of propriety. It will be seen at once what care need to be exercised lest a false impression be conveyed touching Gospel liberty regarding the relation of the sexes. I am all to view these things from a quasi Chinese standpoint, and I know whereof I speak. Whether from undue zeal or from an intense fascination from the novel and peculiar work of teaching the Gospel to an Oriental, some teachers are led into most absurd indiscretions. An intimacy is dev loped sometimes which is bewildering, misleading, and undoubtedly very harmful to the pupil. I have had letters brought for my perusal in China, written by women teachers of Chinese, which were simply disgusting, so full were they of gushing sentiment and errant nonsense, having nothing in common with the Gospel of Christ. I have known also other practices of teachers in connection with their Chinese pupils which the same women would be ashamed to repeat in connection with American men. In fact, some teachers have seemed to consider their Chinese pupils rather less than men, something after the fanciful order of household pet, with whom liberties may be taken which would be most unbecoming among gentlemen of their acquaintance. These things but invite the contempt of the Chinese themselves. The direct result of too great familiarity is likely to follow.

I cannot but protest in the name of the missionary body in China against anything of this sort.

It is a well-known fact that Chinamen consider women far inferior to themselves and treat them as slaves. While it is claimed that Caucasian girls, who act as teachers, are treated with respect by their pupils, there are few who will assert that the Chinaman's natural contempt for the female sex is changed by the fact that he is breathing American air and is received with open arms in American Sunday-schools.

By means of their natural cunning Chinese pupils may treat their teachers as superiors, but along with that natural cunning is the nature of a woman-hater, which even the most enthusiastic Sunday-school worker admits will assert itself whenever opportunity occurs.

The reports of missionary work itself go to show that Chinamen are not persons with whom young girls should associate.

In the eleventh annual report of missionary work on the Pacific coast is found the history of the abuse to which a Chinese girl was subjected by the same class of men American girls now think they are called upon to meet on a social equality for the sake of Christianizing them. A portion of the report follows:

Word came to us that Ah Chee, a Chinese girl of thirteen years, had been locked in a room for days with three Chinese men, opium smokers. Mr. Hunter, of the Humane Society, was notified and he rescued her and placed her in the home. Her assailants were bound at once and new ones provided. She is a pretty and promising child. We regret to add that a few days after Ah Chee was taken from the home on a writ of habeas corpus and the person who had given the information in regard to the sufferings of the child was notified that to appear in the case would cost the expense of his life, and as he was not willing to take that risk she was lost to us.

All Chinatown knew of this, as they knew of all our efforts to rescue these girls, and not one single moral sentiment stood forth to save that poor child.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

There continues to be deep interest taken in this question as evidenced by the letters received daily by THE EVENING WORLD, a few of which follow:

To the Editor:

You are deserving of a great deal of credit and praise for the position you have taken against the young American ladies teaching in the Sunday-schools the heathen Chinaman. It is high time such a thing was stopped, and if they must engage Christianity in our behalf let it be male teachers undertake the work. You are doing good work, and may you succeed in stopping such an outrage and the evil of intermarriage, which is a cross disgrace. Yours respectfully,

Rahway, N. J., Aug. 5. E. J. ASPAH.

To the Editor:

It is exceedingly gratifying to see that THE EVENING WORLD is giving substantial aid to remedy such an unprecedented evil and injustice as the Chinese man dealers are practising by imposing upon our good people in the guise and detriment of our needy and suffering sisters. What right have the Chinese to ask for a special female teacher on each of their missions? Their presumed belief in Christian religion is to a very large extent a mockery. Their belief in religion is for revenue only.

Every one of these pitiful intermarriages is a disgrace to our race. In the eyes of the Chinese they desire mostly that these marriages terminate at their will before many years, or as soon as they get tired of their "Melissa Ann." It is a most serious question, which the Western people long ago settled by not allowing the Chinese to come in contact with their daughters. Keep the door repaired. Very respectfully, M. DANNMEYER.

New York, 35 Great Jones street, Aug. 3.

To the Editor:

Taking a retrospective view of the question of the association of our girls with the Mongolian tribe one cannot help feeling a degree of doubt and fear as to its advisability. The actual question of enlisting and advancing the Chinese in the country is without doubt a praiseworthy object, but the means at present exercised are bad. The methods used savor too much of animal influence rather than spiritual.

What is the present object of Chang in starting the missions and school-rooms of this so-called Chinese Reform Association? Is it because he wants to learn the doctrines of Christianity or to be initiated into the ways and methods of American civilized mode of life?

No, ten thousand times no! It is because he is brought in contact with a class of society that he prevents life he could never aspire to, in fact, he is completely ostracized from social intercourse in any respectable families, consequently he takes advantage of the opportunity presented by these ignorant young ladies who are willing to lavish their personal charms to attract these poor, humble, ignorant Chinamen, who positively refuse to be instructed by one of their sex.

Is not that convincing proof to show where the attraction lies? It is a base method of conversion, and every endeavor should be made to stop such unholy practices.

Now let us look at the general character and habits of the Chinese. They are without the slightest regard for truth, they are unmanly in their dealings, all the degrees of cunning are hidden under their placid and hypocritical demeanor. Women are held in contempt in China, and, in fact, in some of the provinces infanticide is openly practised, and female infants are the victims.

How is such a character to take his place as the head of an American household? How can such a creature, with the inherent instincts of idolatry, barbarity and lasciviousness in his system, ever become the husband of a refined, educated American woman? The thought is revolting, and the result a degradation to the American people. There are many ways and means for young ladies to alleviate the cares of their less fortunate sisters without exposing themselves to contempt and ridicule. "Do good by stealth and blush to find it famed," instead of making public exhibition of this Samaritanism. Yours truly,

MARCUS M. JAY.

To the Editor:

I wish to say a word in regard to the noble way your valuable paper has acted in regard to the Chinese outrage (the Sunday-school affair).

But I am not surprised in the least to see your paper working for the interest of the American young ladies, as it is always helping the poor and needy. If some of the other papers would follow your example they would be better off.

I should suggest that we drive all the heathen from the land, but will leave it all to you. With best wishes, I remain yours truly,

A CHINESE HUSTLER.

Went Back to First Principles.

The car-driver was singing a hymn, says the Chicago *Tribune*.

"I am glad," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman standing on the front platform, with a smile, "to notice that there is one man at least who does not think it necessary to resort to abuse and Lincoln profanity in order to drive a team of mules."

The driver continued to sing:

Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help—

The off mule set its ears back and began to slacken its pace.

The driver looked to see if his whip was in place. It was. He began again:

Is this vile world a friend to grace—get up!
To help me on—get a move on you!

The mule jogged on at a slightly accelerated rate of speed, and the driver resumed his singing:

Is this vile world—gilang!—a friend to grace,
To help me on to—

Whack!

Is this vile world—whack!—a friend to grace,
To—whack!—help me on to—

"Gaul darn that dog blamed—whack—off mule to dog gone nation! Daddledy dig bang his everlasting picture to—Whack! Whack! Whack!—St. Louis and back! Blast his—whack!—blamed old hide!"——

But the horror-stricken old gentleman had got off the car.

I Can Walk a Mile

Easily, although for a long time before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I could not walk a step. I had a terrible running sore on my leg, resulting from milk leg. Nothing did me any good till I began taking HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. The pain ceased wholly, the dark color disappeared, the Mrs. Chas. Asbell, sore has healed, and the limb is perfectly healthy." MRS. C. A. ASBELL, Avon, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, they are preferred.

Nuremberg Types.

Nell Nelson writes of the goose girls and cherry women that throng the streets of the quaint old Bavarian city. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Three Grand Stake Events to Be Decided at Monmouth To-Day.

Raceland, Poet Scout, Montana, Tenny and Locohatchee to Meet.

The man who in any way complains of to-day's programme at Monmouth Park deserves to be exiled to Siberia. The card is certainly a fine one. There are seven races, and three of these are stake events. The Amboy Handicap, for two-year-olds, has no less than twenty entries, and the man who can pick the winner deserves honorable mention.

If Raceland, Banquet, Poet Scout, Montana, Tenny and Locohatchee all come to the line in the Freehold Stakes a race will be run that will not soon be forgotten. This is a grand field. The other stake event, the Mirage, for three-year-olds and upward is not so interesting, but the over-weight races look well and a great day's sport is in prospect. The track will be dry and fast. The selections are as follows:

First Race—Two sweepstakes for maidens two years old, $250 each, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second and $100 to the third. Five furlongs, straight course.

P. J. Dwyer & Son's Indigo	118
F. Gerlach's Experiment	118
Dwyer Stables's Warpaint	118
J. A. & A. H. Morris's Certainty	118
Gideon & Daly's Dr. Rice	118
A. Hunter's Lorraine	118
J. Keene's Pennoyer	118
Pepper Stable's Comanche	118
Valley Farm Stable's Uncle Jess	118
Gideon & Daly's St. Michael	118
J. Happert's Bonnie Jim	118
M. Corbett's Knickerbocker	118
Dwyer Brothers's Eagle Bird	118
Newell Stable's Red Wonder	118
Dwyer Brothers's Chanticleer	118
J. R. Fabian's Lassie	118
Rutledge Bros.'s Rio Rio	118
Brown & Hughes's Kate A. Sly	118
Rancocas Stable's Lizzy	118
H. Tice's Prince Imperial	118
Gerlach's Diamond	118
Keene's Uncle Jerry	118
Black Stable's Indian	118
J. A. & A. H. Morris's Rainbow	118

It is difficult to make a choice in this race. Although considered, however, Certainty seems to have a trifle the lead of it, and he may win. Eagle Bird may land second money, and Don Alonzo may beat the others.

Third Race—For fillies of three years old, with $1,000 added, of which $700 to the second and $200 to the third; one mile and a half, outer course.

M. L. Dwyer's Lizzie	117
M. L. Dwyer's Banquet	117
D. L. Phillips's Tenny	117
Marcus Daly's Montana	117
Easton & Lazarus's Poet Scout	117
Rancocas Stable's Locohatchee	99

This race should furnish a delightful contest from the time the flag falls. At the end the writer believes that Race and will be first over the line, with Poet Scout and Montana next as named.

Fourth Race. A sweepstakes of $20 each, with $1,000 added, six furlongs, straight course.

Gideon & Daly's Mr. Monmouth	115
Cordelia Stable's Rutland	115
Pleasant Valley Stable's Patrician	115
W. H. Murphy's Emperor Dom	115
D. D. Tom's Long Beach	115
Burridge Bros.'s Algoma	115
Rancocas Stable's Joe	105
Brookside Stable's Marina	105
J. M. Shoemaker's Hordeus	105
Empire Stable's Berenia	105
Ad Blanc	105
L. A. Dupre's Beagle	105

McCormack ran so well on Thursday that he looks to have a grand chance to win this race to-day. Parvenue, with a good live lap, may get second money, and Long Beach may beat the others.

Fifth Race. Free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, with $1,000 added, of which $150 to the second and $100 to the third; one mile and a quarter, outer course.

M. L. Dwyer's Raceland	126
E. L. Concheris's Belmont	124
L. Stuart & Co.'s Stockton	118
W. Lexsland's Tea Tray	110
Brown Brothers's Lamplighter	110
Gideon & Daly's Merry Monarch	110
M. L. Dwyer's Nomad	101
Rancocas Stable's Ignite	99
J. A. & A. H. Morris's Harlem	95

Tea Tray, if he runs clean, can win this race, but speculators will have to take chances on his suiting. Stockton and Sleipner may go out for second place, and the chances are in favor of the former securing the money.

Sixth Race. Sweepstakes, for three-year-olds and upward, of $20 each, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second and $100 to third; to carry a fine scale weight for age; one mile to the sole at auction. Three-quarters of a mile, straight course.

Buckeye Stable's Gold Dollar	120
Fleetwood Stable's Scotland	124
M. L. Dwyer's Nomad	121
Rancocas Stable's Knocker	114
S. W. Smith's Mr. Jesse	112
Walcott & Campbell's Smuggler	112
W. H. Jennings's Robber	112
E. A. Cord's Chanticleer	112
Lorillard's Dunlin	112
Sheets Bros.'s Tipstaff	111
W. H. McCarthy's Gleam	106

The closing event should be won by Adelbert, with Nomad second and Keller not worse than third.

Morning Papers' Selections.

AT MONMOUTH PARK.

First Race—Graffenhain, Certainty.
Second Race—St. Michael, Eagle Bird.
Third Race—Poet Scout, M. L. Dwyer's best.
Raceland not to be quite.
Fourth Race—Long Joe.
Fifth Race—Tea Tray, Lampighter.
Sixth Race—Nomad, Fred Gerlach.
Seventh Race—Adelbert, Kildeer.

First Race—Experiment, Breeze.
Second Race—Don Alonzo, Dr. Rice.
Third Race—Montana, Raceland.
Fourth Race—Joy, Parvenue.
Fifth Race—Raceland, Lampighter.
Sixth Race—Yemassee, Lord Dalmeny.
Seventh Race—Gold Dollar, Adelbert.

First Race—Experiment, Indigo.
Second Race—Don Alonzo, St. Michael.
Third Race—Tenny, Banquet.
Fourth Race—Blizzard, Parvenue.
Fifth Race—Merry Monarch, Stockton.
Sixth Race—Lord Dalmeny, Joloy.
Seventh Race—Kildeer, Adelbert.

First Race—Experiment, Thor.
Second Race—St. Michael, Don Alonzo.
Third Race—Poet Scout, Raceland.
Fourth Race—McCormack, Joy.
Fifth Race—Lamplighter, Sleipner.
Sixth Race—Nomad, Lord Dalmeny.
Seventh Race—Adelbert, Kildeer.

First Race—Thor, Indigo.
Second Race—Don Alonzo, Dr. Rice.
Third Race—Raceland, Poet Scout.
Fourth Race—McCormack, Parvenue.
Fifth Race—Lamplighter, Stockton.
Sixth Race—Nomad, Lord Dalmeny.
Seventh Race—Kildeer, Adelbert.

Saratoga Forecasts.

First Race—Judge Morrow, Sam's Anna, Seven.
Second Race—Prince Deceiver, Soladin, Magician.
Third Race—Major Domo, Stonewall, Huron.
Fourth Race—Lowlander, Miss Pelle, Tom Rogers.
Fifth Race—Westmoreland, Pat Oakley, Bothwell.

Gloucester Selections.

First Race—Wallace G., Flagrant, Congress.
Second Race—Richard T., Sweetie, Minnie S. colt.
Third Race—Kyrie B., Cerberus, Mackenzie.
Fourth Race—Insight, Hemet, Golden Heel.
Fifth Race—Capt. Brown, Crotchet, Benjamin.
Sixth Race—Algernon, Moonraker, Blackgood.

SMUGGLING FOR CHARITY.

Laces of the "Turkish Compassionate Fund" Seized.

Mme. Zacaroff Says She Brought Them In to Aid Poor Turkish Women.

Further facts have been brought to light in regard to Mme. Caridee Zacaroff, who represents herself as the accredited agent of the "Turkish Compassionate Fund" to this country, and whose rare laces and embroideries, found sewed into her skirts when she landed here on the French steamer La Touraine last Saturday, have been seized by the Custom-House officials.

The makers of these lces, Mme. Jacaroff says, are poor Turkish ladies, who since the Russian-Turkish war of 1877 have been driven out of their homes in the provinces and have sought refuge in Constantinople. The Society known as the "Turkish Compassionate Fund" was organized to give them employment, as they are all expert in needlework, and Mme. Zacaroff says that many wealthy and noble English ladies are interested in the work.

They have a branch house at 8 Rue Frelhard, Paris, and among the American ladies whom Mme. Zacaroff says she has interested in the society are Mrs. G. W. Folsom, Miss C. Furniss, Mrs. R. C. Greenleaf, Mrs. Brayton Ives, Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, Mrs. John E. Parsons, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. Frederic Vanderbilt, Mrs. R. Woolsworth, Mrs. George Wood, Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop, Miss Eleanor Blodgett and Miss Gertrude L. Hoyt. All these ladies are named in a circular which Mme. Zacaroff had printed and proposed to distribute here.

It is also learned that she expected to get support from Boston and Philadelphia ladies, and the circulars to be distributed in those cities contained the following names:

Boston—Mrs. Martin Brimmer, Mrs. E. W. Codman, Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, Miss Elizabeth W. Peabody, Mrs. Henry Parkman, Miss Ellen Hooper, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, Mrs. H. Whitman and Mrs. J. Collins Warren.

Philadelphia—Mrs. George W. Childs, Mrs. Dorsey Rupert and Mrs. Clayton McMichael.

The salesrooms where the Oriental laces and embroideries were to be exhibited were engaged at 20 East Thirty-third street, just opposite the unfinished Hotel Waldorf. The business was to be conducted under the auspices of the "Turkish Compassionate Fund," of which Mme. Zacaroff is one of the high officials. She says that the Sultan of Turkey recently conferred upon her the grand order of the "Sache Facat," in recognition of her services in behalf of these poor subjects.

Mme. Zacaroff has been established in this country about two years. She makes frequent visits to Europe, and says she has paid thousands of dollars in duties upon laces and embroideries. She admits that she tried to smuggle the lot which has just been seized, but says she was prompted to do so by the desire to aid the poor women of Turkey, who needed all they could gain for their handiwork.

She says the laces seized were not worth more than $750, although the Custom-House officials say their value is more than $3,000.

It Made All the Difference.

One day, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*, I was seated under a tree by a spring on the banks of the Cumberland River not far from where it breaks through the Pine Mountains, taking a resting spell, when a young farmer rode by with a buxom country girl behind him on the same horse.

He pulled up and asked me if I wouldn't hand the gal up a drink of water, and while I was doing the valiant we talked.

"Fine weather for gettin' married, ain't it?" he said with a grin that gave the procession away.

"Shet up, Jim," said the girl, giving him a jerk.

"Ah, you're to be married, are you?" I remarked.

"Yes," he said, "me and Caldie has about reckoned thar ain't anything better for us to do."

"Well, I admire your taste," I ventured with a smile at the girl.

"Git out, ain't she?" he said admiringly. "Had mighty hard work to git her. Every feller on this creek wanted her. Had to coax fer six months and finally promise her this hoss weho on afore she chuck the other chaps air tuck me. Mebbe she showed pore judgment," and he laughed and dug back her under the chin, "but you can't ellus tell what sort of pertaters is in the hill by the looks of the vine."

I assured him that both had done well, and, wishing them joy, they rode on and I never expected to see them again, but I did.

One Sunday morning about three months after that I started out from the place where I was abiding for a week, to a little church where a meeting was to be held. Half way there I overtook my bridal party pretty much as they were at the first meeting, only Caldie was in front and Jim behind.

"Good morning," I said, really glad to see them. "How d'y? How d'y?" they both replied, and we went along to the meeting-house, chatting pleasantly, with Caldie doing the most of it. Arrived, we hitched our horses, and before going in Jim called me to one side.

"I spose," he said, "you noticed I was ridin' behind this mornin'."

I admitted as much, but said I had not thought of it especially. He shook his head gravely.

"Ridin' married an' bein' married is dogguned different, m Sier," he said, sentiniously. "If they wouldn't, I wouldn't be ridin' behind."

Before I had a chance to offer any consolation Jim hurried along to eatch up with Caldie at the door, and I had something to think about besides the sermon.

Saved by His Great Coolness.

"When I was out on the Plains in 1872, said the Major to an Indianapolis *Journal* man, "I had an experience that I wonder didn't turn my hair gray. I was camped all alone on the side of that historic stream, and had occasion to go for some water to boil my beans in.

"First thing I knew I stepped plump into a quicksand. I knew what was up at once, and knew that I was gone. And I am willing to admit that I was scared. In fact, that is how I came to escape.

"As I stood there with that horrible sand dragging, dragging, dragging at me like some living monster, I turned colder and colder. Do what I could, my teeth would keep on chattering, though I knew that every vibration of my jaw was shaking me further down into that ready-made grave. And I grew colder and colder. Suddenly I noticed that I had stopped sinking.

"Struck bottom, eh?"

"Bottom nothing! I had grown so cold from horror and—and fear—I may as well admit it—that I had actually frozen the water in the quicksand—frozen the whole business solid, Mr. Ed."

IT WILL BE A MIDGET WEDDING.

The Marriage, To-Morrow a Week, of Admiral Dot and Miss Swartwood.

She Is Forty-nine Inches and He Forty-eight Inches Tall.

The museum profession and the midget world in particular are looking with more than passing interest to the ceremony Sunday afternoon, Aug. 14, that will join in matrimony two of the best-known midgets in the United States.

Leopold Kahn, otherwise known to two continents as Admiral Dot, 48 inches tall, and Miss Lottie Swartwood, a recently added star in the liliputian constellation, with a height of 49 inches, are the prospective bride and groom, and the announcement of their intended marriage will interest thousands.

The arrival during the past week of a tiny envelope, inclosing a tiny invitation, the words of which were engraved in tiny letters, was the first intimation the friends and acquaintances of the little couple had of their proposed marriage.

The invitation embodied the announcement that the ceremony would take place in Victoria Hall, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-fourth street, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

That the approaching marriage is the crowning achievement of Cupid's sly ways among his own diminutive votaries there can be no doubt, for though Miss Swartwood is a baptist she will demonstrate her regard for her future lord to the extent of renouncing her religion in order to be his helpmate and partner for the remainder of her days.

Admiral Dot is twenty-eight years old, while his intended bride is exactly five years his junior.

When not delighting crowds of men, women and children in theatres and museums, throughout the country by his lonely acting, the Admiral spends his time at the home of his parents in the apartment-house at 155 East One Hundred and Fifth street.

It was there that an EVENING WORLD reporter found the happy couple this morning, actively engaged in preparing for the approaching event.

When the reporter explained that the object of his visit was to ascertain some facts concerning his coming marriage the Admiral, his face beaming with smiles, said:

"Yes. Certainly. Miss Swartwood, who is here on a visit to my parents, will tell you all."

The little man then disappeared within the folds of a heavy portiere and soon reappeared with Miss Swartwood, who was attired in a handsome silk gown with a long train, and polished up considerably.

The little lady has big brown eyes and brown hair, and she is one of the prettiest midgets in the country and is remarkably intelligent.

"Yes," she said, with a laugh, "Dot and I are to be married, and the Rev. Rabbi Aaron Wise, of the Rodeph Scholom Synagogue, at Sixty-third street and Lexington avenue, will be the officiating clergyman.

"It is probable that a great many little people, including Dot's cousin, Major Atom, will be there, as well as Miss Sadie L. Belton, Col. H. A. Steep and Mr. Col. Hoop, Col. Liable and Col. Speck. We have sent out over 200 invitations and the hall will doubtless be crowded.

"After the wedding we will spend a few days at Coney Island, and may then go to San Francisco, Dot's old home, and take up housekeeping."

Miss Swartwood told the reporter that she was born in Vankleinville, Broome county, N. Y., and attended school until she was sixteen years old. Her father is a shoemaker and her mother died when she was six years old.

When on a visit to Binghamton a year ago she was offered an engagement with the Royal Midget Company and she accepted. It was her first appearance in public.

Admiral Dot was the comedian of the company, and when the troupe disbanded in Australia the comedian and leading lady found themselves engaged to be married.

Miss Swartwood hurried home to tell her folks of her intended step, and the Admiral did the same. There was no objection on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kahn, provided their prospective daughter-in-law would change her religion, and the marriage only became assured when Miss Swartwood came to this city seven weeks ago with the information that her family would not oppose the match.

"Why shouldn't a girl change her religion if she finds her fate?" was her pertinent query. "Girls are girls, and if one loves a man what difference does it make what form of religion she adopts?"

Admiral Dot wore a continuous smile during the conversation and frequently interjected by way of explanation or amplification.

Admiral Dot was born in San Francisco, and was first brought out by the late P. T. Barnum when he was six years old. For a number of years he travelled all over the country as the "California Nugget," or the "$10,000 Boy."

Until the appearance of the Mexican Lucia Zarate in 1876 he was the smallest midget in the world. Of late years he has been exhibiting in museums, and it is said he will soon retire on a fortune made in the show business.

How Pa Settled It.

Owing to the fact that the State of California was settled almost exclusively by men it became the practice of the sterner sex to consult nobody's wishes but their own in making sales and purchases of real estate, so that, unlike most States, the right of dower has never been established there, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*.

This legal independence of men and women has not been without its effect on society, and things that would shock the bon ton here are looked upon with calm indifference there.

A well-known citizen of Cincinnati, who has travelled extensively in the West, related to the reporter this morning that he was a few months ago seated at a swell banquet in San Francisco by the side of a young lady whose divorced father was a leader in high-class society. The monotonous flow of small talk was suddenly startled by her exclaiming: "Oh, Mr. E——, did you know Papa had been sued for breach of promise by two women at once?"

Our Cincinnatian confessed, ignorance and she continued: "Oh, it's just too lovely for anything. One is an old lady and the other is a young one. But he settled it in a funny way. He paid one money and he married the other."

"And which did he marry?" queried Mr. E——.

"Why, the young one, of course," came the smiling reply.

Horrible Thought.

[From Puck.]

Hoffman Howes—Did you know that Willy Weevles buys his clothes ready-made?

Howell Gibbon—Oh, Hoffie, don't! Why, the same things he wears might fit some common, awkward person just as well. It's horrible to think of!

An Important Branch.

[From Life.]

Bunker—I thought your son, after graduating from college, was going right into business, but I hear now that he is to take a post graduate course.

Hill—Yes; we thought it necessary.

Bunker—What is he going to study?

Hill—He's going to learn how to spell.

By Contraries.

[From Life.]

Office Boy—Please, sir, can I go this afternoon? I want to go to a ball game.

Boss—Good heavens, boy! Is your aunt dead?

Practical Cooks

and Chefs of famous Restaurants and Hotels

Use Royal Baking Powder

GIANTS IN TRAINING.

Sullivan and Corbett Preparing for the Fight.

Sullivan Is Ascetic While Corbett Is Luxurious.

Each Works Hard, However, in His Own Way and Is Confident.

Unless John L. Sullivan or James J. Corbett suddenly expires or an earthquake engulfs the delta of the Mississippi and surrounding country in the mean time, or some other quite unexpected calamity occur, there will take place at New Orleans on the night of Sept. 7 the greatest fistic battle of the eve.

That is, it should be a great battle, for it has all the elements of greatness. The fight is for $10,000 a side and a purse offered by the Olympic Club of $25,000.

The aggregate amount is the largest pile of Uncle Sam's or any other nation's coin ever contended for, being but $5,000 shy of equalling the President's yearly stipend. There are no end of assurances that each man will be "fit to fight for his life."

Thirty-five thousand dollars in cold cash will be the winner's net proceeds in this contest of strength, skill and nerve, so the fight may be for a financial life, anyway.

As the time grows apace and Sept. 7 draws nigh, the interest in what these two men do and say, and how they do it and say it, intensifies, and although the tale of their preparatory work has been often told, there is always something more to add.

The tale that follows will endeavor to present the doings and sayings of the Boston man and the Californian in an impartial way, entirely without favoritism. There will be nothing in it in the nature of a tip or a "steer," to use a "sporty" term. If there were any tipping to be done it would be like those on the horse races, so: Sullivan should win and Corbett may be the runner-up or Corbett looks good for first and Sullivan should get the place.

CORBETT PUNCHING THE BAG.

Perhaps the most noticeable thing about both pugilists is that each expresses not the slightest doubt but that he will win, and each is as firmly convinced that in him lies the making of a great actor.

As Sullivan is of more mature years than Corbett, is the champion, and has had a more extended ring and stage experience, his case will naturally be considered first.

No reports as to the big fellow's good condition but can have much weight have been overdrawn. He looks to be in great form, and, barring a badly blistered heel, he is. The greatest source of wonder to those who have seen him within the last few days is what has become of the "corporation," which was so noticeable even when he left for Day Dead. It's gone; that's certain—that is, the greater portion of it.

Another favorable condition about the big Bostonian is the appearance of his skin. Except where the sun has turned him brown his complexion is a light pink, clear and glowing.

We have all been told what Sullivan eats, and as the menu varies but little it is scarcely worth while elaborating on that point. Weak tea, chops, steak, stale bread and very few vegetables comprise his bill of fare. The breakfast hour is 8 o'clock, two hours after he rises off the feed covers and stretches himself into wakefulness.

These two hours are spent in walking—walking over the rough, but picturesque, Shinnecock Hills, accompanied by Casey and Ashton. The party does about ten miles before breakfast, a proceeding which, as an appetizer, beats cocktails all hollow. The route is generally to the lighthouse and return, and on the way, if you are enough of a pedestrian to accompany him, the big fellow will point out the various points of interest to you, tell you who lives in that pretty little cottage over there, or that Austin Corbin owns most of the land hereabouts.

The blistered heel interfered somewhat with the walks yesterday, however. John has been bothered with them almost ever since he began walking, but hitherto they have been trifling. The one on his left foot—they always come on the same foot—now, however, is worse than the rest. It is an inch square and the foot is raw and swollen. It is painful too, but despite that he took his walk Tuesday morning.

He started away with a jerky limp, like a "spavined nag," he put it, but the limp soon were away, and ere long he and Sullivan were striding along at a brisk clip. John L. has had hard luck with that foot; not long ago a mosquito bite was rubbed and irritated until it developed into a boil, and now hardly has that gone than an uncomfortable blister comes.

Bag punching follows the morning meal, and here is where the big fellow reduces weight. As he plays a ceaseless tattoo upon the leather sphere the perspiration streams off in chunks. For about thirty minutes, generally, he doesn't give the bag a second's rest, now hitting it a series of quick, light taps, and then giving it such a powerful smash as to almost send it crashing through the ceiling. If Corbett ever gets one of these on the point of the jaw, well—but Corbett says he won't get one on the jaw or anywhere else. "His right hand fight as well be cut off as far as its landing on me is concerned," says Jim.

Rope-skipping is one of Sullivan's favorite pastimes and he can give cards and spades to all the soubrettes and choreomes in the profession at that amusement. He went it 349 times the other day without a slip or pause, now and then varying his step in both wet, to either to a sort of jig movement. This exercise is for the legs. Sullivan is said to have small legs. His lower limbs taper more than Corbett's and look smaller below the knee. At the hip they appear larger.

While Sullivan is belaboring and rope-dancing in the barn hard by Long Place hundreds of people from the country around and city people who come on yachts to see him, crowd in on him, blocking up the door and keeping out the air, but he does not mind it, he says! He gives him to perspire more freely. Sullivan's mode of entrance and exit to the barn is by means of an iron ladder, which he skips up and down like a sailor.

After he has been soused with several buckets of water, been rubbed down, anointed with witch hazel, fed and told a few stories—for John L. is no mean raconteur—he takes another hard cross-country, and on his return tosses a huge ball called a medicine ball, probably because medicine is superfluous when it is used. This latter instrument is a leather-covered sphere weighing several pounds and about a foot through. Sullivan handles it as if it were a tennis ball, throwing it overhand, between his legs, alternating with each hand separately and then with both, and in all imaginable ways.

Another rub down and it is supper-time. After sufficient time has elapsed the party puts down to Peconic Bay in a rowboat, and John L. takes his daily plunge. This is one of the things he lives for. He is an excellent swimmer and can claim undisputed superiority over his rival in that respect. By 8 o'clock it is supposed about the quietest old Long Island tavern as it is at 4 a. m. in most places.

After one has spent a day at Bay Head he comes away with the impression that it's a "cinch" for Sullivan. You can't figure it out how he can lose. But a day spent in the vicinity of Loch Arbour is apt to dispel that impression somewhat. It depends in a measure on which one you see last who you think will win. Just as they think around Bay Head that it's Sullivan's fight, so they are firmly convinced down in Jersey that Corbett is a man.

It is time hours after Sullivan has been out of bed that the former bank clerk lestifies himself. Eight o'clock is his waking hour. He says he sleeps that long because he wants to. He has his own ideas of training and he follows them out. That they must be beneficial is evidenced by Corbett's appearance. His eye is clear, his every movement vigorous and supple. A glance is all that is needed to refute the report that he hasn't been taking care of himself.

Corbett's training quarters are more aristocratic and exclusive than the champion's, but not so secluded. However, neither exclusion nor secludon has kept either place from being overrun with curious people. The stories that Corbett was over fond of ladies' society got their origin from this fact. Asbury Park is a summer resort and there are lots of women there. They flocked around the pugilist's quarters, and as he did not care to drive them away with a club scandalous reports were bruited about that John's gallantry was interfering with his training.

It is to prevent any more such malicious tales that a high pine board fence is being built around the handball court and barn where he works. The ladies, dear things, do not like it, but they brought it on themselves by their overweening curiosity. Some of the gentle sex even forgot themselves so far at times as to crowd over the handball court and hinder the players. A sign on the barn door bearing the legend, "Private Grounds. Please Do Not Intrude," might as well have been in the bottom of the ocean.

Corbett's breakfast is a banquet compared to Sullivan's. He feasts on oatmeal, cantaloupes, steak, chops, fish, potatoes, coffee and any other delicacy he may choose. Dissipation has not rendered his stomach touchy. Then, instead of a sleeveless jersey, a pair of tennis trousers and rusty red shoes, a make-up which he seldom varies, he rends his mail and then takes a row on the little lake hard by. A swim in the ocean, or rather a bath in the ocean, follows. James J. is a poor, a very poor, swimmer. "I love to light the breakers," he says.

Corbett's morning work is light; the laziest man in Sysiphus's gang couldn't picture a life more serene. It is after lunch that the work comes.

He first tackles the pulley machine, a torturesome device for strengthening the wrist and forearm. After an ordinary man has twisted on this arrangement for half a dozen times the pain of continuing is such as to stagger the modern fortunes of stringing up to the thumbs. Corbett broke all his previous records last Monday by raising and lowering the seven-pound weight sixty times, showing a wonderful wrist development.

"Try it," he said to THE EVENING WORLD reporter when he got through. The latter did so, and by the most desperate efforts managed to twist the weight up to the top notch three times. It is doubtful if more than one man in a hundred could do it twenty-five times. The pulling-machine is next brought into requisition, and for half an hours steady use of it all the muscles, big and little, are brought into play.

Then comes Corbett's favorite indulgence. Anybody laboring under the impression that he is worrying over his coming battle should see him playing at handball, to be undeceived. He enjoys nothing so much. With Delaney, Benny Dillon, Daley and perhaps another as opponents he passes an hour at the game, and his hearty and ringing laughter can be heard in Asbury Park, half a mile away. He is doing himself good all this time, however, for the exercise develops the muscles of the back and stomach.

So far Corbett has been a big, strong, good-natured fellow, with nothing in particular to worry him, but when he comes to do his bag punching the man's whole demeanor changes. Stripped of all but a pair of fighting trunks, and with a mind on the task before him he becomes a gladiator indeed.

Determination is marked in the expression of his face and his eye gets brighter. For forty minutes he sends the ball in every direction, judging the distance to a nicety and moving about on his feet as lightly and gracefully as a panther. It is evident that he can hit a bit, too, for he finally lands a smash on the ball that sends it flying loose from that stout rope that holds it. It is not until he does this work that Corbett begins to perspire, which he does freely, and before he gets through his Pompadour has tumbled down.

Corbett is hard. He is not as hard as nails or as hard as flint, but he is hard. The sensation of feeling his flesh is more like pressing a piece of thick rubber than anything else. It is hard and springy. No matter how tiring the work, Corbett blows but little, and even winded two or three respirations are enough to restore him. He seems to never tire and wants to be constantly on the move. While he is bag-punching he grasps a pair of small dumb bells.

This he says tires the arms more, so that when he puts his hand up in front of Sullivan at New Orleans they will be lighter and stronger without the weights.

A seven-mile walk to Long Branch concludes the day's work. Eleven o'clock is the bed hour, so he gets just as much sleep as Sullivan, but at a somewhat different time.

Neither John nor James is doing any real hard work as yet. That will begin about two weeks before the fight, and will consist principally of sprints and long runs, with the object of developing the wind.

Like Sullivan, Corbett doesn't say much about how he is going about winning. "These knockers out don't win fights these days," he said. "I hear some nonsense about Sullivan knocking down my guard. Why there is no such thing in fighting. I've got legs, which though they may be small, never get tired, and I guess I can keep out of the way. No right-hand puncher can hit me. All I ask is that there be no accident and I'll give Sullivan the hardest run for it he ever had."

CORBETT AND DELANEY ON AN AFTERNOON STROLL.

THE READY COTTAGE—CORBETT'S TRAINING QUARTERS.