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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

SLIPSHOD STREET CLEANING.

THE EVENING WORLD'S investigation of New York's dirty streets shows plainly that the work real y done is slipshod, and that with the present force the city could be kept much cleaner.

A printed complaint sent a sweeping machine to East Twenty-seventh street yesterday. After it had gone over the ground there was very little change. Dirt and refuse were under the wagons and about the gutters when an EVENING WORLD reporter and an artist got there. The men in charge of the machine saw the latter making sketches. They went over it a second time and cleaned it much better. They could have accomplished this result on the first attempt.

This should be an object lesson for Commissioner BEATTIE. The probabilities are that he does not know what his employees are really doing. This seems to be the most charitable view.

Come, Mr. BEATTIE, wake up.

GROUNDS FOR APPREHENSION.

The boarding-house matrons of the good city of Washington have cause for the gravest apprehension. They are in distinct and unexpected danger. A large and fatal stab has been administered to their calling. The quality of the hash they evolve has almost been questioned, for the Rev. Dr. SCOTT, father-in-law of President HARRISON, has left Washington forever, according to the Washington newspapers, and has gone to Portland, Ore., to his son.

The arch yet guileless citizen will at first see but slight connection between the Rev. Dr. SCOTT and the poetic commodity known to the world as hash. Yet the connection is not slight. It is strong and pathetic. It will induce sympathy for the poor, struggling matrons of Washington and admiration for President HARRISON, whose sole desire apparently has been to further the interests of the Washington boarding-houses and his father-in-law's digestion.

The Rev. Dr. SCOTT did not enjoy himself at the White House, it is said, because whenever the President had company he sent the old gentleman over to a boarding-house until the guests had left. The President often had company; ergo, the old gentleman devoted a great deal of time to the boarding-houses. Ungratefully Dr. SCOTT fled. Sharper than any serpent's tooth is his ingratitude.

Actuated by the kindliest and most son-in-lawish regard for Dr. SCOTT's digestion, President HARRISON presumably decided that the rich and toothsome viands of the White House might do the old gentleman harm. What more natural than that the boarding-house should occur to his mind? Who can recall a boarding-house that has ever been accused of being rich and toothsome?

"Pooper," we can almost hear the President say, "we cannot bear to see your digestion troubled. You are very dear to us—no, do not misunderstand me, I mean 'dear' in the sense of cherished. I have made arrangements for you to take your meals just round the corner. The hash is delightful, I have heard. Go. We will try to forget the sacrifice we are making."

President HARRISON has our sympathy—a sympathy that is almost tearful. The Rev. Dr. SCOTT, forgetting his cloth, and his everything, has dared to repine. He has forgotten the wholesome lessons that ofttimes he must have taught. He has left his son-in-law's motives to be investigated by a silly, jeering world. He has placed hash beneath a black, unfathomable cloud.

FOR RAILROAD COMPANIES ONLY.

Public officials should maintain a calm disinterest in individuals when public service is at stake. The New York Central Railroad is making a fight against its bridge across the Harlem River being opened mornings and afternoons because its cars are delayed. The New York and Northern Railroad wants it open because its boats can't get through. Likewise, some firms doing business along the river front. The Park Board is arbitrator.

At the recent hearing counsel for the Central made a strong appeal, and the N. Y. and N. advocate spoke as strongly against him. Then Park Commissioner TAPPEN said: "Let the bridge be kept closed during the hours mentioned, and only open for the New York and Northern vessels."

Commissioner TAPPEN may explain himself later. But as the matter stands now it would appear that he thinks the Harlem River flows only for these two railroad companies.

The President of the United States, with the Governors of several commonwealths, will assist to-morrow in the dedication of the Bennington Battle Monument which commemorates Gen. STARK's victory in the Revolutionary War. The monument, a plain granite shaft 310 feet high, is designed to forever impress a patriotic lesson upon future generations of Americans, while honoring Revolutionary heroes. To-morrow's ceremonies will be distinctively military.

A policeman in citizen's clothes went into a little trimming store on Sunday and, calling the proprietor to the door, said: "I want ten cents' worth of ribbon for my little girl to tie her hair with so that she may go to church." The unsuspecting tradesman sold it to him, and was at once arrested and locked up. This policeman does not seem to possess the manliness that should characterize a member of the finest police force in the world. His name is WHATELY, and he is attached to the Madison street station.

You cannot always count on Counts. One of them who employed his leisure hours in counting dishes in a restaurant, and his evenings in recounting what a great man he was, after running up an account with a cafe proprietor, stole $120. When he gets out of jail he will probably return to his ancestral halls.

It looks as if the Bradford Eve might be mistaken in the statement that "every Bradford lady consumes, on an average, one quart of pears and peaches, drinks three glasses of soda water, chews two sticks of gum and eats two plates of ice-cream every day." Pennsylvania is not far enough West.

There are two deaths connected with the wreck of WARNER MILLER'S Nicaragua Canal inspection party on Roncador reef. The second is that of CHARLES WATROUS. It is to be hoped that the theory that mishaps go three together will not prove true in this instance.

A Harlem club wants the Rapid Transit Commissioners bounced. Resolutions on on their incompetency have been passed, which the Club thinks is ample grounds for the removal.

BALMACEDA has issued $12,000,000 in scrip. There must be great reliance in Chili on printing presses and faith.

ERASTUS WIMAN has a plan for electric rapid transit on Staten Island. Any kind of rapid transit is worth a trial.

A member of the new Haytian Cabinet is named APOLLO. Who gave HIPPOLITE credit as a classical scholar?

Russia is rejoicing over the discovery of new gold fields. It ought to, for a big standing army is expensive.

The people's baths that were opened yesterday should succeed. They are a second charity.

The up-country political fights are not healthful. There is strength only in harmony.

An Anarchist has shot a Socialist in Paris. Unusually the victim is a Monarchist.

Let the punishment of the Spring Garden Bank's crooked officials be a warning.

BEN BUTLER is still taking exceptions to the report that he is dead.

Hurrah for the Gloriana.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

What does Beattie say of the east side streets?

Why are not the balloon maniacs restrained?

Why do the Broadway cars not run on lower Broadway?

Why does not the New York Club play ball?

Why are Sam Jonesses endured?

Why did Grover Cleveland refuse to go to the Bennington celebration?

Will ex-Senator Roesch get a renomination?

How big a hole will the Stecklers make in Tammany's vote?

WORLDLINGS.

Sir Charles Dilke is a broad-shouldered, square-built man, with clear gray eyes and full, grizzled beard. His manner is serious and dignified and direct almost to abruptness.

A bed of pure rock salt that has been discovered in the Colorado desert has been found to contain the fossil remains of millions of grasshoppers and giant centipedes that fell into the salt when it was in a liquid state.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has passed the Summer very quietly at a beautiful home in South Kensington, London. She still shows the effects of the strain caused by her attendance upon her little boy in his last illness and mourns for him constantly.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the Philadelphia specialist, is regarded as a literary wonder. His poems are excellent, his medical works standard authorities, and his play, "The Miser," scored an instantaneous success.

So far from being indolent and slothful, the Sultan is one of the busiest monarchs in Europe. He possesses a wide knowledge of geography, of international law and of European politics.

VAGRANT VERSES

A Surprise.

He found it in his grip one day,
Hid softly in its russet case,
And wondered much whose picture lay
In such a rude unrestful place.

And was it Katie, Maud or Sue?
The handsome dreamer mused (and) perplexed;
Those flirting girls! Perhaps they know
That he was married—and they vexed!

Then something deep within his breast
Cooped to a trill o' jeered disdain:
How dared they send this golden guest?
He would return it—whose the name?

He looked. Sweet face with pictured laugh,
Bright fluffy hair in tangled curl,
And scrawled across the photograph,
In painted letters, "papas girl."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sure to Fit.

"Oh, show me an engagement ring,"
Unto the clerk he cried.
"And unto her a pledge I'll bring
Which I do hope my bride."

"What size," the clerk inquired, "will do?"
"I do not know," wailed he.
"Just what the measurements of Susan Jenkins's hand may be."

"Do not despair, but take this band
I find upon the shelf;
I'm sure I will be fair Susan's hand;
I used it once myself."
—*Washington Star.*

Didn't Dare.

"Come, buy that bouquet you are smelling of
And send it away to the woman you love."
"Well, really, I hardly think that I can;
Perhaps you don't know I'm a married man."
—*Judge.*

In Iowa.

[*From the Pittsburg Telegraph.*]

Bangle (a commercial visitor)—I thought this was a prohibition town.

Prayregrass (a native)—So it is.

Bangle—Then how do you explain the fact that money is so tight?

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Story of the Shoestring Man.

"You were not always a shoestring man?" I queried, as we sat down together in Union Square and got our cigars alight.

"No, sir; not always," he cautiously replied as he looked around to see that no one was near.

"You were not a shoemaker before you took to shoestrings?"

"By no means. Can I trust you with a great secret?"

"Certainly. Just unbosom yourself without the slightest reservation, but don't make use of any more French or Latin than you can help."

"Well, sir," he began after looking all around again, "at the age of twenty I fell in love. I was poor, but honest. She was an only child and the heiress to five millions."

"And her pa stood you off, of course?"

"He did, sir. Could I have been free to see her I know that she would have soon reciprocated my attachment. Indeed, I think she was beginning to recip when her monster of a father gave me the bounce. I think the mother was all right, but the old man wasn't built that way."

"But you appealed to the girl, of course, and suggested a runaway match?"

"I did, sir, but with tears in her eyes she told me that if she disobeyed her father he would cast her off forever. He'd cast off about a dozen other children, and she realized how implacable he was. He wanted her to marry a young man who had a large fortune. His $3,000,000 was more than an offset for my beauty and the wages I got in a planing-mill."

"And so she died?"

"She died. Went out of my life just like a candle going out on you down cellar. She married the other man. They went to Europe for a year, and then returned to settle here. They are here now. I saw her only yesterday.

"And you also married, of course?"

"No, sir. I took a solemn vow never to marry unless she became a widow and would have me. My love for her can never die."

"But how came you to enter into the shoestring business?"

"That's the pivotal question, sir. It was in order that I might meet her occasionally. She always does her shopping along Fourteenth street, and I often see her twice a week. She never wears a button shoe."

"But buys her laces of you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see. And does she know that you have remained single for her sake?"

"She does. Would you say that I suffered by looking me in the face?"

"Most assuredly. I should say you were sitting on a carpet-tack this very minute."

"Don't trifle with my story that way, sir. I've had my share of corns and boils and lame backs, but my suffering is in my heart. O this weary, weary waiting!"

"How's her husband's health?"

"That's what discourages me. It's bloomin' fine. He's got every appearance of being good for thirty or forty years more, while I am surely getting hump-backed and bow-legged and gray-haired. Is it any wonder that I toss about o' nights and can't sleep?"

"No wonder just now, with all these Jersey 'skeeters coming over here. Yours is a sad, sad story, my friend. Any one seeing you stand over there on the corner of Broadway would have no idea of the grief gnawing at your heart-strings. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, unless I could find a true friend who would be willing to do me a slight favor."

"I'll be that friend. Speak right out and tell me what you want. Would you like to have me assassinate the husband?"

"Could I hope—hope"——

"Could you hope that I would be so kind? Certainly. And I won't charge you a cent. Where does he hang out, and can you manage to scrape up a dagger somewhere? He hasn't the slightest right to live a day longer. And I'll tell him so in his dying agonies."

"You—you are so kind and generous!"

"That's all right. Hang a man who won't do his fellow-man a favor when it doesn't cost a red cent! Going?"

"I've got to. I see the dime savings bank man has had the cheek to occupy my beat over there, and I'll go over and smash his ear and see you later."

M. QUAD.

Time Went Slow.

[*From the Boston News.*]

During one of the dullest days last week in the Stock Exchange when there was nothing doing, and every one was waiting for the hands on the clock to reach 3 P. M., Murray Hallon, calling a broker to him, said, "Say, old fellow, what time is it?"

"Two o'clock," was the answer.

"Two o'clock! I have had two century plants bloom since then."

By a Simple Turn of the Wrist.

[*From the Jewellers' Weekly.*]

Joe Brown (of Brown's Siding, looking at a Summer comic opera in New York)—Gosh all hire! Ain't she a purty little thing?

Jack (Joe's city cousin)—You're looking into the wrong end of the glasses. (Turns them.) Now, how does she look?

Joe (aloud)—Darn me, if she ain't growed big as Sitting Bull's tail, an' she's painted like a crown in a circus.

Technically Correct.

[*From Judge.*]

Miss Trotlawell—What do you consider the best exercise for the muscles, Mr. Doddle?

Doddle (laughably)—Opening clams.

A Peacemaker.

[*From the Cracker Blade.*]

Paterfamilias—What's all that noise out there, Maria?

Materfamilias—It's me. I'm tryin' to keep Tommy still so that you can read.

Paterfamilias—I didn't know Tommy was around.

Be Sure

That you get Hood's Sarsaparilla when you ask for it. Remember that efforts to sell you something else are simply because more profit will be made on the substitute. Therefore, insist upon

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best blood purifier, the best nerve helper, the best strength builder. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

HELP THE TOTS.

Every Penny Received Does Some Little One Good.

They Want Food, Clothing and Medical Care.

Do What You Can to Smooth Their Hard Life.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$6,186.05
Shirley House Entertainment	250.00
Rockland Lake Entertainment	75.00
Dad	20.00
East Eighty-seventh Street Entertainment	5.10
A. G. E.	1.00
Little Robbie	1.00
F. C. S. and A. I. S.	2.00
Packing Room, Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.	2.60
G.	5.00
A Mother	1.00
Minnie Compton	1.00
Little Washington Smith	.32
Burtis A. Raeder	.25
Mrs. H.	1.00
R. P. Curtis	5.00
Waldenburg and friends	2.15
In memory of Harold Joseph	2.00
Flushing Breakfast Table	2.00
F. S. S.	2.00
Well-disposed lady	.10

All contributions sent to "The Evening World" office for the Sick Baby Fund should be directed to Cashier, New York "World," Pulitzer Building.

Packages containing clothes, &c., should be addressed to Mrs. Roberts, 36 West Thirty-fifth street.

Any one whose contribution to the Sick Baby Fund is not acknowledged in these columns will confer a favor by notifying the Editor of "The Evening World."

BENEFIT AT ASBURY PARK.

Marie Hubert Frohman to Appear In Three Plays.

Marie Hubert Frohman, the brilliant young actress who made a hit last season in "The Witch," will appear in three plays at the Grand Opera House, Asbury Park, Aug. 25, for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund.

Surrounded as she is, by a company of competent players, the affair promises to be a great success. The plays are "Snow Bound," a one-act drama by Sedley Brown, which was produced for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House last Spring; "King Rene's Daughter," from the Danish, by Hendrick Herz, and also "Charms," a one-act comedy. In each of these Miss Frohman has abundant opportunity for a display of her fine dramatic talent.

Following is the programme in full:

Benefit New York EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund.
Marie Hubert Frohman
in three plays
Tuesday Evening, Aug 25.
Grand Opera House, Asbury Park.
The One-Act Drama by Sedley Brown.
"Snow Bound."
Nora Brentwood, known as Nancy Scott.....
Marie Hubert Frohman
Clyde Barrington, a New York belle.....Alice Brown
Aunt Jane Lawrence, her chaperone.....Flora Redding
Walter King, a young New Yorker.....Chas. Jehlinger
Jim Weaver, from the Pacific slope.....
Franklin Garland
Gray Grayson, known as Old Scott.....James Kelly
Jack Frost, a New York lawyer.....R. G. Jenkins
John Hand, messenger.....E. Hickman
Action takes place in a hut on the Sierra Nevada Mountain.

"King Rene's Daughter."
A beautiful poetic idyl from the Danish, by Hendrik Herz.
Iolanthe, the blind Princess.....
Marie Hubert Frohman
Martha, Iolanthe's nurse.....Mrs. E. M. Post
King Rene.....Franklin Garland
Eben Jahia, a Moorish physician.....Thomas Brannick
Sir Geoffrey of Orange.....H. L. Hirsberg
Count Tristan of Vaudemont.....Chas. Jehlinger
The action takes place in Provance, in the Valley of Vaucluse. Time—Fifteenth Century.

"False Charms."
A comedy in one act, by Philip Hamilton.
Fleurette, Lady Highflyer's maid.....
Marie Hubert Frohman
Lady Highflyer, a youthful widow of 60.....
Mrs. E. M. Post
Lucy Highflyer, her granddaughter of 18 years.....
Miss Leona Clark
Count Fledgling, a young beau of 65.....James Kelly
Lord Fitz Edward, his ward and nephew.....
H. L. Hirsberg
Private Chaplin.....D. A. Burtnett
Servant.....C. B. Kelley
Patrick O'Flaherty, valet of Fledgling.....
R. O. Jenkins

GAVE A DONKEY PARTY.

Children at Coney Island Realize $16 for the Baby Fund.

A donkey party was given at the Oceanic Hotel, Coney Island, last evening for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund by the children of the guests.

The children comprised Lillie Hauf, President; Maud Silverberg, Treasurer, and Adell Hoffstadt, Secretary. Committee: Mabel Newitter, Flora Bayersdorfer, Lucy Hauf, Harry Bollheimer, Leo Bayersdorfer, Edgar Newitter, Florence Kramer, Jerome Goodheart, Alice Hagen, Jessie Gow, Hattie Lassen and Carrie Borger.

Prizes were won by Bella Mandelbaum, Lizzie Hoffstadt, Adele Hoffstadt and Sofie Jacoby.

The amount realized was $16.

SANG FOR THE BABIES.

A Pleasant Little Entertainment Given by Long Branch Children.

Children at the North Cottage, Long Branch, got up a pleasant little entertainment for the Sick Baby Fund Sunday evening. They gave vocal selections and recitations, and charged 10 cents a ticket.

Within a few hours after the plan was first suggested they had sold fifty tickets, making $5 for the fund.

After the performance, Coroner Levy was appointed a committee of one to deliver the money, which he did this morning.

Among the participants in the affair were Hortense Levy, Tessie Clark, Dora E. Appel, Carrie Stern, Carrie Blumauer, Ernestine Levy, Jennie Holzman and Florentina Levy.

Yorkville Entertainment.

To the Editor:

Please find inclosed programme of an entertainment given in the yard of the residence of Mr. John Thain, 231 East Eighty-seventh street, by five little girls. They arranged the programme, selecting the pieces, bought lanterns and flags to decorate, &c. The tickets were only three cents, yet they sold enough to realize the sum of $5.10 for the Sick Babies' fund.

Under the management of Gertrude Thain.
"For Sweet Charity's Sake."
Grand entertainment of the Blue Bell Society.
Programme.

Recitation—Happy Allen.....Miss Ethel Thain
Recitation—Children's Wishes.....
Della Jacobs, Ollie Thompson, Ethel Thain, Mabel Thain, Dolly Mead, Adele May.
Recitation—Harry's Guest.....Miss Mabel Thain
Recitation—Daisy Dean.....Miss Dolly Mead
Recitation—Death of a Daisy.....Miss Adele May
Dialogue—Instructive Sights.....
Mabel Thain, Ollie Thompson, Dolly Mead, Ethel Thain, Della Jacobs, Adele May.
Recitation—Troublesome Neighbors.....
Miss Mabel Thain
Tableau—Old Woman in a Shoe.....
Mabel Thain and others
Recitation—Division.....Miss Dolly Mead
Recitation—Grandma's Comfort.....Miss Ethel Thain
Recitation—Barefoot Boy.....Miss Ollie Thompson
Duet—The Old Women.....
Miss Mabel Thain, Miss Ethel Thain
Tableau—Death and Burial of Cock Robin.
Dolly Mead, Ethel Thain, Adele May, Mabel Thain.
Recitation—Katie Lee and Willie Gray.....
Miss Adele May
Lullaby solo—This Little Pig Went to Market.
Ethel Thain, Mabel Thain, Dolly Mead, Adele May.
Dialogue—Dolly, Mamma and the Doctor.....
Mabel Thain, Ethel Thain

Recitation—Bedtime.....Miss Ollie Thompson
Solo—At the Ferry.....Miss Dolly Duffy
Solo—I Cannot Sing the Old Song.....Miss Rowleston

A Big Help.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find my check for $5 to help along the Sick Baby Fund.

R. P. CURTIS.

Paid to Stay Awake.

To the Editor:

Please accept my contribution of 32 cents for Sick Baby Fund, which I earned for keeping awake at the Fairfield House, 141 Avenue D, Sunday morning.

LITTLE WASHINGTON SMITH.

Robbie's Dollar.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 from

LITTLE ROBBIE,
aged three, Montclair, N. J.

Breakfast-Table Contribution.

To the Editor:

Please find inclosed $2 to be devoted to your fund for sick babies, from

FLUSHING BREAKFAST TABLE.

For a Sick Baby.

To the Editor:

Inclosed is $5 for some poor sick baby.

M. G.

A Thanks Offering.

To the Editor:

Inclosed you will find our mite, $2, a thanks offering which I wish were many times greater. May it comfort some one.

F. C. S. and A. I. S.

All Success to You.

To the Editor:

We have formed ourselves into a committee for the contrivance of a fair in aid of the Babies' Fund. We intend to hold the fair on the evening of Aug. 28 and afternoon and evening of Aug. 29, at the rooms of the Children's Aid Society, 646 East Fourteenth street.

ESTHER DUNKIRK, aged 12.
JESSIE DUNKIRK, aged 11.
PHEBE HAMMERSMITH, aged 14.
EMILY FREUNDLIEB, aged 15.

Minnie's Collection.

To the Editor:

Please find inclosed $1 which I collected from my friends for the Sick Baby Fund. Voorhees Bros., 30 cents; Mrs. Holt, 20 cents; Ezra Mundy, 25 cents; W. C. Acken, 10 cents; papa, 15 cents.

MINNIE W. COMPTON, age 12,
Metuchen, N. J.

Packing-Room Employees.

To the Editor:

You will find inclosed a postal note for $2.60 for the Sick Babies Fund, hoping it will do a little good, contributed by friends of the babies, from the packing-room of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, Stamford, Conn.

A Twenty-Dollar Check.

To the Editor:

Acknowledge inclosed twenty-dollar check for Sick Babies' Fund and oblige "DAD."

A Victim of Mal de Mer.

[*From Life.*]

Mr. Pitcher—Oh, let me die!

Mrs. Pitcher (in disgust)—Yes, that is just like you; you never could hold your own.

That Is, Most Men.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"There are two social functions that a man always attends, no matter how many previous engagements he may have."

"What are they?"

"His own marriage and his own funeral, of course."

Technical Education.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Closefist—It cost me over five thousand dollars to give Harry that course in industrial arts.

Herdso—But he must be quite handy with his tools, now.

Closefist—Yes; and the first job he did was to put up awnings on the shady side of the house.

Never Fattened.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Jay Gould started poor."

"Yes, and he's rather lean yet."

A Law of Natural Science.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Bagley—When you carry an umbrella it never rains.

Brare—But when you "put it up" it rains all the time.

And So They Wed.

[*From the Somerville Journal.*]

"Do you know how to cook?" he asked.

"No," she replied, sweetly, "but pa has money enough to hire a woman to do the cooking for us."

Experts Agree that

PERFECT and uniform success in making finest food is more certain with Royal Baking Powder than with any other. Use it in every receipt calling for baking powder, or for cream of tartar and soda, and the lightest, purest, most wholesome and appetizing food is assured.

MARION HARLAND: "I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best in the market. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other."

MISS MARIA PARLOA: "It seems to me that Royal Baking Powder is as good as any can be. I have used it a great deal, and always with great satisfaction."

MRS. BAKER, Principal of Washington, D. C., School of Cookery: "I say to you, without hesitation, use the 'Royal.' I have tried all, but the Royal is the most satisfactory."

M. GORJU, late *Chef*, Delmonico's, New-York: "In my use of Royal Baking Powder, I have found it superior to all others."

A. FORTIN, *Chef*, White House, for Presidents Arthur and Cleveland: "I have tested many baking powders, but for finest food can use none but 'Royal.'"

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Jacket Bodies Are in Great Favor—Bishop and Mutton-Leg Sleeves—Children's Frocks Are Simply Made—Trimming of Summer Costumes.

Jacket bodies are on the top wave of success just now, whether cut square or round. The tiny fronts are of lace, passementerie, velvet, silk, wide sash ribbon, embroidery, etc. Short revers are made by turning the upper corners back, and another style has the upper part of the jacket fronts cut down to meet in a point over a plastron.

The bishop and mutton-leg sleeves hold their own with the enlarged coat shape. In Paris the glove sleeve, wrinkled from the shoulder to the wrist over a close-fitting lining, remains a favorite. For a wrist trimming frills of lace falling over the hands or rows of gimp are the universal finish.

The young Queen of the Netherlands, at the favorite country residence of the late King William, Het Loo, near Apeldoorn, has quite a miniature garden, aviary and poultry-yard of her own; also a tiny greenhouse which is almost entirely superintended by herself.

Children's frocks are made in the simplest style, the yoke top with straight widths set in full, hemmed and tucked at the edges, and confined only by a sash; or for older girls, leather belts have been much worn. The yoke is lined, but the lower part is simply straight and unlined, and these frocks are so pretty and so easily laundered that they are deservedly popular. The sleeves consist of a straight width of material gathered on over a shaped sleeve lining. For very young children the Tudor front is made in this yoke fashion, and no sash is worn; or the pinafore over-dress is set into a low yoke of insertion or trimming, and the under-dress is high, and has full sleeves, and no sash is worn. This is very effective if carried out in two colors.

At the recent funeral of the late King of the Sandwich Islands a "Domine refugium," composed by the Queen Liliuokalani, was executed. The Queen, it seems, had presented the town of Honolulu with a band of trumpeters, and has started a choir, presided over by an English pianist.

Many of the fashionable sleeves on dresses and mantles were brought down almost to the knuckles.

With Summer costumes the skillful arrangement of trimming has the greatest effect in producing a smart and effective finish, and however pretty the material, yet if light and colorless it imperatively demands some touches of deep color, which now generally takes the form of ribbon velvet. Soft materials, such as foulard and delaine, are always made with a full front, although the back may be quite close-fitting if desired.

Miss Nikita, the American soprano, is engaged to be married to Prince Mirza Riza Khan-Consul and aide-de-camp to the Shah of Persia. In the communication which brings this news it is added: "One of the conditions of the proposed marriage will permit the artist to continue her professional engagements five months in the year," a statement in which her admirers will doubtless be interested. Miss Nikita will in October start a provincial tour.

The following good advice, which is taken from our interesting contemporary, *Baby*, will no doubt be found useful during the next few months: "Poisoning by toadstools or plants.—When a child comes in from a walk showing symptoms of poisoning, make him sick as quickly as possible. To do this, give him as much warm water as he will drink; half a glass every five minutes, if possible; at the same time tickle the interior of the throat with a feather. If the warm water does not bring on vomiting in about a quarter of an hour, mix some salt and mustard together, and make him drink this. When the child begins to vomit, press his stomach. After the sickness, wash the mouth and let him sleep."

The One He Hates.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Snooper—You a woman hater! That's odd. You weren't on before you were married.

Swayback—No, I have a mother-in-law now.

The Way He Looked at It.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Mrs. Swayback—Here is an account of a man who was arrested on his weddidg tour.

Her Brother (a chronic bachelor)—Another warning against getting married.

THE WORLD'S OFFER:
A Special Midsummer Discount until Sept. 30 on Sow'd Wanted.
15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

A "World's" Artist's Work.

[*From the Boston Herald.*]

There have been interviews and interviews, but the New York WORLD man's confabulation with Ex-Speaker Reed is about the neatest piece of work in this line that we have run across lately. It is the work of an artist in the profession.

THE CLEANER.

Such a boom in the wheat market as the past few days has witnessed always brings out a lot of members who are never seen on the floor of the Exchange except on exciting occasions like these. Many of them never trade in the options at all, but when things get warm and lively they enjoy nothing better than to come in and watch for the fun around the grain pit.

* * *

I have heard frequent complaints of late about the bad condition of the roads on Jersey City Heights, in Union Hill and West Hoboken. Notably is this true of the thoroughfare leading from the Paterson plank-road to Hoboken. This was put in repair about a year ago and has been in a fairly good condition until lately, when some parties, whose names the authorities are anxious to learn, scattered beds of clam shells over the road, which badly lacerate the feet of passing horses.

* * *

On a recent visit to the Clinton avenue police station in West Hoboken I discovered a peculiar state of affairs. The Captain was off duty, the Sergeant was at home asleep, having been in the station-house all the previous night, and the Department was left to take care of itself. No person was in the station-house, and the cells were all empty. The doorman was washing the windows from the garden at the rear, the only personification of the majesty of the law to be found in that neighborhood.

* * *

Riding over the granite hills of New Hampshire the other day I was surprised on meeting Charles N. Vilas, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, more especially as the particular section of the State where we met is not a common resort of Summering cityites. Mr. Vilas told me that he was on his boyhood stamping-ground. He still loves the hill-environed spot of his nativity in Cheshire County, and has built him a cottage there, where he spends most of his Summer vacation.

* * *

I cannot approve of the facilities for reaching the spectacular play El Dorado at Weehawken, N. J. They are of the worst possible kind, and are the subject of bitter complaint from visitors. The North Hudson County Railroad Company runs a single track to the entrance of the grounds, but this line can only accommodate about half a dozen cars, and these are only operated at night. As a result, when the performance is over these cars are overcrowded and unable to fill the demand of the public. An elevator is in process of construction, designed to convey visitors from the ferry at Weehawken; but this will not be completed until November.

* * *

Following the example of the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange managers are bent upon making a collection of oil paintings, comprising portraits of deceased members prominent in the affairs of the Exchange in the past. They propose to hang them around the walls of the big Board-room, which are now bare and white, and thus transform the great empty-looking space into a handsome art gallery. They have already made a beginning with full-length portraits of two ex-Presidents of the Exchange.

* * *

It has been hinted that the action of the last Republican Congress in creating a new Central American Mission to the Republics of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador was taken in the interest of ex-Senator Warner Miller and his Nicaragua Canal scheme. The Canal Company only has concessions from Nicaragua, and as part of the route is along the boundary of Costa Rica one is needed from that country. Is Minister Shannon, recently appointed, to exercise his best efforts to secure such a concession?

"SHE COULDN'T MARRY THREE."

Bess was a little fisher maiden, said to be first cousin, to the heroine of the classic ditty. She was the central figure of "She Couldn't Marry Three" perpetrated last night at the Windsor Theatre, and in the midst of poverty she wore a plush bodice cut low, and some gauze skirts to dance in. The erudite author of this immortal work, one John J. Kennedy, knows a great deal about fisher maidens, and he has tried to tell all he knew, and much that other people knew in this particular play.

Bess is a soubrette, and she is obliged to dance and eat apples and wear a baby hat and make a fool of herself, besides indulging in various vulgar actions that the good John J. Kennedy has prescribed for her. She cries at a moment's notice—generally in time for a tableau at the close of the act—and everybody likes her, including a very dice young ban with a cold in his dose, who marries her. Two others would like to have made her their wife, but she prefers the dice young ban. There is a villain, who goes plotting around throughout five acts, for no earthly reason that I could discover. He hates everybody on general principles, and is determined to ruin everybody else. One of Bess's lovers threatens to rend him limb from limb, but I rather imagine he meant that he would rend the villain's suit, which was one of the this-style-$4.00 to be found just opposite the window. It would rend very easily and luxuriously.

"She Couldn't Marry Three" is pitiful, undiluted trash, made up of the most ancient portions of doleful melodrama. It is without form and void, and it is dreadfully acted by all except Miss Lillian Kennedy, who is a very charming young woman with much dramatic perception. If Miss Kennedy is wise she will never, never, never let her brother write her another play. She will say, "Kill me, John, if you will, but oh! save your play!" For John's play is a horror from beginning to end. John himself as Bob Backus, however, did well.

The dice young ban with the cold in his dose was Lawrence Williams. "By dear Bess," said he, "by old uncle bust not be idsulted. Try for by sake dot to addoy hih." Lawrence was very awful, and he didn't know it. But the most amusing member of the cast was E. P. Sullivan, who roared through the evening and strutted about like a rooster. Mr. Sullivan could make a fortune as a burlesque actor. George W. Barbier was the villain, with big dabs of flour at the side of his head, and what looked like a black crape mustache. He wore the $4.00 suit. Virginia Russell was very funny as "the beautiful Miss Sedgwick." Her arms moved around like a windmill and she seemed to have a pain all the time.

The scenery was remarkable, and the mechanical realistic moon could secure an engagement at Tony Pastor's. It was the most interesting moon I have ever seen. At one time it was positively square. The clouds were also very nice in their own eccentric way. Carboy's Abbey by moonlight was pretty tart, thank you, and the magnificent plush parlor scene, on which a few yards of terra-cotta plush were pasted on some strips of cardboard, quite took away my breath.

"She Couldn't Marry Taree" will certainly go——to other cities, I trust. ALAN DALE.

OUT OF THE MAIL BAG.

"Doctored" Watermelon.

To the Editor:

Kindly tell a reader the proper method of preparing a watermelon with champagne, &c. J. R. P.

Plug the melon, pour in champagne, replace plug and put melon on ice, plugged side up, for a few hours.

Young Men in Business.

To the Editor:

Has a young man under twenty-one years of age got a right to open a business?

HARLEM.

Certainly.

The Argentine Republic.

To the Editor:

Will you please tell me the names of persons or places where I can procure the best and most reliable information relative to the people, climate, resources and conditions of the upper part of the Argentine Republic and the Republic of Paraguay.

WILLIAM STEELE.

Apply Consul Carlos Calvazana, 120 Front street.

A Secret.

[*From Life.*]

She—How softly the breeze whispers over this field.

He—Yes, dear—but the corn is all ears, you know!

A Scientific Deduction.

[*From the Indianapolis Journal.*]

"'Dr. Dowd,'" read Mr. Weary Watkins, "'has found that each cubic inch of soil contains from 60,000 to 2,250,000 my-noot o-r, or, 2-3-0, gan, 1-2-m-s, organisms.' What's a organisms, Hungry?"

"A organism," replied Mr. Hungry Higgins, in an aggravating tone of intellectual superiority, "is a livin' critter, of course."

"If them figgers is right, what a travellin menagerie you must be!" replied Mr. Watkins.

ONE OF THE OLD BOWERY BOYS.

HE'S ONE OF THE HEIRS TO A $3,000,000 ESTATE.

Samuel Carter, of Flatbush, a Unique Character of Old-Time New York—He Tells a Reporter About His Experiences with Catarrh for Thirty Years and How Drs. McCoy and Wildman Made a New Man of Him.

"Yes, I'm one of the old Bowery Boys. I used to run with No. 15 engine and I lived on the Bowery, between Walker and Hester sts., but that was more than a quarter of a century ago."

The speaker was Samuel Carter, aged 65, who has lived in Flatbush, L. I., for the past twenty-five years. Everybody in Flatbush knows Sam Carter. He's a brother-in-law of Gerret Stryker, who keeps the Prospect Park stables there. Mr. Carter lives on Flatbush ave., near East Broadway. He is one of the heirs of the Hopper estate, in the neighborhood of 50th st. and Broadway,