The World

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From June to June.

A GAIN OF

76,948

"WORLDS" PER DAY.

The Most Remarkable Showing in the History of Journalism.

A STEADY AND HEALTHY GROWTH.

Total number of Worlds printed during June, 1892.... 11,657,516

During June, 1891.. 9,349,040

Increase .. 2,308,476

Average number of Worlds printed per day in June, 1892. 388,583

Average number of Worlds printed per day in June, 1891. 311,635

TOTAL GAIN PER DAY IN ONE YEAR.... 76,948

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Why can't the silver bugaboo be prostrated by the heat?

New York would be willing to see the Christian Endeavorers again.

"MILLER sticks to PLATT." And yet no one has thought to call the Tioga statesman magnetic.

It's the wise way to keep a sharp eye out for cholera possibilities, even though they appear in America remote.

The Whiskey Trust is worried. Anti-Trust distillers are stirring up a particularly hot Scotch for the monopoly.

The G. A. R. man who got a wife as a premium with his weekly paper may be going around to ask the editor for a retraction one of these fine days.

The Kings County "L" road management announces a coming change to electric motors. The end of smoke and cinders on the Manhattan Elevated is still apparently far from view.

The fire which was roasting the Coney Island elephant was discovered just in the nick of time. That peculiarly constricted animal could be too easily overdone by a persevering blaze.

Canada springs nobly to the relief of Newfoundland's fire-stricken capital. It wouldn't be at all out of the way to do something on this side of the line for the homeless and needy of St. John's.

These are excellent days to remind the friends of children of how much good they can do for small sufferers in the tenements by means of a timely contribution to THE EVENING WORLD free doctors fund.

Brazil has an Italian affair on hand, subjects of Humbert having been badly treated in Santos and San Paulo. She has lost no time in promising reparation. But will she get time to make it between revolutions?

Chinamen in hundreds bob up in Toronto and then dis ppear. They come direct from China and make a quick "underground" connection with Mott street or the Celestial quarters of our other big cities.

Triplets in Long Island City, triplets in Asbury Park. This is an interesting rivalry between the domains of the only Founder BRADLEY and the only PATRICK JEROME GLEASON. And it is bound to tell in the next census.

LAW AND ORDER.

The State troops ordered out by Gov. PATTISON are expected to reach Homestead to-day. There is good reason to believe that the locked-out workmen will give them a friendly welcome, and that their presence will be hailed as a security against further violence and bloodshed.

Gov. PATTISON has humanely sent a sufficient force to the scene of the troubles to render any resistance to the military hopeless. It is due to the workmen and their leaders to say that they have always professed a determination not to attempt any violence against the State authorities. Nevertheless, it was a wise precaution on the part of the Governor to take care that the military strength, if it must be invoked, should be sufficient to avert any danger of a collision.

The locked-out workmen will recognize the necessity of respecting the law. However great may be their grievances, the majesty of the State must be upheld, the laws must be enforced and order must be preserved. This is demanded for the safety of the community. By antagonizing the power constitutionally invoked to maintain law and order the workmen would avow themselves the enemies of society and would forfeit public sympathy. What they have now to strive for is such a negotiation between the employer and the employed as justice and humanity demand and as the Carnegie Company cannot refuse without offending the moral sense of the community.

The presence of the military will insure temporary order. Moderation and concession on the part of the Company and the workmen alone can restore permanent peace and good will at Homestead. Manager FRICK will make a mistake if he stands in the way of such a settlement of the troubles, by a foolish determination not to recognize or treat with a labor organization which is just as legitimate and as lawful as the organization of the Carnegie Mills Company.

LET IT BE PUBLIC.

The managers of the notification proceedings will commit a great blunder if they decide that the Democratic candidates shall be officially notified of their nomination for President and Vice-President in the star chamber of some select club-house. If there is to be any demonstration at all it is desirable that the people, the reliable voters at elections, shall take part in it and that it shall not be made an occasion for the glorification of a few politicians.

Let Notification Day be held for the first time in Madison Square Garden or in Union Square, where thousands of people can witness the ceremony, listen to the speeches and be gratified by a sight of the candidates whom they are asked to vote for in November. Club members have not half as much real interest as laborers in the election or the candidates.

The people will expect Mayor GRANT, who has appointed the committees, to favor a public ceremony and thus to lay the foundation for the establishment of Notification Day as one of the institutions of Presidential campaigns in the future.

A PUBLIC DANGER.

Comptroller MYERS has made a trip along the Long Island coast, and finds that it is in a condition menacing to the public health. The coast is "strewn with the refuse of New York—garbage, dead cats and other animals."

How is this? Could such a thing be possible unless the laws prohibiting dumping in the harbor were violated? Is it certain that the city scows are all taken out to sea?

Complaints have been made before now of illegal dumping, not by New York alone but by Jersey City as well, and they have been found not without foundation. Such a practice is a direct menace to public health. It is more than ever reprehensible at this time.

It is to be hoped that the Comptroller will cause a thorough investigation to be made, as he promises.

AS THEY SEE US.

The Christian Endeavorers have been called on to tell how New York impresses them, and among many flattering opinions two points stand forth especially conspicuous.

These are, that the streets of New York are very clean as compared with streets elsewhere and that the people of New York are very polite to strangers.

These compliments are all the more welcome for being unexpected. The common opinion has been that the streets of New York are worse than other streets and that the people of New York do not give themselves the trouble to be polite to strangers. On these points we prefer to accept the testimony of the Christian Endeavorers rather than the testimony of the Rudyard Kiplings.

OUR GUEST FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

A baboon slipped into this country without paying the 20 per cent. ad valorem duty required by law, and proceeded to spend the Summer here in its own primeval manner. It is the guest of H. HOLLE, at 246 Grand street, where it has things pretty much its own way. The Custom-House officials learned about the swath Mr. Baboon was cutting in the simian circles of Grand street and sent an Inspector around to No. 246 to collect the assessment which fell due immediately his ape-ship floated into our harbor.

The Inspector mistook Mr. HOLLE for the financial secretary of Mr. Baboon and presented a bill for $20. Mr. HOLLE denied that he had any connection with his monkeyship's exchequer, and told the Inspector that if he couldn't collect in any other way he might gather Mr. Baboon in and store him in Ludlow Street Jail under the Debtor's act or slam him into the Tombs for assault in the second degree upon the at present tired and overworked tariff.

The Inspector approved this plan and went to arrest Mr. Baboon. He emerged from the interview with his handsome uniform almost in shreds, one sleeve of his coat remaining in the ape's possession, which he will probably use for a nightcap. Mr. Baboon also retained some of the Inspector's brass buttons, which he expects to take back to South Africa to make a bangle bracelet for his best girl. It was a clear case of knockout and lockout for the Custom-House Inspector.

If the Collector of this port really wants that missing link he ought to go about it in a scientific way, and, filling his boots with tar, induce the baboon to pull them on. Then the animal would be at his mercy. Or he might try a bear-trap, or hypnotism, or a lariat. If strategy is not used in collecting that 20 per cent. ad valorem all the uniforms of the Custom-House corps may be made to suffer, and the inspectors will have to go about their duties in chip hats and red overalls for the rest of the Summer.

There is no sign of failing intellect about the brisk utterances of Prince Bismarck, as given in the interview in this morning's WORLD. The veteran ex-Chancellor says he has only spoken his mind, and he goes on to make it evident that he still has a mind to speak. He hopes that the sympathies of Americans are still with him. He may be sure that there has been no decrease in the respect and admiration which his sturdy qualities as an empire-builder won for him even here where empires and all monarchies are considered as rapidly passing out of date.

HENRY DENIS ALBERT will go to prison for ten years instead of to the electric chair for death. His lucky star is much more effective than was that of CHARLES FUCHS, the man whom he stabbed to death for the most heinous offense of tipping over his basket of fruit. Or was it the jury's idea to convey a covert rebuke to practical jokers who are still living?

Whether Mr. MORTON fainted or not when he heard of Mr. REID's nomination for the Vice-Presidency, it is certain that in that news he got his first intimation that Mr. HARRISON's renomination was not to carry his own. He had been allowed to think that his cause and preferment were sure. Now he has opportunity to think on the peculiar gratitude of the party he served well in the campaign of '88.

After a squad of Mexican soldiers had fired one volley at a condemned murderer the sergeant in charge had to fire three shots to end the sufferings of the quivering wretch. If this is a fair sample of marksmanship among the Mexican regulars, what in the world stopped GARZA?

It was making a merry war of it to hire bands and gather flowers to welcome the troops at Homestead. But how infinitely better are bouquets than bullets and the tap of a drum on a welcoming march than the fierce beating of a call to arms.

The bridegroom failed to appear at a Norwalk (Conn.) wedding, but the invited guests were there with their appetites and they demolished the feast in lively fashion when a relative of the bride gave the order to charge on the tables.

THE CLEANER.

There were many disappointed astronomers last night. An occultation of the planet Mars by the moon was due at 11:25 o'clock, but the heavy clouds obstructed any view. As Mars was comparatively close to the earth, a valuable opportunity for studying its surface was lost.

* * *

The death of Organist George W. Morgan is sad news to many Brooklyn churchgoers. Mr. Morgan served in many Brooklyn churches and was for years connected with the Brooklyn Tabernacle, but more recently with Grace Church.

* * *

Comptroller Myers is making a vigorous protest against the dumping of scows too near the Long Island shore. Mr. Myers, who lives at Atlantic-by-the-Sea, says the contents of the scows are being washed upon the various beaches in the vicinity.

* * *

When Mr. Waldor Astor lived in New York he could be seen daily lunching at Delmonico's. Invariably he drank two bottles of ginger ale with his luncheon.

* * *

Frederick Fleming, son of the late May Agnes Fleming, the novelist, spent his share of the $30,000 left by his mother and has recently been driving a street-car. He slept in Tompkins Square until yesterday, when he was arrested on suspicion of having caused the death of Michael Taylor, a laborer, with whom he had been spreeing.

* * *

Founder Bradley, of Asbury Park, had his annual baby parade yesterday. In accordance with the prim rules of this resort the babies wore long clothes. There was one set of triplets in the nursery pageant.

WORLDLINGS.

The throne of an Egyptian queen who flourished 1,600 years B. C. is still in existence, and is supposed to be the oldest chair in the world. It is of ebony, so hardened by age as to appear as if carved from black marble.

The heart of the poet Shelley is preserved by his son, Sir Percy Shelley, as the most precious existing relic of the poet.

The exertion of the Nile begins in June every year and lasts till August. During that time the river is a turbulent stream twelve miles wide.

The chief cause of the decline of population in France is the vast standing army, it being impracticable for the soldiers to marry.

Lady Jeune estimates that there are 1,803,400 domestic servants in England, of whom 1,350,000 are women.

Unreliable.

(From Truth.)

He—Something tells me that you are not entirely indifferent to my attentions.

She—What is it?

He—A little bird whispered it to me.

She—Your feathered friend is off his perch.

Nice and Good.

(From Street & Smith's Good News.)

Aunty—Do you think this cake is fit?

Little Nieve—Yes, I reckon so. I really fought the fact that the proportions of the ingredients are exact, to a nicety. That is why it is good.

OF THE PURITY OF

Manitou

Table Water

THERE IS NO DOUBT, AS IT IS BOTTLED JUST AS IT FLOWS FROM THE EARTH AND SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY. EVERY BOTTLE IS PUT UP AT THE SPRINGS, therefore consumers can be assured that what they receive is the PURE MINERAL SPRING WATER.

MANITOU MINERAL WATER CO., Manitou, Colo.

The trade supplied by TURTLE & SKIDMORE, 132 Franklin st., N. Y. Sold by Grocers and Druggists generally.

FREE DOCTORS' WORK.

Already the Physicians Have Found 2,251 Cases of Sickness.

They Have Visited 27,267 Families in the Tenements.

A Good Result Flows from Every Penny That Is Given.

All letters containing money for the Sick Baby Fund should be addressed to the Cashier of the New York World, Pulitzer Building.

Donations of clothing, &c., should be sent to Mrs. Roberts, 347 West Forty-ninth street.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$4,656.61
East Sixty-eighth street Fair	15.52
Employees M. J. Schloss & Co.	7.00
A. B.	5.00
F. A. T.	2.50
W. P. T.	2.50
Mary, Grace and Nellie Donghan	2.15
Little Clara	2.00
Sig. Deutch	1.25
H. A. B.	1.00
C. B. G.	1.00
A Mother	1.00
Grace and Elmer Barrett	1.00
R. E. D.	.65
Cromwell Mary	.25
H. N. Martin	.25
In memory of Nellie and David	.10

Since the Sick Babies' Fund doctors began work, about three weeks ago, they have stood beside many a tiny bed of pain and allayed the agony of many a suffering little one. They have not only ministered to the sick, but they have put needed clothing upon ragged or naked children and fed numerous starving families.

In the homes they penetrated they found much misery. Wretched single rooms, bare of furniture, dark and cheerless, and rendered all the more dismal by the distress and despair of the occupants, were the places called homes by hundreds of unfortunates. Helpless, innocent children shared the privation and poverty with their parents, and, to make the little one's condition more cruel, numbers of them were down with Summer or other complaints, and many were sick almost to death.

There are thousands of other homes still unexplored by the Fund physicians where the destitution is just as terrible, if not worse, than in those of which EVENING WORLD readers have been informed. Babies are sick and dying in them, and parents, without means, without even necessary food, are powerless to protect their pets or show a brave side in battling for them against disease.

Could you spend a day with a Sick Babies' Fund doctor, going from house to house, visiting family after family, standing beside the sick and seeing the destitution and starvation that involve these homes, what a lesson on the dark side of life you would learn. What sights your eyes would rest upon to melt the heart! What sympathy the sorrows of these people would wring from you! Then you would be able to understand in full the meaning and extent of this charity. Then, too, you would come forward all the quicker to cooperate with the friends and supporters of the Fund.

That the free doctors are busy is shown by the figures contained in the report of the chief of the corps received yesterday. It shows that the physicians have visited 2,957 houses in this city, exploring them from cellar to roof and knocking at every door to ask after the health and home conditions of those within.

They made inquiries of this kind in 27,267 families.

They found in the houses visited 2,251 cases of sickness that needed attention which was given.

Of the 2,251 cases it was necessary to revisit and prescribe a second or third time for 455.

Medicine was furnished in 290 cases where the people were not able to purchase it.

Food had to be provided in 98 cases, and there were 130 applications for clothing.

This is a great result at the very threshold of the sick season for children. Doesn't it show you that the Fund is a noble charity deserving of your moral and financial support? Have you given anything to it yet? If you haven't, don't hesitate any longer. Send what you can, a dime if it is the best you can do, a dollar if it isn't too much for you to spare, $50 or $100 if you can afford it.

The money will be carefully spent you may feel assured, and a good result will flow from every penny of it.

$241.63 From the Harlem Helping Hands.

The fair of the Harlem Helping Hand Society, an organization composed of young ladies of 14 to 16 years, has netted $241.63 for THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund so far. It was a great success. Many fancy articles remain over which could not be disposed of at the fair, and these will be sold later. A check for $241.63 was handed to the cashier of THE WORLD this morning.

Found a Huge Society.

To the Editor:

Yours is the work that can be justly called Christianity, and I think doing more good than all our well-paid ministers and thousands-of-dollar churches. I am sure your good work must be enlarged to such an extent as to do good to all humanity in need, and other cities must follow in your footsteps. Yes, it must be extended to other cities. Tell us how to do it, and you will establish, I am sure, a Christian society that (could it exist) should have existed hundreds of years ago.

On with the good work. It is only in its infancy. Start the good Society, each member to contribute 10 cents every week, and time to be given gratis; no salaries to be paid out only for the needy. Thousands of little ones and old ones need help, and I am sure millions can contribute that small amount. I inclose a weekly donation of 10 cents in aid of the Sick Babies' Fund in memory of

NELLIE and DAVID.

Collected by Three Girls.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $2.11, result of our collection from the following: Mrs. John, Mrs. Müller, 25 cents each; Frankie Silverburg, Mamie, 15 cents each; Mrs. Erickson, Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Helius, W. H. Griff, A Friend, A Friend, 10 cents each; S. Plumb, Mrs. White, Maria Pinto, Mrs. Fickerman, 5 cents each; Mrs. Werner, 2 cents; Mrs. Kind, Mrs. Campbell, Sadie W., Mrs. Schramm, 5 cents each; Mrs. Guaty, Mrs. Conely, Mrs. O'Brien, 1 cent each; M. D., 3 cents; A Friend, 10 cents; Mrs. Perring, Mamie Blake, 1 cent each; C. Topping, 10 cents. We hope to send more soon for the good cause, for we love the babies.

MARY DOUGHAN,
GRACE DOUGHAN,
NELLIE DOUGHAN.

661 East One Hundred and Forty-sixth street.

A Dollar Well Spent.

To the Editor:

The most profitable way in which I ever spent a dollar was by contributing it to THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund. It brought me the blissful consciousness of having done a charitable deed, and perhaps saved the life of one or more poor, sick babies. Can there be a greater profit than this?

Mrs. JOHN SCHWARZKOPF.
167 East Ninety-fourth street.

Three Little Workers.

To the Editor:

We three little girls made up a club and held a fair in East Sixty-eighth street July 8. With the help of our friends we took in $14.52, which we hope will help the poor sick babies very much.

LILLIE SECKENDORF, nine years old.
HELEN WEINMAN, eight years old.
LUCY DEVINE, nine years old.

Made Papa Contribute.

To the Editor:

Our papa just read to us in THE EVENING WORLD the account of the sick babies of New York, so we asked him to give us some money to send. He gave us $1, which we send, hoping it will do much good.

GRACIE AND ELMER BARRETT.
Port Jervis, N. Y.

A Mother's Sympathy.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1. I wish it was more, but have a large family of my own. Will send a few articles of clothing again this year. May every dollar help rescue some little one's path.

A MOTHER, Hicksville, L. I.

A Friend in Rye.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 25 cents for the Sick Baby Fund. I think of the little ones this hot weather.

H. N. MARTIN, Rye, N. Y.

Emily and Her Mamma.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 15 cents from Emily and 50 cents from Emily's mamma.

R. E. D.

More Kind Employees.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $7 collected from the employees of N. J. Schloss & co., 653 to 655 Broadway.

THE COMMITTEE.

A Five Dollar Gift.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $5 for the Sick Babies' Fund.

A. B.

Ruined.

(From Puck.)

Proprietor—What are you taking back, there?

Waiter—Customer sent this beefsteak back; says he couldn't cut it.

Proprietor (examining it)—Take it right back to him and tell him he'll have to pay for it. We can never use it again; he has bent it all out of shape.

Acquired Dignity.

(From Judge.)

Craven Rube—Jim!

Squeezed Jim—What?

Craven Rube—Say "What, sir?" Your pard's jest found a quarter.

A Philosophical Little Head.

(From Puck.)

Young Wife—Dear me! I put that plaster of Paris in an old baking-powder can, and now I don't know which is the baking powder and which is the plaster.

Husband—What do you want to do?

"I want to mend a lamp."

"Well, you can only tell by experimenting."

"Of course. Why didn't I think of that? I will make two sponge cakes, and put one in one and the other in the other."

A Variety to Choose From.

(From Harlem Life.)

First chappie—I say, Barney, do y' take a cold bawth in the mawning now?

Second ditto—No; I don't take it cold any more, old chap. I tried it for a time, but it disagreed with me so very much that I stopped. There's so many other English things one can do, you know.

Cheap Real Estate.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Mrs. Swayback—I understand that Patt got $5,000 for a song.

Swayback—Yes.

Mrs. Swayback—Then she could buy that house we've been looking at for a mere song. That is its price, you know.

A Diplomatic Answer.

(From Puck.)

Impatient Guest—How long is my steak going to be?

Waiter—About eight inches, boss—we giv big portions here.

Economical to the Last.

(From Harlem Life.)

"Isn't old Skinflint dead yet, doctor?"

"Not he. He got an estimate on funeral expenses from an undertaker, testimony and rallied. It costs too much to die, he says."

To Insure Pure Food.

The purest, lightest, sweetest, and therefore most appetizing and wholesome bread, biscuit, rolls, muffins, cakes, crusts, etc., are assured with the use of the Royal Baking Powder.

The New York State Analyst says: "The Royal Baking Powder is superior to any other which I have examined. It is unequaled for purity, strength and wholesomeness."

HOUSE AND HOME

Tumbling in Long Skirts.

I don't know what Sorosis or the dishonored Frances Cleveland Influence Club No. 1 may think of it, but I hail with gladness the news which I find in an English publication, illustrated by the cut which is here reproduced, that these female acrobats, now performing in London, do their ground and lofty tumbling in the garments that are peculiar to our sex.

There are five members of the family, whose name is Franz. Two of them are young men. All five are attired in evening dress while they go through their evolutions.

The women wear black satin toilets, cut low at the neck, with skirts reaching to the ankles, long gloves and the usual feminine adornments of flowers, plumes, &c.

FEMALE ACROBATS IN EVENING DRESS.

Notwithstanding all this, they turn somersaults and go through the usual "family" acrobatic business without the slightest apparent inconvenience and without disarranging dress or ornaments.

More power to the Frauleins, say I! And may they turn and tumble and gyrate high in the air, as you see them doing in the picture, for many a day to come!

When a woman does anything worthy of record she ought to do it in the regalia of her sex. Trunks and tights are opera-bouffish, bloomers are silly, and Mary Walkers are simply doeskin done up to delight the eye of imbecility. Nothing good or great or extraordinary was ever achieved by a woman wearing either of these outlandish garbs.

The women who have distinguished themselves in this world and added to the dignity and fame of true womanhood have always worn women's clothes and followed women's ways. That is why I am proud of the Frauleins Franz. The men ought to sing their praises everywhere and try to find out what kind of corsets they wear.

I tell you, girls, it is best to stick to your skirts no matter whether your ambition lies in the line of mind or the direction of muscle. Be a womanly woman in woman's clothes all the time, with your full quota of pins and hooks-and-eyes in your garments, even if you flop flip-flaps for a living.

THE CRITICAL WOMAN.

This Is a Busy Woman.

Mrs. Emma Drew, of South Norridgewock, Me., carries on a farm, keeps a horse and cow, makes butter for market and sells eggs, besides doing her housework and caring for five little children.

After her household duties are completed in the morning she puts up the dinners for the children, harnesses the horse, taking two of her children, and drives to Martin Stream, where she has a school of seventeen children that she teaches every day in the week but Saturdays.

She is also engaged in canvassing for different publications, and her spare moments are probably spent in making flannel shirts for the heathens in Africa. She is about forty years of age.

A Fancy Waist.

Here is a fancy waist to be worn with a skirt of figured grenadine striped with ribbon. The bodice is of black lace, with flounce falling from the waist; the front is draped in

V-shape and below are ribbon bands and loops; the back is so cut and drawn to a point; puffed sleeves with ruffles held by a band of black ribbon. Two and a half yards of lace for bodice.

A Summer Girl's Toilet Case.

Have you seen the new and quaint and little square and round boxes that depend from my lady's chatelaine?

In the round one is the dearest mite of a powder puff and powder as well. The lid conceals a little mirror that guides the application of the contents.

In the square, curious and antique pendant, we find little stars, squares and circles of court plaster to emphasize a dimple or an eyebrow. Humor hints at little rough pots, but as yet powder and patch have been all we have discovered.

On railway train, on steam boat, or even on the promenade, the little puff can be whisked out, and, with the aid of the mirror, we may once more be our own beautiful selves.

Lemonade as Medicine.

Lemonade, they say nowadays, is a very healthy drink if properly made, and is good for malaria, biliousness and other attendant evils.

On no account should it be made in any tin vessel, as the acid of the lemon forms with the tin a poison that is very apt to produce sickness.

It is better to drink lemonade without sugar if possible; and in any event it should not be too sweet.

A physician who has a great deal of experience says that a glass of lemonade without sugar before going to bed and another on rising in the morning, about half an hour before breakfast, is preferable to calomel for biliousness and is better and more efficacious than Congress water or Hunyadi. Lemons should not be eaten clear, but should always be diluted with water.

A Cologne Bottle Doll.

A gift for a little girl's birthday is made by the use of a cologne bottle well filled, a china doll head and some scraps of silk and lace.

The cologne should be in a common glass bottle, such as drugs are sold in, and this must be furnished with a long, tight-fitting cork. The top of the cork must fit into the neck opening of the doll head. Fix the head

on the bottle in that way; then dress the doll in a gown which is tied around the neck and falls loosely just to the bottom of the bottle. It may be trimmed around the edge.

Over this is put a long cape to cover the deficiency of arms. The neck is finished with a lace ruffle. When the bottle is used the head, cork, clothes and all can be lifted off at once. This will be a pretty and useful ornament for the little recipient's bureau.

The Girl with Exquisite Skin.

"Every night on retiring," said the girl with exquisite skin, "I splash my face and neck with tepid water, softened with a handful of oatmeal. When I get up in the morning I bathe the face in cold water, and rub it five minutes with a piece of soft white flannel—enough to arouse sufficient friction to be visible, but taking care not to rub hard enough to produce roughness or a burning sensation.

"I find that my face gets unmistakably dirty, so two or three times a week I wash it thoroughly in a pint of very hot water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of powdered borax and a half pint of alcohol.

"Beyond these local applications, I am a good exerciser. The open air, brisk walking and intelligent diet after all do more for the complexion than all other devices under the sun.

"Avoid pastry, eat no bread but that which is made of unbolted wheat, keep the pores open, and always remember that friction is essential to a healthy skin."

Sending Coins in Letters.

To send coin through the mail take a piece of cardboard, and using the coin you desire to send put it down on the card and drawing a circle with it cut this circle out neatly.

Place the coin in the circle and adjust a lengthwise and a crosswise strip of paper over it at both sides, as shown in the figure No. 1, pasting the ends of the strips to the cardboard. If desired you may secure the coin with thread sewed across.

ONE WAY OF SENDING COINS THROUGH THE MAILS.

If you want to send more than one coin cut out as many circles as there are pieces of money and fasten the coin in either with paper strips or thread. A half dozen or more pieces may thus be secured in one card.

When the coins have been fixed the cardboard may be inclosed in envelopes and mailed as you would a letter.

Progressive Conversaziones.

A progressive conversation party is a fresh device by which entertainers seek to prevent their guests from sinking to the depths of plain conversation.

The chairs are arranged through the rooms in conversation pairs. On entering each guest takes a numbered card from a basket in the hall, the women picking from one basket, the men from another.

Every woman takes one of the pair of chairs, and the man who held a corresponding number becomes her companion for the opening tete-a-tete, whose subject is duly announced when all are ready. Every three minutes a bell sounds, and the man moves on to the next woman, and the subject is changed, and the tongues wag again or "eyes discourse most eloquent."

No talking across groups is allowed, and all conversation must be in a sufficiently low tone not to distract the attention of others.

When love, marriage, travel, the drama, the weather et al. have been duly discussed, an excuse for the inevitable prize is found as follows: Every one writes on a slip of paper the three subjects he has found most interesting, and the award goes to the one whose list is made up of the three winning topics. Twenty to twenty-five subjects make a sufficiently long list.

The Sweet Girl Cashier.

There is a soft spot in the human heart for grace and beauty, says the Chicago *Tribune*, and just as women like to be waited on by handsome men—and these women are not first's either—so does a man like to see handsome femininity in an unusual place.

What matters it if the steak you get in your restaurant be tough, the bread undone, the coffee wretched? All is forgotten and forgiven, too, when the victim steps to the desk.

Homely girls stand no show behind the desk. Beauty, grace, taste in dress and neatness are requisites. And these draw good remuneration, as high as $15 a week being paid. It is a subtle attraction, and in the last six years has been established in many retail stores, including tobacco shops.

Open Secrets for the Fair Sex.

The bigger the chou upon your high-heeled slipper the smaller your foot will look.

The true secret of French ascendancy in dress is found in their strict observance of the eternal fitness of things.

It is a saving of time to select the color best suited to you, and with the variety of tones which a single shade furnishes you may be gowned in the most becoming manner the year round.

Becoming blue veiling is hardly to be found. Occasionally a piece appears which whitens and adds to the clearness of the skin. You are fortunate if you can run across it, as you will then have secured an important adjunct to your toilet.

Did you know that a brown veil was one of the best beautifiers in the market? If you have the least bit of color it will be sure to bring it out. You must, however, be careful and select the right tint. This is a tone in which there is not a vestige of yellow. Snuff tinted veils are bound to give a sallow tinge to the complexion.

The Summer Girl.

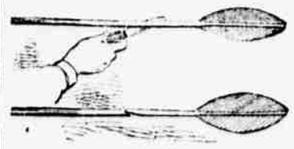
The Summer girl again is dire
In kilted skirt and bodice
At some sequestered rendezvous,
A dainty vernal goddess.
She ready is for any sport
To cast aside her jacket,
And soon upon a tennis court
She'll have a little racquet.—*Judge.*

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Minie-Dart.

To make this toy a pine stick two feet long and one-half inch thick, two brads, a piece of pasteboard or stiff card five inches long and two wide, says *Wide Awake*, an ash stick three feet long and a piece of stout string constitute all the material necessary.

Whittle your pine stick perfectly straight and round, a little larger in diameter than a lead pencil. With a small saw cut in one end a slit about five inches deep. Into this slit insert the piece of card, first cutting it the leaf shape shown in picture. Tack it on with two or three brads, clinching them on the other side to insure their firmness. When this is done balance the dart on your knife-blade to find the "centre of gravity," and at the point where it balances cut a notch slanting in the direction of the point away from the card end.



The next thing is to construct the lash to throw the dart. A piece of ash (or some springy wood is better for this purpose, but pine or spruce will do. Cut this about three feet long and the diameter of a whip handle, so you can hold it comfortably in the hand, yet thin and springy, tapering toward the end. To the small end of this stick fasten a piece of stout string about two feet long, and at the other end of the string tie a knot.

To shoot the dart hold it with the left hand near the tail or paper end, holding the whip in the right. Throw the string over the dart and draw it through the notch until it catches on the knot. Then, with a rapid upward motion, switch the whip into the air, letting go the dart at the same time. The dart will leave the string and soar high into the air.

The lighter the dart is made and the more springy the whip the higher the minie-dart will fly. Be correct in your aim and you may learn to hit the mark as well as did the old-time slingers.

A Long Laugh Indeed.

If all the little children dear
Who are glad vacation days are here
Should stand in a line with their books and slates
They'd reach across the United States,
And then if they counted one, two, three,
And laughed—what a long, long laugh 'twould be!
—*Youth's Companion.*