The World

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WAGES AND COST OF LIVING.

According to the figures of Secretary Job, of the Chicago Employers' Association, the workman was never so well off as now; the age of steel is his golden age. There is no disposition to controvert the statement.

But some doubt may be expressed regarding Mr. Job's conclusion that because the employee is receiving from 15 to 40 per cent. more in wages than he was paid five years ago, while the cost of provisions has increased only 11.3 per cent. in that time, it is all cakes and ale for him.

Wages, like theatrical salaries, are not computed for a full year of fifty-two calendar weeks, nor do they remain always at concert pitch. This is specially true of railway employees.

The New York Central is preparing to reduce its labor expenses on a large scale. Its track forces will be cut down 50 per cent. and nearly 1,500 of the men employed in shops and round-houses, oilers, wipers, round-house laborers, will be laid off. The Southern Pacific and the Atchison are contemplating large reductions of their working force and other railways as well. Building laborers, bricklayers, masons, bridge and structural steel workers, a host of men in various trades, cannot count on a year's uninterrupted employment.

But the 11 per cent. increase of cost in provisions shows no diminution. Beef Trust prices have been again forced up. This week has seen an advance of 2 1-2 cents a pound in spare ribs, and chops and other cuts cost more than a week ago.

The workman's clothes cost him more than they did, his wife's dresses are more expensive, his rents are higher in many cases. Not only does everything that comes up his dumbwaiter take more out of his week's earnings, except perhaps flour and sugar, but every luxury he may desire is higher.

Prosperity brings more dollars to spend, but they do not go as far as in dull times and when in individual instances, as with the laid-off employees, the supply of dollars suffers an enforced decrease the struggle to maintain a decent existence is made all the harder.

A BOY'S CHANCES

The lads of the Armour Institute who heard ex-President Cleveland say that he would "rather have his boy grow up able to build a great bridge like the Brooklyn Bridge than to receive the highest honor that the people could bestow upon him," heard a statement the full force of which they perhaps do not realize.

It is a tribute to the dignity of constructive labor which could not have been looked for from such a source in a previous epoch. That it could be uttered by one who has twice enjoyed the power and prominence of the Presidency marks the wonderful change which a half century of industrial and mechanical progress has made in the relative rank of the world's workers. It furnishes a new point of view from which to estimate the real importance to civilization of the mind which could conceive of such a contribution to its industrial welfare.

The opportunities, as Mr. Cleveland well said, for boys to get a practical education which may lead to such a triumph are now greater than ever in the nation's history. The equipment of scientific and technical schools is on a par with the academic equipment of school and college. It was not so a generation ago. The youth in search of a mechanical education was then forced to go to the shops for the practical experience which he now gets along with the more valuable theory in the scientific school. At Cornell, for example, he finds in his "classroom" a $20,000 locomotive, a perfect specimen of the most modern engine building. He begins his instruction where students in his father's day left off.

There never before were such prizes as now to award the genius of the student in a technical school. In chemistry and electricity and engineering there are possibilities beyond estimate for making a permanent contribution to the world's progress and incidentally reaping the richest of financial rewards.

And the poor boy is as well equipped for the contest as the rich.

THE "CHROMO" CURE.

Many interesting theories have been advanced about the remedial effects of colored light—did not violet light once cure cancer and were not the rays of the sun shining through blue glass a panacea for all human ailments?—but apparently Dr. Babbit with his chromopathy prescriptions has surpassed all experimenters who have gone before.

By this new chromo therapeutic process you expose water to the direct influence of light of the color producing the effect desired, drink the water and presto! the remedy is at work. If you wish to fill yourself with animation use water charged with the sun's rays that have passed through a red lens and await results. This presumably is the chromic cocktail. Water treated to blue rays has a quieting and soothing influence, on the bromo order; yellow tones up the nerves and orange puts a finishing touch of tonic in you; it is an ingredient the efficacy of which the barkeeper long ago recognized.

It would seem, indeed, that the doctor has begun an insidious attack on the demon rum. If both the "tonic" and the day-after nerve restorer can be provided by the mere infiltration of the sunlight in water through a colored glass the price of distilled stimulants must fall to ruinous cheapness.

With a prism in every household the Sunday side-door question would be solved forever.

SCHOOL CLUB-ROOMS.

The sight of a school house lighted up at night, a scene that has become a commonplace of city life within a decade, signalizes a remarkable extension in usefulness of the free-school system.

It is not only in the transformation of schoolrooms into lecture-rooms, in which, by Dr. Leipziger's figures, 1,204,123 persons last year enjoyed the entertainment which these lectures afford, that this new function of usefulness is exercised. It is by the use of public schools at night as "recreation centres," by which they are made to serve as neighborhood club-rooms, that their scope of utility has been widely extended.

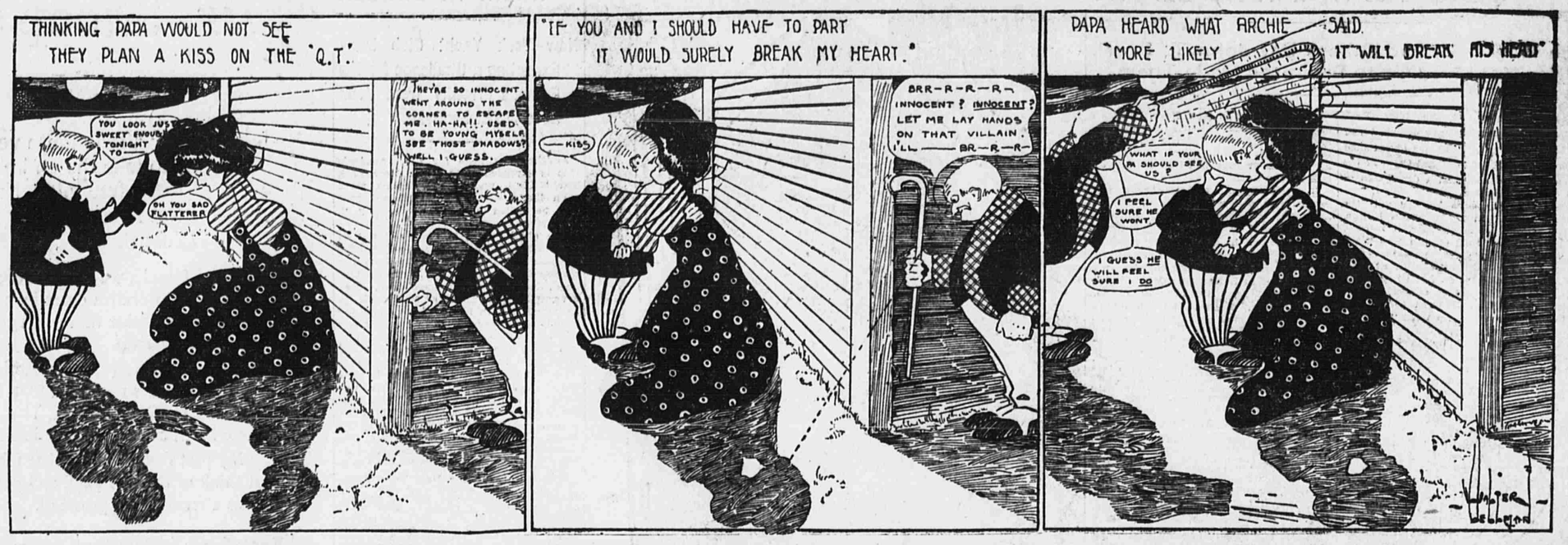
At present there are twenty-two of these centres in the greater city, eighteen of which are in Manhattan and mainly on the east side.

Some serve as meeting places for boys' debating clubs; in some there are gymnasiums; in others instruction is given in industrial art, and several contain reading-rooms. No provision is made for children; boys under fourteen are not admitted.

Perhaps in the establishment of these informal club-rooms the fruition of a "settlement" idea may be traced. That their work is most admirable admits of no denial.

Politics and School Teachers.—Complaint comes from Newark of a disposition among officials to apply political tests to the efficiency of school teachers. It is an antiquated idea, a survival of times when the smaller party debts were paid at the expense of education. In the schools as much as in any department of city government fitness and capacity alone should determine an applicant's appointment, regardless of political influence.

The Misadventures of Archie--Kissing Goes by Favor, but Not with Edith's Papa.



Weather Wise and Other Lies.

The Forty-Niner's Recollection of Some Sudden Weather in California.

"WEATHER'S gittin' mighty changeable," said the oldest inhabitant as he lowered himself carefully into a seat in City Hall Park.

"Sho! I don't call this so durned changeable. I've seen wuss an' suddener changes in my day out in the San Juan country," said the Forty-niner, who enjoyed the brisk morning air at the other end of the bench.

"Humph! You may a seen some purty sudden weather, but I seen it once change three times in twelve hours when I was whalin' on th' Mary Jane out o' Bedford. We wuz jest off th' banks an' we had to change from heavy t' light clothes in the mornin' an' from light back t' heavy at noon, an' then from heavy back t' light agin 'bout 5 o'clock in th' afternoon."

"Thet want very sudden changes," said the Forty-niner. "Why, I've seed th' weather travle in belts an' the edges was so sharply defined that you could stand with one foot in a belt o' cold weather and t'other foot in a belt o' hot weather. Once a case like thet happened when I was goin' overland in a wagon t' California in '50. It was jest in th' spring o' th' year an' this belt o' weather travelled right along 'ith the wagon fer two whole days stoppin' when I did and goin' on again when I hitched up. It stuck t' me so close that the hosses would be walkin' on frozen ground while the wheels o' th' wagon would be mud up t' th' hubs, the edge an' dividing line o' the weather keepin' right between the tails o' th' hosses an' th' dashboard o' th' wagon fer th' whole two days."

The oldest inhabitant looked at his neighbor, coughed twice and said he guessed he's have to be going.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

310 East Twentieth Street or 357 West Thirty-fifth Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the nearest public night school for males to East Thirty-third street? W. T.

Straight Flush and Royal Flush. Syracuse.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What hands in a game of poker beat four aces? In what city did Con Riordan die? J. B.

"Dirigible Balloon."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the meaning of the word "dirigible" when used in speaking of balloons? F. RIEGELMAN.

A dirigible balloon is one that can be steered in any direction.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What were the "Seven wonders of the world?" C. E. M.

The seven wonders of the world were: The Colossus of Rhodes, the Pharos Lighthouse, the pyramids of Egypt, the mausoleum of Caria, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Babylon and the ivory and gold statue of Olympian Jupiter.

Frock Suit for Day Wedding, Dress Suit for Evening.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What dress is suitable for a bride's father at a wedding, full dress or frock coat? GERTIE E.

George Gardner.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was the Gardner who knocked out Root named Ed or George Gardner? A. B.

A Remedy for Divorce.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is a remedy for the divorce evil: Let those desiring to enter into the state of matrimony be required to apply for a license six months or a year before marriage. In other words, be acquainted six months or a year before marriage. Also let those desiring a divorce be required to live apart six months or a year before being eligible for a divorce. T. SMITH, Nyack, N. Y.

Tall or Short Girls?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There is an old saying that tall women prefer short men and vice versa. My observation leads me to doubt this. I would like to hear from girls on this subject. Girls, do you (irrespective of your own height) prefer tall or short men? Men, do you prefer tall or short girls? Give reasons in both cases. T. LE B.

Man Higher Up Sadly Sees Price of Board Soar

"I SEE that the price of meat has gone up again," said the Cigar Store Man.

"The price of meat ought to be working for the fireworks people at Manhattan Beach," remarked The Man Higher Up. "It is always going up. Pretty soon it will be a case of trading a diamond ring for a steak. And diamonds are going up, too.

"Meat shouldn't be any higher from natural causes. Just as many and more cattle are being led into the slaughter-houses in Kansas City and Chicago and smashed on the forehead with a sledge-hammer every day as there were a year ago. The whole thing is that the packers need the money—maybe to buy meat with.

"It has been a fine summer out on the plains, where the patient cow eats grass and gets fat for her debut in the slaughter-house. There have been sousing rains and the alfalfa is high and juicy. The crops have been so plentiful that the farmers are all smoking five-cent cigars and shipping their cattle in palace cars.

"The packing-house guys are the men who are sending up the price of meat. They have warehouses with miles of floor space. After killing a cow they embalm it and pack it away to shorten the supply and keep up stock for emergencies. The shorter they can keep the supply the harder they can boost the price, and as boosters they've got an outside man for a side-show down for the full count.

"You'll notice that when the price of meat goes up the price of about everything else to eat goes up. It costs more to feed the face now than it did in war times, when a man I knew paid $6,438 for a chicken sandwich—Confederate money.

"When the price of food goes up the price of everything else goes up, excepting the price of labor. The boarding-house keeper raises the price of board and then the landlord raises the rent on the boarding-house keeper because it costs him more to eat. After a while the city raises the taxes on the landlord.

"It comes pretty close to stacking up for a shame, the prices charged in first-class restaurants. A man who eats around gets soaked for fair every time he takes a notion to nourish himself. The packer gets his increased price for meat and fish and deceased hens and roosters, the wholesaler and retailer get their profit just the same, the restaurant and hotel proprietors get theirs and the man who has to eat pays all of them.

"He goes to his boss and says that he will have to get a raise of salary or be eligible to enter a dime museum in the living skeleton section. The boss tells him that it is costing him all he makes to live. Thus we see many young and old men working for salaries and handling money become afflicted with astigmatism when they try to separate the boss's cush from their own.

"About the only way I see out is to get accustomed to a diet of sawdust, but if everybody was eating sawdust J. P. Morgan or some other high financier would form a trust and corner all the lumber and saws. They've even raised the price of peanuts."

"We get our water cheap, anyhow," commented the Cigar Store Man.

"That's due to the influence of the liquor men," said The Man Higher Up. "If water became expensive enough to be classed as a luxury a lot of people would begin to drink it."

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Attends a Church Fair with Miss Sixfoot and Has His Usual Luck When It Comes to the Raffle Events.

A BACK NUMBER.

Deferential Barber—Where do you part your hair, sir?

Bald-Headed and Irritable Customer—I parted with it twenty-seven years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

NO CHANCE FOR A TOUCH.

Good Man—Say, my lad, is that your first cigar?

Bad Boy—No; but it's me last one, so it ain't no use to ask for it.—Philadelphia Record.

A SOLECISM.

Tailor—Like to try on your dress coat now, sir?

Fweddy (who has ordered a suit)—Be fon 6 o'clock? You must think I'm a donsid ignowamusi.—Chicago Tribune.

TACT.

To circumvent poor, weary men,
A woman uses "tact;"
That word describes her conduct when
The trolley car is packed.
—Philadelphia Press.

So Fair, So False.

BY CHARLES GARVICE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sir Heron Letchford is engaged to May Dalton. Rose Vavasour, who loves him, parts them. Heron returns to May, only to find she is already betrothed to another man.

CHAPTER VI.

A Sacrifice.

"TOO late," she repeats, but her voice is so low he does not hear her.

"Too late!" she says, and over her face comes a shamed look of sorrow and into her eyes a look of pitiful anguish.

"Why—why?" he demands, passionately.

Then, still holding her, he turns and looks around the room with an eager, yet vacant, stare; but suddenly his eyes fall on the white dress, on the lace and ribbons, on the unmistakable signs of bridal attire.

"Tell me," he says, his eyes fixed on hers with dumb, pitiable entreaty, "this—this then"—and his arm moves in the direction of the heap of white satin, and then falls to his side—is yours?"

He reads the answer in her eyes.

"Yours! You are going to be married? Is that so? When?"

"To-morrow," she breathes, faintly. "To Graham Gordon, the rector here. He loves me. There seemed no chance of joy in life for me, so I accepted him at last. You are too late. I marry him to-morrow."

"By Heaven!" he breathes, "I am punished!"

White and rigid, one hand holding the chair for support, she watches him.

"Yes," he mutters, more to himself than to her. "I deserve it."

Then he looked at her over his shoulders as a man might look when he takes his last look at the paradise from which beautiful face, and slowly, with bent head, he moves toward he is expelled—forever. His eyes take in every line of the the door.

With a low cry she springs toward him, and, falling at his feet, clings to his arm.

"Heron! Heron! Heron!"

Shaking in every limb, he looks down at her for a moment, then he bends and takes her in his arms, and, with a wild light breaking over his face, he cries:

"No, not too late! You will not leave me, my darling! my darling!"

"No! no!" she cries. "Save me, Heron! Save me from myself! I love you! I love you; but it is too late—too late! Save me, Heron! Go—go—go, now, this minute! I—I cannot bear it longer! See, look at me! Listen!" And she shrinks back from him, her eyes fixed wildly on his. "Every kiss of yours, every word of yours, shames—shames me! I am married—married already in all but the mere form! I cannot betray him!"

An oath breaks from his lips

"You are mine and no other's," he exclaims hoarsely. "Who is he, the other, that he should step between us?"

The question makes her shudder, but it calms her.

"Who?" she says panting. "One who loves me better than you did; one who has never deserted me—whom I dare not betray. Heron, say, do what you will, I shall marry him to-morrow. You are too late! too late! The past can never be revived—never—never! If—if you love me, leave me now—this moment—while I have strength to save my honor. Go! Oh, go!"

And with a great, expiring effort she frees herself.

He stands and looks at her.

"Is—is there no hope?" he groans.

"None," she breathes, her hand pressed to her heaving bosom. "None, but that we may never meet again."

"None!" he says, vacantly. "By heaven, it is hard! I have deserved it. Would to heaven I had never learnt the truth, or had known that I had lost forever. I could have finished the story But now"——

And his hands fall with dreamy despair to his side.

There is a minute's silence; then he takes up his hat from the floor and stands fingering it with trembling fingers, his eyes fixed on hers with painful intensity.

"Good-by!" he says at last. "After all, it is best, perhaps. You will be happy with this—this other. So be it. Good-by!"

She cannot, dare not touch him, and after a moment his hands fall to his side; he takes a step nearer to her and touches the edge of her dress with a lingering, dumb caress of farewell, then goes slowly to the door.

But even as his two fingers touch the handle the door opens and Graham Gordon stands on the threshold.

Erect and motionless he stands for a moment, his face white and set, his eyes fixed with a look of suppressed agony on May's face.

Heron starts back and glares at him.

"Who is this?" he demands hoarsely, without turning to May, his voice plainly denoting that the question is unnecessary.

For answer Graham Gordon comes forward and takes May's hand, now limp and cold, and gently leads her to where Heron stands, white and haggard and watchful.

Without a word he stands and looks at her, with the same set gaze of noble resignation, and then he lifts her hand to his lips, and, as it falls into Heron's eager grasp, goes out into the night.

When, a minute afterward, Carrie rushes in, dragging Sidney Dalton after her, they find them still standing looking into each other's eyes, awed and subdued, scarcely daring to realize the happiness which Graham Gordon's noble sacrifice of self has wrought for them.

THE END.

The Bird Monopolist.

As is generally known, the cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched and the young cuckoos reared by their foster parents. The young cuckoo throws the other birds out of the nests and gets all the care itself. After murdering its foster brothers and sisters in the most deliberate and callous way it is thenceforth tended with the greatest devotion. Long after it has left the nest the great bird, apparently big enough to get its own living and many times larger than its foster parents, is followed about and fed by them with the same care as when in the nest.