The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Next week everybody will know just how it is at Chicago.

Once more it may be said that Rapid Transit seems to move.

Farmer DUNN said "cooler Saturday morning," and it was so.

Lightning strokes ended a day of sunstrokes in New York yesterday.

Lightning struck a solid building in New York last night. It is expected to demolish a number of airy castles at Chicago within a few days.

Squash pie is to be a feature at "Old Hutch's" restaurant. The old man has stopped finding his "pie" among unwary operators on 'Change.

For the first time two Yale scholarships have been won by women. The fair sex continues to get an increasingly fair show at college as elsewhere.

In Taney County, Mo., two men fought with knives and both have since had their funeral days appointed. Such bloodshed would inexpressibly shock the French duellist of the day.

Aid to the fund providing free doctors for the sick babies of the very poor is help well bestowed. Everybody who is able should be a sharer in the joy of so great a work of charity.

Ulster Province's convention presented its vexing side of the Irish Home Rule question without mincing words. But patriots on the other side will very readily accuse it of whittling ideas.

Will the lynching of the four Italians in Washington give Dr. DEPEW an unpleasantness with King HUMBERT, to begin on, in case the portfolio of State really passes into his hands?

A verdict of $1,500 was rendered in a city court yesterday as a slight intimation to the defendant that when he was invited to share his brother-in-law's home the invitation didn't include his sister-in-law's heart.

Rather out of the ordinary was the case of the Columbus girl who committed suicide because her hair was pulled by the wife of a man with whom she had flirted. A lock for a lock would have been more in line with the expected.

It seems the tariff fence wasn't built high enough for the tin-plate manufacturers who want encouragement in America. They now propose to dig out a little scrubbed to make the fence look higher by lowering the wages of the workmen. This is queer protection.

A negro sharper who had worked a land-claim swindle on numerous members of his race was barely rescued alive from a mob of his victims yesterday at Kingfisher. Both the buncoer and the mob can be accused of imitating some white men's methods, and both were deplorably unfortunate in their choice of subjects for imitation. They must do better for the good name of their race.

The woman sharper whose trump card has just been accidentally exposed is something of an innovation among New York swindlers. By the oft-repeated tale of an idiot child, dead on Randall's Island, whose funeral expenses must be paid, she worked a number of enterprising merchants out of $10 "loans," which she "surely would repay." Of course, subsequent developments have not proved pleasant for the benevolent gentlemen who were taken in by the sly one's tale of woe, but that $10 is not utterly wasted which goes as financial evidence of any man's willingness to put himself on the roll of earth's most modest philanthropists.

ANOTHER CHINESE BRIDEGROOM.

Another young American woman has offended public sentiment by marrying a Chinaman. It is a repetition of the effect of female missionary work in the Chinese Sunday-schools. The bride is twenty years old, fairly good-looking and a Philadelphian. The bridegroom is described as a typical Chinaman, thirty years of age, of unprepossessing appearance, yellow-skinned, with decayed teeth, scrubby hair and a queue. He lives on Long Island.

The girl was set to teach the Chinaman religion. She taught him love instead, or the unhealthy sentiment which passes for love, and caught the infection herself. This is the mischief of the Chinese Sunday-school craze. It is a disgusting and degrading occupation for young women, and there ought to be some way of putting a stop to the evil. If pietists are anxious to save the souls of Chinamen, let them not do it at the sacrifice of the self-respect of American women.

Put men teachers in such schools or close them up altogether.

OPPORTUNITY FOR REFLECTION.

It is doubtful whether the headquarters of the struggling politicians at Chicago, and the hotel halls and barrooms where the claims and availability of the several candidates are discussed, will be closed to-morrow out of respect for the wishes of the Sabbatarians. Controversies and cocktails, proselytism and whiskey punches, bluff and beer, will probably be indulged in as freely on Sunday as on any other day during the continuance of the pow-wow.

Nevertheless, Sunday will be a good time for reflection and introspection. Delegates who are clamorously proclaiming that this or that candidate cannot carry New York may well pause to ask themselves by what right they presume to speak for a great State of 1,500,000 voters. Leaders who insult and denounce a very large percentage of their party will do well to reflect whether they cannot serve their party better by retiring than by continuing in leadership. Men who indulge in abuse and misrepresentation of any candidate who has an honorable record and the respect of the Democracy may well bethink themselves whether more modesty and moderation would not win them greater respect and consideration among their party associates.

If our Chicago friends spend Sunday in such reflections as these, and rise on Monday morning with an earnest determination to forego personal interests and prejudices for the sake of peace and harmony, their next week's work will win them honor from their party and may lead to victory in November.

SO FAR, AT CHICAGO.

The proceedings at Chicago up to the present time have been comparatively unimportant. They are not as highly seasoned as were the political dishes served up at Minneapolis for the half-dozen days preceding the Republican Convention. All that has been as yet developed are the facts that Mr. CLEVELAND has far greater personal strength than any other candidate, and that a number of favorite sons would be very well pleased if chance should lead the Convention their way.

The New York opposition to Mr. CLEVELAND has already shown itself, but it is not as violent and unrelenting as was the New York opposition to Mr. TILDEN in 1876. Then personal violence was resorted to by the anti-Tilden men, and assaults were of almost hourly occurrence in the hotels. Placards setting forth that Mr. TILDEN would be beaten by 50,000 majority in New York were posted all over the Convention city.

Neither is the fight against CLEVELAND as bitter up to the present time as it was in 1884 under the leadership of BOURKE COCKRAN, Judge GRADY and others. Indeed, the Tammany delegates now signify their willingness to do all they can for Mr. CLEVELAND if he should be nominated. Their good example has been followed by the Syracuse conventionists, who, in response to direct questions, pledged themselves to Mr. HILL's support if he should be the nominee.

Next week the real work will begin, and there is hope that it may after all be harmonious and satisfactory.

UNNECESSARY BLUNDERS.

Comptroller MYERS has caused an investigation to be made of the accounts of the various charitable institutions which are receiving out of the excise moneys a per capita allowance for all the committed children they take care of. In many instances the institutions have drawn from the city a larger amount than they are entitled to through a misstatement of the number of children under their care. The total of the overcharges discovered reaches nearly $10,000, and this seems to be for one month only.

It is not alleged that there has been any intentional overcharge. The errors are attributed to bad bookkeeping. As at one institution the excess is over $4,600 and at another $3,600, the bookkeeping must have been very deficient indeed. The amounts overdrawn are said to have been refunded.

These blunders in the accounts of charitable institutions suggest the advisability of a close examination of the accounts of other public institutions which draw money from the city on a per capita basis for the number of persons they maintain—such as the Charities and Correction Department, for instance. Would not an occasional census of such institutions, carefully taken, be useful for comparison with the number of persons charged as being cared for there? An investigation in this direction by the Comptroller certainly could do no harm and might do some good.

THIRTEEN AT THE PUBLIC CRIB.

A list of the relatives of President HARRISON by blood or marriage, who are at present holding Federal offices, shows that they number just thirteen.

Superstitious people object to sitting down to dinner with this ill-omened number of guests around the table. But these thirteen Harrisonians are all feeding at the public crib at the present time. Will there be a political death in the family during the next year to satisfy the old superstition?

DEPEW AT WASHINGTON.

Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is at Washington. There is a rumor among his friends that he really contemplates accepting the position of successor to Mr. BLAINE in the Cabinet. He says himself that he is on "bridge business," which means that he goes to the capital covered with the glory of his nomination of HARRISON to demand a stoppage of the Harlem River improvement and the surrender of the upper portion of New York to the Vanderbilt corporation of which he is President.

THE CLEANER.

In the window of an uptown store on Broadway, a Turk sits daily making rugs. He has not conversed with any one for more than a year because he can find nobody who speaks his language. He comes from a small province in Turkey where the dialect is peculiar to the country, and he has been able to find but one person who can understand him. That exception is a commercial traveler who is now abroad.

* * *

When in need of money he makes signs to his employer, who shows him coins and bills of different denominations. He is an apt scholar as regards the value of currency and selects what he wants. After making his purchases he brings back the change to his employer for safe-keeping. Being economical, he has quite a snug bank account to draw from.

* * *

This recalls to the Gleaner the case of a Danish sailor, who met his mother after a separation of nearly twenty years. When an infant he was adopted by the wife of a sea captain, and later joined Uncle Sam's navy. Through friends he was informed of his mother's whereabouts and sent for her to join him in this country. When she arrived, the assistance of an interpreter was needed, as he could speak only English, while his mother could converse only in the Danish tongue. To add to the oddity of the situation, the sailor had cultivated a rich Irish brogue.

* * *

Steamships sailing for Europe to-day will carry $4,350,000 in gold. What a chance for an enterprising pirate!

WORLDLINGS.

The feat of putting a standard locomotive together in ten hours from the driving of the first rivet to the varnishing of the cab was performed in Stratford, England, recently.

There are a few more than a thousand Americans in China, nearly one-half of whom are women.

Telephones are now attached to diving apparatus, so that the diver can communicate at any moment with the people above him.

Patti's watch, which is no larger than a ten-cent piece, but sparkles with gems, is valued at $1,000.

Siberia is said to be a country of enormous natural wealth which no effort has yet been made to develop.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Summer Season.

The season of the year's at hand
When the Summer girl as pert,
Will stroll along the whitened sand
Clad in her brother's shirt.

With dainty straw hat on her head,
And freckles on her face,
With sprightly air she trips gayly tread
To Summer's breezy pace.

And each young man who not inquire
Her pedigree or birth,
But he will wonder, walking by her,
How much her pa is worth.
—*Tom Masson, in Cloak Review.*

A Plaint.

Just a little dimple,
On the chin it lies;
Just a smile—quite simple—
That's what makes the girl.

Just some ducats yellow,
Just a little good coin—
That's what makes the fellow,
Everybody knows.

Just the nick to "get there,"
Just to please her dad;
Zounds! An epithet there.
That's what makes me mad.
—*Harlem Life.*

The Pledge.

I took the pledge the other day—
Alas! I kept it not,
'Twas the Pain-killer that kept it,
And still that pledge he's got.
—*Judge.*

Reciprocity in Politics.

[From the Chicago Mail.]

This being the age of reciprocity, Republican editors have now begun to assist the Democrats in nominating a ticket.

Playing a Reid Instrument.

[From the Chicago Times.]

The Republican party to Whitelaw Reid—You have the nomination, now produce the "stuff."

No Chance to Steal the Nomination.

[From the Chicago News.]

For the protection of strangers visiting the Democratic Convention, Chief McClaughry has ordered his policemen to arrest all well-known professional thieves on sight.

Verbally Speaking.

[From Puck.]

Teck—Woman is a creation of mood.

Peck—True; and my wife's mood is the imperative.

The Infant Class.

[From Puck.]

"It's the little things in life that count," said the philosopher.

"Yes, indeed," said the primary teacher; "you should visit my school some time and hear them."

A Puzzling Question.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

Frances (four years old)—Mamma!

Mamma—What is it, dear?

"You never saw me before I was born, did you?

"No, love."

"Then how did you know it was me?"

The Old Man Was On.

[From Puck.]

"Well, Uncle Reuben, that's a fine pair of exen you have."

"Ya-as."

"What have you named them?"

"Nigh one's Flat an' th' off one's Rudder."

"Strange names, aren't they?"

"Not fur steers."

Their Only Chance.

[From Life.]

Cumso—It was a wise provision of the fathers of the nation that the President of the United States must be a native.

Fangle—Why?

Cumso—Well, if reserved one office for those born in this country.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S GIFT

From an English Prison She Sends Aid for the Sick Babies.

Her Own Little Ones Have Been Deprived of a Mother's Care.

Frank Richards, Who Is in America in Her Behalf, Adds His Mite.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$2,678.03
Mrs. Maybrick	5.00
Frank Richards	5.00
C. M. H.	25.00
Gideon A. Daly	25.00
Theodore Obermeyer	5.00
Katie Behler's Collection	7.20
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B. E. S.	.12
R. Rackert and Maud Ackert	.02

Word of the good work accomplished through THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund has gone abroad, and has even penetrated the walls of an English prison, where an American woman is languishing for a crime of which there is much reason to believe she is innocent.

That woman is Mrs. Florence Maybrick, the death of whose husband was followed by her arrest and sentence to life-imprisonment on a charge of poisoning.

An effort is now being made to secure Mrs. Maybrick's release, and Mr. Frank Richards, who has come to New York in her behalf and is now stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has the original of the following letter from her, a copy of which he has sent to THE EVENING WORLD:

"DEAR MR. RICHARDS: I have heard of the fund which the New York EVENING WORLD is raising for the benefit of poor sick children. When I think of my own little ones I feel I must give something to this praiseworthy purpose. THE WORLD has already shown me how it can feel for the unfriended and the unfortunate. Yours sincerely,

"FLORENCE MAYBRICK."

Mrs. Maybrick's gift to the sick babies of New York is a bill of exchange for $5. In forwarding her contribution Mr. Richards has added something to it from his own purse. This is his letter.

"*To the Editor*

"Inclosed please find $5 as a small contribution to the Sick Babies' Fund. There can be no more pitiable sight than a sick and suffering little child; it is only more intensely pitiable when poverty is added to its sufferings. As a thank offering for the escape from serious discomforts of the unprecedented heat of the last few days I send my mite and shall continue to send $5 per week during the hot weather while I sojourn in your city.

"Your Sick Baby Fund reminds me of the two little children of your unfortunate countrywoman, Mrs. Maybrick. When I think of them, or of their sufferings; when I consider that they are among strangers and do not know the meaning of the word mother; when I think that no kindly sympathetic motherly hand tends them in all their little childish ailments; when there is no gentle, loving, devoted mother to caress and soothe their feverish brow; when I think of her illegal detention in a cold and solitary cell; when I know her brave forbearance and patient demeanor, which her jailers have remarked more than once to me—then it is that I feel more than ever the great injustice which one of the most unpopular Ministers has imposed upon your countrywoman for a crime for which she has neither been indicted nor tried.

"A gross injustice has been perpetrated, and as our criminal laws are at present constituted, we have no way ourselves of righting the dreadful wrong we have done. I have undertaken a journey of over six thousand miles to lay the true facts before your people and it will be impossible for you to remain inactive when you are au courant with them.

"It is in the power of Americans to restore her to her little children. If an English woman were similarly placed in your country Englishmen would undoubtedly demand for her a fair trial or demand her extradition.

"Yours very truly, FRANK RICHARDS.

"Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, June 16, 1892."

HER BABE WAS VERY ILL.

This Poor Mother Was Ready to Give Up When Help Came.

I was walking along West Twenty-second street the other day. The hot air from the pavements wavered in the sunlight as if it came from a furnace. The stones of the street were so heated that when a sprinkler passed the air was full of the odor of steam, as if one had plunged a red-hot stone into water.

I walked close to the railings in front of the houses, trying to keep on the little strip of shadow which lay on the edge of the walk. And as I passed thus close to the different flights of steps I suddenly came upon a woman.

She was sitting crouched in the shadow at one side of the steps, and in her arms she held a baby. I passed so close to her that I startled her and she looked quickly up at me. As she did so I saw that she was crying.

The glimpse was so sudden, and I was so accustomed to forlorn-looking individuals who select shady corners from which to send beseeching glances and whining appeals that I had passed the next house before I really became aware of the impression that glance had made upon me.

I could see the woman's face between me and the glaring pavement; it quivered in the pulsating heated air; my feet began to feel more like lead than they had before, and I almost turned around to go back.

"No," I said stubbornly to myself, "I won't be a philanthropic goose! These people cry as easily as I walk. They have their tears under good control, and she—that woman—has brought along her flood of weeping just as she has that baby, which is probably a dummy, just for effect."

I relieved my mind thus and then what do you suppose I did?

I promptly turned around and went back.

She was there yet, and so was the real flesh and blood, or, rather, skin and bone, baby, and also the tears.

"What is the matter?" I said, with a great deal of dignity and with a manner which would have sent the thermometer down a hundred degrees.

The poor woman looked frightened. She evidently thought that she had trespassed upon my domicile, or the steps of it, and she rose quickly as if to go on.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I was very tired; that is all."

"Sit down," I said, abjectly. "I did not mean anything; only I saw that you were crying and I thought you might be in trouble."

"I am," she replied, with a burst of tears, which she wiped away with a handkerchief that had been spread over the baby's head and had partially concealed its face. As she took this away I was startled to see that the child was fairly waxen it was so pale. There were blue shadows around the mouth; the eyes were sunken; the veins showed clearly in the temples, and it was evident that the baby was very, very ill.

There is nothing, it seems to me, so pitiful as a suffering child, and my sympathies were enlisted the moment I saw the violet shadows on that baby face.

"What is the matter with the baby?" I said, as I took hold of the wee fingers and found them cold and clammy.

"Well, he was teething, and he was sick and fretful, any way, and then yesterday he was worse and to-day he was so bad that I took him over to the dispensary. And at the dispensary, the doctor, he said that the baby had cholera infantum. And he said why in the world did I bring him out in the hot sun, that it would kill him, and for me to—oh! to do a lot of things I can't do any more than I can fly!" and the heart-broken mother sobbed outright.

"Well, but why did you take him out in the hot sun? And you have no umbrella or anything to shade his poor little head. You ought to have been more thoughtful," I said, with quite an air of virtuous but kindly indignation.

The woman looked at me with a reproachful glance, as much as to say, will no one understand?

Then she bent her head over the child, as if she turned to the poor unconscious little thing for comfort. She did not cry any more. She spoke quite calmly and in a rather hard tone.

"You don't understand," she said. "I have no money. I could not send for a doctor to come and see the baby. I tried to do the best I could by taking him to the dispensary. As for a parasol," and she looked rather bitterly at mine; "as for a parasol," she repeated, then stopped. She did not finish her sentence. It was unnecessary, and she saw the chagrin and remorse in my face.

I suppose I might as well have asked her to take the baby out in a dainty perambulator with fluttering lace and exquisite embroideries, as to have expected her to provide an umbrella even.

Fortunately the cars were near, and the motion produced a breeze which, though not very cool, was somewhat refreshing, so that when we reached the one poor room which the woman called home the baby had roused from its stupor.

It was such a new sensation for the sad little mother to have some one to help her, and above all to have a pocketbook with something in it, that she grew positively cheerful as we set about following the doctor's directions for the care of the baby.

She smiled and talked, her eyes grew brighter, and she went into long descriptions of the prosperity she would achieve as soon as she got "a start." Poor thing! She had evidently dreamed her dreams. She had built what to her were glowing air castles; plans for a future when she should be able to leave New York and go with her baby into some little town where she could have a little house and a yard and—a cat!

"I do so love cats!" she added apologetically.

She rambled on thus, growing more light-hearted as one by one she told me her cares, her burdens, and her hoped-for joys. And, such is the power of happiness, the baby actually brightened up under the benignant influence of a sense of hope and comfort, and after one or two doses of medicine looked as if its slender claim on life had been materially strengthened.

To-day that baby is crowing with delight at the returning strength which so quickly comes to childhood, and that mother is dreaming rose-colored dreams of what a day may bring forth for she thinks she has "a start."

It is one of the saddest things in the world to see a suffering child; but it is one of the sweetest things in the world to relieve its suffering.

You can do that through the Sick Babies' Fund, and so the little tots will begin their knowledge of life by having the sweet mingled with the bitter.

Her Penny.

To the Editor

Inclosed please find one penny for the Sick Baby Fund which grandpa gave me for peanuts. BECCA KADANTI, 60 Monroe street.

Bergen Point Friends.

To the Editor

Please find $2 for the Sick Baby Fund from friends in Bergen Point. Hoping it will keep some little one from suffering. P. G. M.

In Memory of Alice.

To the Editor

Inclosed please find $2 in memory of our "Alice," whose joy in life was to relieve the suffering of the poor. A. L.

One Girl's Collection.

To the Editor

Inclosed find $7.30 for THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund, hoping it will help some of the poor little sufferers. Collected by Katie Behler, a King's Daughter and a G. F. S. girl.

Following are the contributors: Louis Bauer, $1; Mrs. G. Miller, $1.25; J. H. R. C. credo, 50 cents; Louisa Strothman, Mrs. Schroeder, Little Germany, Charles Schlefer, W. Nunley, Mrs. Bowie, Katie Behler, Emma Platt, Anton Brander, Joseph Weber, C. A. Bruns, 25 cents each; Josephine Derbohlaw, Fred and Cassie Kooreman, H. Vickers, 20 cents each; S. P. Grove and R. J. Davis, 25 cents each; Willie and Minnie Behler, 15 cents; Julia Kron, 15 cents, J. McFarland and John Beyer, 10 cents each; Mr. Oppold, Mr. Minor, Wintermeyer, Anetta Bessie, 5 cents each.

Percy's Earnings.

To the Editor

I inclose the three cents I earned a very hot day this week for whistling; also a penny papa gave me. This is for the dear little sick babies. I am only three years old.

LITTLE PERCY.

A Mount Vernon Friend.

To the Editor

I inclose 25 cents to help the poor sick babies. I am eight years old and love babies myself. HELEN, Mount Vernon.

Mabel's Savings.

To the Editor

Inclosed please find 10 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. When I save more I will send it. MABEL L. RHODES.

A Boy's Collection.

To the Editor

I am eleven years old, and have collected 50 cents from friends on my street for the Sick babies' Fund. NED GARDNER, Newark, N. J.

His Vacation Money.

To the Editor

Please accept this small tribute for the sick babies.

These twenty-five pennies are part of some money I had saved to spend on my vacation trip. LEO SANDMAN, Greenport, L. I.

Wishes It Was $50.

To the Editor:

Please accept the inclosed 50 cents for the Sick Baby Fund. Sincerely hope it may be the means of relieving the sufferings of some poor little innocent. Wish I could make it $50. I. H. LIBEROTH,
Corner Second avenue and Ninety-fourth street.

And More to Hear From.

To the Editor

With this we send $2.05, subscriptions from one department of our employees, as per list inclosed. Other departments are making up their list and will send when ready. EDWIN C. BURT & CO.

M. Webb, A. Finegan, 15 cents each; M. Sheehan, 10 cents; M. Shedd, 20 cents; Mrs. Douglas, 15 cents; S. Pfeuntz, 10 cents; M. M. McGowan, 20 cents; M. Farrell and Cash, 25 cents each; Cash, 50 cents.

An Invalid's Gift.

To the Editor

My mamma tells me that there are hundreds of little children who are sick, but do not have any doctor or any medicine because their parents are too poor to pay for them, and that many of the babies cannot get well unless other people give some money. Mamma tells me, too, that THE EVENING WORLD says something about the poor sick babies every night, and that every day many people send some money to help pay for doctors, medicine and food. I am sick in bed, but I have a doctor and medicine and food, and when my mamma told me about the poor sick babies and what you are doing for them, I told her I would send $1 out of my bank, as it might help to save some poor little baby. There are lots of other little children with toy banks quite full, and if their mammas would only tell them the story of the poor sick babies, I'm sure they would all want to send something and feel happy about it, as I do. ETHEL M. I.

A Citizen's Protest.

To the Editor

Your editorial commenting upon the light penalty imposed by the Police Commissioners upon William G. Overton, the colored policeman of Brooklyn, is entirely uncalled for. Had a white officer committed the same offense and received the same punishment, you would not have mentioned a word about it. How often have you heard of a white policeman being found off post in a liquor saloon with his coat, helmet and belt off, and sound asleep? For this he is only fined five days' pay, an offense I think more harmful to the public than the one in question, and not one word said about it. But what are we to expect from your paper, being Democratic in politics, and would naturally be an enemy of the colored man? I am a white man myself, and think that the penalty imposed upon the officer was just, but did not think any comment from your paper was necessary. A CITIZEN.

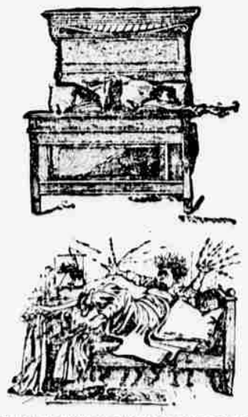
Those "L" Trains.

To the Editor:

I read your editorial headed "The Inconsiderate 'L' Road," in Wednesday's EVENING WORLD, with interest, as I am a daily traveller over the road. You ask the question whether the city has power to compel the Company to run a sufficient number of trains. I am afraid not; but I think the State Railroad Commissioners have. It is part of the duty of the Railroad Commissioners to see that proper and sufficient facilities are provided by every railroad for the accommodation of the public. I think that if the matter was brought to the attention of the Commissioners officially they could not do otherwise than institute an investigation, and out one conclusion could be reached. The "L" managers have always claimed that it would be unsafe to run any additional trains, but there can be no excuse for reducing their number. I think this a good opportunity to add another to the list of things THE EVENING WORLD has done for the benefit of the citizens of this city. F. H. WEEKS.

ANOTHER USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

[From Puck.]



(There is now no excuse for your cook sleeping over time.)

You press the button and that breaks her rest.

Saved Something.

[From Judge.]

Boggs—When Hawkins failed he made everything over to his wife, didn't he?

Creditor—All but his honor. He preserved that for us.

The Little One's View.

[From Judge.]

"Mamma," said little May, "I'm afraid I'm naughty, because I've got an awful stomach-ache."

"It was the pie you ate, I think, May."

"Oh, no, mamma. The pie was too good to behave like that. It must be me."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Watteau Jackets Giving Way to Small Coats.

Pigskin Sets the Latest in Dining Room Furniture.

The sunny days have caused the large, heavy Watteau jackets to all but disappear in favor of the small jackets matching the dress, which is quite the prevailing style at present—tweed dress and jacket, light woollen dress and jacket, serge dress and jacket, worn with cotton shirt or with waistcoats of various hues and materials, nothing particularly startling in color or make, the morning tone being decidedly quiet.

FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

A novelty in the way of dining-room furniture is the pigskin set, in which the chairs are seated with embossed pigskin, which is decidedly ornamental and is said to wear extremely well.

Give the children just as much fresh, ripe fruit as you can afford and just as little ice-water as they will be satisfied with.

A magnificent golden casket was sent anonymously to the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in celebration of their golden wedding. On the lid were portraits of the recipients, while the casket was ornamented with picturesque views of Gotha and Coburg.

Muriatic acid applied daily will remove warts. It is, however, a remedy that must be very, very carefully handled, one drop being sufficient.

The smarter type of gown suitable for picture galleries, the park and similar functions must necessarily either be of rich material or embellished with handsome trimming. Satin and bright-surfaced silks are very fashionable this season, but woollens are of the smooth type or crepon, and all crepe fabrics are extremely popular. Moire is also worn, and is usually worn with very narrow bands of colored velvet, edged jet.

"Get in the habit," writes a French artiste, "of going to bed clean, if not for health and sweet sleep, then to save your friends the trouble of bathing you should you die in the night. Scrub your face with soap and water and wash well up along the hair line all round your head. On rising rinse the face well in cold water and take a sponge bath, followed by a rub down with a coarse towel."

The Princess Hohenlohe sets a good example to all women who dread growing old. She is still a graceful rider and a good hunter, although over sixty years of age.

The midsummer millinery goods are on hand, but displayed under cover and only to old customers. The hat of shirred muslin and chiffon is conspicuous among them. Wings are made of the guipure, and an aigrette set between them. A bow of the white chiffon is under the wings, and behind there are long streamers of inch-wide flame-colored velvet. A smart little bonnet of very fine Tuscan straw has an edge of passementerie in green, pink and gray, and is trimmed with ribbons of these colors laid one over the other, and from the mixed bow a small black ostrich tip stands up straight. A boating hat is made of white chip, and has a soft bow of navy blue ribbon and a gold embossed band round the crown. It is a cheap hat for a young lady, and only costs $3. The black chip hat, with a row of small pink roses round the crown and also under the brim, is well worth the $5 asked for it. Black Chantilly net is draped over the roses on the outside, and there is a stand-up black ribbon bow and lace aigrette, relieved by a brilliant paste ornament. A hat of string-colored guipure is edged round the brim with natural leather trimming, and has white Empress plumes and bows of silk back and front. One of the prettiest of white hats with a flower-pot crown has a straw edge, a white plume, and a white silk band and bow.

Birds on Women's Bonnets.

It has been computed that for every bird of the rarer species, says the Chicago *Mail*, such as the humming-bird, the orange and scarlet cock of the rock, the oriole and the kingfisher—that is worn in a woman's headgear, at least ten have suffered the death pang; counting in the young who die of starvation, the wounded which fly away to drop down and die in the woods or among the reeds, and those which are mutilated and destroyed by the pellets so much as to be unavailable for purposes of decoration.

Bombay's New Waterway.

Bombay, India, has opened magnificent new water works, supplying the city by gravity with 31,000,000 gallons of water daily. The water is brought from a great artificial lake and passes through sixty-two miles of tunnels. The water works, including the dam and aqueducts, are among the famous engineering works of the time.

Black Snow.

They have had a fall of black snow in the Canton of Geneva. This curious coloring, as is now well known, is attributable to the presence in the snow of a fungus.

Violated the Proprieties.

[From Judge.]

"Eugene was horribly dressed last night."

"I thought he looked well."

"Pshaw! A man named Black ought never to wear a yellow necktie."

A Monologue.

[From Puck.]

"Salt reminds me of the ocean, and I like it," said the oyster, "but the exquisite torture of throwing pepper in one's eyes is worthy of the middle ages."

CHANGE YOUR MIND, MARIE.

You Would Not Like Newspaper Work and Its Hardships.

The following communication comes from Marie, a Brooklyn bud:

Pardon me for thus thrusting myself upon you. I am a girl of sixteen and am at present employed as saleslady in a Brooklyn store. Having a liking for newspaper work, or, rather, thinking I have, I ask your advice as to the best way of going about it, which I am sure you will not refuse me. Please tell me what is essential in newspaper work and if being a fluent speaker of German will be of any use to me. What are the hours? And what remuneration does a beginner receive?

I am afraid I have imposed too much on your valuable time, so I will close, hoping to receive an answer. I remain, anxiously, MARIE.

Change your mind, sweet Marie, and don't "go about thinking you have a liking for newspaper work." There isn't any money in it, and unless you can be a Frank Leslie, there isn't any fame. The hours are as many as the day and night contain, and unless a beginner has a kind father and mother to go security for board and clothing he has a rough time of it, and she has a rougher time.

Modesty is one of the essentials; "being a fluent speaker of German" might be of use on a German paper, but most of the New York editors prefer men who can write English, go without rest and refreshment, work seven days in the week, get all the news and be satisfied with whatever pay they can get. An iron constitution and nerves of steel, a heart of stone, eagle eyes, and brains are among the few other materials out of which success is made.

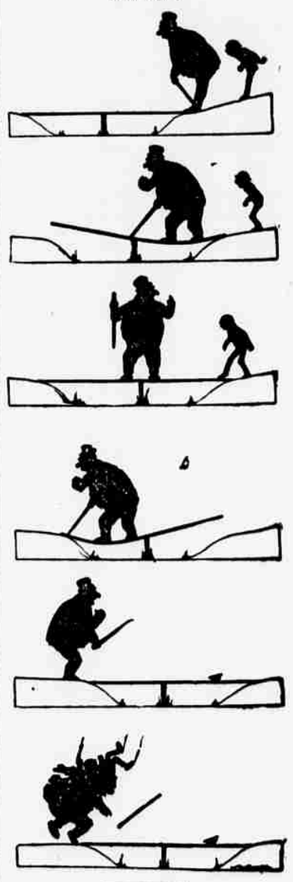
At sixteen a woman is most lovely. You must be pretty. The very brilliancy of your eyes and complexion, the gloss of your hair, the sweetness of your breath, the smooth and delicate curves of your cheeks, the freshness of your lips, the firmness and grace of your limbs, the pretty way your head is set upon your shoulders, and the caressing touch of your soft hands are indescribably charming.

Now why not plunge in behind the dry goods counter and become a first-class saleswoman? Use your English and German, and wit and beauty to make friends and draw trade; say pleasant words to the purse-proud women you have to wait on; try and please them, study their moods, show them everything you have in stock, make them buy, and make your intelligence and personal worth felt; force the heads of departments to recognize your value, and through them reach the proprietor.

Stern devotion to duty, sweet regard for your associates and customers will bring this about. If you don't get promotion after promotion and as much salary as you deserve, marry some good man who can support you and who will love you better than anything on the face of the earth. Be worthy of that love, deserve his confidence, make him proud of you, and you will be happy and far better off than the whole tribe of newspaper scribblers. NELL NELSON.

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN.

[From Life.]



Alas.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

"Poor Goldson. I am afraid the poor fellow is losing his mind."

"By jove! You don't say so!"

"Why, my dear boy, it is nearly 3 o'clock, and I just saw him with his 1 o'clock suit on!"

A Popular Study.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Uncle Wayback—Now, wot's th' use o' teachin' gals all these new-fangled studies? Wot good is this here astronomy you're studyin'?

City Niece—Why, uncle, it's a delightful subject to talk about on moonlight evenings. We point out Venus, and then the young man says something pretty, and then—— See that ring?

BAR KEEPERS, ATTENTION!

There will be spent in this country during the coming Summer over one-half of $100,000 in advertising "Manitou" Table Water and Ginger Champagne. The excellence of both these articles for bar uses is at once admitted by all who have tried them, and as the demand will constantly grow, the sooner you have them in stock, the sooner you will be able to supply your customers. For diluting wines and liquors

Manitou
Table Water and Ginger Champagne

are without an equal, and the Ginger Champagne is superior to any Ginger Ale in existence. The having of these brands in stock will attract trade. Can be purchased of Park & Tilford, Acker, Merrall & Condit, and at all large grocers. Unexcelled for Family, Club, Restaurant and Bar Uses. Convenient forms for Dealer and Consumer.

Packed in cases of	50 Quarts	24 Quarts	100 Pints	48 Pints

The Trade supplied by
TURLE & SKIDMORE, 156 Franklin St., N. Y.
Circulars sent on application.

Kitchen Economy

Actual tests show the Royal Baking Powder to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. If any other baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.