

Published by the Press Publishing Company. MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 8. SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD (Including Postage): PER MONTH.....30c. PER YEAR.....\$3.50 Vol. 31.....No. 10,894

BRANCH OFFICES: WORLD OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York. NEW YORK OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York. PHILADELPHIA, PA.-LEADER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 2d ST., WASHINGTON-GIO 1412 1/2 ST. LONDON OFFICE-32 COVENTRY ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

L ROAD CONSIDERATION. That is a strange manner of bidding for further public confidence and favors which the L road management has adopted in laying off five out of the twenty-two "working people's trains," as employees style them, which have been run back and forth during the "rush" hours on the Sixth avenue road. The saving to the Company by this operation, calculated at the maximum, is ridiculously small compared to the total receipts of the L road system, while the discomfort to passengers through the reduced accommodations in the very months when such overcrowding of cars comes nearest to the unbearable will be beyond calculation.

How can a corporation expect consideration at the hands of the people whom it will not consider? And there is another instructive piece of L road news in the morning papers. A passenger who didn't get off soon enough to please an automatic guard had the gate shut on him and was carried practically as a prisoner in the train to the next station beyond his own. Then he was turned over to the police as a prisoner in fact, on the charge of having violated the law by stopping the train on his own account in his endeavors to get off at the right place. Besides, he was brutally beaten by a conductor while engaged in the operation of thrashing the guard who first attacked him. It is gratifying to record that a Police Justice promptly discharged the passenger and held the railroad men for assault.

HELP THE CHILDREN. Just as a man who buys anything is perfectly right in wishing to get the value of his money in the purchase, so is a charitable person who gives alms justified in wanting that which he bestows to afford all the benefit which it capable of rendering. To one who has not time to investigate whether the appeal to his charity is in behalf of a worthy person, and who has still less time to see how money contributed to a cause may be expended, such a benevolent scheme as the Free Doctors Fund of THE EVENING WORLD should appeal strongly.

Here the object of the charity is seen at a glance to be of the most deserving. Poor children, stricken with illness and sweating in the hot summer without means to procure any alleviation, deserve the help of those who have compassion for their kind. Then, through this admirably organized corps of experienced physicians every penny contributed to the relief of the children is so directed that the fullest advantage is obtained from the alms.

There ought to be a good sale for St. GEORGE MYRTLE'S book on "The Cat." In the Hub this week. They are holding a cat show there. Boston is enthusiastic and somewhat cosmopolitan. That brainy town must have something on which to spend its ardors, and whatever the fad is the Bostonians go at it on an honor.

This week it is cats. The Boston Cat-Breeders' Association gives an exhibition of felines. The object of this is to improve the cat by careful breeding. They want to turn out cats with a record and a pedigree. The women throng to the show. The men are few. A man always snubs a cat. He thinks more of a little bottle of yellow dog than of the handsomest Angora that ever purred.

There is nothing more interesting in the line of surgical experiments than the attempt to supplement structural defects in the human being. A victim to paralysis recently had three inches of nerve transferred to her upper arm. The nerve was taken from a live dog. It is hoped that in this way the woman may regain the use of her arm, which she has been unable to move for some time. It will be months before the result of the experiment can be known, but it is of the greatest interest. Science conceives more daring thoughts every day.

Five hundred and forty pounds of man died in the person of Squire JAMES RITTER, of Elm Springs, Ark. If not great, Squire Ritter was truly large. Two years before he died he had his coffin made and used to store grain in until twenty-two bushels of wheat. It is not often that a man can have a coffin that fits him and yet serves so well as a granary.

Not long ago the case was chronicled of a boy who shed his skin. Now it is a North Carolina woman who is shedding, and with

her it is bones. She may still hope to be a skeleton some time, because as her osseous structure throws off a bone it grows another. The bones come out anywhere the humor selects them. Sometimes they lodge in her throat. Altogether the woman is more of a novelty than a delight unto herself, and would prefer to keep her bones, though the medical world is greatly interested in her.

A nervous, ill, hysterical woman took with a pistol, in a moment of absolute mental irresponsibility, and succeeds in hurting herself scarcely at all. In steps the law. The sufferer is hauled to police court, held for attempted suicide, and proffered bail being refused, is hurried first to jail and then to a hospital. Was there ever presented a more atrocious working of a more idiotic statute? This is a case that was chronicled under staring headlines this morning.

From \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 is to be paid in sugar bounties within the year beginning July 1. The sweets of paternal government.

Detroit and San Francisco are thus early after the Democratic National Convention. They believe there's nothing like leading the rush.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD made a long fight with death, but, as all men do, he finally lost the unequal contest.

Childhood demands and must have its playgrounds. Give it room in the parks.

Remember the Free Doctors Fund as the Summer grows.

The cry still is: No more park room to the L road.

SPOTLETS. Tradesmen differ from the Prince of Wales in not carrying their quarters around with them.

It may be a question among the smart girl graduates who thought into, her gown, or her essay, but there is no doubt which one is enjoyed most.

Herbert's version in view of the new Arctic exploration, the new "Polar" at the gate of Greenland stood, disconsolate.

Godson-Gemmy may find somebody who will abdicate his throne, but nobody who will abdicate him.

Where's all our gold now going? From Maine to San Francisco. Who's got it? There's no answer. There's only guess in it.

"Strong" exclaimed, somewhat about a certain novel, "Way, Lombard, Lombard isn't it!"

Miss Devine would like to have her "mommy" cured of the look-for-habit.

Isn't it most time for a new heretic to show up?

There is one sense in which a millionaire can be called a great pure-gone. This is the way.

"I am a great pure-bonder," said the tramp as he looked at the tears in his clothes.

WORLDLINGS. The infant King of Spain is a restless and precocious little creature. He has already, though only five years old, outgrown his toys and years for his horse-riding and his gun.

John Stuart Blackie, the famous Scotch professor of Greek and philosophy, is a lively old man of eighty-one. He puts in a full week just as he used to, and is described as being "as lively as a kitten."

Marion Harland began to write when she was only six years old. She is now middle-aged and is a somewhat portly woman of medium height. Her hair is just turning gray, and she wears it combed back from her forehead.

Little Gene Withelms of Holland, though only thirteen years old, conducted herself at the recent court functions in Amsterdam with such grace and dignity as to win the admiration of her subjects and the praise of her Majesty.

Mr. Francis Scroggins, of Gainesville, Ga., has 1,138 descendants, as follows: 12 children, 103 grandchildren, 836 great-grandchildren, 402 great-great-grandchildren. She is 104 years old.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Two men, who had a third between them, started to enter a Park Row saloon yesterday when the proprietor called out: "Now, then, what do you want here?" "Want a drink for him," replied one. "But he's drunk now!" "Well, we want something to either finish him, so that we can draw him along, or will stiffen his legs and make him follow to fight us. He's no better than a dashing now, and is crying for his ma."

Couldn't Be Scared. A Fulton street saloonist in Brooklyn has a parrot which gives utterance to many vigorous expressions, and the other day a man entered the place, hung down his hat, pulled off his coat and, shaking his fist at the proprietor, called out: "Bring him on and I'll lick him in two minutes!"

There is no stronger appeal to the generosity of public-spirited men than that which is made on behalf of babes whose only misfortune is to have been born where poverty and pestilence abound.

Children of well-to-do parents are rejoicing in the anticipation of cool breezes, fresh milk, bathing, fishing and the thousand other pleasures which go to make up a season in the country.

On the other hand, for the basical treatment-bones there is not one ray of comfort save that which comes to them through the agency of the Free Physicians.

In Memorian. Inclosed please find \$2 for Sick Baby Fund. In Memorian, W. P. K.

Little Natalie. Please find inclosed \$1 for the Sick Baby Fund. From LITTLE NATALIE.

A Foreigner. Inclosed please find 50 cents—a foreigner's mite towards helping some of your noble work of relieving sickness among New York children. T. J. O.

Thought More of the Babies. Inclosed please find 20 cents. I intended to put them in my little dime savings bank, but I thought it would be best to send them to the poor babies fund. DEANER D'AD.

Amy's Dollar. Inclosed find \$1 for the sick babies. Hoping you soon will have many more. From LITTLE AMY.

From School Children. It is with feelings of considerable pride and pleasure that I send you the inclosed amount for the "Sick Babies' Fund." The contributions are the cheerful offerings of some of the pupils of my classes. They hope their little mite will not be despised, but that it may be used for the benefit of some of your poor babies fund. CHARLES D'AD.

The Man with Pretty Hands. The last car on a Bridge train the other day was just comfortably filled and moving from the Brooklyn side when I noticed a young man on the opposite side. He was a good-looking, well-dressed chap, but his hands were the main feature. They were long and slender, like a real-born lady's, and he must have spent a great deal of time on his finger-nails.

A Business Scheme. (From Murray's Weekly.) It is with feelings of considerable pride and pleasure that I send you the inclosed amount for the "Sick Babies' Fund." The contributions are the cheerful offerings of some of the pupils of my classes. They hope their little mite will not be despised, but that it may be used for the benefit of some of your poor babies fund. CHARLES D'AD.

Not Rare. (From Brooklyn Life.) First Callow Youth—Why don't you announce that you are going to marry a heiress? Second Callow Youth—It's hardly time for me to be thinking of marrying yet, old fellow. First Callow Youth—Yes, but look at the tailor's bill; you can run up on the strength of your prospects!

It Was Early Developed. (From The Epiph.) "There is a cannibalistic instinct in all of us," Gulliver said. "What do you mean?" "Gulliver—The first apple was eaten by the first pair."

The Tables Turned. First Actress—What is the sense of your getting a divorce? You are popular with your audiences. Second Actress—Yes; but I intend to quit the stage and get married.

Cast in the Shade. (From Park.) What has become of your poodle? May-On, poodle, poor Flossie, I hate to give her up; but I must. Frank—But what? May—Flossie didn't have a shade that would match her.

He Carried Them Long Enough. Postmaster—So, you've had a position as letter-carrier. Have you ever had any experience? Applicant—Yes, sir; my wife has always given me all her letters to post. You might see her.

EVERY PENNY HELPS.

So Send in Your Mite to the Sick Baby Fund.

Hot Weather Means Death to the Poor Infants.

The Free Doctors Will Save Many of Them.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS: "The Evening World".....\$100.00 Previously acknowledged.....414.19 Henry H. Connor.....3.76 W. P. K.....2.00 Little Natalie.....1.00 Amy.....1.00 T. J. O.....1.00 T. J. O.....1.00 Little Natalie.....1.00

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Golden Slippers No Longer in Style-- High Prices for Silk Waists-- The Skirt and its Changes-- Crepons Infinite in Variety.

"Golden slippers" are no longer "good style," studded foot-wear, with bows of silver gauze, bordered with opaline beads, are correct only with a thin white dress; otherwise the material of the shoe must match the gown. Square-toed, high-heeled, paste-buckled shoes are very correct with the Louis Quinze coats. Correctly toes and high insteps "go" with tulle and satin, and black velvet slippers with the little patent rubber-crepe shoes on the toes are the right for neutral-tinted dinner-gowns.



Dafoods and lilies are the flowers of the moment, and the blue or corn flowers are put on black or brown hats with charming effect.

The silk waists in the dry-goods shops are sold at such a price that seems enormous since the garment has no lining, no bones or stay-lace, and the material is only of the 60-cent wash silk sort.

Even a fairly clever dressmaker may be non-plussed by a change in the make of a skirt, and a country dressmaker, however acquainted in the art of shaping and hanging a skirt, may yet fall in giving her costume the proper appearance by putting it into outrageous garb.

It is the fashioning of the skirt which marks the difference in morning gowns, between the house dress and the walking costume, or, in lighter attire, the ball gown and the dinner or "at home" toilet. Again, on the style of a dress skirt chiefly depends the grace or the awkwardness of a lady's appearance.

Princess Beatrice has had a baby's high chair named after her, and there is a petticoat on the London market called the Duchess of Devonshire. Truly the homage to royalty is great.

Crepons are infinite in variety, gauffed in all sorts of ways, some simple, some, others crepe; others, again, first crepe, then crepe; some crepe and divided into small squares formed by the intersection of groups of two or three threads, and some gauffed in a design resembling the skin of a serpent.

People who speak about their "lady friends" generally use the term "gentle" when they refer to the opposite sex. Both expressions are vulgar. In these days of self-worship a friend is a precious thing to have, and if philosophers are to be believed the average is less than three to a family.

Whether the critic was a man or woman is immaterial and does not concern the public. If the case justifies that knowledge the sex will be made apparent in subsequent words of the conversation or writing.

Smart Customer—You fellows are makin' a heap o' sou'n'r spoons, ain't ye? Why don't ye get up sou'n'r knives? Critic—Well, let me like to remember their spooning; it's different when they're been cut.

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ON LETTER WRITING.

Nell Nelson Answers the Plaint of a Jersey Girl.

Good and Bad Form in the Wielding of a Pen.

Hints that "Clara" Will Do Well to Follow.

Of many letters that have been hurried at the editor's head regarding a recent article one is printed in full. It is from Jersey and is illustrative of the worklessness of some women's correspondence.

DEAR SIR: Your article entitled "Letter Writing," published recently in THE EVENING WORLD, has interested me greatly, and I hope sincerely that others may profit as much by the valuable advice you have given to Mrs. S., but I have done much, I would ask you to explain yourself further for the benefit of such dense and benighted beings as I seem to be.

In the first place, what expression ought Mrs. S. to use instead of "many friends," which you consider such bad form, if she wanted you to know that she was speaking of a friend of the female sex and did not want to mention her name?

Secondly, how can there possibly be any harm for a lady to be "obliged" to anybody who confers a favor upon her, to you, for instance, for devoting your time and energy to time to her in answering her queries, rather than "demand an answer as her just right"?

DEAR MADAM: You make the unpardonable mistake of being tedious. Nothing but the matchless love of your mother or the honest affection of your young man could have made you so effusive in the yawning way of the waste-basket. You are evidently a young woman of much leisure, but it would have been a saving of nice writing material and an economy of cerebrum if you had curtailed matters and gone out for an April ramble. Billed down to one page your communication would have been less formidable and a great deal more valuable.

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Cleaning House.

We have a great many fine suits in Men's Clothing where lots are small but of excellent value; these we have put special low prices on to clean out.

The Underhill, Cornell & Brown Stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Clothing is appreciated by the public in price and quality. Some choice plums still remain at extraordinarily low figures.

Open Evening, Saturdays Till 11 o'Clock.

MANN BROS., GRAND AND ORCHARD, FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.

TO BUYERS OF FURNITURE.

Do not place your order until you have seen our stock and are especially to medium grade furniture. In no instance have we heard of any quantity within 20 per cent. as low as ours.

Examine the quality, style and finish of our new Antique bedsteads, at \$25; our Ash Beds, finished antique, at \$18; our upholstered Parlor Chairs in Tapestry at \$14; our new designs in Sideboards at \$18; Dining Chairs in Real Leather, at \$7.50; our new Folding Beds in the market from \$9.50 up.

"BUY OF THE MAKER." GEO. C. FLINT CO., FURNITURE-MAKERS, 104, 106 AND 108 WEST 14TH ST. Interior work for houses, banks, offices, etc. Made at our factory, Nos. 154 and 160 West 10th st.

DRESS AS AN INDICATOR. Fashionable Clothes Said to Be Fatal to Mental Vitality.

An editor of unquestionable eminence and authority asserts emphatically that no woman of real literary ability ever dressed well, says the Illustrated American.

The architect of a graceful gown, he says, could never be the author of a clever book, the power to achieve one annulling the capacity for accomplishing the other.

The connoisseur of literature and books continues the following, citing his own varied experience, that has brought under notice nearly every notable writer of the day.

"The very instant a woman crosses the threshold of my office," he says, "I can vaguely grasp something of her personality, and am always impressed by such trifles as hats and veils at the first cursory glance."

"When the visitor is neatly shod, smartly coated, wears becoming bangs, bonnet and gloves, etc., I know in a flash that, while she may write acceptably, no spark of genius burns behind such shining love-locks."

"Fashionable clothes and a sense of fitness are fatal to true mental vitality, and she can never hold a candle to one of those wearily dressed women of faded whose manly work I have often learned to respect before I met the author."

"Truly, ugly garments are no indication of ability, but genuine brains force suitably affects the feminine instinct for suitable plumage. And, strangely enough, nearly every gifted literary woman I know is inordinately fond of fine clothes, loves to discuss them, and is full of confidence in her capacity for selecting them."

"Such strange shades, materials and patterns as they combine, clumsy bonnets and fashions the most unflattering! Their shoes are earnest, hats and collars humorous, cuffs expensive, and costumes poetical, theologically becoming."

"They make a toilet just as they write a story;—the more seriously we view so fine a web of romance the homely reality is utterly ignored. I can only offer of three exceptions to the above rule."

Chivalrous Lad. (From Harper's Bazar.) "Mamma said I was 'that little Sissy' Harkins called me a donkey to-day." "What did you do?" "Well, of course I couldn't slip a little girl, so I told mother Mary, and she was just scolding Sissy out of sight."

What Was He to Do? (From The Epiph.) "It is very sudden, Mr. Jawwitt," said the maiden, after his proposal. "While I feel honored at your avowal, you cannot expect a favorable answer from one who knows so little of you as I."

Vaulting Ambition's Overleap. (From Harper's Bazar.) Charles—I'm going to palm myself off as being much younger than I am, aren't you?

Della—Yes. What are you doing now? Charles—Sixteen. Della—Dear me! Do you want people to say that you are old enough to be your mother?

Found out the best and easiest way to keep your house and clothes clean. Use Pearlins and do less scrubbing. Save your strength, and have everything look the better for it. Pearlins is the one thing that washes all things thoroughly. It never injures the finest; it never slights the coarsest. Find it out for yourself by trying it. You try the imitations at your own risk.

Never peddled. 332. JAMES PELL, N.Y.

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