles composing the congregation struggled with each other to reach the statue and pin their bills and jewels on it.

A WATER SPIDER.



The water spider runs about on the leaves of aquatic plants and catches the insects that live among them; but the nest in which this spider lives is a silk bag filled with air, and it is anchored beneath the water. Its opening points directly downward, so that no air can escape when the spider enters it.

After the nest has been made large enough the spider proceeds to fill it with air in the most remarkable way. She carries it in, just as human people might carry coal or wood or water into their houses. Going nearly to the surface she puts the end of her body out of the water for an instant, then jerks it quickly under with a bubble attached, crosses her hind legs over it and descends to the nest, into which she then allows the bubble to escape. This is repeated until the nest is filled with beautiful, shining, silvery bubbles of air. The spider has chosen this singular mode to escape destruction by water food. The leaves of most aquatic plants lie flat upon the water and are only few places where the spider could hide from enemies.

COAL-TAR SWEETS.

Saccharine and other coal-tar products are being much used in place of sugar for sweetening jams, syrups, beverages, pastry and other food substances. Saccharine, one of these substitutes, is credited with 200 times the sweetening-power of cane sugar.