The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company
53 TO 63 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 24.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including postage):
PER MONTH..... 30c.
PER YEAR..... $3.50

Vol. 33..... No. 11,600

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125TH ST. AND MADISON AVE.
BROOKLYN—369 WASHINGTON ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—702 14TH ST.

Following is the circulation of THE WORLD *for last week and for the corresponding week of* 1883:

	1883.	1893.
SUNDAY	15,829	274,898
MONDAY	20,030	487,901
TUESDAY	19,248	435,691
WEDNESDAY	20,486	444,775
THURSDAY	21,670	442,680
FRIDAY	21,824	441,085
SATURDAY	20,827	445,124
WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY	26,753	114,597
Totals	166,162	3,104,751
Average per day	23,737	443,535

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

THE EVENING WORLD'S
Net paid bona fide actual daily
Average Circulation
is greater than the combined circulation of the
Evening Sun,
Mail and Express,
Evening Post,
Commercial Advertiser,
Evening Telegram.

A GENEROUS PRINCESS.

The Infanta Eulalia is a sensible and well-behaved young woman, who evidently desires to make everybody happy and is by no means averse to having a good time and enjoying her trip to America. She is making the best of her visit to Washington, seeing all the sights, driving all over the city, and laughing heartily at the ridiculous "etiquette" controversy her presence has provoked. She is said to regard Mr. Cleveland as a "real good fellow," and to be quite charmed with Mrs. Cleveland's beauty and amiability. Fortunately, the President and his wife laugh with the Infanta at the tomfoolery of the etiquette experts.

As a proof of her good feeling, Eulalia has given herself up to the New York Municipal Committee, except on the nights of the ball and concert, and has expressed her willingness to submit to all the ceremonies they may doom her to endure. She will be delighted to meet Mayor Gilroy and the Aldermen of the city, from the Honorable Cornelius Flynn, of the "First," up to the representative of the new district. She will receive graciously the Committee of One Hundred, however much she may wish in her heart that its number had been reduced one-half.

It is to be hoped, however, that the Mayor and his Committee will remember that the Infanta is a young woman, and will not pester her too much. It would be a great mistake to tire her out and exhaust her patience. She is to go to Blackwell's Island, to West Point, to Tuxedo, to the races and to the theatre, besides seeing the parade from the windows of her hotel. All this will be pleasant enough, but it would be far more pleasant if Eulalia were allowed to do it in company with her own friends, instead of being bored by committees who will be a nuisance to her.

This, however, is too much for her to expect. Our people do not get hold of a live Princess every day, and will not be denied the happiness of coming in contact with her and borrowing some of the reflected glory of her royal brilliancy. It is gratifying to know that Eulalia yields herself up with a good grace, and is resolved to be pleased with everything that is done on her behalf.

PRESENTING A MISCHIEVOUS EVIL

The Grand Jury of the General Sessions made a presentment yesterday on the subject of the circulation of false rumors, calculated, and too often designed, to injure the credit of particular business houses or individuals.

The investigation made by the Grand Jury related to a recent false report affecting the standing of H. B. Hellman & Co. While the rumored suspension of that firm was without a shadow of foundation, and was evidently malicious and intended to have a mischievous effect on the market, the Grand Jury did not find the evidence of responsibility for its authorship sufficiently direct to warrant an indictment. They draw attention, however, to the pernicious character of such offenses and to the injury they may inflict on tens of thousands of innocent persons. The presentment refers to the old given to the originators of such rumors by the despicable class known as gossips and scandal-mongers, who delight in retailing every story detrimental to their neighbors or circulated to make a sensation. Such persons are truly the pest of society.

The Grand Jury recommends legislation that will not only provide a more adequate punishment for the malicious originators of such false rumors, but will also impose penalties on persons who repeat and circulate them without reasonable ground for belief in their truth. It is to be hoped the recommendation may not be fruitless.

THE NICARAGUAN REVOLUTION.

According to all accounts, the Nicaraguan insurrection has become a revolution. The Government forces have been beaten in an engagement which seems to have given the revolutionists a clear road to the capital. Besides, it has demoralized President Sacasa's adherents, lost him one-half his army and left him anxious to secure favorable terms of surrender.

It is said that the revolution comes at a bad time for the business of the country, as it interrupts the shipping of the coffee, and leaves things in a bad shape for the moment. But it is not expected to interfere seriously with American interests. The Pacific Mail steamer New York was boarded at Corinto by Government officers and searched, under the influence of a heavy Krupp gun trained on her from the barracks. Mr. Louis Baker, the new American Minister to Nicaragua, was landed from the New York, and the peaceful and amiable little gentleman was no doubt surprised to find that he had exchanged his quiet editorial sanctum at St. Paul, Minn., for the turmoil of a mission in a revolutionary country.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The warm weather has come upon us suddenly and with sufficient distinctness to remind all charitably disposed people that the sufferings of the poor children in the close tenement-house districts will very soon commence. A pleasant breeze has, it is true, tempered the heat thus far, but it does not cool the localities in which the high tenements, front and rear, effectually shut out both sun and air, and where the huddling together of a number of persons, men, women and children, in a small apartment without proper ventilation makes the atmosphere almost unbearable.

Beautiful weather it is, for a drive in Central Park or a saunter up and down the shady side of Fifth and Madison avenues. But it is not so pleasant in the narrow streets of the tenement-house districts, where the buildings crowd each other as thickly as the people, and where neglected garbage heaps do not improve the comfort or the health of the residents.

This is just the time for those who enjoy Central Park and Fifth avenue to give a thought to the suffering children of the crowded districts and to help forward "The Evening World's" Sick Baby Fund.

THE VICARIOUSNESS OF THE VALET.

King Kelly, ex-Bostonian and ball-tosser, has a valet—not a humdrum, commonplace, job-lot valet, but an Oriental article, with a dreamy name and the slantitudinal eyelashes that the goddess of the legend made the first tea leaves out of. The valet will accompany the King on the ball-field and elsewhere, and be to him all that a valet should be to a great and corruscating gentleman. The richness of it almost flabbergasts us.

We heard the other day about a "super" that had been engaged to play in "The Prodigal Daughter" having a valet, and there has been other mention of this luxurious man-servant in connection with professions and people who have always heretofore been looked upon as their own valets. The introduction of him into the National game may be only a bid for the bong-tong's attention, and simply a clever ruse to make baseball fashionable. Anyhow, he is there, and if ball-players can have valets there is no reason why horse-car conductors and the keepers of three-cents-a-glass soda-water stands shouldn't have them as Japanesque or picturesque as they like.

We hope, though, that valets will not become common. If they are added to the necessities of our daily life the sum of our mortal worries will be magnificently enhanced. There are lots of us who don't know what to do with valets—don't understand the art of dressing and feeding and keeping them delighted—and for our own sakes we hope that valets will not get to be every-day problems in our homes and shops and offices. The world is as full of trouble now as we care to have it. If the heavens should rain valets, Lord help us all!

Indignation at the peremptory action of the G. A. R. Commander in the case of Farnham Post, of this city, is spreading far and wide among the veterans of the Order. It would be a pity to divide the great organization for such a cause. A prompt revocation of the order of disbandment would not injure Commander Weissert's dignity. Indeed, it would be a becoming recognition of a sentiment which is very strong among the men who elected the chief of the Grand Army to his present position. And, besides, it would correct the impression easily obtainable from his late act, that the G. A. R. does not indorse the honest efforts of its members to assist in purifying the pension rolls.

Nobody doubts for a moment the essential patriotism of the German people. Hence, nobody should mistrust the character of an opposition to the Kaiser's Army bill based on such grounds as those set forth by the party of the Centre. In its address to the people, this party holds that the question at issue is not the securing of the existence of the Fatherland, but whether a military State shall be established and Germany transformed in time of peace into an army camp, thereby stripping the country of those who ought to maintain its industries. Is not this the very essence of a rational devotion to all the interests of the nation?

The recent brief strike order going over the wires within a few weeks turned on on the Lake Shore and Northwestern Railway line yesterday, and the telegraphers on the road were out for an hour before they found how they had been deceived. This emphasizes the need, recognized on the other occasion, of some means to stamp the authenticity of disbanding orders to men to quit their places.

"The Evening World," in an exclusive story, told the prison authorities of the State how near Carlyle Harris came to cheating the electric chair at Sing Sing. What are the authorities doing about it? How did Harris get that drug?

"The World's" suggestion this morning that Central Park should be lighted by electricity ought to receive the thoughtful attention of the Park Board. There is no doubt that the great pleasure ground loses much of its utility as a resort for the people in the evening because of the extreme darkness of many of its paths and roadways.

At last the World's Fair National Commission has practically indorsed the Sunday opening of the Exposition. This is gratifying evidence that the honorable body has ceased to keep its deaf side towards the popular voice.

Farmer Dunn prophesies hot weather to the end of August, with cool waves only as incidents. One prophecy may not make a Summer, but there's room for the belief that this farmer knows something of what he's talking about.

This is the birthday anniversary of Queen Victoria. It ought not to do violence to any good child of the Republic to offer the kindest wishes for the occasion to the old gentlewoman who has so long graced England's throne.

Old and new friends should rally strongly to the aid of the tenement-house babies. "The Evening World's" fund to supply free doctors for suffering little ones needs every dime and dollar that can be spared for it.

If it could be all told, just how Rohlf and Pallister were able to get out of Sing Sing Prison, and how that drug was able to get in for Carlyle Harris, what a story it would make.

Little is left of the great visiting fleet in the North River. But much is left in memory of the courtesy of our foreign guests.

It is the present duty of the State to make prompt effort to find the man or men who killed Pallister and Rohlf.

The Union Square flower market may not be opened too soon, but it certainly closed too early in the morning.

"Salisbury denounces Irish Home Rule." Well, would it be Salisbury if he didn't?

Give us these same bright skies to welcome Eulalia to-morrow.

LOOKING FOR HIS WIFE.

Tredle Thinks She Has Gone with an Actor.

Albert Tredle, a young German paper-hanger, who lives at 171 West Fourth street, has been looking for his wife, Annie, who disappeared mysteriously, ever since March 14 last.

They were married in March, 1892, and had always lived happily together. He was taken ill last November, and had to go to the New York Hospital, where an operation was performed.

He was unable to work for several months afterwards, and his wife obtained employment as a Twenty-eighth street restaurant. He lived with his sister in Christopher street, while she had secured a room at 435 West Twenty-seventh street.

They used to see each other frequently, and were going to live together again when Albert was able to work. When he went to see her on March 14 last, he found that the family with whom she had been living had moved, and all trace of his wife for a time was lost.

Within the last month, however, she has been seen in company with an actor named "Charley," who used to frequent the Twenty-eighth street restaurant where she was employed.

Albert thinks his wife has been enticed away from him by the actor, for she always had a desire to go on the stage, and could dance and sing and perform character sketches.

Mrs. Tredle's name before her marriage was Annie McLeer, and she has wealthy relatives in this city.

IN FAVOR OF BARON BLANC.

Referee Perkins Recommends that a Divorce Be Granted Him.

Referee Edward C. Perkins has filed his report in the divorce proceedings before him between Baron Frederic N. Blanc and his wife, Elizabeth L. Blanc, in which each asked for an absolute divorce on statutory grounds. The report recommends that a divorce be granted to the husband.

Neither Judge Dittenhoefer nor A. H. Hummel, the lawyers in the case, would furnish any information regarding the case, but it is learned that Referee Perkins found that the charges against the Baroness are proven so far as they connect her with Frederick Yuengling, the son of the wealthy brewer.

The referee has been taking testimony for the past three months. Mrs. Blanc instituted suit for divorce, alleging that her husband had been visiting various evil resorts. In answer he denied the charges, and set up counter charges, naming Yuengling and eight other well-known club men and society swells as co-respondents.

Immediately following the filing of the report with the County Clerk A. H. Hummel, for the Baroness, filed exceptions, and argument will be heard on them this week.

FAILURE IN CLOTH IN CHICAGO.

New Jersey Holdings Claimed to Have Pushed Field, Benedict & Co.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Field, Benedict & Co., wholesale dealers in cloth, one of the oldest houses in the city, confessed judgment in promissory notes in the courts yesterday to the amount of $32,801.29.

The United States Marshal took possession of the property on a claim of $25,000, made by the Mechanics' Bank of the United States, in New York City.

Attorneys claim that the failure is due to events which transpired during the war. It seems that Field, Benedict & Co., in 1865, aided Field Brothers, in St. Louis, relatives, in the same business, to keep from insolvency. Security was accepted in the shape of real estate in New Jersey, said to have been worth $100,000. The firm has held this property through the intervening years, paying taxes. It is said to have been considerable of a tax upon their finances, and money was borrowed at odd times from relatives. The New Jersey property has proved unprofitable.

GOLD ORE WORTH $175,000 A TON.

Almost Solid Body of the Metal Found in Washington State.

SPOKANE, Wash., May 24.—The most fabulous gold strike ever made in the Northwest was reported yesterday from the Grand Summit mine on Palmer Mountains, in the Okanogan mining district, this State.

Almost a solid body of pure gold was found at a depth of 200 feet. A seven pound piece of ore assayed produced two pounds of pure gold, which is equal in value to $175,000 to the ton. There is plenty of the same ore in sight.

The news of the strike has created great excitement and a rush is being made for the district. Owners of the mine have placed a strong guard to protect the property, and men armed with Winchesters stand around the mine and everybody is warned off the premises under penalty of being shot.

Miss Meinell in the Adirondacks.

Miss Marie Meinell, the scarlet fever patient, who escaped from the Willard Parker Hospital last Wednesday night with the assistance of unknown persons, is reported to be with friends in the Adirondacks. Her relatives in the city will not disclose the name of the friends with whom she is staying. It is said she will stay away until all fear of contagion is over.

Weather Forecast.

Local forecast for thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Thursday: Fair, stationary temperature, northwesterly, changing to southwesterly winds, becoming warmer Thursday afternoon and slightly changing to southeasterly.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature during the morning hours, as indicated by the thermometer at Perry's Pharmacy:

3 A. M. ...66 | 6 A. M. ...59 | 9 A. M. ...64 | 12 M. ...68

MR. BENNETT'S PLANS

A Co-operative Society for the Benefit of the Herald's Staff.

In This Way He Will Build a Monument to Its Founder.

Every Employee Is Considerrd in the Owner's Generous Scheme.

The following appeared this morning as a double-leaded editorial in the New York Herald, under the caption: "The Proprietor of The Herald:"

Because the proprietor of The Herald recently saw fit to remove his name from the editorial page Reuter's agency cabled to Europe the following absurd report, which appeared in the principal European papers:

The name of James Gordon Bennett no longer appears at the head of the editorial page and Mr. Bennett's brief visit to New York is explained by the announcement that the Herald property is to be turned into a joint stock company, Mr. Bennett retaining the controlling interest. The capital stock is to be two million dollars.

This report is absolutely without foundation, and as the ridiculous purchase price mentioned shows obvious malice the proprietor of The Herald has instructed George Lewis, Esq., of London, to inform Reuter's agency that unless they publish a categorical denial of the ridiculous report emanating from them—that The Herald would be turned into a stock company with a capital of two million dollars—and print the substance of this editorial, which appears simultaneously in the European and New York editions of The Herald, legal proceedings for libel will be taken against them. In case this action comes into court we think that Mr. Lewis will have no difficulty in proving all requisite malice prepense.

About two months ago Reuter's agency had the run, to use a slang expression, of The Herald office. Their agent had access in New York to all our telegrams, not only from all parts of the United States, but also from Mexico, Panama, South America, Canada and elsewhere. But their news service to Europe was so skeletonized that the proprietor of The Herald withdrew the privilege and cabled the Herald's news at his own expense to the London papers, on condition of their publishing it with credit and for no pecuniary compensation. This, perhaps, has been one of Reuter's reasons for publishing the libel.

The Herald of to-day is at the height of its prosperity, and any syndicate having for its sole object making money could easily earn 6 per cent. on $20,000,000 by taking off extra expenses for special cabling—for now the United Press is quite effective enough under the able supervision of Messrs. Laffan and Phillips—reducing the extraordinary salaries of $20,000, which some members of the Herald staff receive, cutting down also some of the $15,000 and $10,000 salaries and curtailing many of the $5,000 salaries, besides numerous other economies that would at once be effected, supposing the Herald to be simply a corporation like an ordinary railroad or factory.

The present proprietor, it is true, has in view the formation of a co-operative society, but one for the sole benefit of the members of the Herald staff, including the general manager, city editor, news editor, night editor, night editor, all editors, correspondents, reporters, artists, cashier, clerks, foremen press and composing rooms, proofreaders, compositors, printers, exchange readers, shipping clerks, telegraph clerks, advertising clerks, messengers, porters, firemen, machinists—for they are all members of the Herald staff, are they not?—and not for any stockjobbing or speculative purposes, as has been done so often in England and America. This co-operative society may be formed at any moment by the proprietor whenever he thinks proper.

The founder of The Herald disposed of it a few years before his death for one dollar to his present proprietor, and in order to avoid any post mortem interference by politically biased courts under the guise of a proceeding for the legal construction of a will, as in the Tilden will case not long ago, the proprietor of The Herald proposes to follow the example of its founder and direct the disposition of The Herald without outside intervention of any kind. He believes that in perpetuating the property in this way he can best build a lasting and living monument to its founder, James Gordon Bennett the elder.

The removal of the name of the proprietor from the editorial page had no significance other than that its further retention was deemed unnecessary. So learned a Judge as Lord Chief Justice Coleridge recently proclaimed from the English Bench that the "New York Herald and Bennett are synonymous." The names of Messrs. Howland, Reick and Henderson that appear on the editorial page were placed there by the proprietor because he reserves the privilege of selecting his own executives and desires credit to be given where credit is due.

Painter Hubbell's Fall.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., May 24.—Daniel Hubbell, a painter, fifty-five years old, fell out of a third-story window of the Waldorf Hotel at Rockaway Beach at 6.30 o'clock this morning. His skull was fractured and both arms were broken. He was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn. The doctors said he would die.

Farmer Bound and Robbed.

WAUPACA, Wis., May 24.—N. A. Nettleton, a farmer of Scandinavia, was set upon by two men last evening who jumped upon his buckboard from behind, chloroformed him and tied his hands and feet. They robbed him of $1,200 in bills and left him beside the road.

SPICED SCISSORINGS.

The Mark for Woman's Progress.
(From the Chicago News.)

The emancipation of woman cannot be said to be entirely complete until reporters pay more attention to what she says and less to what she wears.

Leaving a Clue for the Office.
(From the San Francisco Examiner.)

Office-seekers refuse to leave Washington. They desire first to place on file a diagram showing where they may be found. When an office starts to seek them they do not wish to subject it to unnecessary trouble.

Solid Sense for Railway Magnates.
(From the Chicago Herald.)

The railroads are surprised to find that their average business for this month is less than it was a year ago. Let the people have reduced World's Fair rates and passenger receipts will speedily show that the profits of the increase in travel will amply compensate for liberality.

Some Lion in Fable and Fact.
(From the Syracuse Standard.)

Some boneful Frenchmen think that England will yet invite France to a joint protectorate over Egypt. In the fable the lion did not share with any other beast the protectorate over what he had marked for his own dinner.

There's a Field for Them.
(From the Washington Post.)

Perhaps China will ask for permission to send over a few missionaries to labor with our statesmen.

Chicago Home Rule the Thing.
(From the Philadelphia Times.)

The Chicago people have done the work, and by their energy have created a great exhibition. . . . They ought to be allowed to run the Fair in their own way. . . . But they are not allowed to do so. They are saddled with a National Commission composed mainly of men who know nothing about the business and whose only function is to meddle and obstruct. If the Exhibition shall fail short of success it will be the fault of this Commission, and the restrictions with which the appropriation by Congress was loaded.

THINK OF THE BABES!

The Suffering Little Ones Are Already Appealing to You.

Last Summer's Good Work Must Be Repeated This Year.

One Contributor's Earnest Prayer for the Beautiful Charity.

All letters containing money for the Sick Babies' Fund should be addressed to "Cashier of WORLD, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$181.88
M. Chas. G.	10.00
Cash	2.00

Remember the babies! The time is close at hand when the dear little things must suffer, and perhaps die, unless doctors are present to help them battle against disease. Hundreds of them are already sick, the result of the few hot days that have just passed, and appeals have come into "The Evening World" office from mothers and fathers who want to save their little ones, and have no other hope or reliance than the Sick Babies' Fund. The work done by this fund in former years is a guarantee of the great good that it will again accomplish this year. Nearly 17,000 children had the attention of the Fund's corps of free physicians last Summer. The doctors were in the field from the middle of June until near the end of October and in all that time they made about 200,000 visits to poor families. They fed the hungry and clothed the naked. They gave free medicine whenever this was necessary, and they helped disconsolate and despairing parents of ailing children to better conditions of life by brightening their homes with the light of hope new kindled in their hearts.

The free physicians fought death and disease nobly and persistently, and they saved many a little life. That is what they will do again, and it is to place them in the field as soon as possible, and to keep them there as long as possible, that the Sick Babies' Fund makes this appeal.

Only two contributions were received to-day, the total amount of which is $12.

Somebody who didn't wish to be named, and who signed "Cash," handed $2 to "The World's" cashier. The remaining $10 was inclosed in the following short letter:

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find my check for $10 for your Sick Babies' Fund. May God speed your good work! M. CHAS. G.

All contributions received to date make a total of $193.88 now in the fund.

"NO. 3 A."

The management offers no prize to the daringly original person who shall discover what "No. 3 A." at the Standard Theatre, is all about. A most thoughtless management! Some inducement to sit through the latest farce is surely needed, and when the author fails to supply the attraction, the management should step in. I was told, and with glee, that "No. 3 A" was not an adaptation, but positively original; that it grew and was nourished in the brain of Walter C. Bellows. Fool that I was! I looked at this announcement as interesting and significant. It seemed pleasant to hear that we were to have something original. But now—oh, would that the farce had been an adaptation; that it had been safely knitted on the sound French hooks of the experienced Parisian playwrights, or that it had come from any source but the brain of Bellows! Oh, Bellows, Bellows, why—oh, why have you a brain?

"No. 3 A" is without form. The author has no idea of construction, and the story he has to tell—presuming he has one—must be hidden beneath a jingle of perfectly irrelevant episodes, and the episodes, in their turn, are almost smothered by a rank growth of puns—and the most diseased kind of puns, too. Says Henley—poor, poor Henley, dear Henley—"Do you know what I found in my soup? A hairpin. So I went to the cook and told her not to let it hairpin again." This was one of many similar offenses, and I beg to submit that the New York public has not merited such treatment. In one of those amusement halls that lurk in the modest Bowery basement the humor of "No. 3 A" might be appreciated.

All I know of the story of the piece is that "No. 3 A" is the size of somebody's shoe, which has been discovered in the room occupied by Henley—poor, poor Henley! His object is to discover the owner of the shoe. You lose sight of this object, however, about ten minutes after it has been announced, and it does not appear again during the evening. One of these days, however, I shall probably hear the real plot of "No. 3 A," and when I do I'll tell you about it. That will be some day, and you can wait in a sort of joyful anticipation. In the mean time kindly remember that life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal.

How true it is that good actors and good actresses cannot make a bad play, and how thoroughly this is exemplified at the Standard. Henley—poor, poor Henley!—is positively dragged down by the leaden imbecility of Mr. Bellows's new farce, while Miss Robson, an indefatigable artist, can scarcely capture a laugh, for she is obscured by the dismal surroundings. Both Mr. Henley and Miss Robson worked conscientiously, and really did well. Mrs. Eberle and George W. Leslie had a hard struggle, and Lawrence Sterner and Charles W. Butler gave character sketches that, in a more felicitous atmosphere would be gratefully recognized. ALAN DALE.

TO PROTEST AGAINST TRUCKS.

Property Owners Meeting Called for To-Morrow in the Marshal's Office.

Since the creation of Street-Cleaning Commissioner Brennan's new Bureau of Incumbrances 56 applications for permits to keep trucks on the streets have been filed in the Mayor's Marshal's office.

To-morrow morning a public hearing will be given in the Mayor's Marshal's office in the basement of the City Hall to property-owners and others who object to the issuing of such permits.

Cleve—to that which is pure,
Cleve—to that which is sure,
Cleve—to that which stands the test,
Cleve—to that, both pure and best,
Cleveland's Baking Powder.

HOUSE AND HOME

When a Wise Woman Smiles.

That is a wise woman who can smile at a compliment, be pleased, and forget it.

That is a wise woman who can smile at an insult and never see it.

That is a wise woman who can smile when the little worries are coming about and make of them little bits of fun.

That is a wise woman who can smile when she gets up, and who can go to sleep with a smile, for in this way she greets the coming day, and at the end of it she has blotted out all the disagreeables.

That is a wise woman who can smile for her friends and her enemies; it will keep the first and it is the best weapon against the last.

That is a wise woman who can smile no matter how she feels. She is a woman who has learned to rule not only herself, but will gain domain over the cook. And that means that she governs comfort.

With Seven Flounces.

The most novel shades are here combined with a harmonious effect. This gown is of green, black, mauve and white foulard. It is such a pretty dress, made with seven flounces on the skirt of graduated widths.

The bodice is no less attractive than the skirt, having a short jacket of the mauve face cloth and a full front of embroidered cream muslin drawn at the neck and waist into a belt of muslin lined with pale green, while round the neck are frills of the striped foulard.

Forks for Strawberries.

Strawberry forks are a dainty novelty for the table. They are small, usually three tined, though they may be two, and seem with their short handles to be more bowl than handle, the slender tines being quite two inches long.

To Make Beef Tea.

In making beef tea chop or cut into small pieces about a pound of lean beef—the neck is very good for this purpose. Pour over it a scant pint of cold water and let it stand for an hour or two, preferably on the back part of the range. Then put it over the fire and let it boil for half an hour. Remove the scum, skim off all oil drops and then season only with salt. Pour it off into a coarse sieve or through a coffee strainer, after which it is ready for use.

Cork Bonnets.

Cork is used for bonnets. The fabric is now so treated that it can be twisted into bows. Cork is also the foundation of many of the original trimmings of the year, ornamented with gold, jet and almost any kind of straw gimps. It is said that bands of cork are being prepared for lining the hems of dresses, so that they cannot possibly become damp.

Window Shades.

To keep shades from streaking dust them every time the room is swept; Do this by drawing the shade down to its full length and using a feather duster along the front and over the roller. As you roll up the shade, keep on dusting the roller. You will by this means brush both sides, for they roll up from the outside.

Care should also be taken now that the season of open windows and sudden showers are at hand that when windows are opened from the top the shades shall be tightly rolled, otherwise they will, be spotted before you are aware.

To Cure a Cough.

There are few disorders more teasing to the sufferer and to those about him than a cough. A slight hacking cough is often a bad habit; when it is at all under the control of the will it should be sternly repressed. Sometimes the uvula, the pendulous part of the soft palate, at the back of the mouth, becomes relaxed, the point touches the tongue, producing a tickling sensation, which requires a cough to relieve it. A little dry tannic acid put in a quill and blown on the uvula will contract it, or half a teaspoonful of powder mixed with two teaspoonfuls of glycerine, stirred into half a glass of warm water and used as a gargle. When a cold has been taken and there is cough with soreness of the chest bed should be prescribed for fear of a severe attack of bronchitis. Soak the feet in a pail of hot water in which is dissolved three tablespoonfuls of mustard, and rub the chest with warm camphorated oil.

Mrs. Cleveland's Mail.

Reduced to currency, the postage of Mrs. Grover Cleveland's morning mail would amply pay for her gloves, shoes and slippers for a year, at least.

How to Clean Windows.

Provide yourself with common alcohol and whiting; make the cloth damp, but not wet, with the liquid, then dip into the whiting. Rub the glass as you would if using soap and water. Polish with chamois. Windows cleaned in this manner will shine and sparkle and will keep clean much longer than if done in the old laborious way of washing and rinsing and wiping and polishing.

Why?

Why do women with no bangs, with hair severely brushed back, choose such plain bonnets? Toques, with a soft frill of lace ruching round the edge, would be far more becoming?

Why do women with big, full faces insist on having a scrap of a bonnet? Why do women with red faces wear red veils and women with colorless complexions wear blue ones? Why does any woman wear a veil with a sailor hat? Why do stout women prefer a bow at the throat when small bonnet ties in tridle fashion would look so much better?

Why, oh why, does any woman wear a veil with a lace edge? Why does she plunge into purple and magenta? Why does she wear a tag hat to the theatre and a small one on the street? Why does she make a fright of herself in skirts that flare and sleeves that bulge, and weight her skirts with hair cloth linings?

Why does she put her hands into grass-green gloves and her feet into red suede slippers? Is judgment never to guide fashion, and must thousands of dollars be squandered every year in a senseless change?

Lemon Meringue.

Make lemon meringue out of dry bread. This is the way: Grate a pound of dry bread. Beat together five ounces of granulated sugar, three ounces of butter and the yolks of three eggs; into this grate the rind of two lemons and beat the juice of one; also a tablespoonful of vanilla. Pour over the crumbs one quart of milk and beat in the other ingredients. Bake half an hour in a buttered dish. Beat up the whites of the eggs very stiff with half a cupful of pulverized sugar and a little vanilla; take the pudding out of the oven, put on the meringue and return to the oven until it is a light brown, which will be in about three minutes.

The Girdle.

A lovely girdle is of fine braided gold, which falls over the hips to a point in front. Here it is fastened by a diamond-shaped bit of filigree, studded with emerald and ruby crystals. These pretty accessories of dress lend such touches of elegance to the simplest toilet and are so effective they are sometimes really worth more than the gown or costume itself.

Women in Persia.

It has so long been our natural boast that, although still denied the ballot, nowhere do women enjoy such freedom, that it may surprise some persons to know that Persian women boast that in their country men do the work and women enjoy the results. They at least have far more freedom than is generally supposed by their American sisters. The requirements of a Persian household are comparatively few; fruits and salads form a large proportion of the diet; the warm climate dispenses with many articles necessary in America, and the rare changes in fashion save an incredible amount of labor. In the auderoom, or woman's part of the house, the girls are taught to read, to sew and to play the zither, and as they marry at twelve or thirteen their parents are early relieved of all care of their future.

Feminine Hosiery.

Shot effects have been introduced in hosiery as well as into all fabrics for feminine attire, and may be found to match or contrast harmoniously with the gowns of many colors now popular. The prettiest evening stockings have lace insertion over the top of the foot and the instep. Some have pieces of colored baby ribbon to match the dress run in and out of the lace, but the prettiest as well as the most costly have medallions or insertions of real lace over the instep.

Filling Out the Face.

Lilian.—Wash your face night and mor ning in warm water and soapsuds, after which massage the cheeks, carefully maintaining as much as possible a rotary motion. Rub the temples gently, being sure to always rub towards the eyes, and when washing the lower part of the face move the cloth up from the chin.

Tools in Talking.

Some cynic has said that a man talks to show how much he knows, but a woman delights in telling what she doesn't know. However that may be, there is certainly a different character to the personal confidence of men and women.

The outward current of a woman's life will often flow as smoothly over dead and buried hopes as a river ripples over a drowned body. She will volubly relate her small trials and triumphs, but the deep experiences of her heart are seldom bruited abroad. But let a man meet a disappointment in love, for instance, and he becomes first moody and morose, then he takes to inflicting his woes upon his friends, who often find it difficult to know how to console him, not to mention a brutal back of interest in griefs of any but of the briefest narration.

On the whole, perhaps, the woman's way is more agreeable, since her hearers are not put to such severe tests of friendship.

Chiffon Is Delicious.

Chiffon at the moment implies everything that is delightful in costume, and more especially is it devoted by the wise authorities to the service of the blouse. Perishable it is, exceedingly, charming is it none the less. The blouses which are made of chiffon are absolutely delicious. Here is one,

with the bodice of a rainbow chiffon with a faint line and spot running through it, and the sleeves of a pale blue silk set into double puffs; round the neck falls softly a frill of lace—such lace, the finest possible!—and frills of the same edge the sleeves and basque, which is quite short, while round the waist is a band of shaped ribbon. This is soft and dainty to a degree.

A Plain Way of Putting It.

The English magazine, Woman, propounds as a question for competitive answers: "Would you rather marry a man whom you entirely love, but whose love for you you are not sure of, or a man who entirely loves you, but whose love you do not thoroughly reciprocate?" And the editor of the Woman's Tribune answers it, Yankee fashion, by propounding another, "Would you rather lie or steal?"

Strawberry and Apple Soup.

Use for this apples which have been dried, cooked and rubbed through a colander. Add an equal quantity of canned strawberries which have also been rubbed through a colander. Thin as required with boiling water and reheat. When boiling, add a little cornstarch (a scant teaspoonful to the pint of liquid) to give the proper consistency and smoothness to the soup.

CRAZED WITH ECZEMA

On Face and Head Four Years. Doctors and Specialists o' Little Benefit.

Tries Cuticura. One Set Produces Wonderful Change. Completely Cured in Two Months.

I have suffered with Eczema (Salt Rheum) for about four years, all over my face, principally on my forehead, it being so bad that it made me half crazy at times. I tried about half a dozen doctors, among whom was a specialist on skin diseases, but he, like all the others, only gave me temporary relief. I then concluded to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES after being advised to do so by a great number of my friends. After using one set I could see a great change for the better, and after using three sets I found myself completely cured. I feel myself cured as I have not seen a particle of its return. GEO. A. LOWE,
107 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I had been suffering with Erysipelas for several years. It would appear during August and September of the summer season. My face became very sore and my eyes were affected seriously. I used two bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one box of the CUTICURA, and can safely say I am cured. MISS M. M. HIGH,
35 S. 3d st., Reading, Pa.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, while CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, clear the skin and scalp, and restore the hair. Thus the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, pimply, and blotchy skin, scalp and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and testimonials, mailed free.

LOVELIEST, Whitest, Clearest Skin and Softest Hands produced by CUTICURA Soap.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS, With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing plaster.

MADE HAPPY AS CHILDREN.

The Old Hoboken Couple Receive the Money Sent for Them.

They had the right of way—the tall, gray-haired, stern-faced woman and her sightless husband.

People on the Hoboken ferry-boat stepped aside to let them pass, and when they reached the elevator in the Pulitzer Building business men and office clerks made way for the silent couple.

They would have attracted attention anywhere. One did not need to ask questions. To look at them was to know that they had been shipwrecked and picked up when about to be dashed against the rocks of despair.

A short while ago the husband went to the Snake Hill Poorhouse Hospital. He was not sent. He went. All Winter long his humanity and pride had rebelled against the support that was killing his wife. While the cold weather lasted he could not move, for in addition to blinding him fate had decreed that his joints should be locked with some white swelling that held him like manacles.

They wanted to end all with a penknife, but neither had the courage to draw the steel. Then the husband waited till he heard the voice of Spring, and dragged himself "over the hills to the poorhouse."

"The next thing, help came through "The Evening World." Not one, but nearly a hundred dollars. One gentleman sent a check for $10, and when it was given to the gray-haired wife she fastened a basin-shaped hat over her stony, care-worn face, and went to the Poorhouse.

The house physican advised her not to move her husband; that $10 was nothing; that it was almost foolish to think of doing anything with such a small sum.

She knew all that, but, "foolish or wise, I'll take him back," she said, "and when it is gone, if God does not help him, then you will, will you not?"

With the $10 note, the poor old comrade and lover was nourished and decently dressed. Yesterday his wife drew his hand through her arm and brought him all the way from Hoboken to this office to receive the money that had been so generously and readily subscribed by the readers of "The Evening World."

The wife had