The World.

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THE EVENING

MOLINEUX'S ACQUITTAL.

It is computed that the Molineux trials have cost the county $350,000. The cost to Gen. Molineux of the defense of his son is estimated at half of that, a large private fortune, while the prisoner pays the penalty of four years' exile from society.

When Molineux left the court-room yesterday a free man it was as if he had just ended a long term in prison. And he has the not very consoling reflection that it is to his father's ability to employ new counsel and keep the case alive that he was not executed. He who is now adjudged innocent was once guilty, according to the Court's decision. It is not likely that the memory of those awful hours in the death chamber will ever grow dim.

To take four years out of a man's life is a cruel deprivation. It is the period of a college career or a course in a law or medical school, the time that a youth is getting a start in life. To a man of Molineux's age already engaged in business it was a length of time in which he might have demonstrated his usefulness to his employers and got well advanced on the road to success. Society thrust him into enforced idleness, cast suspicion upon him and now lets him go without recourse.

In the Line of Duty.—Battalion Chief Guerin, injured in the Avenue C gas explosion yesterday, was one of the bridge fire fighters. He was on the tower all night and was ill with pleurisy when he went to the afternoon fire. The fireman has no chance to rest on his arms after a battle.

A COUNTRY JUDGE IN TOWN.

The Molineux trial being over Judge Lambert's present usefulness to New York is ended, but we shall part with him with regret. He has set an example to his city brethren of expeditious court-room methods well worthy of emulation and one with which his name will long be associated. When we remember the thirteen tedious weeks of the first Molineux trial and the brief month of this, the prolonged and protracted examinations and cross-examinations that characterized the former, the delay in securing a jury, even the seven-hour charge which Recorder Goff inflicted on the jury, the conduct of the present trial by Judge Lambert shines by enviable contrast.

And this economy of time was secured without any loss of judicial dignity or jeopardy of the defendant's interests. The Court never once lost control of the proceedings or did violence to court-room decorum. It has been left for this country Judge to teach an instructive lesson to local judges on the way to try a murder case.

Pigskin Back.—The Virginia girl whose burned back is to be covered with a pig skin, replacing the destroyed human cuticle, ought to make a good football mascot.

A PLAY THAT FAILED.

The critics seem to agree that Mrs. Le Moyne's new play, "Among Those Present," is a failure. A lack of plot and the absence of action are assigned as the reason, but these defects are not necessarily fatal to a drama. The primal moving cause appears to be that the playwright has tried to interest the public in a "society" comedy at a time when it wants neurotic tragedy. Instead of going to the masters now in vogue, D'Annunzio, Sudermann, Hauptmann, he has seen fit to imitate Mr. Fitch, himself the pupil of a somewhat tame French school.

Let us see what Mr. MacDonough might have done with his material to have achieved a success. In his cast is a Dr. Clinton, the doctor's wife, who is Mrs. Le Moyne, a widow and a Wall street broker. Why not have had the widow billed as the doctor's "friend" and inspiring soul affinity and provided a scene where the wife, confronting her rival in a dissecting room and disputing her sway over the doctor's affections, gets blood poison from the cadaver and dies, thus breaking the heart of the broker whose unholy passion for the wife is brought to an abrupt end?

These far reflections of "La Gioconda" might catch the crowd, and if it could be shown that the woman who inspires the broker's passion is really his sister this touch of "Citta Morta" nastiness might make the play a great success. Mr. MacDonough should revise his drama along these lines before it is hopelessly damned by the theatre-going public's disdain.

THE REWARD OF BRAVERY.

A few picked firemen are decorated annually with medals for bravery in the line of duty. These medals are the Victoria crosses of the service. There are not enough of them to go around and it is to be regretted that there is no distinctive order of merit that might be bestowed on firemen who show themselves so deserving of reward as the members of Engine Companies 11 and 17 and Hook and Ladder Companies 11 and 10, who groped their way up the insecure ladders and framework in the bridge tower to fight the flames high in air. That feat in the face of a shower of white-hot bolts was a splendid exhibition of bravery and one fully meriting Chief Croker's warm tribute of praise.

The Chief announces his intention of appealing to the Fire Commissioner "to repay the men for their work by granting them extra time off." It seems small recompense for a brave deed, but a little leisure goes a long way with a fireman, whose allowance of it is all too scant.

CAPT. PIPER'S FINEST.

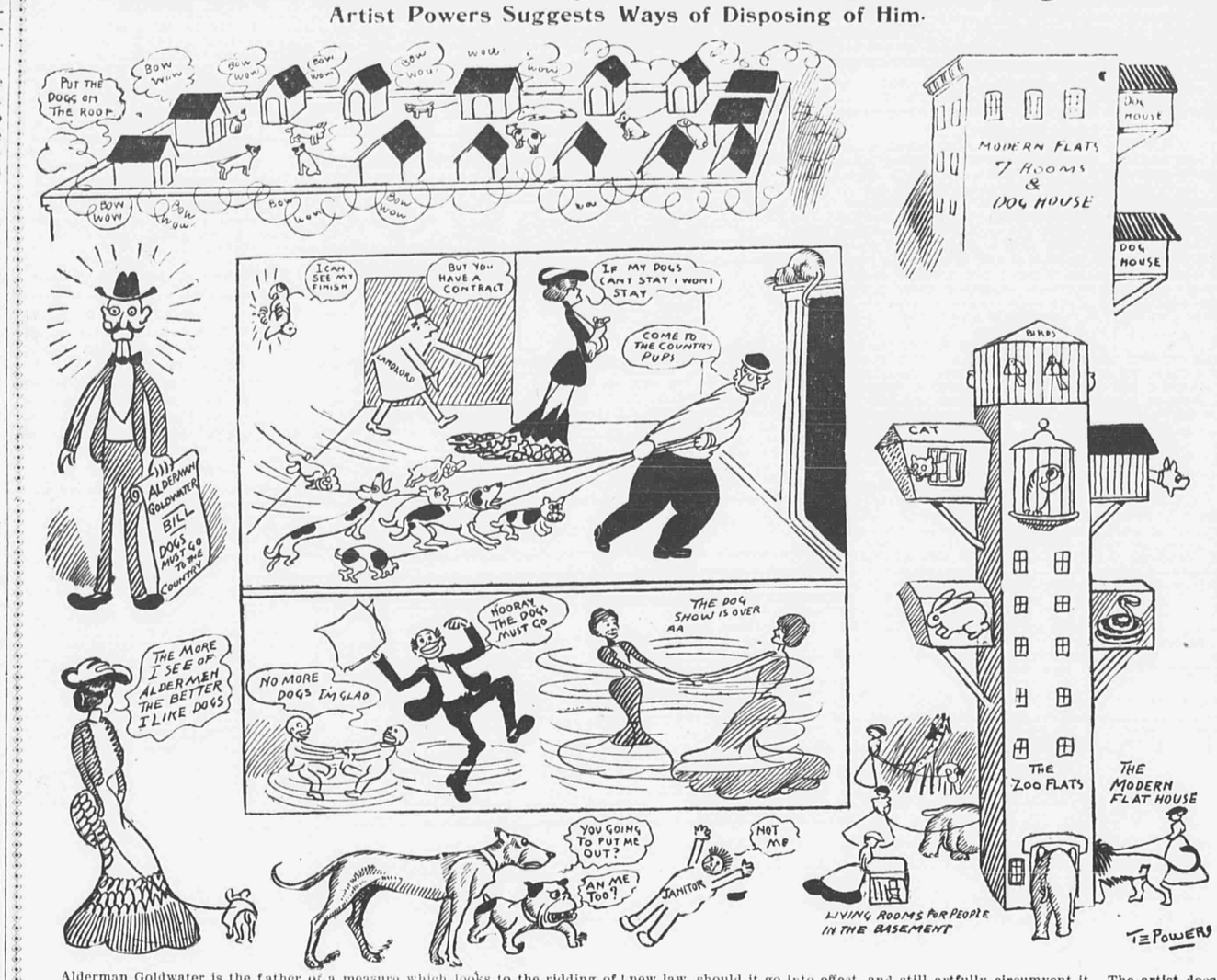
The evolution of the perfect policeman under Capt. Piper continues. The latest general order from the Deputy Commissioner is as follows: "As soon as the commanding officer of a precinct sees a visiting Commissioner appear in the station-house he must call out in a loud voice, 'Attention!' whereupon the policemen in the room must stand until the Commissioner goes away."

The observance of this order is counted on to do much to increase the efficiency of the force. Policemen on the alert for the appearance of the captain's familiar countenance will be trained thereby to a greater watchfulness in the scrutiny of less well-known and more suspicious faces. The physical effort of rising from a chair and standing at attention is also a good thing. It is a "setting up" movement which will keep gouty knees from getting stiff and reduce abdominal avoirdupois. "Whatever is is right" in this world and we detect a great utilitarian purpose in the Captain's order. It is a cover attempt to promote physical exercise in station-houses, to harden muscular tissues, reduce obesity and lend snap to the personnel of the force.

A question of etiquette will arise when the Captain enters a station-house incognito in the course of a midnight ramble. Shall the "commanding officer of the precinct" respect the concealed identity and let his patrolmen keep their seats or shall he reveal it and bid them rise?

Has the Flat House Dog Had His Day—and Night?

Artist Powers Suggests Ways of Disposing of Him.



Alderman Goldwater is the father of a measure which looks to the ridding of apartment-houses, flat-houses and tenement-houses of dogs. The caninophobic Alderman, however, does not offer any plan for disposing of the dogs. His desire is simply to efface them from the homes of New York. Mr. Powers takes the matter up where Mr. Goldwater left off and shows how dog-owners may live up to the new law, should it go into effect, and still artfully circumvent it. The artist does not forget to take a prophetic shy with his pencil at the canineless days for which Mr. Goldwater sighs; he pictures the sadness that will ensue when the lady of the house will have to choose between giving up her dog or her flat. There will be awful bow-wowing and boo-hooing when that terrible day comes!

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

Little Willie—What's a philosopher, pa?

Pa—A philosopher, my son, is a man who can point out a dozen reasons why other people should be content with their lot.

HAS FEELINGS.

Chappie—I say, Captain, would you give me a match?

Sergeant—What! Captain? I ain't no captain. I'm a human being.

HIS STATUS.

Myer—What kind of a fellow is that man Biggerton, anyway?

Gyer—Oh, he is the kind of man who thinks when he's in Europe that everything goes wrong in America.

ONE OF MANY.

Miles—There goes a man who looks like one born to command.

Giles—Perhaps he was, but at present he is one of the commanded."

Miles—How's that?

Giles—Married a widow recently.

Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dressmaking establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

WITH every inquiry for suggestions for made-over dresses the important question is "How to change the sleeves to modern appearance?" and as the sleeves this season tell the story of a gown's fashionable standing, I will illustrate a few styles of past seasons that have been remodelled with a little new material. The tendency is toward greater fulness below the elbow and close to upper part of the arm. In remaking or making a winter gown or coat it is the sleeve that is the problem, and it is for the benefit of the women who must solve this problem for themselves that the following designs are given. The upper portion represents the old-time sleeve, and all changes are made below the elbow by cutting in fancy shape, &c., and inserting the fulness in new material, such as lace, velvet, silk chiffon, according to mode of trimming on balance of the waist or gown. Sometimes several kinds of material are combined in one sleeve.

LONG AND SHORT COATS.

Dear Mme. Judice:

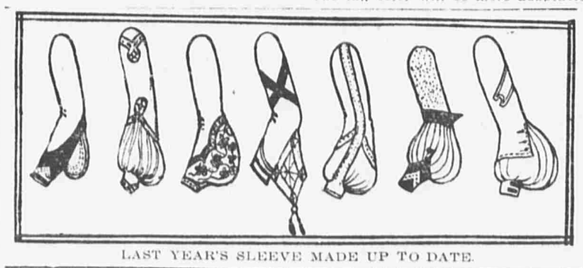
Inclosed you will find pictures of two coats which I like very much and would like to make one of them. Please tell me what kind of cloth to get and how to trim. I like No. 6375 the best on account of its length, but would like your advice, as I want it stylish and not awfully expensive. I don't care to line it; will wear it over a coat in winter; then it will be just right for spring. Tell me if stiffening goes in collar, &c. Which one do you think will be the more stylish? I can spend from $10 to $15 and can make it myself.

Mrs. C. A. F.

I have carefully noted your pictures, which seem very similar in design. I think it all depends on the use you require for your coat what the length shall be, for the three-quarter and full length coat are equally stylish this season. And the only difference in expense will be for the material used in the semi-flared flounce in the full length coat. For an all-around service coat the long one is preferable, for with discretion in selection of your material it can be worn for many occasions as a protection to the dainty gowns, and a cover for a shabby one. A medium weight broadcloth of tan or black is about the best material to use, as it is less expensive than anything else, owing to the 50-inch width, and is appropriate for all occasions; and if sponged before making will wear better than silk or fancy weaves.

To make it exactly like the pattern, with a rolling collar (which by the way, must be stiffened with tailor's canvas), two military capes with three rows of machine stitching in some color silk thread around the edge, the full bishop sleeve and to the bottom of the dress skirt, will be a most serviceable general utility coat. But if you also desire to wear it for dressy occasions face back the under fronts and inside of rolling collar with white silk covered with ecru heavy lace, which can be turned back giving the required effect, while it can be instantly changed to the street coat again by buttoning close.

The tan color will be more adaptable to this trimming and for spring wear than the black.



LAST YEAR'S SLEEVE MADE UP TO DATE.

HOW TO CLEAN FELT HATS.

How many women have taken out last year's felt hat to retrim for every day for this winter only to put it back as being "too dirty or too rain spotted to use."

I have an excellent remedy and a most simple one within the reach of every pocketbook—dry corn meal rubbed vigorously over the felt with a clean cloth. A rough Turkish towel is fine. All dust and streaks, even rain spots, will magically disappear.

Follow the dry meal bath with a good brushing with a clean, new whiskbroom. If the shape is not just what you want the brims at least can be changed by pressing under a damp cloth with a moderately hot iron. White felts clean better with block chalk, purchased at any drug store for 10 cents; but a good shaking is better than brushing. Then wipe carefully with a towel one way.

Beaver hats also clean beautifully this way, but be sure and only rub one way—with the hair of the beaver.

BOILED THE PRAYER BOOK.

There was once an old English woman named Bethia Rummy, who attended service every Sunday morning at St. Elzevir, distant some two miles from her cottage, on a hillside in Derbyshire. As regular in her provision of temporal wants as she was in attendance to spiritual necessities, her custom was to place a piece of bacon in a pot near the fire to be cooked against her return.

Then with her big prayer book wrapped in a snowy white handkerchief, Bethia trudged off to St. Elzevir's. One Sunday, however, she went late, and flustered to her usual place, just in front of the reading desk, and to her vicar's astonishment remarked as she unfolded the snowy handkerchief: "Lawk a daizy me! If I haven't biled the prayer book and brought the bacon to church."

DEALING IN MINUTE PARTICLES.

Three special radioactive substances have been detected: Radium, polonium and actinium. Of these, polonium and actinium have never been obtained in a sufficiently high degree of concentration to make their presence visible in the spectroscope. Only by the evidence of radio-activity can their existence be detected. The radioactivity test is "millions of times more sensitive than chemical analysis, and thousands of times more sensitive than the spectroscope." The percentage of radioactive matter in many substances in which these properties have been detected is "far less than the percentage of gold in sea water."

SOMEBODIES.

BEARDSLEY, ROSWELL—the oldest postmaster in service in this country, is dying at his home, North Lansing, N. Y.

JAGGER, PROF. T. A.—of Harvard, has been studying the eruptions of Mount Pelee, and believes inhabitants of volcanic countries can escape death by building cellars or masonry rooms (as in the cyclone belt) in which to hide when eruptions occur. Should the plan succeed, auto, subway explosion and fireworks cellars may come into vogue in Gotham.

PEABODY, G. F.—has endowed a scholarship at Harvard's graduate school, for the use of one graduate a year from Georgia University.

PETERS, C. L.—the Little Falls, N. Y., philanthropist, has made an odd gift to the schoolchildren of that town. He has presented them with 1,000 rulers, on each of which is printed part of a speech by J. P. Morgan's partner, Perkins.

PROCTOR, SENATOR—of Vermont, has sent a photograph of his grandson standing beside a boar the latter had killed to President Roosevelt, perhaps to prove that other boys besides Teddy, jr., understand the strenuous killing of big game.

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

New York has bridges to burn.

Wall street was not "tipped off" by the police in time to avert the Bear raid.

This is the sort of weather which painlessly extracts every vestige of humor from the coal joke.

The French translation of President Roosevelt's book, under the title of "La Vie Intense," proves that life by any other name is just as strenuous.

Chicago teachers in communion
Have formed a cast-iron Labor Union.
Each kid that ere came down the pike
Is "rooting" for a Teacher's Strike.
Should they strike, six months out of seven,
Chicago'd be the schoolboy's heaven.

News Editor—What makes you think the new reporter is a college graduate?

Proofreader—Because you never find any foreign phrases or big words in what he writes.—Somerville Journal.

"Johnny, what is the future tense of the verb 'to owe?'"

"Supplementary proceedings, ma'am."

"Do you believe dogs have souls?"

"The dog that howls all night in our yard got not only my sole but the rest of the boot as well."

The Pittston mishap shows how much less scarce is the mine accident than the mined coal.

The new "rod-bayonet" on army guns,
Of which the experts now so glibly talk,
May change, to suit the Corbin singing scheme,
Into an up-to-date "rod tuning-fork."

The refusal of the contractors to build fireproof cars for the Subway may perhaps add one more avenue of possible tragedy to the labyrinth of such already enmeshing the city.

"I heard a good story the other day," began the grocery man, "about a certain politician."

"That will do," interrupted the disappointed office-seeker. "In the first place, there are no certain politicians."—Chicago News.

"No, I wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"If you're referring to me, let me assure you I don't intend to propose."

"Why do you commuters kick about the way the early trains are crowded? If you'd wait till the 10.30 A. M. train you'd find lots of vacant seats."

"Well, if I was rich enough to get to business at that time of day I wouldn't need to be a commuter."

"Well, postman, have you got anything in the shape of a check for me to-day?"

"Yes, sir; here's a tax bill, shaped pretty much like one."

For her late husband, who departed life last spring,
She draped herself in widow's weeds, the winning little thing!
But she's met another man and cast her black off, altogether.
For even the hardiest weeds can't thrive in this November weather.

Dr. Lynch says that by an operation on the brain consumption can be checked. His namesake, old Judge Lynch, devised an even quicker and more effective operation for curing all mortal ills.

Nell—He told me I was the only girl he ever loved.

Belle—And he expected you to believe it?

Nell—Of course. And he really did act like a beginner, to get off that old chestnut.—Philadelphia Record.

"The continued fighting in the Philippines indicates that Uncle Sam has bitten off more than he can chew."

"You mean he has 'civilized' more than he can benevolently assimilate."

The hackneyed term, "burning the bridges," when brought up to date on the East River was not all it has been cracked up to be.

There was a young fellow from Md.,
Who went to the Klondike's cold ad,
Said he, "Why did I roam
From my warm Southern home,
For my State, beside this, seems a fad!"

A railroad has been started in Formosa. For the people are trying to get all the blessings of civilization. And, as every one knows, civilization, in its noblest form of railroad mergers, cannot settle down in a railroadless land.

"Ah! he'll never be able to fill his father's shoes."

"No; but he thinks his hat would come down over the old man's ears, all right."—Chicago Record-Herald.

President, Prince and Commerce would have justified the issuing of "P. P. C. cards" for the Chamber of Commerce anniversary.

"Did you buy any gold bricks when you was to New York, Silas?"

"No, sir. They couldn't fool me. I spent my money on a fine six-acre tract of land that the feller assured me was conveniently situated midway between New York and Jersey City."

13—ORANGE BLOSSOMS.—13.

Wedding Bells That Will Not Jangle Out of Tune for the Hoodoo Number.

"WHY GEORGIE, how can you think of such a thing!" exclaimed the tall bridesmaid, wrapping a pair of blue satin slippers in tissue paper and placing them in the trunk.

It was a huge leather affair which stood in the centre of the apartment. The three bridesmaids were gathered about it.

Two of them sat on the floor while the third walked quickly from one chair to another inspecting the bridal finery and fitfully putting the dainty articles of apparel away.

The bride to be, a very pretty blonde with masses of chestnut hair artfully arranged to give her height, and a skin of the tender pinkness of primroses, sat regally on a large sofa in one end of the room and looked on.

GEORGIA MAUD MARSHALL.

"Why shouldn't I think of such a thing?" she replied slowly to the tall bridesmaid, drawing a very charming red and white kimono around her as she spoke.

"Marry on the 13th, good gracious!" chimed in the girl in the blue cloth gown, "it's dreadfully unlucky."

"Really, Georgie, you should be careful. You may affect the happiness of your whole life!" said the small girl in the Monte Carlo coat.

"Why don't you girls take off your things?" interrupted the hostess. "You have been here in those heavy coats for an hour. I should think you would roast in them.

"Georgie, I don't see how you can be so calm. Being married at all is unlucky enough—I don't mean unlucky—uncertain, without choosing a day that even the most ignorant person knows is sure to bring bad luck."

The prospective bride played with the scarlet edge of her kimono for a while. She was timid even among her intimate friends, and never had an opinion when she could help it.

"I don't believe in bad luck," she said finally, desperately. "There is no such thing."

"What!" gasped the three bridesmaids in chorus. "Why, Georgie, you are out of your mind!"

Then came a torrent of words from the tall bridesmaid.

"Why, Georgie, do you know what you are saying? The wisest man or woman in the world wouldn't be married on the 13th. Napoleon wouldn't fight a battle on the 13th when he could help it. And he was the bravest man that ever lived."

Then the girl in the blue dress interrupted: "If you don't believe in bad luck, why of course you don't believe in good luck either. Until I was seventeen I was always unlucky. I would fall downstairs and break a bone, or strain a muscle running, or run needles into my fingers all the time. These things always happened on the 13th or else on Friday. Then I got a rabbit's foot and a man gave me a lucky horseshoe. I keep them both on my dresser and nothing ever happens to me. Georgie, if you must be married on the 13th, please let me give you my rabbit's foot!"

"No," said the little bride-to-be. "I won't. From the time I was a little bit of a girl I have always thought I would be married on the 13th of the month. My mother was married on the very 13th of November that I have selected for my wedding day."

For a moment the group of bridesmaids seemed staggered by the announcement.

Then the tall one said, "Of course, Georgie, we all know that your mother and father are an ideal couple, that they are perfectly, perfectly happy! But don't you think they must feel sorry sometimes, when they think how much happier they would have been if they had been married on any other day?"

It was a delightful bit of feminine logic, but the daughter did not seem thoroughly to appreciate it.

"Grandma was married on the '13th of November,' too," she said. "Why, its a family tradition. It has come down like the silver or the grand piano.

"The 13th will be my grandmother's golden wedding and mother's silver wedding, I couldn't be married at any other time. We are going to have a great big cake to represent the three generations, and you can all take a piece of it home to dream on. You will be lucky if the future husband you dream of is as nice as Jimmie Hutt, I can tell you."

JAMES W. HUTT, JR.

"But," said the girl in the Monte Carlo coat, "that is just a superstition about wedding cake, Georgie, like all the things you have been making fun of.

"A superstition?" echoed the bride, "It's nothing of the kind. It's the truth. Why, the last piece of wedding cake I put under my pillow I dreamed of Jimmie Hutt as plain as could be. And I knew that minute I was going to marry him."

"Well," said the tall girl scornfully, "we all knew it long before that."

And the silence which followed the argument was filled by quick but unscientific packing of the trunk in the middle of the pretty apartment at No. 814 Prospect place, Brooklyn.

For this is the true story of Miss Georgia Maud Marshall, of the city of Churches, who will be married the day after to-morrow to James W. Hutt, jr., and the manner in which she named the day.

Not only Miss Marshall's wedding, but the gold and silver anniversaries of her grandmother and mother will be celebrated at her grandmother's home, No. 124 Halsey street, where the two former ceremonies were pronounced.