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RESENTENCED TO WHAT END?

Three of New York's murderers, long ago condemned to the death which their crafty lawyers have succeeded so easily in staving off, were again, yesterday, put through the form of being resentenced. Before the solemn words of the Judge had fairly ceased the lawyers were again declaring that the condemnation this time meant no more than it had on previous occasions, and that their clients had months, at least, of life yet surely before them. One of these jugglers even offered to insure the life of the convicted man whom he represents as a safe risk.

In THE EVENING WORLD of yesterday was printed an exclusive interview with one of the trio just resentenced. It was remarkable in the first place because it was the first and only bona-fide interview printed with a man sentenced to death under the new Electrocution law of the State, which prohibits all communication with a condemned man after sentence, except by immediate relatives and his counsel. Then it was remarkable again for statements made by the prisoner. His attention was called to the easy way in which his counsel could take appeal after appeal and thus prolong his life on legal quibbles. The printed report goes on:

"But that's just what I don't want," quickly said the condemned man. "If I can't get a new trial on the ground that I was not properly represented by counsel, I don't want any more fooling.

"I tell you it's awful to be confined up there without knowing anything about what's going on outside. If I can't get a new trial I'd rather have it all over for good and all."

The man seemed to express his honest sentiments. Undoubtedly he expressed the general sentiment of the would-be law-respecting public, when he declared against "any more fooling." Especially so when the fooling is of the sort to foster and encourage capital crime.

RAIN-MAKING TO ORDER.

It is announced that on or about June 15 the Agricultural Department will officially test the efficacy of ex-Senator FARWELL's scheme to produce rainfalls by means of dynamite carried into midair by balloons. It is possible that the ex-Senator's theory will be exploded at the same time with the dynamite, but the experiment is deemed well worthy of a trial.

The idea is that the shock from the explosions will so disturb the atmospheric conditions as to lead to the precipitation of moisture. It is by no means a new theory, the use of dynamite and balloons constituting all that is novel about Mr. FARWELL's plan. It is founded upon the fact that rains have been observed to follow closely upon the occurrence of great battles in which the firing of artillery has been particularly heavy.

The exact location at which the Government's experiment is to be undertaken is kept a secret, but it will be in the West and probably over some portion of the "great American desert." It will indeed be a great day for the drought-stricken Western farmer when he finds that, by the judicious use of a few hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine, rain can be made to fall to order on his neighbors' lands and his own.

HARDER FOR THE CHILDREN.

Eighty-eight degrees of temperature, with seventy-two per cent. of humidity in the atmosphere, was the weather caprice of yesterday. Men, women and children went down under it, panting and weak. It came on us with a jump, as usual.

It certainly ought to bring home to feeling men what children will suffer in the tenement-house quarters when the Summer is raining repeated blows of this kind on their small bodies. A temperature like that in a close room over a stuffy, badly odorous street is not nice for a sick child in that room.

It is to relieve these little sufferers that the fund for the Free Doctors has been started by THE EVENING WORLD. There can be no question of the worth and importance of this movement. But the charity of kind-hearted citizens has got to support it, and this is why you should lend your aid. Give something to so excellent a cause. Send in your contribution now when the hot weather is beginning to get in its work.

The Naval Academy examinations at Annapolis began yesterday. The naval cadets showed their proficiency in handling a ship, in putting together an engine and in other branches more or less intimately connected with "a life on the ocean wave." Very good proof was afforded of the training and able seamanship of the youthful "toilers of the sea." The new blood injected in our navy should be good and full of force.

Lightning does odd things at times. Perhaps it is never so striking as when it strikes most out of the usual fashion. A playful bolt fell on the head of a young girl in Missouri and simply shaved it as clean of hair as a billiard ball. She was injured considerably, but not fatally. But she will have to wear a wig after being barbered in this way by a thunderbolt.

More patriotic words were never uttered than those which Gen. J. B. GORDON spoke yesterday at Jackson to the annual Convention of Confederate Veterans. "Let us make of the courage and self-sacrifices of the Confederacy," said he, "the basis of an argument whose logical sequence shall be supreme devotion to the honor, the prosperity and the freedom of the American Republic."

The new steamship Didam, of the Netherlands-American line, has a novelty in her cabin, which is entirely on the upper deck. This gives the passengers a chance at all the air there is, and as the Didam is destined to run between Holland ports and Buenos Ayres this provision for the comfort of her passengers will be appreciated when the boat gets in the equatorial region.

A German who knows no English has just wedded an American girl who knows no German. Love was eloquent enough in their case to bring about an understanding without any verbal declarations. The little god can make eyes talk and hands speak in his language. Love's language is universal. All that is necessary is a pair of hearts.

Massachusetts has repealed the law which made it incumbent on a man to sit down if he wanted to take a drink. There has been strong protest against this coercive session of a drinker when he wished to wet his whistle. Now the Bostonian can stand at the bar and take his whiskey straight.

Irvington, N. J., is infested with boy burglars. The police force is united in its efforts to apprehend the juvenile criminals, but has been only partially successful, as it consists of only one regular officer.

Eight hundred fine fellows in blue and brass paraded yesterday in the city across the big bridge. There's no reason why Brooklyn shouldn't be proud of its police.

A great circus combine is now on the books. It is so natural for these people to get into a ring.

June serves its days up cracking hot, so far.

SPOTLETS.

A modest lady naturally feels a little warm when she is toasted at dinner.

The City of Brotherly Love means brotherly love for your neighbor's money, apparently.

A lady when asked if she hadn't a doting husband replied that he was an anec-doting husband.

The Art Museum had a fine new feature on Sunday. It had a free Sunday. See? Freeze.

He wore a brand-new flannel shirt
Out in the dew at night,
And when he got back home, alas!
That shirt was "out of sight."
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

It is astonishing how much happier other people are than ourselves.

Now that Blaine has gone to Bar Harbor, Mr. Harrison will wear his grandfa-her's hat oftener.

A clergyman who marries swells should not be styled a high-binder.

WORLDLINGS.

The late Representative Houk, of Tennessee, was one of the most popular men in Congress. He was a sort of Bohemian in character, brilliant, good-hearted, and generous to prodigality. His speeches in the House were always listened to with great interest, and he was a clever campaigner.

There are now 19,873 newspapers printed in the United States and Canada, a gain of 1,613 over last year's record. New York is in the lead of the States, having 1,968 papers.

Mme. Adam, the French author and magazine editor, is nearly sixty years old, but she has the spirit and energy of a girl. Her first book was published thirty-two years ago.

F. Marion Crawford's first novel was published in 1882. It was the famous "Mr. Isaacs," and the day after it appeared the author found himself famous. Mr. Crawford is at heart an American, though he has passed many years in Europe.

Although the Pope is now in his eighty-first year, his voice is still strong and clear, and there is no sign of decay in his intellectual faculties. Even his memory, which is usually the first of the faculties to decline, is accurate and tenacious.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Spring Reflection.

This world's so very, very old—
Six thousand years or so—
That you would think that one so old
Most everything would know.
But notwithstanding it's so old,
It's plaintiy to be seen—
And growing plainer every day—
The world is very green.
—*Boston Courier.*

What a Man Cannot Lose.

A man may lose his heart,
And also lose his head,
But he can't lose the pain of a darned old corn
'Till he himself is dead.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Shrewd.

I want to be a resident
'Neath Uncle Sam's flag,
And gather U. S. currency
Until my pockets sag.
But here I'll be no citizen,
For then, oh, sorry fate!
I couldn't be the protege
Of any foreign state.
And so I'll ever keep me
An alien light and free,
And citizens may bust a
To be secure from me.
—*Washington Post.*

FIRST BENEFIT OF THE SEASON.

Young Lady Amateurs Play for "The Evening World's" Fund.

The first entertainment of the season for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund will be given this evening by young ladies and gentlemen at the residence of Mrs. Lent, 240 West Forty-fourth street.

An excellent musical and literary programme has been arranged, to be introduced with the one-act farce-comedy "Man Proposes." The characters will be represented by Mr. Fletcher Williams, a professional actor, and Misses Clara Wickham and Roberta M. Forsyth.

The instrumental portion of the entertainment will include piano selections by Prof. Lilibridge, a violin solo by seven-year-old Master Joseph Smith, a tenor solo by Mr. Schultze and selections by members of the Suburban Banjo Club.

Paiute Miss Schultze, a niece of Lillian Russell, will give a recitation, a song and a medley, and Misses Forsyth, Wickham, and Lent will render a skirt and tableau dance.

The programme alone should insure a large attendance, while the object of the entertainment should prove a strong additional argument why Mrs. Lent's parlors should be filled to overflowing.

He Was Not a Purchaser.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Col. Lotts (of Bloomville)—Five years ago, sir, you could have bought the site of this thriving city for a mere song.

Visitor—I couldn't. I can't sing.

A Mean Trick.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"Is dat man dead?" asked the porter, just after the terrible railroad accident.

"I am afraid he is," replied one of the surgeons, standing at the lifeless body of the passenger from Philadelphia.

"I was afraid of dat," mused the porter. "He went off widout tipping me."

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.

"Now you move on or I'll run you in!" I heard a policeman say as I was passing through Clinton place the other evening.

"What hurt am I doin' here? This woman has heard of my celebrated Seek-No-Further Kitchen Roller Towel-Rack, and I'm tellin' her all about it. It's gosh durned funny if there's any law in New York agin a man talkin' on the streets!"

It was my friend from Huckleberry Plains, and as I advanced the policeman sauntered off with a growl.

"By George! but I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed Noah David Hammerhill, as he held out his hand. "Jest come within 'leven inches of bein' arrested and lugged off to State Prison fur talkin' up my towel-rack!

"Got a good thing, and the police are jealous of me, but I'll see 'em in Jerico before I'll give 'em a rack to be good friends. Jest a minute. Lemme explain to this woman."

She was a little old woman with a basket on her arm, and evidently in very poor circumstances, but he proceeded to say:

"You observe, madam, that when I pull on the towel the roller revolves thirteen times. It's the biggest revolver in this country to-day. How many people do you suppose can wipe on this towel and still leave a dry spot?"

"I'm very poor, sir," she pleaded.

"Exactly, and that's why I put the price of this rack so low as to be within the reach of all. She writes me that Dan Hitchcock, who is the most wuthless cuss in the United States, and who was never known to have over four cents and a chaw of tobacker on Fourth of July or 'leckshun day, has actually scraped enough money together to buy one of these towel-racks, and he's so proud of it that he makes his nine children wash their faces twice a week."

"I've been sick, sir, and unable to work," said the woman.

"Don't doubt it, ma'am, and that's another point in favor of this towel rack. While sick you wanted the kitchen towel to pin around your head. You went to look for it, but did you find it? Was it on the floor, under the bed or on the top shelf in the pantry? I figger that this towel-rack will save the people of this country over a thousand barrels of misery every year. There was the case of Bilj Bebee, who runs the cooper-shop in our town. Went home sick and his wife wanted to wash his feet afore company came in. Looked over three hours for the kitchen towel and couldn't find it, and finally used a table-cloth, and the dye come out and struck in on him and killed him."

"Please help me, sir," she said in coaxing tones.

"And another thing, ma'am," he went on, as if not hearing her; "look at this improvement, improved out of my own head and by my own hands since coming to New York—this pocket for the fine comb! You know how it is around the house, whether rich or poor. The fine comb can never be found when wanted. It's allus under the bureau, behind the lounge, upstairs or down cellar, and the hull family gits mad and has a row before it's found. Why, one day last Summer I met Elder Hartness, of our town, way down by the school-house, three miles from home, hunting for the comb, and he said his wife was just as far up the road the other way! With this improvement the comb is allus on the spot. If you want her at sunrise, noonday or midnight she's thar. This does not add to the original cost, however, but is throwed in to boot. Hold on a minit!"

She was going away, but halted and turned, and he went on:

"Do you know that roller towelling is 17 cents a yard, and that this rack saves a quarter of a yard on every towel? Sile writes me that Squar' Daniels, the man who gave our town five acres of land for a graveyard, is advisin' everybody to buy this rack and git rich by savin' them four cents. It takes two tenpenny nails or a sidewalk spike to fasten up all other racks. This one is held so tight by one tenpenny nail that every young un in the house kin fall agin it when you box his ears and she can't even wriggle."

"If you would please"—

"Certainly, ma'am, but I want you to be satisfied before you buy. See this hayseed on my hat and collar? Sile sent me a new supply yesterday. I don't go around pretendin' to be an Alderman or Governor, but own right up that I'm just off the grass and easy to sweat. If I was mean 'nuff to lie I could sell millyons of these racks, but I'll stick to the truth if it busts me. I warrant every one, and if there is anything wrong the money is refunded. Just work that roller! Travels like a rabbit's foot, and there isn't noise 'nuff to wake a baby."

"Could you help a poor woman, sir?" she exclaimed as he paused for breath.

And as I slid away in the darkness he was replying:

"Don't let 'em deceive you, ma'am—take no other—thirteen revolutions—saves a quarter of a yard—fine comb can't get away—and the price is only 25 cents."

SEND THEM HELP.

Poor Babies Want Food, Medicine and Clothing.

Summer's Heat Is Here in All Its Fury.

The Free Doctors Must Start on Their Rounds Soon.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World".....	$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....	340.79
Evergreen Society.....	4.47
Gussie Kerker.....	.01
Allan and Duncan MacPherson.....	.40
J.....	.10
C. M. S.....	5.00
G. M.....	.05
Gussie.....	.10
L. B. La Foy.....	.20
G. H.....	1.00
F. W.....	1.00

The advance guard of Summer is here in the shape of increased heat, humidity and accompanying discomforts consequently the suffering begins of little ones cooped up in tenement houses, without proper medical assistance or the necessary nourishment.

The death rate among the infants promises to be extremely large. You can help to keep it down by a small contribution which, when combined with others, will enable the corps of free physicians to go their rounds in the haunts of the poor, snatching little ones from untimely graves and preaching the gospel of health on all sides.

A visit on a hot day to the district where tenement-houses are thickest is an experience not easily forgotten. On every side will be seen mothers hunting for the shadiest and coolest corners, with infants in their arms gasping for breath, their frail little bodies in many cases only partly clothed.

Having no money to employ a physician they administer such remedies as have always been used in their families or gathered from some kindly neighbor, and which in many cases is totally wrong, and the disease whatever it may be instead of being helped is only aggravated.

Then, too, the elder children, runabouts of two and three years, are permitted to indulge in anything in the way of eatables that happen to be at hand. Here a new trouble begins. Stomach trouble makes its appearance, and in addition to the infant in arms there are others to be looked after and attended to.

One can easily imagine the amount of good a doctor can do in one of these tenement-houses. Proper medicine is administered to the sick children and clothes are provided.

What is better than medicine in some cases, a poor mother is sent with her children for a trip down the bay, where the fresh sea breezes are a wonder ul aid in curing many complaints.

And all this can be done and has been done by the combination of small subscriptions sent in by generous EVENING WORLD readers. Hearts are lightened, homes made brighter, and poverty in some cases has been driven from the doors, the head of the family, who has been benefited sufficiently by the free doctors, being so far restored in health as to be enabled to return to work.

This is a case where every penny counts. Any contribution, large or small, will be thankfully received and due acknowledgment for the same given in THE EVENING WORLD. The consciousness of having helped to save so many little lives is in itself a sufficient impetus to the charitable to swell the fund.

From a Friend.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for Sick Baby Fund. Wishing you every success, a friend to the little ones. F. W.

Another Dollar.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Baby's Fund. G. H.

From New Jersey.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 20 cents for Sick Children's Fund.
LEWIS B. LA FOY, Little Falls, N. J.

Every Dime Helps.

To the Editor:

Herewith I beg to hand you 10 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. GUSSIE.

A Five Dollar Bill.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $5 to help along the little ones. C. M. S.

Here's a Nickel.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find five cents to the Sick Baby Fund. C. M.

Two Little Helpers.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find forty cents for the Sick Babies' fund from my brother and I.
ALLAN and DUNCAN MACPHERSON.

In Memoriam.

To the Editor:

Inclosed you will find ten cents for your Babies' Fund, in memory of my sweetheart. J.

Gussie's Penny.

To the Editor:

Papa gave me a penny to-day and I intended to buy some rosin with it for him to use on his violin, but I thought I would send it to the Sick Babies' Fund instead.
LITTLE GUSSIE KERKER, New York Casino.

Proceeds of a Fair.

To the Editor:

I am requested by five or six little children, between the ages of seven and twelve, who constitute "The Evergreen Society," of Flushing, L. I., to inclose, as I do herewith, for the Sick Babies' Fund, the sum of $4.47, proceeds of a fair held by said children for the benefit of the fund in question.

Please acknowledge in your paper receipt of amount.
H. W. BALDWIN.

The Professor at the Breakfast Table.

[*From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*]

Landlady—Miss Langtwo will not come down to her meals any longer, on account of her dyspepsia. She has such a disagreeable feeling of fullness after eating, poor dear.

Prof. Oldsoorder—Pray, give her my congratulations, Mrs. Livelmore, and assure her that I may acquire a similar feeling.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A New Departure in Coats—A New Idea for a Wedding Ring—The Carnation the Popular Flower—The Fashionable Jewels.

Coats are growing more varied and elaborate in style, and many have basques of diverse material, while others have sleeves and trimmings. A new fashion is to omit the hip pockets and slightly full the basque particularly just over the rounding of the hips, and this arrangement is undoubtedly very becoming to a thin or straight figure, but not so suitable where there is already rather too round an effect.

The fashionable flower is to be the carnation, the Souvenir de Malmaison. Of late gardeners have devoted great attention to the flower, and the result has been increase in size, color and fragrance.

A bride in fashionable life has recently started the idea of having the wedding ring inlaid with enamel, in the midst of which appears a motto or posy.

It is a matter of surprise that Fashion restricts the number of gems employed as ornaments practically to half a dozen species. Diamond and ruby furnish the staple of the jewellers' trade, and these, with opal, pearl and sapphire, are at the present time the only really fashionable stones. Of these sapphire holds its position with somewhat precarious tenure; the tint is too dark to show to advantage in artificial light, and its popularity varies a good deal from year to year. The garnet is a handsome stone, but deficient in hardness—that character which a gem must possess if it is to preserve its beauty undiminished. Moreover, it has the disadvantage of being comparatively common, and is accounted as was silver in the days of Solomon.

Miss Ormerod, entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, is satisfied that a solution of Paris green, mixed with water, may be safely applied as a fine spray with excellent effects in clearing caterpillars from fruit trees.

Miss Eleanor Lord, Fellow in history at Bryn Mawr College, U. S., in 1889-90, and instructor in history at Smith College, presented a paper on "The Progress of International Arbitration" at one of the recent meetings of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

The fashion of tying flower stems with narrow velvet ribbon is certainly a pretty one, as stem green on yellow buds, myrtle green on pink, black on any and everything, pink on lavender, &c. Pink was never in higher favor, though closely followed by yellow and the Parma shades. The rather faded Pompadour blue appears often, as does the purplish corn-flower shade.

Mae St. John continues to interest the public, even though she has married and left the stage. The most peculiar novelty in the hands of the publishers is a little book of Japanese poems by her, printed on crinkled bamboo paper, gorgeously colored and illustrated in the style of art best exhibited on Japanese fans. As Miss St. John she stepped from the place of a tutor to the stage of the comic opera. Then she married Dudley Bramhall and went abroad and now she is a poetess.

At a recent examination of college girls the rhetoric included dictated paragraphs from the daily newspaper, and the spelling reduced the entire class to an average of 88 per cent. Itala, Campanini, Rudini, anarchistic, reciprocity, Venezuela, Czarevitch, Ranm, summarily, Whitelaw Reid, Behring Sea, Father Ignatius, Blaine, Maine and Tolstoi were some of the words generally misspelled.

The trailing dip of the modern walking dress has been pulled up out of the dirt.

Fashion is proverbially a fickle dame, and yet, unreasonable as she seems, there is some method in her madness. Her sway in every land is tempered by the character of the nation, and there are certain limits never overpassed by the true leaders of fashion. Womanly tact is many-sided, and the instinct of what is becoming is only one form of it. Let a charming fashion appear in London or Vienna, and it is sure to spread, though with differences, over all the civilized world, and its reign is a despotic and lasting one, too. But women of taste will wear it with a certain small amount of variety, according to their own need or nationality, or the prevailing type of feature or coloring among them. Thus we have the Princess robe and the Princess bonnet. They are very hard to beat, and persist in holding their own year after year; or, if temporarily eclipsed, they come to the fore again simply because they are becoming to the majority of English women, and are continually worn by the Princess of Wales, whom her adopted countrywomen are always delighted to honor by that sincerest form of flattery known as imitation. Small, close-fitting bonnets are particularly popular, and even the flat ones, which slightly dispute the palm with them, are frequently provided with strings springing from the back, which pass down and protect the glands of the throat.

No Tickets Taken at the Door.

[*From the Boston Record.*]

One of our very sweetest young men made a call on a young lady at her home in a suburban town recently. The girl who opened the door was green—very. Our exquisite proffered his card.

"I wish to see Miss L——," he said.

The girl caught him by the coat-sleeve and dragged him in with a jerk.

"Go right in!" she exclaimed. "We don't need no tickets. Go right in!"

A Base Joke.

[*From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*]

"How's that, umpire?" asked the pitcher, as the ball flew over the fence and scattered the cackling hens in the farmyard.

"Foul ball!" replied the umpire; and the enemy stole a base before the pitcher could catch his breath again.

AT A BOX-OFFICE.

A Manager Tells Nell Nelson How Some Women Purchase Seats.

Capricious and Whimsical, but Are Always Treated Well.

Queer Assortment of Lost Articles Found in Theatres.

The manager of a popular uptown theatre famous for comic opera productions has been a close student of womankind for the last ten years, an occupation that has afforded him considerable roaring glee.

"Women," he says, "are the lungs of theatrical life. Substract them from the patrons of the theatre and the occupation of the actor and actress would be gone. We are not doing business for the day or the season or the year, but our theatre is a permanent institution, and for that reason we make it our business to keep the good will of everybody who comes to the box office. With the ladies we are more than reasonable and even strain a point to accommodate them.

"To illustrate:

"A lady comes in Tuesday and buys a couple of tickets for Thursday evening. In the mean time one of her children gets an attack of scarlet fever and she can't attend. A few hours before the performance the tickets come in with a polite request for their return.

"Do we take them back? Certainly. We may lose just $3 by the operation, but we know that the woman feels obligated and that she will not only come back to hear an opera but speak well of us.

"Sometimes tickets are sold several days in advance. Something occurs which prevents the lady from using them, and the day after she comes around and tries to make us believe that we made a mistake; that she asked for Friday evening and we gave her tickets for Thursday. Although mistakes of this sort are not likely to be made by the box office, we know that her word would stand for as much as a man's in a court, and to save unpleasantness we allow her the price of admission or stand half the loss.

"Last week a lady bought a couple of seats for Saturday evening. Early in the day she came in and said her husband had the grip and she would not be able to attend. She wanted us to take the tickets back, and we did, because Saturday is a good theatre night, and we can sell all the seats in the house.

"Strangely enough she refused to take the money, saying if she did, she would be sure to spend it, and asked for an I. O. U. Well, now, if we cared to be disobliging we could have refused her request but in all probability she would always have a bitter feeling towards us.

"You will, perhaps, be surprised when I tell you that there are women in New York who go around to the different box-offices and price the seats, just as they do in the dry-goods stores when they want to look at styles and get samples. Like the shoppers, they travel in pairs, and as a class, are well dressed, pleasant in manner and very intelligent.

"They will come to the window and one of them will ask:

"'Have you got any good seats for Tuesday evening?'

"'Plenty,' the seller will very likely say, and turn to the diagram for that performance.

"'Which are they?'

"'Right here, madam,' indicating the body of the house.

"'How much, please?'

"'Regular price, $1.50.'

"'Well, have you any for Wednesday night?'

"'Yes,' and he turns open the next page.

"She puts the tip of her gloved finger on a couple of blue pencilled numbers and asks coyly:

"'Those seats are sold, aren't they?'

"'Yes'm.'

"'Are they sold for Friday night, too?'

"'The ticket agent turns over two pages and says:

"'No; I can give them to you for Friday if you wish.'

"'Friday! Well, I don't kind of like to go Friday, it's such bad luck, you know. Garfield was assassinated on Friday, wasn't he?'

"'Really, madame, I don't remember just now.'

"'Well, Lincoln was anyway.'

"'Yes'm, I believe Lincoln was.'

"'But I don't think I'll go Friday. What other good seats have you?'

"'A few good ones left for Thursday, if you want them.'

"'No, we have an engagement for Thursday that we can't break.'

"'How would you like Saturday evening?'

"'No, I don't like Saturday; that's the working people's night.'

"'Would you like them for Saturday matinee?'

"'No; somehow I never think the actors do as well at a matinee as they do in the evening. Let me see the Wednesday seats again, please.'

"The diagram is spread open again, the ladies look at it and in the coolest and pleasantest manner imaginable the chaperon says, 'Well, we'll come in again. Thank you so much for your attention.' They go off and others come in and carry out the very same programme.

"Occasionally the pricers are very young ladies, who confide the fact that papa has promised them some money, and ask that we reserve a couple of seats until Saturday, promising to let us know 'real early Saturday morning.' About 8 o'clock Friday night a letter will come directed to the box office that reads like this:

DEAR MR. TICKET AGENT: We are so sorry we can't buy the seats for to-morrow, but neither of our fathers has given us any money this whole week. It was so good of you to keep the seats, and we both thank you.

Gratefully yours, C. B. and H. R.

"The real fun begins in the line when the lobby is filled with ticket buyers. The men and messenger boys fall into line naturally enough, but the average woman cannot be induced to take her turn without direction.

"No matter how long the line may be the moment she arrives she walks straight up to the window and asks to be waited on at once. If the next man is more chivalrous than the average business man he will yield the window and get from ten to twenty minutes to repent in and a fire of dagger-like looks from his companions in the serpentine line.

"He will pick out the seats he wants over her shoulder and hear her ask the agent: 'How many rows from the stage these are? Are there any posts near? Have all the seats opera glasses? And do you think people get sore eyes using them?'

"By way of excuse, a self-assertive young woman who has stood in line two minutes will hop out rush up to the head and demand attention at once, because she "just can't stand the tobacco smoke.

"A few cigars will be thrust into coat pockets or tossed out the door, and a few wry faces made in derision. But she gets there just the same.

"Frequently the box-office is mistaken for a drug-store by those beauteous creatures who ask for the time and if the clock is fast; if there is a public telephone, a city directory, and if they can borrow the messenger tariff book.

"The man in the box-office is only slightly less interrogated than the old soldier in the Postal Bureau of Information.

"Lost articles are generally of a business character. Odd gloves predominate, and enough are picked up in a season to carpet the Casino. Fans and handkerchiefs are numerous, the carpet and stairs are literally spiked with pins—hairpins, hat-pins, black pins, steel pins and little stick pins with iridiscent bead tops. Occasionally a piece of chamois filled with powder is picked up; bits of flowers and feathers drop from hats, jet, fringe and bead trimmings fall off dresses, and are nightly gathered up in the sweepings along with lemon drops, lozenges and spiced candies. It is very seldom that a woman forgets her umbrella. All that we find belong to the other sex.

"Large as the find is, it does not begin to equal the losses, and Monday dozens of women come to the office and inquire for articles left in the ferryboats or street cars. They protest that they left them in the theatre Saturday, and make all sorts of harsh allusions. Those to whom lost articles are returned are generally grateful, and leave a dollar or so to be given to the janitress." NELL NELSON.

5 minutes.

1 lemon.

1 qt. water.

sugar to taste.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

1 teaspoonful

makes four glasses of Root Beer.

Too Well Recommended.

[*From the Washington Post.*]

A colored man, of rather doubtful appearance, applied to a coal dealer for a position as driver. On being asked for references, he mentioned one of the dealer's old hands, who was called in and questioned as to the applicant's honesty.

The referee rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment and said:

"Honest? Well, boss, dis yere man's honesty hab been proved befo' de Court. He's been tried seben times fer stealin' and escaped every time."

And the man expressed surprise that this strong testimony did not secure him employment.

Embarrassing.

[*From Kate Field's Washington.*]

Algernon—I've a widdle for you, Miss Miwanda. Why are children like tooth-bwushes?

Miranda—I don't know. Why are they?

Algernon—Because evewbody prefers his own. See?

Miranda (frigidly)—No, I don't see. Not having any children——

Algernon (stammering)—Oh, of course not, but you—you—you have a tooth-brush, you know.

An Insulted Man.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"Gus De Smith is very mad at you. He says you insulted him at the railroad depot the other day," remarked Hostetter McGinnis to Gulhooly.

"Yes, and I'll insult him worse still if I can lay my hands on him. The miserable scoundrel saw me going off with my mother-in-law on one arm and my wife on the other, and he asked me if I wasn't going on a pleasure trip."

THE CLEANER.

The stranger within our gates would have viewed with amazement last evening three youths going down Fifth avenue. The one in the middle was the *res miranda*. He was clad in a long, snowy night shirt, and on his back there read in a semicircle of large red block letters the simple legend "Danny." Who "Danny" was might not have occurred to the stranger; but those who knew that the Columbia boys were to cremate the hated Legendre that evening would have rightly concluded that he was a mourner at the coming funeral. And so he was, and there were scores of others.

* * *

Apropos of the combustion of Legendre, I must say that the boys did not select a spot which suggested a rose-garden of Jericho. The night air reeled with the heavy perfume of cats gone before and defunct canines. I saw a stalwart policeman back out of the inclosure when the rancid aroma of the kerosene flambeaux had added a still daintier touch to the fragrance and declare of the place what Queen Elizabeth avowed of Sir Walter Raleigh's boots. And I can take my davy that the honest copper's olfactory nerves were right in their report.

* * *

I understand that many of the officeholders in the Tenth Assembly District have joined the new Tammany Club, organized by Senator Roesch. Those who have to depend on the popular vote of the district for re-election may find that they have hung a millstone around their necks.

* * *

Mr. H. A. Levy, the artist, was walking down Fifth avenue yesterday with his Great Dane Romulus in leash. Romulus is one of those muscular dogs who do not seem to be aware of their strength. When he shows an inquisitive interest in a stranger the stranger is apt to regret that he is not an intimate friend of Romulus. He would feel so much quieter in his mind. It is an unnecessary fear, however, as Romulus is a very well-behaved dog.

* * *

I saw Gilder, of Arctic exploration fame, in an L train on one of these hot days and he looked as cool as if he were on an ice-field. He told me that his brother, Richard Watson Gilder, of the *Century*, was sojourning at Lakewood for a time. Frank Gilder, another brother, recently had a musical composition performed by Gilmore's Band with success.

* * *

The favorite resorts of the wheelmen of Gotham are either the prettily shaded, picturesque roads in Westchester County, and especially those that follow the Hudson in the neighborhood of Yonkers and Irvington, or the long level runs in New Jersey, which stretch out in every direction within a radius of twenty-five miles from the city. A few go to Staten Island, but although fairly good roads are found there it is not a popular resort because of the difficulty in reaching it.

* * *

Judge Dugro seems to have made short work with the lawsuits that were literally brought by the thousand against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company by excursionists to the Morris Park race course to recover the statutory penalty of $50 for charging round trip fares that were alleged to be 14 cents in excess of the legal rate. Some two or three thousand complaints had been industriously corralled by several law firms, and the amount involved was between $150,000 and $200,000. Judge Dugro's decision in the test case plays sad havoc with their carefully laid plans.

* * *

The Harlem River caramen have come out in full force, now that genuine Summer weather has set in, and every pleasant afternoon, the river from the Third avenue bridge to Seeley's, is alive with sheils and gigs, and gayly colored uniforms of the different clubs lend brightness and variety to the scene. This is the first season that the Cherry Diamond of the Manhattan Athletic Club has been seen on the river, and the little boat-house just above Macomb's Dam Bridge cannot begin to accommodate members who are anxious to go in for the sport and want room for their boats. I hear that the present quarters of the Club are to be enlarged at once.

* * *

I hear that Lieut. Arthur P. Nazro, the head of the New York branch of the Government Hydrographic Bureau, is going abroad on an extended leave of absence. During his stay in Europe his office in the Produce Exchange will be in charge of one of the Washington assistants.