The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company
53 to 63 Park Row, New York.

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(including postage):
PER MONTH..... 50c.
PER YEAR..... $5.50

Vol. 34.....No. 11,699

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—1258 3d St. 1420 Madison Ave.
BROOKLYN—369 Washington St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Ledger Building, 112 South 6th St. WASHINGTON—703 14th St.

A Steady Gain.

THE WORLD'S

Actual Paid Bona-Fide Circulation per Day for July, 1893, was

13,049 MORE
THAN FOR JULY, 1892.

66,279 MORE
THAN FOR JULY, 1891.

91,414 MORE
THAN FOR JULY, 1890.

The Average per Day for Four Julys:

1893	393,033
1892	379,984
1891	326,754
1890	301,619

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.

Sick Babies' Fund to-day $9,471.39.

President Cleveland has left the Gray Gablers to be closer to the gray gabblers in the Senate.

Gladstone has been talking on Home Rule again. The Grand Old Man's wind is in good condition.

The no-one-to-blame verdict makes railroading easy for the directors, but tough on the people who ride.

Which will it be, Dobbins or Domino? If it isn't one it will be the other. That's the safest tip we can give you.

Street Commissioner Andrews will ask for "more." Of course, he will, but first let us look at the Brennan expenditures.

Brooklyn is solvent, according to Comptroller Corwin's report. And she doesn't seem to have many unemployed, either.

The bread which "The World" gives away is none the less nourishing for being leavened with the leaven of charity.

A reunion of the Smiths at Peapack, N. J., brought 5,000 of them together. The other 5,000,000 sent their regrets, we suppose.

The police who help to swell boxing-match crowds with their presence are to have an opportunity to explain their fordness for the manly art.

New York long ago lost the reputation of being the wickedest city in this country, and Chicago's claim to that unenviable distinction is now uncontested.

The "dignity of the Senate," which has been established as a protection to legislation, loses all right to its name when it is misused as an obstruction to legislation.

The refusal of the judges of the State courts to send prisoners to Elmira as long as the Reformatory is in charge of Brockway is evidence of the urgent need of reform in the Reformatory.

Although banks sometimes fail and lose the money of the depositors, still a bank is always a safer place of deposit for money than an old stocking. Put the money back in the banks.

The avowed intention of certain Senators to filibuster in opposition to the repeal of the Sherman act is in no way heroic nor admirable. It is merely a refusal to carry out the clearly expressed will of the people.

With the first indications of returning prosperity the bulls and bears of Wall street and the little lambs all over the country resumed their frisky gambols on the Stock Exchange. The management of the Stock Exchange should see to it that in the merry little game of speculation which it controls only honest values and real securities should be dealt in.

The perils of exalted station are again illustrated in the case of that unfortunate officer of the American Navy who was detailed to escort the Russian Grand Duke to Mount Vernon after the naval review, and who, it is said, hasn't been sober since. An attempt will be made to sober him up by court-martial, and it would be interesting to have a full story of his experience while trying to do his full duty to his Imperial charge.

CLEVELAND'S HEALTH.

The plain truth of all the rumors about President Cleveland's health appears to be that the President was troubled by an aching tooth in the upper jaw, which had ulcerated, and had two teeth extracted last month and the portion of the bone affected by the ulceration removed.

Upon this fact has been built up the story of a serious operation, and the croaking gossip about "cancer" and "sarcoma" and Gen. Grant's case.

The single authentic account of the incident published as yet comes from Dr. Hasbrouck, the dentist, in this city, who was present at the tooth-drawing. Dr. Hasbrouck says: "I went along to administer anaesthetic gas, and to do what dental work might be necessary in any disease of the mouth. President Cleveland has just the same amount of cancer or sarcoma in his system as I have, and I have none. Two teeth were extracted, and a slight operation upon the jawbone and the surrounding tissue was performed. But it is only such a case as I meet with almost weekly in my practice. It resulted from an ulceration, and such an operation on John Smith or Bill Jones would not find its way into any sort of print."

This is absolutely the only statement of fact that has been made. It comes from the dentist who performed the operation, an eminent and highly reputable member of his profession. Every other rumor or theory is simply guesswork and romance.

Mr. Cleveland and his family left Gray Gables yesterday. He is in good health, much refreshed and invigorated by his rest, and ready to go to work with his customary energy and directness. If the political intriguers and spoils-hunters at the National Capital think that there is anything the matter with the President's health, and that he will be found any less watchful, shrewd and resolute than usual, they will discover that he cut his eye teeth many years ago.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

The Old Guard is one of the institutions of New York. On parade days it is glorious in its gold lace and feathers. It is not altogether a martial body, but joins the civic with the military in its character. It consists not only of warriors, but of civilians of distinction in the various walks of life, whose purses are plethoric enough to stand the expense of costly uniforms, princely convivial entertainments and brilliant annual festivals. If it has not won laurels in battle, it has gained glory in ballrooms, and if some of its members have never smelled powder, all of them are highly perfumed. If the Old Guard has not sought danger at the cannon's mouth, it has braved it at the mouth of the champagne bottle.

Every one will regret to learn that the armory of the Old Guard was the theatre of a fire last evening, and that the rich uniforms of the members fell victims of the flames. The destruction of gold lace and braid and resplendent epaulets and waving plumes and brilliant buckles and highly ornamented swords was deplorable. But more regrettable still was the loss of many military relics which were in the armory, together with the full-length portraits of some of the gallant guardsmen, in the full glory of their glittering regimentals.

CHALLENGER AND DEFENDERS.

Our cup-defenders have had some narrow escapes from disaster during the recent tempestuous weather. The Vigilant dragged her anchor a few days ago and was narrowly saved from going on the rocks. The Pilgrim nearly came to grief in Boston the day before yesterday through being fouled by a schooner which had dragged loose while the Pilgrim was anchored in the stream. It would have been unfortunate if any serious mishap had befallen these crack vessels, either of which may be called upon to keep the America's Cup from going back across the Atlantic.

But how about the Valkyrie? The English challenger is coming across the ocean at a period of unusual storms, and the journey is not free from danger. But every one will hope that the gallant vessel may arrive safely in port and in good condition to give us a brave, if unsuccessful, race.

DEAR MILK.

It is reported that "The Milk Exchange, Limited," has decided to raise the price of milk half a cent a quart, which means a cent a quart to the consumer. Whatever "the Milk Exchange, Limited," may be, it is said to control 15 per cent of all the milk sold in this city, and that its dealings are entirely with those who supply the poorer classes, so that the proposed rise will fall on those who can least afford it.

This is not the time to increase the cost of the necessaries of life. Thousands of the workingmen of the city are out of employment. There is suffering enough among the people. A company or a "combination" for the sale of food products must be "limited" in its humanity if it attempts to make up for depressed business by raising prices. The Milk Exchange will do well to reconsider its alleged determination.

The most brazen exhibition of impudence up to date is that furnished yesterday by the Chicago rioters. Nothing in farce-comedy on the stage approaches the humor of a gang of freshly imported immigrants first getting work on the streets and then endeavoring to upset the whole municipal authority, to seize all private property, and to abolish the American flag. Burlesque could hardly go any further than that.

We owe that West Indian cyclone a vote of thanks for this cool and refreshing weather. It's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good while blowing somebody else's house down.

Chicago police are almost as good as our own at quelling a riot. Here, though, we do as Scotty Briggs used to do, break them up before they get started.

The Prohibitionists have had a Convention, but they haven't improved the condition of our drinking water or done anything else worth mentioning.

The story of Directoire's great feat at Fleetwood yesterday was adequately told exclusively in the Sporting Edition of "The Evening World."

LABOR DAY PARADE.

Route and Some of the Societies Which Will Participate.

Grand Marshal J. C. Edwards, of the Central Labor Union's Labor Day parade, has laid out the route of the parade, as follows:

From Eighth street to Waverley place, to Fifth avenue, Fourth street, Broadway, City Hall Park, Mail street, Park Row, Broadway and Bowling Green.

The organizations which, so far, have notified Mr. Edwards of their intention to parade are:

Hexagon Labor Club, Granite Cutters, Ornamental Plasterers, Phoenix Labor Club, Theatrical Protective Union, Iron Moulders' Union No. 25, United Wood-Carvers, Amalgamated Carpenters, Electrical Workers, Gilders and Picture-Frame Makers, Paper-Hangers, Horseshoers' Unions Nos. 1 and 8, Operative Plasterers' Laborers, Cloak and Suit Cutters, Brewers and Beerdrivers, Bakers' Unions Nos. 1 and 20, Confectioners' Union No. 1, Atlantic Coast Seamen, Typographical Union No. 6, Freeman's Union No. 9.

The parade will be in five divisions, and the Division Marshals are: George Strutsebh, Edward Reagan, Richard Kerwin, A. G. Smith, and Richard Patterson. The Grand Marshal's aides are F. W. Balmes and Joseph Cuddihy, and the division aides will be James P. Archibald, Samuel McClurken, James McKenna and Thomas Crain.

A GEARY LAW DECISION.

A Warrant Can be Issued Under Section Six.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 31.—Judge Ross, in the United States District Court yesterday, decided that the warrant for the arrest of Chinamen under section 6 of the Geary law can be issued when the complaint and its verification are presented in proper form. This sixth section is the registration clause that caused so much sensation.

Last Sunday William F. Lentener, a farmer, made application to Judge Ross for a warrant for the arrest of A. H. Wong on a complaint charging that Wong failed to register as required by the sixth section of the Geary act. The Judge says, while much regretting that an application has been made to him, he feels it, under his oath, his duty to enforce the laws of the United States in all cases.

HE WANTS HIS $50

Kalmitzky Paid to Learn Cutting and Then Became an Annoyance.

Joseph Kalmitzky has commenced an action against Keve, Henry & Co., manufacturers of clothing, at 61 Bleecker street, to recover $50, which he paid to learn the art of cutting. He was given employment after he had been taught, and was discharged two weeks later—the house having no further use for him.

Though he gave a release, he called daily at Keve, Henry & Co's place and demanded the return of his $50, and was finally ejected. He threatens to sue also for assault and battery.

Lawyer Alfred H. Jaworower, of the Pulitzer Building, has entered a general denial of all the charges on behalf of the firm of Keve, Henry & Co.

REV. MR. BRADEN'S LEAP.

The Touch of a Blacksnake Helped Him to Beat All Records.

The Rev. J. N. Braden, of Sunbury, Pa., who is visiting relatives in Beaver County, made probably the highest backward jump on record yesterday, says the New Brighton News. He was walking from John Potter's farm, in Raccoon township, to the home of his aunt, Ellen Braden, when he thought he would stop and rest. He leaned back against a fence, placing his arms on the rail behind him.

A chill of horror struck him as his arms sank into the springy folds of a huge blacksnake which had been stretched along the top rail. Mr. Braden is an athlete of no mean acquirements, but his feat on feeling the writhing snake under his elbow probably breaks the world's record for a standing high jump backward. He just sprang into the air—that was all he did—but he landed on the other side of the fence, having just cleared the ride rail without a scratch.

The snake sailed down off the fence on the jumper's side and offered fight. It lost, for the preacher had quit jumping and turned in and killed the reptile. It is 5 feet 8 inches long and girthed 10 inches at the middle. The height of the fence where the preacher vaulted over is 4 feet, but it is not known just how far above this Mr. Braden went before he started on his return trip downward.

HATED TO BE A DEADHEAD.

An Old Man Offers to Pay for His Ride on an Elevator.

"One!" called out the man who runs the elevator of the New York Life Building, as he stopped at the first floor, says the Kansas City Times. "Two" is the password for the second, "Three" for the third floor, and so on up to "Ten," when the top floor is reached.

On a trip yesterday the elevator was crowded with men. All of them seemed to be intent on business, but there was a peculiar expression on the face of one man in the corner as the elevator ascended and the number representing the floor increased in size. The corners of this man's mouth dropped lower and lower, and his hands were thrust deeper and deeper into his trousers pockets. When the elevator stoped at the ninth floor the old fellow seemed relieved, but his hands went still deeper when the cage started again.

"Ten!" called out the boy.

And not until then was the cause of the old man's anxiety known. He pulled out nine cents, handed them to the elevator man and exclaimed:

"There, conductor, that's all the fare I have; but I'll walk down."

HE SUSPECTED AN AD.

Actress Who Loses Her Diamonds Has Little Sympathy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she entered the police station in a state of great anxiety, says the Washington Star, "you will help me, we won't you?"

The officer in charge assured her that he would if it was in his power.

"I have just met with a great loss," she continued.

"What was it?"

"Diamonds. I had just finished rehearsal when"—

"Are you an actress?"

"Yes."

"And lost your diamonds?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but you're in the wrong place. This is police headquarters. It isn't any newspaper office."

A Few Proverbs.

(From Texas Siftings.)

He that is warm thinks all are so.

He that is angry is seldom at ease.

He who runs fast must not run long.

Hear twice before you speak once.

He is a wise man who speaks little.

He that hows in the dust fills his eyes.

He must stoop low that hath a low door.

He that has no shame has no conscience.

He that always complains is never pleased.

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly.

He loses his thanks who promisth and delayeth.

He loses nothing that keeps God for his friend.

He that liveth not well one year sorrows for it ever.

He that lieth down with dogs must expect to rise with fleas.

He may well be contented who need neither borrow nor flatter.

He that lendeth loses double—loses both money and his friends.

GROWING NICELY.

The Sick Babies' Fund Is Now $9,471.39.

Several Successful Entertainments for the Charity.

Big and Little Fairs Bring Many Dollars to the Fund.

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

Donations of clothing, &c., should be sent to Mrs. Roberts, 132 West Thirty-fourth street.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$9,271.59
Benjamin S. Wise & Co.	100.00
Entertainment, White Star Hall	30.00
Miss Sigri Johnson	28.00
Fair, East One Hundred and Fourth street	20.00
Ella Weberman and others	9.00
Fair, Passaic, N. J.	5.00
Fair, East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street	4.00
Blanch Gutman and Matilda Pepper	3.25
Sadie Levy and Leah Michaels	2.00
Mamie Keiter and Flora Hollaender	1.70
Fair, 158 East One Hundred and Seventh street	1.30
Francisco Freist, Brooklyn	1.25
Clara Woolf and others, Bayonne, N. J.	1.00
Jessie	1.00
A Friend from Sayville	1.00
Fair, at Yonkers, N. Y.	.75
Anastasia Veronica C.	.25
Edwin H. Nordlinger	.20

Babies are the bosses of creation, and the Sick Babies' Fund is the boss charity. It has beaten every fund in the field. It is first, foremost and on top. Success is the only thing that succeeds all the time, and the Sick Babies' Fund is a success.

It prospered from the first; now it is booming.

It threw dust in the teeth of everything on the road, and, having nothing to compete with, it has started on the last quarter to break its own phenomenal record.

The total subscription to-day amounts to $9,471.39, a pretty fund, all things taken into consideration.

The good work will go on a few weeks longer, for while thousands of unfortunate little creatures have been given life insurances they will require the attention of the medical advisers until their strength increases or the dangers of the season decrease.

This continuation of a sublime programme of exercise will enable everybody who has not contributed to the greatest success of the Columbian year.

The highest exercise of charity is "charity to the uncharitable." Children know nothing of gratitude, obligations or charity; the world owes them every blessing and favor it can confer. It is their right to be well and to be happy, and it is the absolute duty of every charitable individual to bless and benefit them. "He always has something to give who is full of charity."

Don't wait. The Summer is over, the season is nearly ended and the doctors have plenty of cures to make. Send what you can spare and help make the Fund as near as possible equal to that of last year.

NELL NELSON.

Sigri Johnson's Entertainment.

Miss Sigri Johnson, the handsome young daughter of Mrs. Anna Johnson, of 605 East One Hundred and Forty-third street, got up an interesting entertainment for the Sick Babies' Fund, which was given at Webster Hall Monday evening. Admission was 15 cents, and there was a big house. The receipts were $28. The programme was as follows:

MISS SIGRI JOHNSON.

Song, "Old Black Joe," Chorus; recitation, "How Salvator Won," Celia Levy; piano solo, Emma Droscher; recitation, "The Ship on Fire," Master Robert Johnson; violin solo, Herman Kloess; song, "Sing, Sweet Bird," Miss Sigri Johnson; recitation, "The Czar and the Dead Soldier," Hattie Levy; recitation, "The Market Song," Mrs. F. Sloper; piano solo, Herman Kloess; recitation, "Keeping Her Word," Lillian Loewy; piano solo, "Farewell to the Alm," Miss Sigri Johnson; recitation, "Very Observing," Lillian and Tessie Loewy; piano solo, Lizzie Phalen, pupil of Miss S. Johnson; song, "Do They Think of Me at Home," chorus.

Miss Johnson was assisted by Alex. Zebo, Joe Torrenz and James Haggerty.

Four Brooklyn Girls.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $12, the amount realized from a fair held by four little girls at 801 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the afternoons and evenings of Aug. 23, 24, 25 and 26. In a room tastefully decorated with streamers of bunting and festoons of flags, in the rear of a vacant store at the above address, these four little girls gathered together and held a fair in aid of the Sick Babies' Fund. After motion and doll contests, which were most hotly contested, the Misses Emma Eagle and Daisy Gerbing, were to be found selling both useful and ornamental articles which tempted the most reluctant purses, while at the lemonade and cake table the thirsty and hungry patrons of the fair were supplied with refreshments at most reasonable prices by the young attendants, Misses Minnie Bigler and Eva Hallock. The young ladies were ably assisted in their noble work by their gallant young gentleman friends, Masters Willie Bigler, John and Hiram Thomas and Bobbie Hallock, the latter of whom has gained an enviable reputation as a most successful ticket seller. They all send their best wishes and also each hope that the inclosed amount will help relieve the sufferings of some poor unfortunate baby, and their only regret is that they were not able to make a larger sum. Yours sincerely,

A. K. Thomas,
801 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Elite Club Fair.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $5.67, the proceeds of a fair given by the Elite Club at the residence of Miss Cooper, of Bolton, 461 Bainbridge street, in aid of the Sick Babies' Fund. The committee in charge of the fair was:

Celia Dolmen, Nellie Sloper,
Sarah Bowen, Jessie O'Brien.

Six Little Collectors.

To the Editor:

The inclosed $2 was collected by the children below mentioned for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund:

Dollie Rice, Sadie Butler,
Rose Maloney, Ada Cory,
Jessie Rice, Elma Tisler.

Eye Children's Fair.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $43.10, proceeds of a fair held at the residence of Mrs. John W. Byrnes, Rye, N. Y., by Beatrice Ellis and Josie Thomas, aged respectively ten years; assisted by Emma Thomas, May Billington, Addie Parsons, Minnie Ellis, Selina Thomas, Edith Ellis and L. J. Pope. Yours truly,

Mrs. John W. Byrnes.

Fair at Arverne.

To the Editor:

Inclosed we send you $34.17, the proceeds of our little fair of the 26th inst., hoping the fund may swell to the thousands and may help to save the babies.

Ella Warshing, Sadie Miller,
Jennie Pen, Mamie Miller,
Isabel Collier, May Kinnie,
Florence Collier, Emma Frey,
Arverne, L. I.

A Magic Lantern Show.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1, the proceeds of a magic lantern show held at 142 East Eighty-fourth street, by three boys.

Arthur Carlin,
Eddie Murphy,
John Lafferty.

Clara's Little Fair.

To the Editor:

I am nine years old, and have had a little fair. Inclosed is $1.10 for the Sick Babies' Fund. I wish it was more.

Clara Heuermann, Stapleton, S. I.

Brooklyn Surprise Party.

To the Editor:

A surprise party in aid of the Sick Babies' Fund, held at the residence of Miss Hattie Eason, 41 Tillary street, yielded 60 cents. The committee was:

Lulu Gunning, Annie Healey,
Hanna Puhrermacher, Tillie Sherwood,
Brooklyn.

TOO STINGY TO PLEASE HER.

But Sure Enough John Paid $1 for a Marriage License.

"Are you the marriage license clerk?" inquired a comely country damsel of the young man who dishes out that sort of emotional pabulum to hungry victims, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I am, miss," responded the young man, with the soft suavity a pretty girl is always sure of bringing to the surface of a man, old or young.

"Has there been a man in here to-day after a license?" she asked.

"Three or four, miss; times must be getting better."

"I mean a red-headed man," she explained, ignoring the young man's allusion to the improved condition of the times.

"Yes, miss, the last one I gave out was to a red-headed man. Here it is," and the clerk opened the book: "John F. Gullion to Miss Mary M. Duster."

"That's the man," she exclaimed, "and that's me. Now I want one myself. Make it out quick, for Mary M. Duster and Henry Hooker."

The clerk was quick about it.

"How much is it?" she asked as he handed it to her.

"One dollar, miss."

"Did Gullion have to pay that much for his?" she asked, laying down the amount called for.

"Certainly, that's the legal price, miss."

"Well, I wish to goodness it was $5. John Gullion has been courting me for two years and is the stingiest man I ever seen. That's the first money he ever spent on me and he wouldn't have spent that if I hadn't been sharp enough to let him get the license before I get one for me and Henry.

"Henry's out now looking for a preacher and I'm to meet him at the hotel right away. Good-bye, I'm ever so much obliged to you," and she started out with a rush, but came back in a minute.

"Oh," she said, "if John Gullion brings that license back when he hears how I've fooled him, please, don't give him his dollar again, will you?" and she looked so pleading and so pleasing that the young man swore John would never see his dollar again.

CHASTISED BY A COW.

An Incident Which Tends to Show that Cattle Are Intelligent.

A cow and a steer—the latter two or three years old—were the only occupants of the barnyard where the occurrence took place, writes Allen Pringle.

A bolting of hay was put out to them, the cow taking possession. The steer wished to share it, but the cow, like some higher animals, was selfish, and was bent on taking the whole of it, and as often as he would manoeuvre around from side to side to get a bite she would drive him off at the point of her horns.

The steer was so persistent that at last the cow's patience gave way, and making a determined and vicious charge on him punished him severely, though he was her own offspring, says the Popular Science Monthly.

The steer felt badly hurt, not only in body but evidently in mind as well, and immediately started out of the yard and off down the lane towards the pasture where were the rest of the stock, bellowing vengeance at every step in a language which was unmistakable to the bystanders and which the mother well understood, as she ceased eating and listened intently to the threatenings of what was to come.

When these died away in the distance she resumed her ration, but with evident apprehension. In due time the steer was seen returning, bringing with him a companion larger and stronger than himself. As they approached the rumblings of rage and revenge could be again heard, which grew louder as they came nearer. The cow took in the situation at once, and was now transfixed. As her assailants rushed into the yard she dodged them and rushed out at life-and-death speed and away towards the rest of the stock in the field with her pursuers close on her track.

A PARSIMONIOUS SLINKER.

He Couldn't Understand Just How the Term Applied to Him.

"Have you got a dictionary here?" he softly asked of a hotel clerk on Grand River avenue yesterday, according to the Detroit Free Press.

"No, sir."

"Are you pretty well up on Webster yourself?"

"Fairly so. What's the trouble?"

"I want a term defined. A fellow just referred to me as a parsimonious slinker, and I can't exactly catch on."

"Parsimonious means stingy and close."

"I know she does. I've allus knowed that."

"Slinker—slinker? A slinker must be a man who slinks."

"Seems that way to me, but I didn't slink."

"What were the circumstances?"

"Why, I went into a saloon after a glass of beer. There was a stranger sitting there and he came over to the bar. I asked him if he ever drank and he said he did. I ordered beer for me and water for him, and he stuck up his chin and called me a parsimonious slinker. Was the reference appropriate on the occasion?"

"Well, somewhat."

"Then it's all right. I thought he had slipped a cog in his grammar or was addressing the bartender. Then he probably meant me? All right—all right, yes. He must have meant me, for I noticed he didn't drink the water, and I thought he said something about knocking my eyebrows off. Sorry to have bothered you, but I was a little curious, you know. Good day."

Capable of Anything.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Smith—Do you know a young man named Tom Beverly?

Jones—I do.

"Well, he wants a position in my office as a cashier. Is he a good business man; is he capable?"

"Capable! I should say so. He is capable of anything. He was private secretary of a Brooklyn Alderman for several years. There is nothing he is not capable of doing."

LETTERS.

[This column is for the benefit of everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a question to ask or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Ask at the Institute.

To the Editor:

Will you please inform me how and when I could apply for admission into the Cooper Institute?

A READER.

Just Quit Trying to Please Him.

To the Editor:

Will some kind reader tell me what I can do? My husband is a crank. In every line he has all his wants attended to and a comfortable and neat home. No other man with sense could find a better home. He accuses me of being lazy, dirty, and calls me all sorts of names. I get no satisfaction if I reason with him. I try to please him in every way, but whatever I do doesn't please him. He doesn't take me to any place, and doesn't want me to go out but very seldom, and that is for a walk in the village. Can I make a charge, and on what ground? Kindly give me some advice.

NITA.

Long Island City.

Yes—Pay It.

To the Editor:

If a young man seventeen years old runs up a board bill at the boarding-house and is unable to pay it, can he be arrested? What is the best thing for him to do?

V. V. THIST.

Get the Congressional Record.

To the Editor:

Kindly inform me if it is possible to procure a copy of the speech made by Bourke Cockran on Saturday last, 26th inst.; also a copy of John R. Fellows's speech on the same day?

F. H. L.

Don't Know of Any.

To the Editor:

Would you kindly inform me whether there is a millinery school in New York similar to the one in Pratt's Institute, Brooklyn?

ELENORA.

June 2, 1886.

To the Editor:

Will you kindly let me know the date of President Cleveland's marriage.

FRANCES EHRLICH.

137 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

No.

To the Editor:

A owes B $10, and pays some by check. B holds check six months, failing to deposit it. In the mean time the bank on which the check is drawn fails. Does A still owe B $10?

GEORGE W. HARVEY.

219 East Seventy-eighth street.

Whipping Big Girls.

To the Editor:

I have just read with great interest and thoughtful study the letter from John Carlton. I am an English girl, nineteen years old, and have never yet had my father's hands put on me in any harsh manner whatever. I extend my deep condolence to the daughter of your correspondent, and think heaven I was not born to his family. I have many young lady friends about my own age, and if you will furnish me with the address of Mr. Carlton a committee of about twenty will interview him, and would like to administer a little of his own medicine.

LOUISE BLAKE.

Shave Often.

To the Editor:

What is the quickest way to get a strong beard? I am a travelling salesman and the older I look the more goods I can sell. Yours, &c.,

HUSTLER.

The Waste of Food.

To the Editor:

When I read in your wide-awake paper of the utter waste of more than forty tons of that food which a beneficient Providence has freely given for the sustenance of his creatures, my soul is truly vexed, and if it would serve any good purpose I would use a few big and vigorous adjectives to express my anger and indignation. I may be foolish, but I have often remarked to friends after reading of such horrible waste in New York and London, Why don't the merchants when they see and know that the food they have in stock will certainly deteriorate in a set time sell it out at an extremely low price, or give it to the poor, rather than see it go to utter waste and ruin? Yours truly,

FRANK T. BROUGH, M. D.,
Bayonne, N. J.

The Inhumanity of It.

To the Editor:

If it is true that there is a standing rule on the Long Island Railroad which says that no matter what happens to a train if a portion of it is able to proceed it should do so at once, I think it is outrageous, and Saturday night's disaster plainly shows the folly of it. If that portion of the Manhattan Beach train which escaped the collision had stopped and allowed its passengers to go to the relief of the injured it might have saved more than one life and no end of anxiety to those who had friends or relatives in the wreck. I was separated from my brother in boarding the train, and he, unknown to me, got in the last car. I was in the third. He escaped with a severe cut on the head and many bruises. His anxiety regarding my fate made him much worse, and he is now confined to his bed. The train went on to Long Island City leaving the dead and injured in a cowardly manner, and carrying me with it. I was unable to find out if my brother was living or dead.

E. L.

THIS AFTERNOON AND TO-NIGHT

Academy of Music—"Black Crook," 8.
Garden Theatre—Lois Fuller, 8.30.
American Theatre Roof Garden—Vaudeville, 8.
Tony Pastor's Theatre—Vaudeville, 8.
American Theatre—"The Prodigal Daughter," 8.
Lyceum Theatre—"Capt. Lettarblair," 8.15.
Broadway Theatre—"Panjandrum," 8.
Madison Square Theatre—"The New South," 8.30.
Proctor's Theatre—Continuous vaudeville.
Madison Square Garden Roof Garden—Vaudeville, 8.
Grand Opera House—"The Silver King," 8.
Daly's Theatre—"L'Enfant Prodigue," 8.30.
Empire Theatre—"Liberty Hall," 8.15.
Casino Roof Garden—Vaudeville, 8.
Koster & Bial's—Operetta and vaudeville, 8.
Harrigan's Theatre—"Dan's Tribulation," 8.
Fourteenth Street Theatre—"Glen-da-Lough," 8.
Eden Musee—World in wax.
Huber's Museum—Hourly performances.
Eldorado—Equine Paradox, 4 and 8.30.
Manhattan Beach—Concert, 3.30, 7.15 and 9. Fireworks, 9.
Star Theatre—Lottie Collins and Boston Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Company, 8.15.
People's Theatre—"McFee of Dublin," 8.
H. S. Jacobs' Theatre—"Lost in New York," 2 and 8.
Columbus Theatre—"The Span of Life," 8.
New Park Theatre—"A Night at the Circus," 8.
Palmer's Theatre—"1492," 8.15.
Imperial Music Hall—Thirty American and European stars, 2 and 8.
National Academy of Design—Art Exhibition.
Baseball—St. Louis at New York, two games; Louisville at Brooklyn, 4.
Races at Sheepshead Bay, 2.30.
Races at Clifton, 2.30.
Rapid Transit Commissioners, 3.
Music in East River Park, 8.
Pat Man's Association Clambake, Pleasure Beach, Bridgeport, Conn.

A Keenly Felt Want.

"My darling girls," the mother pensed,
"Stay at the seashore dear.
And if there's aught that we can send,
Way do, please, let us hear."

Back came the answer quick next day:
"Dear mamma, do not stay
To send to us, without delay,
Two diamond rings, by mail."—Vogue.

HOUSE AND HOME

Lieut.-Gov. Sheehan's Wife.

A newspaper correspondnt speaks of Mrs. Sheehan, the wife of New York's Lieutenant-Governor, as "a tailor-made swell." The truth is that the lady in question was chosen for his bride while her husband was still in obscurity, and bears all the marks in her person and appearance of having risen from the ranks, as does Mr. Sheehan himself. It is highly to the credit of both that they should have thus risen, but it does not mean that the second lady in Empire State politics is a tailor-made swell, or anything like it.

Outdoor Dress with Jacket Cape.

The jacket cape shown is easy fitting and yet elegant and made of light gray cheviot, with revers made by

turning back the fronts of dark silk. Quantity of material required—three and three-fourths yards one and a quarter yards wide.

Eggs with Tomato Sauce.

Boil six eggs hard; cut them lengthwise in halves and lay in a dish. Cover with seasoned tomato sauce. Stand over hot water for fifteen minutes and serve.

Electric Fans for Hairdressing.

The electric fan of the restaurant has found its way into the hairdressing establishment, and follows a new mission in life. After milady's head has been ducked in a basin of water and lavishly sprinkled to remove the foaming lather, she is requested to place her head at the opening of a huge tin tube. This she does, and for a moment all is restful and silent. Then a sound as of the distant roar of cannon reaches her ear; louder and louder it grows. Cool breezes play about her head, sent through the tube by whirling fans at the other end, and soon the hair is perfectly dry.

Fruit Punch.

Take the juice from one can of pineapples, add the juice of six lemons, three oranges and a pint can of rich preserved cherries. Sweeten to taste and let stand for two or three hours, add one quart of ice water and one cup of finely chipped ice. If too rich weaken with ice water. But it should be rich and strong—not too sweet.

Selfishness of "Dowdyism."

The statement that clothes and the adornment of the person are as much an index to the intellectual status of the wearer as the print of the thumb, the handwriting, the gait, the handshake or the bumps of the head, is often received with naive surprise as quite a new idea; and we have heard it said in scorn that a great mind is above attention to apparel and the hundred and one details which go to invest the plainest of us with a "presence." We can all afford to be gloriously unself-conscious, but not splendidly selfish, and who is there who will not agree that to go about the world garishly or sloppily attired is the outcome of pure selfishness and lack of regard for the acute aesthetic sense possessed by a large proportion of cultured humanity?

Lettuce Sandwiches.

Spread thin slices of bread with seasoned mayonnaise dressing. Put between the slices, from which the crust should be removed, small, crisp lettuce leaves. Be sure to trim and shape the sandwiches before putting in the lettuce, that it may not have to be cut, and serve the sandwiches as soon as possible after preparing.

Real Lace Veils.

Real lace veils are coming in again of the large, old-fashioned size in which our grandmothers delighted. Colored spots on a black ground are also much worn, and graduated spots which cover the face more than those we have been wearing lately. The spider web is still in favor, and there are many thin makes of this class, with spots thrown upon them.

Eggs Sur le Plat.

Bake five eggs carefully in a greased baking-dish. Sprinkle with pepper, salt and butter, and put in a quick oven for eight minutes, or until the white and yolks are set. As soon as baked pour over a tomato sauce and serve.

Taste in Window Boxes.

Window boxes which adorn our Summer homes may be rendered doubly beautiful if care is used in the selection of colors. As, for instance, all white flowers are charming in a sea-green tiled box, or a white porcelain box filled with nasturtiums, or pale blue with English daisies. The blossoms are seen to the best advantage if not more than one variety is placed in a window—mixed they do not look so well.

Gowns for Grandmothers.

The trouble is that one-half the time "grandma" doesn't care how she ought to look, and the other half she doesn't know. A few suggestions as to how a lovely old age can be made still lovelier by toilet accessories may be of some assistance to her. In the first place she usually starts wrong as to colors by adhering too closely to black. There is no greater mistake than the popular notion that it "flatters" the woman who is no more young; on the contrary, no color is more trying, even to a youthful, brilliant complexion. The elderly woman who is not obliged to wear black as mourning would do better to retain it as a useful and unfailing stand-by, while she "dips" into colors at her discretion.

Not bright scarlet, but a maroon, a garnet or deep crimson is the shade above all others which the elderly woman cannot afford to discard, especially if her locks are frosted. One of the most tastefully dressed old ladies we ever saw wore an entire suit of subdued red, including a bonnet, which lay against her snow-white locks with charming effect. Gay? Not half so much so as the approved combination of black and white, to whose striking appearance custom has blinded us. Dark green and dark blue look well on the white-haired woman of florid complexion and among light colors both buff and lilac are at her disposal. White, too, should never be given up. Let "grandma" be persuaded to try a white bodice, at any rate in Summer, and if she does not look better than for many a long day it will be for some cause unknown to the present writer.

Tomato Sauce.

Simmer one pint of tomatoes with two slices of onion, a sprig of parsley, two cloves and one bay leaf for fifteen minutes. Press through a sieve. Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning; add one tablespoonful of flour; stir until smooth. Add the tomato and stir until it thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

To Soften the Skin.

S. A. T.—Washing in warm water with a flannel wash-rag is excellent for softening the skin; cold cream frequently applied and well washed off afterwards is good, and an occasional "rub" of alcohol is also recommended.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Wash one bundle of asparagus, cut into small pieces and put into a saucepan, with one pint of boiling water. Simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Remove the tips with a fork, press the remainder through a sieve, saving the water in which it was boiled. Scald one quart of milk, rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour until smooth. Stir this into the scalded milk, and stir until it thickens. If it should lump put it through a sieve. Return to the farina boiler, add the asparagus and water pressed through the sieve. Season with salt and white pepper, add the asparagus tips and serve. Cream soups should be served as soon as made, for if allowed to stand the vegetable separates from the milk, giving it a curdled appearance.

Paste for Your Scrap-Book.

You