The World

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Evening Sun,
Mail and Express,
Evening Post,
Commercial Advertiser,
Evening Telegram.

Christmas is over for a year.

Next week, the State Legislature and the "Greater New York" bill.

If Mello has his way, Brazil's new leaf won't have Peixoto's name on it.

Chicago is threatened with a bread famine in the very shadow of a big loaf.

As much security as the turkey ever has falls on him now for eleven months.

Stephen Girard, who founded the college bearing his name, died sixty-two years ago to-day.

There was no Christmas skating, and most of the feasters who took on Christmas skates did so unobtrusively.

In Brooklyn the trolley has become a murderer; in New York, so far, it is only a sneak thief. But look out.

When the East River boasts as many bridges as the Harlem the "Greater New York" will be well bound together. And that time will come.

By Uncle Sam, on the coming New Year morning: Resolved, that hereafter I will mind my own business and let Mme. Hawaii do the same.

It will be just as well to keep an eye on that One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street trolley. It may take another spell of mushroom growth some favorable night.

Christmas night was not an auspicious time for the clubbing policeman to make his reappearance in New York. It should turn out that he has clubbed himself off the force.

Silence sometimes gives consent, but seldom gives information. The people, you know, would really like to hear Police Commissioner Martin's answer to "The World's" question about the source of his sudden wealth.

The merriest part of "The Evening World's" Christmas came in the happiness of those little ones to whom seven tall trees yesterday yielded the rich fruit that grew in abundance through the kindness of true friends of the children and the paper.

1893 is going out with "Fifteen minutes to Harlem" still an unrealized dream. This is a grief New York need not have been called upon to bear. The case has been one of too many plans and too little downright business by the Rapid Transit Commission.

When Police Commissioner Martin has answered a few questions about the roadway to sudden riches and Police Commissioner Sheehan has explained a few points about those Long Island sewer contracts—well, the people may, or may not, feel better satisfied.

For the brief remaining period of the present year it will continue to be true that: "As New York has no police patrol wagons the policemen are obliged to drag their prisoners through the streets." But there are bright hopes of a different state of affairs before next year is done.

New York's own bright, incomparable Winter atmosphere was over and about the city this morning. Do you want to see it hereafter blackened and thickened and made foul by the smoke from soft-coal furnaces? Hardly, you think. Then let your voice be heard for the stamping out of the soft-coal smoke demon at the very beginning of his threatening.

McKane gets his stay of proceedings and Kings County Jail must yearn for him in vain a little longer. So another scandal of delay is placed to the law's discredit. Justice in these days seems to be afflicted not only with blindness, but with rheumatism, while the edge of her sword is conspicuously blunted by contact with stays, writs and appeals of various degrees.

THE CHRISTMAS TREES.

"The Evening World" Christmas trees yesterday in this city, Brooklyn and Jersey City were great successes. How could they be otherwise, considering the object they had in view, the energy employed in getting them up, and the liberality of the friends who aided the enterprise with money and goods?

The trees were successes, however, not alone in the large supply of toys and useful articles distributed among thousands of poor children, and the good order observed in the distribution, but in the moral effect of the happily conceived undertaking as well. The children who attended and were gladdened with gifts, and the parents who rejoiced at the happiness of their little ones, were made better through the effect of the Christmas-Tree Fund. Envy and dissatisfaction were driven out of their hearts and replaced by kindly gratitude to find that a multitude of strangers sympathized with them and rejoiced at the opportunity to contribute to their enjoyment of the great holiday. The true lesson of the day was brought home to them by the universal love which was the best fruit of the trees.

To all who contributed to the Fund "The Evening World" returns its grateful thanks, and pledges itself to continue every year an undertaking that has proved so rich in good results and has served to test the kindly qualities of so many generous hearts.

A NEEDED INVESTIGATION.

Th Police Commissioners should at once ascertain the facts in the alleged case of brutal clubbing by Policeman Wood, of the Mercer street squad, yesterday evening at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street, and of the disgraceful incidents accompanying the act.

According to the story, a respectably dressed man, under the influence of liquor, attempted to board a cable car at that spot and was ordered off by the conductor.

The man pleaded to be allowed to remain on the car, causing some delay, when the policeman, as alleged, interfered and, with a profane remark, began at once to club the offender. In spite of the protests of a vast number of persons, many of whom volunteered as witnesses, the man was clubbed into insensibility, and then his condition was such as to necessitate the calling of an ambulance.

It is not known where the injured man was taken, but some newspaper reporters who made inquiries at the Mercer street station are said to have been refused information and greeted with profane abuse by the Captain.

Cases of this kind are happily rare. It is not often now that the papers are called upon to record a case of brutal and unnecessary clubbing. To the credit of the force it can be said that, considering the many arrests made of intoxicated persons, the prisoners are generally treated without unnecessary roughness. But, if the story of Policeman Wood's conduct is correctly stated, he is unfit to be on the force and should be removed at once. Investigation should also be made of the alleged misconduct of the Captain towards the reporters. A profane blackguard is unfit to be a captain of a precinct.

BABIES AND BIMETALLISM.

Gov. Pennoyer, of Oregon, has addressed a stirring Christmas letter to President Cleveland, which, while it is not likely to rival in popularity or in widespread publicity the celebrated story of the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, nor scarcely a mouse, may yet have an important effect on bimetalism and the National policy.

The Governor of Oregon avails himself of the day of roast turkeys and Christmas trees to remind the President that the Legislature of Oregon, great as it is, is not as powerful in National affairs as the two Houses of Congress, and, while he has been frequently urged to call that Legislature together to alleviate the condition of affairs and avert impending calamity, he feels that the President can do more even than a Pennoyer in this direction. He therefore urges Mr. Cleveland to look upon his sleeping babies in their couches, "the pictures of health consequent on their having sufficiency of food and clothing," and as he tucks them up snugly and warmly to make up his mind at this Christmas season to compel Congress to do something for silver.

"Declare for the use of both gold and silver as standard money without discrimination against either metal," says Pennoyer, and give relief to the "innocent victims of vicious financial legislation" in the Western State, "whose sleeping forms are bathed by the scalding tears of mothers bending over them in sorrow and despair."

This appeal to babies and bimetalism—to cradles and free coinage—is as touching as it is timely. Who can predict what its effect may be on our silver legislation?

BABY'S LOOKS MAKE TROUBLE.

There is a baby up on Eighth avenue. It came into the world recently, and was christened on Christmas Eve. It looks so much like its father and mother that there is considerable doubt as to which it resembles the clover, and at the christening two of the baby's uncles undertook to settle the point. They mauled each other, beat a policeman with his own club, were beaten in turn and are now on Blackwell's Island brooding over what they don't know about infant physiognomies.

The baby isn't conscious of the stir it has already made in Eighth avenue circles, and goes on goo-gooing innocently and looking more like its father and mother every minute. Although the two uncles are patched up with sticking plaster, and are in prison, nobody knows yet whether the baby looks more like its papa or its mamma. If the neighbors should take up the discussion and put an amount of life into it proportionate with that the two uncles invested it with, the avenue will be as full of excitement and moving missiles as Rio de Janeiro.

The parents of the baby ought to do their best to prevent any more trouble over their offspring's looks. They can do this by dividing up the baby's features. Let papa claim the nose, the chin and the width between the ears and paint them red, and mamma can coat her claims, like the forehead, the high cheek bone, the eyes, etc., a vivid green. Then anybody may see at a glance that baby has papa's nose or mamma's eyes, or mamma's smile and papa's chin, and there need be no jobbing of the resemblances and having family or neighborhood riots over them.

JOY UNDER THE TREES

Thousands of Children Were Made Glad Yesterday.

Thanks to the Generosity of "EVening World" Readers.

Friends of the Christmas Fund Sent Cheer Into Many Homes.

Thanks to the generous readers of "The Evening World," the seven big Christmas trees yesterday were grand successes. Thousands of children were given toys and candies who would have had none were it not for the kindness of the friends of the Christmas-Tree Fund. There were throngs of poor children around all the trees, and not one child was permitted to go away disappointed. Even in cases where the applicant had no ticket a present was not refused. Not only toys and dolls and candies were given out, but thousands of mittens, caps and articles of clothing were distributed among those who needed them. The praises of the Christmas-Tree Fund were sounded with horn and whistle and drum in many a home of poverty yesterday, and there were prayers, too, by parents who witnessed the innocent joy of their little ones, and asked for blessings on the heads of "Evening World" readers, who had lifted the hearts of their children, for the festival day at least, out of the misery that environed them.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"The Evening World".....	$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....	1,749.00
Philip Lee and Jessie Hogan.....	5.00
Hazel and Leighton Zeisloft.....	2.00
Luisa Ruiz Sandoval.....	2.00
Florence Wettins.....	1.00
Cash.....	1.00
N. Y.....	1.00
K. M., from Eighty-fifth street.....	.25
Gladys Heritage, 327 West Thirty-second street.....	.25
L. J. Foley, 237 West Twentieth street.....	.50
Isabella Friend, Newburg, N. Y.....	.16
Mrs. James A. Burnham, Mount Vernon,	
Edwin Farrell, 879 Second avenue.....	.10
Annie Corney, 216 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street.....	.02

Inez Harmon's Entertainment.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Christmas-Tree Fund, arranged by Mrs. Kathleen De Vergne Harmon, was given at Lenz's Academy Hall, 2009 Third avenue, near One Hundred and Tenth street, last Thursday evening, with Prof. Edward Loudon as Musical Director. After expenses were paid there was $10.23 for the Fund. The following was the programme: Overture, Orchestra; chorus, "Red, White and Blue," children, Goddess of Liberty, Miss E. Pierson;

INEZ E. HARMON.

recitation, "Independence Bell," Master E. Sigerson; duet, Misses M. and K. Crowley; recitation, "Babies in the Wood," Lottie Infeld; tableau, "Pocahontas Saving the Life of Capt. Smith," Chief, James Pierson, Capt. J. Smith, Allie Kuehn, Pocahontas, Estella Rodrigues; recitation, "Smiting the Rock," Irene Archibald; recitation, "Answering Back," Mortimer Infeld; song, Mrs. McConnell; tableau, "Parson's Fee," Miss K. Crowley, Master W. Utter; recitation, "The Rumseller's Sign," Master James Pierson; solo, "We're Not the Only Ones," Inez E. J. Harmon, the child actress; recitation, "Grandma's Beau," Ollie Cook; tableau, "Playmates," Mabel Kirkpatrick, Miss E. Pierson; song, "The Miner's Dream," Ines Harmon; recitation, "Somebody's Mother," Clifford Cox; song and dance, Inez E. J. Harmon; tableau, "Single Blessedness," Mr. Scott Jackson; recitation, "The Life Boat," Pearl Haines; duet, Mrs. M. and K. Crowley; recitation, "Give Us Boys a Chance," Freddie Herring; tableau, "Women's Rights; Women's Wrongs," two scenes, Miss E. Bernard, Miss M. Crowley, Mr. W. Pierson, Mr. S. Jackson; comedy team, Harmon and Pierson; recitation, "Bowery Roothlark," Lottie Golding; song, "Huckleberry Do Do," Master Eddie Loudon; tableau, "No Cross Without a Crown," Inez E. J. Harmon, recitation, "Washington's Name," Edgar Pierson; song and dance, "Society Girls," Mrs. Ida Loudon; song, Inez Harmon; recitation, "Aunt Jemima's Courtship," Tommy Hart; tableau, "Half a Loaf is Better Than None," Miss K. Crowley and Master W. Utter; recitation, "The American Hero," Theodore Lowenthal; tableau, "Weighing the Baby," Miss K. Crowley and Messrs. W. and E. Pierson; jig, Inez Harmon; recitation, "Asleep at the Switch," May Farrell; Sagamore Mandolin and Guitar Club; tableau, "The Jealous Wife," Mrs. Ida Loudon, Miss Laura Pierson and Mr. I. Decker; skirt dance, Inez E. J. Harmon; tableau, "Barthold," Miss E. Pierson; recitation, "Last Hymn," Miss E. Bernard and Miss E. Pierson; tableau, "Soldier's Farewell," three scenes, Mr. D. I. Decker, Miss Laura Pierson; harmonica, Prof. E. Loudon, Master Allie Kuehn; tambourine drill—Captain, May Farrell; aides, Inez Harmon, Lillie Renner, Ettie Cook, Irene Archibald, Addie Soller, Ollie Cook, Lottie Golding, Mamie La Force.

After the performance there was dancing. Mr. Law, 2051 Third avenue, printed the tickets free. Messrs. Mason & Moffat, of the Harlem Local Reporter, printed the programmes free, and Mr. Tony Lenz gave hall, light, &c., free. Fennell & Pye gave the furniture for the stage settings.

A Small Entertainment.

Philip Lee and Jessie Logan got up an entertainment for the Christmas-Tree Fund, which was given at Sommer Hall, 9 East Seventeenth street, and at which, after expenses were paid, they realized $7. Grace Hogan, Hence Hart, Lillian Komp, Miss Forrester and Mr. Tobin did specialties.

EDITORIAL LUNGES.

Extra Width of Charity Wanted.

EXTRA WIDTH OF CHARITY WANTED

Charity covereth a multitude of sins, but too many are still shivering in Chicago.—Chicago Post.

Not the Business Man.

Mr. Croker appears to be in somewhat of a hurry to make Tammany a business men's organization. Who is scared?—Washington Post.

Taking Away the Game's Attraction.

The men who are "improving football by eliminating the rougher features," will get the game in such shape after awhile that no one will go to see it.—Chicago Mail.

Is It More Than a "Divvy?"

The charge is made in New York that the police receive money, one civic fault Philadelphia is free from. Here the cops have to give it.—Philadelphia Times.

A Breath-Robbing "If."

If Mello would blow Brazil out of the water and by the recoil be himself likewise blown, a wave of solemn gratification would cheer the tired sense of a universe.—San Francisco Examiner.

May It Do Them Good.

While the Congressmen are visiting their homes during the holiday season they have a good chance to learn what their constituents think she t it.—Chicago News.

"THE ROAD TO RUIN."

Mrs. John Drew is at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. After that one need not be surprised if "A Flag of Truce" gets into the Lyceum and "A Country Sport" goes to the Metropolitan Opera-House. Yet a diamond is a diamond, no matter what be its setting, and this famous old actress scintillated yesterday, and compelled success, in spite of the gentle crackling of the succulent peanut and the Tangerine-charged atmosphere, which, as a rule, careth nothing for standard comedy.

Mrs. Drew appeared as the giddy Widow Warren in Holbrook's "Road to Ruin," and her performance was simply a marvel of discretion, refinement and genuine humor, from the time she made her first appearance until the final curtain fell. And nobody needs a bump of veneration in order to enjoy Mrs. Drew's work in "The Road to Ruin." It is not necessary to say to yourself, "This is a famous old actress, who has been before the people for half a century, and whom nobody would dare to condemn." Not a bit of it. If you saw Mrs. Drew yesterday for the first time in your life, and had never heard of her before, you would chuckle joyously and purr with pleasure at her art. The Widow Warren is a frivolous old creature, who is in love with every young man she meets, and who imagines herself to be absolutely irresistible. She places a higher value upon the maturity of her own charms than upon the eighteen-year-old beauties of pretty Sophia Freelove, and when young Harry Dornton seeks her hand in order to obtain her money, which he needs to retrieve his father's fortunes, she is perfectly willing. It is young Dornton who runs upon the road to ruin, and who bets and speculates until the widow's pounds, shillings and pence are necessary. It is old Dornton who supplies the role of the stern parent, and it is Sophia Freelove who appears as the ingenue.

"The Road to Ruin" is, of course, dusty, but it is not as mildewed as many of the old comedies that are sometimes dragged into the light of the stage, when they should be left in the library. Holbrook's work is clear and concise, and his humor has not lost its power. This humor pierced a way through the peanuts and Tangerines, and the whole house laughed at Holbrook, so significantly interpreted by Mrs. Drew. What a lesson she could give to many of the smaller fry in the art of repose, of non-exaggerated humor, of legitimate quaintness, and also in the proper use of the English language. Every time she said to the weeping Sophia "Go to your room" the audience howled with laughter. Her way of saying it, the quiet humor of her manner made an appeal that all the horse play in the world could not secure. Mrs. Drew was the star; the others were very ordinary bits of tinsel. Mrs. Sidney Drew was good as Sophia Freelove, and Clarence L. Holt vigorous as Harry Dornton, but Sidney Drew was an uninteresting and half-hearted Goldfinch, W. R. Bernard a colorless Silky, and George Osbourne a conventional Mr. Dornton.

The front scenes used in "The Road to Ruin" were rather peculiar. Methinks I have seen them in s'teen melodramas when Hyde Park was a spot at least three thousand miles out of London. The interiors, however, were not bad. Those shaded Rosenquest portieres are always pleasant to look upon. ALAN DALE.

STRUCK A SUNKEN WRECK.

Crew of the Schooner Max Abandon Their Ship at Night.

The schooner Max, laden with logwood, under command of Capt. Patrick, arrived from Hayti this morning in tow of the big ocean-going tug Ocean King. The Max was in a crippled condition and her crew tell a tale of peril encountered on the high seas.

On the night of Dec. 18, when off Cape Hatteras, the schooner, which was making rapid progress before a good wind, struck a sunken wreck. The impact was terrible, and the crew, believing the schooner was sure to sink, made a rush for the boats.

For an hour the boats remained in the vicinity of the abandoned vessel, expecting to see it sink at any moment. At length Capt. Patrick persuaded the men to return on board, when an examination was made.

It was found that the schooner was leaking badly, and the rudder was unmanageable. After great difficulty the leak was patched up, and by means of guys and tackles the rudder was repaired temporarily.

The wind continuing fresh the schooner was headed for Fortress Monroe, where further repairs were made. Many of the butts were started, and the rudder pintles were twisted out of place.

The services of the Luckenbacks' tug were then engaged, and the schooner was towed to this port.

MAY BE NO RECEIVER.

Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Jr., and Partner Agree on a Dissolution.

The matter of the appointment of a receiver for the millinery business of Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Jr., and William H. Curtis, at 210 Fifth avenue, came up before Justice Truax, in Supreme Court Chambers to-day.

Lawyer Gleason, Mrs. Field's attorney, asked that his motion for the appointment of a receiver be continued. Justice Truax granted the request.

After leaving the court-room Lawyer Gleason said to an "Evening World" reporter:

"It is probable that the motion for the appointment of a receiver will be discontinued. Mr. Curtis and Mrs. Field have arrived at an agreement of the dissolution of the partnership, which is entirely satisfactory to Mrs. Field, and there are now only a few minor details to settle, after which the court proceedings will be withdrawn."

MR. JORDAN RETURNS.

The Assistant Treasurer Won't Talk About His Trip Abroad.

Among the passengers on the French line steamship La Bretagne, which arrived this morning, was Assistant United States Treasurer Conrad L. Jordan.

He said that he had a very pleasant trip abroad and returns in the best of health and spirits. He refused, however, to state the nature of his business abroad.

La Bretagne experienced very rough weather throughout the passage. Her passengers, although badly shaken up, were otherwise all well. Owing to a slight derangement of the machinery the ship was obliged to stop for eight hours while repairs were being made.

Orphans Get a Newspaper Plant.

(By Associated Press.)

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 26.—The extensive plant of El Democrata, a daily newspaper, confiscated by the Government several months ago because of its opposition tendencies, has been donated to the orphan asylums of this city by order of the First District Judge. The plant is valued at several thousand dollars.

TUGBOAT GOES DOWN

A Fireman Supposed to Have Sunk with Her.

Collided with a Barge at Fortieth Street, South Brooklyn.

Narrow Escape of the Other Men on Board.

The tugboat Brilliant, owned by the Standard Oil Company, was sunk off the foot of Fortieth street, South Brooklyn, this morning. It is supposed that the fireman, whose name is unknown, was drowned.

Capt. J. P. Applegate was in charge of the tug. On board were also J. A. Biddulph, engineer; J. Maxwell, steward, and Thomas Bolan, a deckhand. All these were saved through the quick action of a number of employees of Bush & Denwell, whose oil works are at the foot of Fortieth street.

The tug had in tow barge No. 16, belonging to the Company, for Bush & Denwell, and was trying to effect a landing at their dock at the foot of Fortieth street. The wind which was blowing a gale at the time, made the work very difficult.

The tug was about to enter the slip, and swinging around attempted to go alongside the barge to force her up the dock.

As soon as the hawser was loosened the barge became unmanageable, and before the tug could again get out of the way the two came together with a terrible crash.

The collision tore away the doors leading into the engine-room, and the waves, which were very high, soon flooded the decks and filled the engine-room.

The crew made every effort to save the tug, but the high winds tossed her about like a shell, and it soon became evident that she must go down.

By this time the tug had worked several hundred feet from the dock. On account of the wind and waves, it was impossible for the small boats with which the tug is manned to be launched.

Another heavy wave at that moment broke over the tug, carrying away her pilot-house. All hands were thrown into the water. They clung to the wreckage floating about and made for the shore with it.

William Heffernan, boss boiler-maker, and Frank Boyle, a clerk in the employ of Bush & Denwell, ran down to the dock from the other end of the yard, and, although the wind blew furiously and threatened to swamp them a dozen times, they went out in a small rowboat to the rescue of the struggling men, and threw a rope which was fastened to the pilothouse. This was then towed to the shore. The steward of the tug, who had clung to the bow of the Brilliant, was rescued by the crew of Barge No. 10. The fireman, however, could not be found.

The fireman was a new man and had only been taken on this morning to replace the regular man, who was sick.

Captain Applegate saw the fireman just before the crew left the tug, and pulled him on deck from the engine-room.

The Brilliant was considered one of the best tugs in the Company's service. She was sixty-five feet long, with a sixteen-foot beam and seven-foot draught. She has been afloat several years.

The Astral, one of the largest tugs, originally had orders to tow the barge this morning, but for some reason the Brilliant was substituted.

The Brilliant was valued at $6,000. The damage to the barge cannot be reckoned.

As soon as the rescued men were pulled ashore they were taken to the offices of Bush & Denwell, and after receiving dry clothes, were sent to their homes.

FEARED IT WAS A LIVE WIRE.

Exciting Experience of Passengers on a City Hall "L" Train.

There was an incipient panic for a few minutes in the first car of the Third Avenue "L" train that arrived at City Hall station at 7.50 this morning, and many of the passengers considered that they had had a lucky escape from what might have been serious injury or possibly worse.

Just after the train drawn by engine 158 left Twenty-third street the passengers in the first car were startled by a rasping, grating, scraping sound on the roof, such as would be made by the branches of trees scraping a buggy top.

But there are few trees in New York, and none along the line of the Third Avenue "L." Instinctively the passengers knew that the scraping sounds could be caused only by a wire, and instantly they became apprehensive that it might be an electric light wire.

It was. For several blocks the thing was invisible. Then it dangled over the roof and hung along the eastern side of the car, squirming and jerking about like a snake.

One end of the wire had, in some manner, become fastened to the front end of the car roof. This kept the wire continually dangling about the car, and occasionally the loose end would strike a pillar or other object down in the street and snap like the long lash of a gigantic whip.

To put it mildly, the passengers in the first car were nervous. None of them knew whether or not the dangling, snake-like affair was a live wire but all feared it was, and every one expected at any minute to see the electric serpent shoot forth sparks.

Finally at Sixteenth street, there was a short, quick snap, and the threatening wire disappeared. Then every one drew a long breath and looked relieved.

The engineer of the train did not see the wire, but to several passengers he said that in all probability it had been dropped upon his train by workmen, who might have been stringing wires across Third avenue.

An "Evening World" reporter walked from Twenty-third street, where the wire first appeared, to Sixteenth street, where it dropped from the train, but was unable to find any one who knew anything about the strange occurrence.

Even the wire had disappeared, having possibly been removed by the workmen who are supposed to have dropped it.

About four years ago, a live electric light wire got entangled with a South ferry train in Pearl street, and dragging along behind it, slightly injured two pedestrians on the sidewalk below.

DISABLED OFF ROBBINS REEF.

Tug, with Canal-Boat in Tow, Narrowly Escaped Being Swamped.

A small tug having a light canal-boat in tow broke down about 8.30 this morning off Robbins Reef. She blew her whistle for assistance, when another tug, which was near by, went to her aid and towed her into the Kills.

The wind was blowing with great violence at the time and the water was very rough. Had it not been that the other tug was in the immediate vicinity and gone to the rescue the first tug would no doubt have been swamped, as she was apparently beyond control.

WORLDLINGS.

One of the curious laws of the Koran forbids the faithful to read romances.

The railways of Great Britain and Ireland carried 900,000,000 passengers last year, and killed but twenty-one of them.

The receipts of American railways from their passenger travel last year amounted to $140,000,000.

It is proposed to settle a colony of 500 Italian families as grape-growers near Juma, in Arizona.

The onion is one of the oldest of edible vegetables. It is supposed to have been a native of India, and the Egyptians knew it 2,000 years ago.

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.

Men or Women for Clerks.

To the Editor:

Why not discuss the question of employing women in place of men to do clerical work. What remedy is there for the evil? Many strong arguments can be used against it. First, a man is thrown out of employment by the employment of the woman. Second, a woman will, can, and does work for a smaller compensation. Third, the mistaken employer gets only about one-third of the work out of a woman and pays her half as much salary as he did a man; here is a loss, but he (the employer) cannot see it! Fourth, a woman is generally very careless and independent because she does not expect to work always; she expects to get married some day. Fifth, they are not punctual or regular at work. They are delicate, physically, and cannot work day after day as a man can. Sixth, they keep down the price of labor so that men who would take unto themselves a wife cannot do so because he could not support one on the small salary he is receiving. Seventh, soon there will be no more positions left for the men. A man will get married and do the housework while his wife goes to the shop or factory and earns the wages to keep them; things will be reversed. Eigth, shop-girls—excuse me, I mean saleladies—consider themselves better than domestics. Nine, women will insist on the right to vote now they are taking the man's place every other way. Why not at the polls? Ten, a friend suggests that they they will soon be employed as car drivers, grippmen and conductors. A young man of my acquaintance was employed by A. T. Stewart & Co. After being there for many years he became a cashier. He has been discharged and a woman placed at his desk. In all the departments of Hilton, Hughes & Co. women are taking the places of the men. Fifteen hundred men are employed there, and it is said that the firm intends to retain only 200; all the other employees will be women after Jan. 1, 1894.

JULIAN ROWE WILLIAMS.

279 West One Hundred and Seventeenth street.

Beware the Mother-in-Law.

To the Editor:

The young gentleman who finds himself in a quandary because his fiancee desires to share her mother's permanent company is indeed to be pitied. The youth who had to choose between the lady and the tiger had a far easier task to perform. I would seriously advise him to plunge into the East River, provided he is unable to swim, than to plunge into matrimony on such conditions. The most lovely of women is transformed into a terrorizing tyrant from the moment she becomes a mother-in-law; while she tries to be the guardian angel of her beloved children's happiness, she is the cause of untold miseries and the source of many tears. Love and adore your mother-in-law, young man, but beware of her and keep her at a distance. It is easy to write her a loving letter and to send her beautiful presents, but keep her at a distance. Build golden bridges for her flight, and let the ocean roll between your home and the expression of her affections, and the sun will never set on the halcyon days of your wedded life.

A.K.

The $10 a Week Puzzle.

To the Editor:

Will "C. B." of Brooklyn," kindly tell me where she got the $152.64 which she took early in the Fall and invested at wholesale houses, thereby saving 10 per cent.? And where is the next investment coming from, since, according to her own figuring, there is only a balance of $56.56 left for clothes and other necessaries? Employers as a rule do not pay six months' salary in advance; they do not in New York anyway; probably they do in Brooklyn. New Yorkers may be poor managers, but they are good figurers, and I guess "C. B." is not depending on her husband's $10 per week. He, no doubt, knew what he was doing when he married her, since he could rely on her bank account to supply what his $10 per week would not. He must have been a New Yorker.

M. D.

Why Not, on $8 a Week.

To the Editor:

I must say that "Common Sense," who is surprised because I advised "Carlos" to get married on $8 a week, is very narrow-minded. How is it that brakemen, laborers, drivers, and other workmen (and some of them have large families), live on $8 a week, and even less? Why can't "Carlos" do the same? Supposing half the population had "Common Sense's" ideas, where would the other half be? Not in existence, of course. I guess he forgets the quotation from the Bible: "Increase and multiply." I am a young man, twenty-one, earning $18 a week, and wouldn't hesitate about getting married—that is, if I felt so inclined. Any person who can't marry on $18 a week, don't deserve $2 a week.

JOBBER.

The Looking-Glass Boy.

To the Editor:

Although this information is not intended for proprietors of dime museums, I have a perfect curiosity in my little boy, aged five years. He uses his left hand when eating and writing, spells backwards, writes from right to left, and, what is most extraordinary, although he has never been taught to form his letters, he naturally writes words backwards, so that the composition cannot be read unless held before the looking-glass. We call him "Through the Looking-Glass" boy. Have any of your readers ever come across such a case of topsyturvydom?

E. L. HANCOCK.

1751 Madison avenue.

Some Household Expenses.

To the Editor.

I am a young girl of eighteen, and am engaged to a young man earning $18 a week. Still, we hesitate in tying ourselves to a life of misery. The following will give "Carlos" some idea of the necessary expenses of running a house: Rent, $4 per week; $5 for food; fuel and gas, $1.50 per week. Then there are doctors' bills, clothing and many other little bills, to say nothing of a little recreation, unless he lives the life of a recluse. No doubt some of the advice given him to marry comes from boasting mechanics, who earn from $18 to $20 a week and are idle eight months in the year.

J. H.

Soft Corns and Gynocracy.

To the Editor:

Those who suffer from soft corns can get entirely rid of them by purchasing a bottle of mucilage and applying it night and morning. This only applies to soft corns. My advice to Mr. George W.'s desire to get out, as he writes, is to go out. Once a man allows his wife to wear the trousers, he needs to go out to be taught some common sense from some other sensible man, who goes out when he desires, and who, I guarantee, lives more harmoniously at home than he does.

SPINSTER, Brooklyn.

Tell Him How to Get More.

To the Editor:

Those who advise "Carlos" to marry on $8 a week would show more sense, more consideration for "Carlos" and more humanity towards his possible offspring by trying to show him how to earn a decent salary than by telling him how to starve a family. The man who would marry on $8 a week isn't worth marrying, and the same may be said of the woman who would marry him. There are already too many pauper factories in this city. They are a class of institution that need no encouragement.

OLD MAN.

Country Living vs. City Living.

To the Editor:

The letters dwelling on the advisability of marrying on $8, $10 and $12 a week should make a distinction between city and country life. I was married and lived a few years in a New Hampshire village on $10 a week very comfortably and with the luxuries incidental to rural life. And I find that $10 there brought me as much of the real necessaries of life as does $20 in New York. So if one lives in a village it is well enough to wed on $10 a week, but if one lives in any large city, I would say "don't" with a big "D."

EXPERIENCE.

HOUSE AND HOME

The Cressida Chignon.

With a hat, especially the sort of hats worn in cold weather, there is nothing so comfortable as dressing the hair in a coil which comes tolerably low down in the neck. The Cressida chignon here pictured is something new and comfortable. There is nothing to interfere with the hat resting comfortably on the head, and for almost any occasion it is a singularly neat and graceful coiffure.

Mirlitons.

One pint of milk, one tablespoonful of grated chocolate, six macaroons, one tablespoonful of sugar, yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of vanilla. Pound the macaroons and press them through a colander, add them and the chocolate to the milk; let stand ten minutes. Now add the yolks, well beaten, sugar and vanilla. Line patty-pans with puff paste, fill with this mixture, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Affectation in Talking.

In good talking the manner is almost as important as the matter, and to continue with the remark that most of us have too much manner is my inconsistent part. That imbecile notion, worthy only of the tenth stratum of society, that affectation is refinement is wide prevailing, and lest some one should be natural in spite of it, the Delsarte system of inculcating self-consciousness has let loose upon an already suffering world a set of young women who not only talk with their mouths, but with their noses, eyebrows, elbows and spinal columns. Add to these the misguided creatures who do not know it is as incorrect to drop an "r" as a "g," who call a sideboard a buffet, a handkerchief a mouchoir, and imagine that that way elegance lies, and it no wonder we hold dancing parties instead of conversaziones. We couldn't stand the latter.

For Thirst.

A wholesome drink for persons afflicted with inordinate thirst is made by pouring a little more than two quarts of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley and a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar. Add the peel of a fresh lemon, let it stand all night and strain in the morning.

Chicken Omelet.

Where a mere delicate breakfast is preferred, a chicken omelet is satisfactory; in this case the chicken is cooked the day before. You need for each omelet four eggs, one saltspoonful of light salt, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Beat the eggs light with an egg beater and add the salt and milk. Put the spoonful of butter in the spider, and when melted pour in the eggs. Have ready a cup of chopped chicken heated hot in sweet cream. When the omelet has been in two or three minutes pour over it the creamed chicken. Shake the spider a little, then run a knife under to see if it is brown; if so fold over half way and remove to a hot platter for immediate serving.

Cosiness in the Bed-Room.

A cozy bedroom in a remodelled house glows in furnishings of red that are somewhat unusual. The walls have a dado or wainscoting of glazed red tiles, with a covering of India red matting above it. Across one corner there is a large fireplace set with tiles of red, and at its side a quaint settle with red cushions. The furniture is of mahogany with trimmings of brass. At the windows are frilled muslin curtains, with inside hangings of red damask.

Haunch of Venison.

Wipe it all over with a damp cloth (wrung out several times out of warm water) to get all of the stray hairs. Then rub the skin with some nice dripping. Put the venison in a pan with a good lump of butter and half a pint of claret, and baste the meat with it frequently. Have a strong, clear, steady fire, and allow it twenty minutes (from the time it begins to cook) for each pound. When half done put a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper in the dripping to baste with. When done take up the meat, add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the fat in the pan, mix well, and one pint of good stock, stir until it boils, add a tablespoonful of currant jelly and one of sherry. Season with pepper and salt to taste and serve in a sauce-boat. Watercress and currant jelly should be served with venison.

Energetic English Women.

Lady Hopetoun, wife of the Governor of Victoria, has been killing deer in Auckland. Mrs. Alan Gardner has been making a record in India for hunting cheetahs, shooting and spearing panthers and sticking pigs, and Mrs. Tyacke has, with her husband, shot the largest number of bears ever killed in one season in Kulu, in the Central Himalayas.

Mrs. Arundel-Colliver has been superintendent of the clearing-house branch of the Post-Office, and one of the best paid female officials under the Crown. She entered the service as a telegraphist about twenty years ago, and the great extension of female employement in the department soon after gave her rapid promotion. The Dowager Duchess of Londonderry has recently been appointed a church warden. The Countess of Carlisle employs at Castle Howard women gardeners. Miss Murdock and Miss Buck, two women students at the Manchester New College, Oxford, have been invited to undertake the joint pastorate of the Unitarian Church at Cleveland, O. English women have furnished shining lights for the lecture field; they crusade tremendously as temperance reformers; they travel indefatigably over the globe robed in most unbecomingly sensible clothes; they wrap themselves in remarkable garments and penetrate unexplored regions; they spring into renown as Alpine geologists, and in Australia they succeed as agriculturists.

Plain Icing.

Whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half pound of powdered sugar. Place the eggs in a refrigerator or some very cold place one hour before using. Break them carefully and beat the whites until frothy, then sift the sugar in gradually, beating all the while add the lemon juice, and continue the beating until the icing is fine and white, and stiff enough to stand alone. Keep in a cool place until wanted. Spread with a knife dipped in ice water. If ornaments are used they must be placed on the cake while the icing is still moist. This may be varied by adding different flavorings, such as strawberry, pineapple, rose, vanilla, &c. Strawberry icing should always be colored with a few drops of cochineal.

Patching Wall Paper.

Wall paper that has become bruised or torn off in small patches and cannot be matched may be repaired by the use of ordinary paints used by children. Mix the colors till you get as nearly as possible the desired shade, and lightly touch up the broken places, and at the distance of a foot or two the disfigurement will be quite unnoticed.

Marlboro Puddings.

Pare, core and stew until soft six large, tart apples. Pippins are the best and you only want half a teacupful of water to stew them in, the less the better. Mash them through a fine colander or fruit press; add a quarter-pound of the best butter and six large tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Mix well and set aside to get cold. Grate two milk biscuits or the same quantity of stale bread, also the yellow peel of a large lemon and squeeze the