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A 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 autocratic 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 the 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 sweltering 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.

The conclusion is that you should be glad to do your share to so good a work. Do not defer lending a helping hand to all this suffering. Help on the Fund.

CAT CULTURE.

There ought to be a good sale for ST. GEORGE MIVART'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 Bostonese go at it *con amore*.

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 bobtailed yellow dog than of the handsomest Angora that ever purred.

But the show is a howling success, and it is astonishing how many kinds of cats have been brought together. They are even more luxuriously housed than dogs are in a bench show. A cat has a bias towards comfort and luxury.

Some day it may be the proudest boast of a woman with a cat to say that it is a Boston cat. Who knows what new laurels may await the Hub in this line?

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 moment. 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 he needed to store himself in it. It held 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 seizes 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 fools 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 counters around with them.

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It may be a question which the sweet girl graduate puts more thought into, her gown or her essay, but there is no doubt which one is enjoyed most.

***

Revised version in view of the new Arctic exploration: "One morn a Peary at the gate of Greenland stood, disconsolate."

***

Gordon-Cumming may find somebody who will aid him after this trial, but nobody will want to abet him.

***

"Where's all our gold now going?"
The financiers exclaim;
From Maine to San Francisco
The query is the same.
Who's got it? There's no answer,
Though all, somehow, agree
There only comes in chorus,
"I know it isn't me!" —*Chicago Journal.*

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"Strong?" exclaimed Goodword about a certain novel. "Why, Limburger cheese isn't in it!"

***

Miss Devins would like to have her "mommer" cured of the lick-her habit.

***

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

***

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

***

"I am a great rent-holder," 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 yearns for live horses instead of tin ones. He speaks English quite correctly and is learning French.

John Stuart Blackie, the famous Scotch professor of Greek and philosophy, is a lively old man of eighty-one. He puts in a full work-day 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 broad forehead.

Little Queen Wilhelmina 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 Ministers.

Mrs. Priscilla Scroggins, of Gainesville, Ga., has 1,153 descendants, as follows: 12 children, 103 grandchildren, 686 great-grandchildren, 402 great-great-grandchildren. She is 104 years old.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Raving.

Once upon a May day dreary
She was working, weak and weary,
Down upon her narrows, mopping,
Mopping up the parlor floor.
While the mop went flipping, flapping,
Suddenly she heard a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at the parlor door.
"'Tis some visitor," she muttered,
"Tapping at the parlor door—
Gracious Peter, what a bore!"

Up she jumped, and, nearly swearing,
Hastily began preparing
To appear as women wish to
When their callers look them o'er;
Yanked her apron off and slung it,
Snatched her headgear off and flung it,
Grabbed a dolman up and hung it,
O'er the greasy gown she wore.
Then she found a peanuty peddler
Standing at the parlor door—
Only that and nothing more. —*Free Press.*

An Intelligent Poet.

I know it's June because the June-bug's here;
I know it's June because the weeds appear
In force upon my lawn; and then I know
'Tis June because the calendar says so.

I do not need the early dude's straw hat,
The chalkened strawberry, and things like that,
To tell to me what month it is that's come,
When I can hear the busy beetle's hum.

And with it see upon my oaken desk,
In dainty carving somewhat arabesque—
With all the hangings of my room in tune,
That truthful almanac announcing June. —*Harper's Bazar.*

Triolet.

When he sat on the box
Oh, he looked quite enthralling,
And he dreamt not of shocks
When he sat on the tax.
But the coach struck some rocks,
To the earth he went sprawling—
When he sat on the box
Oh, he looked quite enthralling! —*The Rider and Driver.*

It was Early Developed.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Tillinghast—There is a cannibalistic instinct in fruit.

Gildersleeve—What do you mean?

Tillinghast—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 enter society.

Cast in the Shade.

[*From Puck.*]

Frank—What has become of your poodle?

May—Oh, poor, poor Flossie, I hate to give her up; but—but—

Frank—But what?

May—Bluefern didn't have a shade that would match her.

He Carried Them Long Enough.

[*From Puck.*]

Postmaster—So, you would like 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 ask her.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

He Was Finished.

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 that will stiffen his legs and make him follow to fight us. He's no better than a dishrag now, and is crying for his ma."

A small drink of gin finished him, and they carried him off with his legs dragging on the walk.

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, flung 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!"

"What's the matter with you?" was asked.

"He called me a liar when I was in here the other day, and now he's got to take it back or fight! Bring him right on and put him before me!"

"Who do you mean?"

"That bird in the cage! I don't take sass off no living thing on legs!"

He was finally quieted down by the offer of a treat, and he went out, saying:

"There's no green bird with a yaller beak and a squeak to his voice can scare this chicken, and don't you forget it!"

And he was yet within hearing when the parrot called out: "You don't s-a-y so!"

On Jim's Account.

I met an honest-faced, plain-spoken man in Chatham Square the other day who edged along up to me after a bit and saluted:

"Mornin', naybur."

"Good morning."

"Growin' weather!"

"Yes, sir."

"Live here?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I'll tell you what I want. I want to see some of the awful streets around here. I've read of 'em and heard tell of 'em, and I want to see 'em with my own eyes."

I was poking around myself, and so I walked with him down Baxter and around into Pell and Mott and Roosevelt, and in the course of an hour I think he whispered: "Wall, by gosh!" about three hundred times. He was a close observer and asked a good many questions, and when we had finished the trip he said:

"I think this will fix him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, my biggest object in comin' here was to tell my son Jim what I saw. Jim is only fourteen years old, and the other night his mother found a plug of tobacco in his breeches pocket. When I go home and tell him of what I have seen here to-day—the Chinamen, the Italians, the Turks, the awful degradation—and that it was all brung on by chewin' plug tobacco without askin' his parents' consent he'll be so skeert that he won't dare nibble beeswax for a year to come!"

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 seat opposite. 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.

I was still looking at his hands and thinking how many women had envied him their possession when he gave his Spring overcoat, which he was carrying on his arm, a flirt to bring it partly across the legs of the man on his right, and at the same time one of those pretty hands was lost sight of. His neighbor was a big, sturdy citizen of middle-age, who had on eye-glasses and was reading a paper, and appeared oblivious of what was going on. Was the young man with the pretty hands a pickpocket? He held an envelope in his left hand and seemed to be trying hard to decipher the address on it, but just the same I saw his right hand carefully moving under the overcoat. I was certain now, but who of us is going to raise a row in such a public place unless to save his own watch or wallet? I wondered that the big man held his paper so stiffly, and kept his eyes so long on one spot, and I half felt he ought to pay the penalty of his carelessness.

We had just passed the piers on the New York side when the big man dropped his left hand, quietly seized upon something, and I knew by the way he shut his teeth and flushed up that he was using all the muscles of his hand and arm to grip something. Then I heard a cracking, crunching sound, and I looked into the young man's face to find it as white as flour, while he was biting his lips as if to repress a scream of pain. He was lying back in a half faint when the train stopped, and the big man turned his head and gave him one brief glance and passed out.

"Shall I help you out?" I asked of the pretty-handed man.

"If you please," he quietly answered.

"Which way?" as we walked towards the stairs.

"I'll go to a surgeon's!" he said, as he braced up and let go my arm and held out that finely-moulded digit.

It looked like a paw. I believe every bone in it had been crushed by that powerful grip! M. QUAD.

Played Out

How often this and similar expressions are heard from tired, overworked women, and weary, anxious men, who do not know where to find relief. For that intense weariness so common and so discouraging we earnestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is not a stimulant, but a true tonic, gradually building up all the weak organs in such a way as to be of lasting benefit.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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. F.....	2.00
Little Natalie.....	1.50
Amy.....	1.00
G. F.....	1.00
T. J. O.....	.50
Little Jeanne d'Ag—.....	.20

There is no stronger appeal to the generosity of the public at large, than that which is made on behalf of babes whose only misfortune is to have been born where poverty and pestilence abounds.

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

On the other hand, for the babies in tenement-houses there is not one ray of comfort save that which comes to them through the agency of the Free Physicians.

Insufficiently clad during the cold Winter, they have now the expectation of misery which heat entails.

Frail little bodies are to be pinched with pain and wasted still further by disease; the tired mother, worn with the day's work, must devote the entire night in many cases to the care of her sick child, or perhaps two, while the cupboard is comparatively bare and the wherewithal to purchase the proper medicines lacking.

One can readily imagine, then, how things change after the visit of one of the free doctors. The proper medicines are given, nourishing food supplied, and in various ways baby is made easier, and perhaps for the first time in weeks the mother is enabled to recruit her failing strength by the long-needed rest.

It is a charity that appeals to all, and one which makes haste a necessity. Better a dime in time than a dollar too late, and the sooner the free doctors start on their rounds the more good can be done.

Send in your mites, then, and reflect that every penny so received is helping to save some little one from a life of misery or an untimely grave.

In Memoriam.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $2 for Sick Baby Fund. In memoriam, W. P. F.

Little Natalie.

To the Editor:

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

A Foreigner.

To the Editor:

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

Thought More of the Babies.

To the Editor:

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. JEANNE D'AG—.

Amy's Dollar.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $1 for the sick babies. Hoping you soon will have many more. From LITTLE AMY.

From School Children.

To the Editor:

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 go far to alleviate the sufferings of some poor child. Be assured that you will hear from them all again. C., Hoboken, N. J.

Collected from: Charles S., 25 cents; W. G., 25; J. R., 25; W. A., 25; J. J., 25; N. F., 20; C. M., 20; W. P., 15; I. R., 10; E. G., 10; E. H., 10; M. R., 10; M. R., 10; J. D., 10; A. D., 10; O. F., 10; W. M., 10; H. O., 10; A. P., 10; J. S., 10; F. U., 10; G. H., 10; L. R., 10; O. D., 7; P. R., 5; J. R., 5; E. R., 5; W. K., 5; W. L. 5; E. K., 5; T. R., 5; H. K., 2; O. F., 2. Total—$3.76.

A Business Scheme.

[*From Hussey's Weekly.*]

First Callow Youth—Why don't you announce that you are going to marry an 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 bills you could run up on the strength of your prospects!

Not Rare.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"You have a very fine collection of coins, Bronson."

"Yes."

"Did you ever see an American dollar with two eagles on it and two dates.

"No. Nor you, either."

"Yes, I have. It was made up of two halves."

He Wasn't In It.

[*From Puck.*]

"What do you think the best advertising medium?"

"I couldn't tell you; I really know very little about the spiritualists."

A Real Estate Quibble.

[*From Puck.*]

"This building is dreadfully dilapidated. I thought you said it was in a good state."

"So it is. There ain't a better State than New York on the map."

THE regular use of MOTHER'S TRIENDS CONTRACTING soothing assists the diaphram. 25 cents.

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." Silvered foot-wear, with bows of silver gauze studded with opaline beads, are correct only with a thin white dress; otherwise the material of the shoes must match the gown. Square-toed, high-heeled, paste-buckled shoes are correct only with the Louis Quinze coats. Very pointed toes and high insteps "go" with trianon paniers, and black velvet slippers with the little paste or rhine-stone buckles on the toes are de rigueur for neutral-tinted dinner-gowns.

Daffodils 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 $6.25 each—a price that seems enormous since the garment has no lining, no bones or staying, and the material is only of the 50-cent wash silk sort.

Even a fairly clever dressmaker may be nonplussed by a change in the make of a skirt, and a country dressmaker, however accomplished in the art of shaping and hanging a skirt, may yet fail in giving her costume the proper appearance by putting it into obtrusive organ plaits when a depressed box-plait is in fashion, or by sloping the front breadth into the band at a time when it ought to be shaped into small gores at the waist. The woman who is mistress of the subject of dress well understands that the skirt is the one part of her costume which is especially adaptable to circumstances. 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 "At Home" toilet. Again, on the style of a dress skirt chiefly depends the grace or the awkwardness of a lady's appearance. She may look tall or short, sylph-like or stout, juvenile or passe, in accordance with the arrangement or mismanagement of her draperies. The skirt may, in a word, be the most becoming part of a dress, or, on the other hand, it may not only emphasize ungracefulness, but even suggest awkwardness where it actually does not exist.

Ethel Mackenzie McKenna, the married daughter of Sir Morell Mackenzie, weary of the idle life, has plunged into "trade," as they say in London, and is reporting for the London edition of a New York paper.

The reason so few women "catch on" is because their gloves are too tight.

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 Fife. Truly the homage to royalty is great.

Crepons are infinite in variety, gauffred in all sorts of ways, some simply cotele, others crepe; others, again, first crepe, then cotele; some crepe and divided into small squares formed by the intersection of groups of two or three threads, and some gauffred in a design resembling the skin of a serpent. With the exception of the various navy blues in which these materials are to be had, they are usually in soft tones and pale colors, lavender, hop and sage green, maize, cork color, dust color, and all the gamut of grays and beiges; such are the tints most in favor for Spring dresses. A new variety of these corded materials is called "l'antalon de Cheval," and is especially supple and fine. Another new material is the so-called velvet cloth, manufactured only in two colors—viz., beige and chamois. Apropos of colors, an exception to the range of soft tones, and a color to be avoided, is what is called "vert billard," which is exactly as its name indicates, the coarse hue of a billiard cloth. The crepons are all self-colored, as regards materials with patterns the most in vogue, and the newest are the chevronnes, in which the stuff is entirely covered with a series of Vs, either in two contrasting colors, or in tones of the same color, and then come the pastilles, or spots of all sizes, those preferred being oval, and rather large. As regards the make of the dresses, the collars still holds its own, and paniers are little or never seen, except on evening dresses of soft crepe or mousseline de soie, and then it is more what the dressmakers call a mouvement of the drapery than a regular panier.

Spooney Affairs, Not Cuts, Remembered.

[*From the Jewellers' Weekly.*]

Smart Customer—You fellers are makin' a heap o' souv'n.r spoons, ain't ye? Why don't yer git up souv'nir knives?

Jeweller—Well, people like to remember their spooning; it's different when they've been cut.

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 hurled at the editor's head regarding a recent article one is printed in full. It is from Jersey and is illustrative of the wordiness of some women's correspondence.

To the Editor.

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. as I have done. But as some things have also puzzled me very much, I would ask you to explain yourself still further for the benefit of such dense and benighted beings as I seem to be.

In the first place, what expression ought Mrs. S. have used instead of "lady friend," 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 part of your precious time to her in answering her queries, rather than "demand an answer as her just right?" I am sorely afraid such demands would not receive much attention from the men of the present day, as the good opinion you have of women in considering them divine beings is shared, alas! by but too few of the stronger sex.

Then, again, if I, a maiden, were requested to register my name when going to a hotel and do not happen to have a card, must I put the word Miss before my name? You have succeeded in making it very plain to Mrs. S., but whether the same rules hold good in regard to spinsters' signatures is something I am anxious to know.

I do not inclose stamp, as I want you to answer my questions in THE EVENING WORLD; and since you will not have my address, I will not be "obliged" to you, but will thank you very kindly if you will point out the mistakes I have made in my letter, which, doubtless, will be as plentiful as the sands of the sea in your critical eyes. Very truly yours, CLARA.

Miss Clara.

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 save such an effusion from the yawning maw 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. Boiled down to one page your communication would have been less formidable and a great deal more valuable. You see, Miss Clara, if time is not precious to a business man physical force is. Good eyesight amiability and animal tissue are injured in the contemplation of a three-page letter from a perfect stranger. No head of an establishment would read it, and the clerical slave assigned the task would preface the attack with a sigh, skip the middle section and finish with a handful of hair or a mouthful of profane words.

It may interest you to know that Mrs. William Astor, who has an enviable reputation as a correspondent, limits herself to 200 words. Most of her formal communications are penned on the back of her calling card. Mrs. Judge Roger Pryor writes a beautiful letter, and, although she uses the smallest size note paper, there is always an Addisonian touch that makes the recipient reluctant about destroying it. Mrs. Gen. Custer is another finished letter writer; the wife of ex-Secretary Whitney condenses her letters into graceful notes, and under the careful tutelage of her dignified husband, Mrs. Cleveland never commits herself on paper. Indeed, it is said that most of her letters are acknowledged in two or three polite words written across her card. Even the great and only gentleman who founded society is laconic. So you see that brevity is the rule in society as well as business circles.

Now for the substance of your letter.

Don't call yourself names. Leave that to your enemies. Your use of the word "dense" is not strictly correct, the term being one of the properties of solids and fluids. Mercury, tar, smoke and the Dead Sea have been referred to as dense bodies, but a Hoboken damsel never!

People who speak about their "lady friends" generally use the term "gents" 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. Mrs. S. in all probability had an acquaintance in mind, but whether the individual was a friend or not it is a nice compliment to use the term.

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.

The expression "be obliged" is a solecism, and like "your humble servant," an absurdity. Rhetoricians classify the two as inelegant forms of speech. But there is "no harm" in using them. You are the best judge, and if they please you it would be ingenerous to chide. There is "no harm" in eating mashed potatoes with a knife or drinking from the family milk pitcher, but there is danger of offending the taste of the refined people who may witness such conduct, and your being written down ill-bred or unconventional.

Woman rules the world. Her wishes are law. There never was an age when men were more gallant, more generous or more considerate of women than those of the present day. That women are "divine beings" is an opinion shared by the majority of men, evidences of which are to be seen in every avenue open to women, and in every street car, ferryboat and train that they are associate travellers.

One proof of her demands. In the large dry good stores clerks are employed to do nothing but answer the questions of customers, send samples of dress goods and trimmings, match old material and furnish price lists to thousands of women who are never heard from again. You will say this is business and that the underlying principle is mercenary, but it is also a polite recognition of the just demands of the sex.

To go to a public hotel, or to travel any distance without a card, is what the preceptress of a popular seminary would call "reprehensible rashness." Certainly a credential of some sort is necessary, and the presentation of a visiting card takes the place of a letter of introduction, and saves the lone traveller from a fire of questions and many surmises as to her identity.

In the absence of a card you can ask the clerk to register for you, or if you choose you can do so, and in either case you would be entered as "Miss Clara ——."

Before the public a woman's title is always used. The ruler of Great Britain signs herself Victoria, but no subject would dare address her without a title. Miss and Mrs., while indispensable forms in addressing American women, are nevertheless titles that the individual is forbidden to use herself.

You can have Miss Clara engraved on your door plate, your bank book, your card or your pew, but your autograph must be plain, unadorned Clara. When you write a note, whether it is addressed to your laundress, pastor, dust-woman, lawyer, friend, sister, banker or beaux, it must be signed simply with your name. If there is any doubt in your mind that you will be mistaken for some one else write in the third person, write on your card or inclose it. The women who insist on signing themselves Mrs. S. or Miss C. are unfortunately unschooled. NELL NELSON.

THE CLEANER.

The Tenderloin Club gave an extraordinarily good entertainment on Saturday evening. Canvas covered in the "back yard," which was thus converted into a Summer garden. On the floor above a select orchestra discoursed lively airs, while Tenderloin "pipes and tobacco" and steins rejoiced the crowd of members who sat around the small tables and listened. Altogether it was a great success.

* * *

The parlor of the Tenderloin was not thrown open on the occasion of the Saturday night smoke concert. The decoration of this room has been intrusted to a number of the artists of this Club, and if it is not original it will not be their fault. They had not progressed far enough in their scheme to admit anybody to a view, and so the parlor was kept closed.

* * *

I saw some very clever sleight-of-hand tricks at an entertainment the other evening. The performer, who claims to be a Russian, used no apparatus, and was within three feet of the people before whom he was performing. He would tear up a cigarette leaf, roll it into a ball and then unroll it whole. He rolled it again, passed it to a spectator, who unrolled it and it was in pieces. The juggler caught the pieces, rolled them and unrolled the ball a whole leaf. And so on.

* * *

Such a Sunday as yesterday is a melancholy one. The streets were as deserted as if the town had been stricken with pestilence. Nothing draws out more of New York to the open air than a fine Sunday. June has misbehaved itself pretty badly in its first week and should reform at once.

* * *

I was surprised to find that Elihu Root, the well-known lawyer, is such a good judge of painting. There is no reason why I should be surprised, that I know of, except that I fancied such a hard student of the law could not have had time to polish up very much on the arts. But in a large collection of paintings Mr. Root selected three or four as those which he liked best, and they were really the best of the lot. Next to catching a witness, Root likes to catch a game fish. He is a devoted disciple of the rod, whether he is in court or on a river bank.

* * *

I saw Gribayedoff the other day, the clever drawer. He will have something in a magazine next month which will represent the class of work which he likes best. He is very clever with pen and ink.

* * *

Mr. Hughes, the Arizona miner who offered to back Sullivan for $30,000 against Jem Mace in a finish fight, some seven years ago, is in the city. I met the old gentleman the other evening and he confided to me that he was buncoed out of about $7,000 by the men who pretended to make the match. "I didn't count the experience too dearly purchased, and made no attempt to punish the confidence operators or recover my money," said he. "I was content to get out of the city and back to a business I knew something about." It will be remembered that Mace claimed the championship on the strength of the challenge issued at the time, but which Sullivan repudiated as unauthorized.

* * *

Ex-Senator Michael C. Murphy, who was reported dead three or four times during his severe illness of the past eighteen months, is very much alive and proposes to stir things in the political world in his old vigorous style the coming Fall. He presented a crayon portrait of himself to the Abram Barnard Association, of 467 Fourth avenue, the other day.

* * *

Mayor Grant's lucky capture of the long shot on Tammany at Morris Park last Saturday is the talk of the town in sporting circles. There is evidently a great deal in a name sometimes, and the Mayor's devotion to the cause of the Wigwamites is justly rewarded, in the opinion of his political followers. Hereafter Tammany will be a name to conjure with on the race courses.

* * *

Counsellor William A. Gans has sounded the bugle call and his Republican followers in the Twentieth Assembly District are gathering to make him district leader in the place of Solon B. Smith, who has written himself out of the position by accepting a police justiceship at the hands of a Democratic Mayor. A strong effort will be made, I am told, to keep the organization under Smith's control, when it can be better manipulated in the interest of Tammany Hall.

* * *

Venerable Dr. McCosh still takes as lively interest in all that concerns the boys at Princeton as when he was President of the College. I see he watched the ball game with Yale from beginning to end, and was as enthusiastic over the victory for the "Tiger" as any of the younger generation.

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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 frocks continues as follows, 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, gloves, &c., 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 weirdly dressed women of talent whose masterly work I have often learned to respect before I met the author.

"Truly, ugly garments are no indication of ability, but genuine brain force subtly 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 coiffures humorous, colors vivid and costumes pathetically unbecoming.

"They make a toilet just as they write a story—take the matter seriously, weave so fine a web of romance the homely reality is utterly ignored. I can only think of three exceptions to the above rule."

A Chivalrous Lad.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Mamma," said Willie, "that little Susie Harkins called me a donkey to-day."

"What did you do?"

"Well, of course I couldn't slap a little girl, so I told sister Mary, and she just scratched Susie out of sight."

What Was He to Do?

[*From the Epoch.*]

"This is very sudden, Mr. Jawsmith," 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."

"Well, what am I to do, Miss Mildred?" pleaded Jawsmith. "None of the girls who do know me well will marry me."

Vaulting Ambition's Overleap.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Clarice—I'm going to palm myself off as being much younger that I am; aren't you?

Delia—Yes. What age have you decided on?

Clarice—Sixteen.

Delia—Dear me! Do you want people to say that you are old enough to be your own mother?

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