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459197

[FROM THE WORLD OF MARCH 4, 1894.]

The World's Average Circulation per day for First Two Months of 1894.

433,167.

"March 3, 1894.

"After a thorough examination of the circulation books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper companies' bills for amount of paper furnished, orders from news companies and newsdealers, we find that the circulation of THE WORLD (morning and evening editions) for the months of January and February, 1894, averaged 433,167 copies per day, and we certify."

J. EDWARD SIMMONS, Chairman.
THOMAS L. JAMES, Secretary.
A. R. HEPBURN,
E. W. BLOOMINGDALE,
HENRY CLEWS,
CHARLES W. DAYTON.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION PER DAY FOR SECOND TWO MONTHS OF 1894,

459197

There is no color line in the prevailing race war.

Fort Wayne has a striking police force. Take the clubs away.

No veteran will need to have his memory freshened to-morrow.

Partisan prejudice and municipal progress cannot go hand in hand.

No reason why it shouldn't be a fruitfull week for your Committee, Mr. Lexow.

New York's Police Justices could be made interesting witnesses, Senator Lexow.

It is unfortunate that the deadly manhole can't give notice when it's about to blow up.

The sentiment against "straight" tickets for municipal elections is growing healthily.

Once established fairly, the income tax provision will readily convert its fair-minded opponents.

Crokerism takes infinite comfort in the thought of the promised "straight" ticket of Plattism.

"Straight" is the ticket and broad is the way that leads to the destruction of new municipal hopes.

"Straight" tickets will offer no hope of escape from crooked politicians in the coming municipal contest.

The Commonweal Army of the United States is now commanded by Frye. It will presently be surrounded by consomme.

Justice Gaynor squelches the idea that racing is a lottery. But he must admit that the present racing situation keeps lots of people guessing.

No doctor who fails to report a case of small-pox or other contagious disease should get off with less than the full penalty for his offense.

The hospital ambulance service should be bound to respect the emergency patient's right to a careful and intelligent examination of his injuries.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has wound up its own business, but the chances are that more will be heard of the Smith and Briggs business.

How long is it going to take the Senate Sugar Trust Investigating Committee to realize that it wasn't delegated to investigate nor persecute newspaper correspondents?

Mr. Hill thinks the senate can and will defeat the Tariff bill. The country will not fail to take the grain of encouragement from the thought that the Senate will be able to do anything with the bill.

It is claimed that the income tax will be a class tax, because it will come out of the pockets of the rich. It is also claimed that it will add to the burdens of the poor, because the rich will collect it in increased rents and prices. The enterprising gentlemen who are going to hold a meeting Friday night to protest against the measure should make it sufficiently plain whether they oppose the tax as a capitalistic oppression of the people or a populistic oppression of the rich.

Eleven cases of small-pox were reported to the health authorities in this city yesterday. This is not enough to constitute an epidemic. It would be enough, however, to start such an afflication without prompt and efficient work by the proper officers. It is charged that some doctors have failed to report cases of the loathsome disease which came under their care. If the charge is true, the offending physicians should be vigorously prosecuted and punished. No such trifling with the public health can be excused or palliated. Once more, too, people who have not been vaccinated should be impressed with the importance of undergoing the saving treatment, as a precaution for their own sakes as well as in the interest of others.

BURYING HIS HEAD.

Gov. Flower complains that he was asked to do an act for which he had no warrant in law, and abused because he refused to usurp the power. He refers to the demand made upon him for the removal of the brutal Superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory, the torturer Brockway.

This whine of the Governor calls irresistibly to mind the practice of the ostrich. Gov. Flower buries his head in the sand when he says he has no power to remove Brockway. The Senate told him he has all the power necessary. The Constitution requires him to take care that the laws are properly executed. Brockway was convicted by a capable court of violating the laws. Gov. Flower could have ordered the Reformatory managers to remove him. If they refused to obey his order he could have removed them in three days and thus got rid of the whole Brockway crowd at once. The cause would have been sufficient. The majority of the Senate told the Governor they would approve of his action if he would remove the Reformatory managers. Hence, burying his head in the sand does not hide our worthy Executive from public view in this matter.

Gov. Flower knows very well that he could have got rid of Brockway at any moment during the session. He knows he could get rid of him now if he was not in fear of the political combine that holds his hand. He knows that in appointing a new Investigating Commission he obeyed the orders of politicians he did not dare to offend. He knows that the torture chamber is in active work at Elmira to-day under Brockway control. He knows that the methods at the Reformatory are as lawless, as inhuman, as revolting as ever they were. Let the Governor bury his head in the sand as deeply as he will, the people will understand that he and he alone is responsible for Brockway's continuance at the Reformatory, and that he is an accomplice in all the cruel sufferings now inflicted by the miserable torturer on the helpless, thumb-suspended, mangled victims of that hell on earth.

THE REASONS WHY.

The Sick Babies' Fund bids fair to have a very healthful existence this year. Its sum is rapidly mounting up, and it is evident that instead of abating the interest in the captivating charity is on the increase.

There is reason for this. The Winter has been a very severe one, and the poor have undergone much suffering. The privations they have been compelled to endure have been greater than usual. The return of Spring finds them broken in health and spirits and more liable than in ordinary times to contract those diseases superinduced by Summer heat, unwholesome food and impure air.

The children will suffer the most from this condition of affairs. Sickness will come to them the sooner, because of the trials their parents have undergone. They will find less relief at home, however loving their friends may be. At such a time the visits of the doctors of the Sick Babies' Fund will be doubly welcome; their cheery presence and their hopeful words will be better appreciated than ever, and the advice and aid they bring, both professionally and as the distributors of dainties, strengthening food and other creature comforts, will be even more valuable than in ordinary times.

These are considerations that open the hearts and the purses of those who sympathize with this attractive, practical charity. These are the reasons why the young people, in especial, take such a lively interest in the work, and why Prof. Steiniger's great carnival to-night will be a grand success; a gathering of sympathy and love as well as of beauty and grace; a festival of warm, generous, affectionate hearts, as well as of bright eyes and nimble feet.

And these are the reasons why the people of New York think well of the Sick Babies' Fund and its objects, and will help it on to a grander success this year than it has ever before achieved.

A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

Ex-Sheriff James O'Brien, who is building up one of the most promising anti-Tammany organizations in the city and has for years had the reputation of an expert political organizer, has a very direct way of putting the issue involved in the investigations going on before the Lexow Committee into the wealth and resources of public officials.

The ex-Sheriff can see no reason why office-holders who receive a moderate salary and expand suddenly, or at least with remarkable rapidity, into millionaires should refuse to answer legitimate questions put to them by investigators touching the sources of their wealth. "If you made money honestly," says Mr. O'Brien, "you would be only too glad to show that to the public, wouldn't you? You would say 'There are my books, and that's where I leave it.' You wouldn't needn't to answer constantly, 'I had a fire in my place of business.'"

That is putting the case in a very compact and direct manner. Is not the ex-Sheriff right?

GIDEON'S GET-AWAY WAYS.

There seems to be nobody on this hemisphere safer from police detectives just now than one ostensibly much wanted and widely yearned for Gideon Granger. And that is because the whole police force is looking for him. He testified before the Lexow Committee, and immediately afterwards oblivion yawped and he walked between its inky jaws and disappeared. What an amusing mystery.

Gideon may be a Granger but he is no hayseed. He possesses a secret alongside of which the magic flying carpet and invisible cloak of the fairy tales dwindle into contemptible insignificance. He knows how to avoid being detected when detectives with freshly polished, sleepless eyes are scanning the horizon in every direction for him. There is an army of criminals in this country who would give Gideon a good royalty for the use of his eminently successful disappearance recipe.

Everybody knows that the police are after Mr. Granger, and he may have heard of it himself, for the fact has been widely advertised and is kept standing from day to day in the columns of the papers. There is no more effectual method, of course, of catching a man than of advertising that the police are looking for him, unless it be to print a "personal" that will work on his sympathies and cause him to come back quickly to be forgiven, &c.

Perhaps if Gideon knew that his absence was making so many members of the police force and Police Board heartsick and otherwise unhappy he would return and tell Mr. Lexow and his coyearners all he knows.

The Sugar Trust exists, certain coincidental facts appear on record, certain charges are made and the names of certain existing men are involved through certain allegations. The Senate Investigating Committee has all these conditions before it. Why does it waste time considering whether it can force two or three newspaper correspondents to answer questions the replies to which could not possibly broaden the Committee's working ground?

Here speaks the Latin-American Reform Union of New York City: "Resolved, That we denounce as enemies to the public weal all persons who, actuated by selfish or sinister motives, are advocating a so-called party ticket, and thereby directly playing into the hands of Tammany Hall." Could it be more plainly or truthfully put?

Neither by an "acting Superintendent" of the State Reformatory, nor by an acting Governor of the State, are the people deceived. They plainly see a Brockway behind the one and a Central Power behind the other.

ARM AND HEART MENDING.

Mr. Haupt Cheerful Despite His Injury and His Wife's Elopement.

John Haupt, the superintendent of Huyler's candy factory, in East Eighteenth street, seems in a fair way of recovering from his broken arm and heart, the former being due to an accident through his runaway horse and the latter to grief over his runaway wife, who took her diamonds and the coachman along in her flight a week ago to-day.

Mrs. Marie Haupt is thirty-five years old, but looks much younger. She might be taken for the elder sister of her twelve-year-old daughter, Jennie. She is tall and has golden hair, and is altogether very prepossessing.

The coachman, Edward Golding, is only nineteen, but powerfully built and perfectly Apollonesque in appearance. He was with the Haupts for a year. Neighbors had long surmised that Mrs. Haupt and the coachman were altogether too often in each other's company, but Mr. Haupt seemed to be wholly unaware of this.

When he was thrown from his buggy last week and laid up with a broken arm his wife insisted on making it comfortable for him by allowing him sole use of their sleeping-room. She retired to the rear room. Since then Mr. Haupt has not seen her.

This morning Mr. Haupt seemed cheerful, and although he refused to discuss his wife's flight he chatted on other subjects and laughed heartily.

Mrs. Haupt is a sister of Gus Moebus, of 679 East One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, who was an Aldrman in 1891.

MEETING IN THE 17TH.

William A. Gans to Tell About Tammany's Misrule.

Some interesting facts and figures about Tammany corruption and extravagance in government will be told to-night at the initial meeting of the Independent County Organization in the Seventeenth District by William A. Gans. The Counties are going to organize a branch in the district at the rooms of the Hannan Association, 260 West Forty-first street.

Mr. Gans will be the principal speaker of the evening. He is an expert statistician, and has compiled a startling array of figures showing how taxpayers are robbed. Mr. Gans was prominently mentioned for Minister to Turkey under the Harrison Administration.

W. V. Hannan and Robert Ackermann have honeycombed the district for recruits, and the result of their energetic efforts will probably be the largest enrolment the Counties have had in any district.

REAPING THE BENEFITS.

Consumers Profit by "The World's" Fight Against Coal Combine.

Consumers are reaping the benefits of the fight which "The World" is waging against the coal combine for cheaper fuel. "The World" did not enter the field for gain, but as a matter of solemn duty to the people of the metropolis.

The combine left its members free to compete for contracts to supply public and semi-public institutions, and although they had fixed the retail price of coal at $5.25 per ton, there was lively bidding for contracts. In each instance the bids ranged from $3.75 to $4 per ton.

"The World" insists that if $3.75 to $4 per ton yields a profit, then $5.25 is an outrageous price to charge, and gives the dealer $1.25 to $1.50 more than a profit.

Many dealers are already supplying their customers at $4.50, but such persons as are unable to obtain coal at that rate may still leave their orders at the New York or Brooklyn offices of "The World."

Death of Cornelius C. Colgate.

The funeral of Cornelius Cauldwell Colgate, who died yesterday from paralysis, will take place on Thursday morning from the family home at 13 East Sixty-ninth street. Mr. Colgate was sixty-eight years old and a bachelor. He was one of the three sons of the late George Colgate, who established the big soap business in this city. His father left him a large fortune at his death. His brothers continued their father's business.

AN EDITORIAL SEXTET.

Prendergast Case Progress.

The next step in the Prendergast case will undoubtedly be a suit for false imprisonment against the Harrison estate.—Chicago Mail.

Amusing, but Is It True?

Here is a novel way to amuse yourself: Think of the blondes and brunettes you have known and you will find that nearly twice as many of the former succeed in getting husbands.—Buffalo Times.

But Somebody Might Cut the Rope.

Commander Kelley proposes to make an address at the Capitol in Washington from a balloon. Talking through a balloon knocks the brim off hot eloquence in several details—it can't hurt the grass, and can't be sent to grass by police clubs.—Philadelphia Record.

Beginning of the End.

The inside facts about the New York police scandals will now come out. The leaders in the dark work have begun to call one another liars and thieves.—Kansas City Star.

The Citizen Soldier.

The tendency in this State is to put its militia, as nearly as is possible, on the regular army footing. This is, as it should be, well for the guard and well for the State. * * * The men who do not like strict discipline are men whose presence in its ranks is bad for the guard.—Rochester Democrat.

Malted Despotism.

Chicago breweries have agreed to restrict each employee to thirty glasses of free beer a day instead of an unlimited supply as heretofore. Thus are the liberties of a free and droughty people ground under the iron heel of a despotic and beerful monopoly.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"LADY GLADYS."

"Come on! Let us get out into the rain!" said a gentleman to the lady who was with him as soon as the last curtain fell at the Madison Square Theatre last night. It was meant to be one of those verdicts which juries deliver without leaving the box.

Well, "Lady Gladys" was not as bad as that. The outside weather was wretched, but there was something tolerable about the play. The principal trouble seemed to be that it needed elbow room. The measure of "Lady Gladys" is melodramatic, and the comedy and domestic drama dimensions of Mr. Hoyt's theatre kind of cramped it and crowded everybody. The painful impression given by all the players was that they were acting under a small glass case, and were afraid to let themselves loose lest they smash things to smithereens. Even the star, Mrs. Minnie Seligman-Cutting, kept her emotions in a supremely suppressed condition, and remained a pent-up Utica of dramatic expression to the very end. Only once did she consent to haul off and knock the daylights out of a situation, and that was at the end of the first act—when the heroine, wrought up to a righteous frenzy by the heartlessness and cruelty of the parvenu old chap, who has purchased her family's estate and is turning her out of her home, rises on her tippy-toes and wrathfully remarks: "You have had my father's answer to your insinuations and insults, now take mine," whereupon she cracks the crusty old guy across the face with her riding whip. It seemed rather funny at first that she should be going out into the cold world in a riding costume, but this incident explained the necessity for the rig. No explanation, however, was offered for later on sending Sir Gilbert Vance out into a Rip-Van-Winkle-Eke storm with an old red slipper on his foot and nothing to shelter his Martha Washington hair from the biting blasts.

Mrs. Seligman-Cutting appeared to carry a deep and dismal regret all through the rest of the play for having given way to her feelings in that horse-whipping scene. The play actually moaned for more of her to slosh around in after that; it gasped as if it were laced too tight; it pleaded to be given a loose leg so that it could cavort about like a healthy, high-spirited melodrama; it fairly begged at several points for more histrionic excitation to the cubic inch than it was getting and less nervous prostration. But Mrs. Seligman-Cutting's dramatic mensuration refused to deal with larger dimensional properties, so "Lady Gladys" was served up to the audience, who tried to take it all seriously, in crushed chunks of emotion that were difficult of definition and as unappeasing as a gum-drop might be to a hungry hippopotamus.

Lady Gladys Hope, in the guise of a Miss Gascoigne, who is the travelling companion of a giddy young blonde countess, wins, unsolicited, the love of the son of the man who took away the Hopes' home and sent My Lady's father to his grave with a broken heart. She becomes his wife and receives for her wedding portion the estate which the Hopes had lost. Returning to her former home she turns her father-in-law out of doors, and tells the son to go, too. The latter gets brain fever, but lives to have the vengeful Gladys find out that he had done her father a great kindness in his declining years, which causes her to call everything square and take her husband back to her arms, besides establishing a first-rate entente-cordiale between herself and her Martha-Washington-haired father-in-law.

Mrs. Seligman-Cutting's Lady Gladys is a languid Ships-That-Pass-in-the-Night sort of a female, with a feud rankling in her heart. She looks colly-wobbly most of the time, but feebly laughs the matter off when you tell her she needs a doctor. She falls into lachrymose streaks, and then again she communes with herself in a soft, low, confidential way, while a bewildered Bloomingdale look fills her eyes. Talk about repression—here you have it with suppression, compression, depression and all the others thrown in. The actress uses her "lower register" entirely, so that her voice may in no way betray her feelings. Her pericardium is filled with cotton batting to deaden the heart-throbs, and her pulse is muffled to prevent an awful calamity following the quickening of her blood by the dramatic passages of the play. Another actress would have sailed right in and let us have seen that her emotions were attending properly to their business, but not so Mrs. Seligman-C. She evidently wanted to keep her audience guessing, and she succeeded.

The play is not as bad as the treatment it received. Its heroine is a creepy, undesirable sort of a person, but the story is strong and well told. The cleverest and pleasantest bit of action presented in connection with it was that of Mr. James K. Hackett as the country curate. It was a delightfully robust and human personation, and everybody liked it. John Glendinning had a thankless line of work in thrusting his heart under a fin-de-siecle Nemesis's feet, to have it ruthlessly scrunched, but he got through it all with dignity and credit. The lady with the large imagination, which she shaded with one of the new Vesta Tilley hats, was satisfactory enough, and there was considerable brightness in the efforts of Lillian Lawrence, who, however, shouldn't have tackled Geno-a before she consulted a pronouncing gazetteer; and of Herbert Ayling and Maggie Holloway. J. J. J.

MORDECAI L. HOPKINS DEAD.

The Veteran Journalist Passes Away at Grand Rapids, Mich.

(By Associated Press.)

CHICAGO, May 29.—Mordecai L. Hopkins, the veteran journalist, who was Wilbur F. Storey's right hand man on The Times for many years, is dead at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. W. Ball, in Grand Rapids, Mich. His editorials helped make The Times famous during the late war, and it was his stinging comments that caused Secretary of War Stanton to issue the order that suppressed the paper for nine days.

Mr. Hopkins was born in New York in 1827, and went with his parents to Michigan when eight years old. His father's lumber mills were burned just before the war broke out, and the family's fortune was destroyed. Young Hopkins joined an Illinois regiment, and it was his letters sent from the front and published in The Times which ultimately led to his becoming an editorial writer on the paper.

Ill health compelled his retirement about fifteen years ago, and he removed to the city where he died. He acquired prominence not only in business and journalism, but in State politics, having been elected to the Legislature and regarded as a man of the most brilliant natural endowments.

Sends $1 for Mrs. Hahn.

"The Evening World" has received $1 from "Park Place" for Mrs. Mary Hahn, formerly of 201 East Forty-eighth street.

CARNIVAL TO-NIGHT.

A Real May Party for the Sick Babies' Fund.

Sole Dances with Garlands, Ribbons, Flags and Wands.

Prof. Steiniger's Academy the Scene of This Mimic Peasant Jubilee.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$7,211.40
Visitors to Dome of Pulitzer Building	19.51

This is carnival night.

Don't let that merry fact escape your memory.

Renwick Hall is at the corner of Third avenue and Eighty-sixth street, and there the patrons and patronesses of the sick babies will assemble for the peasant jubilee. Director Gauchemann will have his orchestra in sweetest tune; Mr. Raymann will be the master of ceremonies; Mme. Leon, of 980 Third avenue, will be present with her assistants to correct any possible accident to the dancers' costumes, and at a signal from Prof. A. Steiniger 100 midgets will take partners and whirl away in beauty and grace.

The air will be filled with music and sweet odors; there will be a flutter of ribbons and curls, a rat-a-plat of wands, the click of castanets, the tinkle of tambourines and the laughter of happy childhood. It will be good to see and hear all this concord of delight. Whole blocks of tickets have been disposed of and a big audience is expected. Admission is only 25 cents, and the purchasers will be seated as they arrive. If you have no other engagement go and see the "Bonny Blue Flag" danced by three little girls. There will be flings and hornpipes, flower and Tyrolean dances, Turkish and gypsy tambourine solos and duo dances with garlands, flags, scarfs and other poetic accessories.

The children of Prof. Steiniger's Dancing School have their closing reception this evening, and instead of entertaining their friends free of expense, as usual, they compelled—that is the very word—compelled them to pay for their invitations, the proceeds to be contributed to the Sick Babies' Fund. Mme. Leon, the costumer, the Mercantile Printing Company, 203 and 205 East Eighty-seventa street; Manager Raymann and Musical Director Gauchemann, yielding to the sweet importuning of the little pupils and the worthiness of their pensioners, donated everything that was required. If you want to know how this lovable scheme works just go to Prof. Steiniger's Dancing School, Third avenue and Eighty-sixth street, at 8 o'clock this evening.

There is ample room in the Bureau of the Sick Babies' Fund for 5,000 suits of small clothes. Packages addressed to Mrs. Roberts, 228 East Twenty-first street, will be put to the best possible use.

The doctors are all about the city every day in the week making the sick well and the well better; the fund is growing like the rose trees and snowball bushes in Central Park, and if the cholera and small-pox are kept out of town the poor babies of New York will be better, healthier and happier than they have been in the short course of their sweet little lives.

All letters containing money must be addressed to the Cashier of "The World" to insure prompt acknowledgment.

LITTLE GLADYS HOME AGAIN.

Mrs. Coddington-Fellows's Alleged Kidnapped Daughter Returned.

Gladys Coddington, the three-year-old daughter of Mrs. Alma Louise Coddington-Fellows, has been returned to her home and mother. Mrs. Fellows alleged the child had been kidnapped by her first husband's relatives.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning a coach stopped in front of the house 44 East Sixty-sixth street. In it were a woman dressed in black, Miss Lulu Coddington and little Gladys.

The child hurried into the house asking for her mother, while the woman in black and Miss Lulu Coddington re-entered the cab and were driven away.

Mrs. Coddington-Fellows said last night that her little daughter had been cruelly punished while away from home, and that her whole body was marked with black and blue stripes.

Further inquiry by the Commissioners and Sheriff's jury as to the advisability of appointing a committee for Mrs. Coddington-Felliws's estate has been postponed until next Thursday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

MR. AND MRS. TABER IN TOWN

The Newly-Wedded Actress and Her Husband at the Plaza.

Actress Julia Marlowe, who was married in Philadelphia yesterday to Robert Taber, her leading man and her husband, are at the Plaza Hotel in this city. They arrived here last night.

The wedding took place in St. James's Church, the bride being given away by Mr. George Woodward. A wedding breakfast was served at the Hotel Stenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Taber will go to Mount Mansfield Stowe, Vt., where the bridegroom's parents live, and there they will spend the Summer. In all probability Mr. Taber will be his wife's leading man next season. They have received offers to appear in September, 1895, at Henry Irving's Lyceum Theatre, London.

MISS EDITH GALE TO WED.

Her Marriage to Rev. Dr. Tyng's Son Will Take Place To-Night.

The mariage of Miss Edith M. Gale and Sewell Tappan Tyng will take place at 8 o'clock this evening in St. Bartholomew's Church. The bride is a sister of Miss Minna K. Gale, the actress, and the bridegroom is the son of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, for a long time rector of St. George's Church. The bride will be given away by Mr. Archibald Cushman Haynes, the husband of Miss Minna K. Gale.

Miss Spalding, of Chicago, and Miss Appleton, of Boston, the bridesmaids, will wear rose-colored gowns, and preparations are making towards converting the chancel of the church into a bower of pink roses. The reception after the wedding will be in the pink room at Sherry's.

Coming Events.

G. A. R. entertainment, Trinity M. E. Church, this evening.

Sigma Chi dinner, Hotel Marlborough, this evening.

Woman suffrage meeting, 223 East Forty-eighth street, this evening.

Decoration of Lincoln's statue by Lincoln Corps, Union Square, this evening.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school will give a patriotic entertainment this evening in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, East One Hundred and Eighteenth street, near First avenue.

At Amity Chapel, 212 West Fifty-fourth street, to-morrow evening Josiah C. Pumpelly will deliver an address upon "The Inception and Creation of the Columbia Liberty Bell, the Patriotic League and the Peace Flag and Their Relations to Human Progress and the Development of Peace and Universal Liberty."

A performance for the benefit of the German West Side Dispensary will be given Saturday evening at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House, in East Fifty-eighth street. Some of the best known members of the Irving Place Theatre and Germania companies have volunteered their services.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 300 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

That Worrying Little Word.

To the Editor:

Several parties have answered and argued against "Mrs. L. A. J.'s" womanly letter regarding the omission of the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony. But few—one or two, so far as I have noticed—have commended her and her sentiments. As a happy husband of a woman whom I, after nigh nine years' companionship, must judge to be like "Mrs. L. A. J.," I wish to express my sincere reverence and respect for the womanhood, which these two women represent—a reverence I know every man shares with me who is honest with himself. The forwardness, assumption, nay presumption, of these aforesaid persons who have the shamelessness to speak in public print against such a letter as "Mrs. J.'s" is past all patience. The question never arises in my household. Who is to have command? as each of us delights in meeting the other's wishes. But my wife would never dream to oppose the Apostle Paul, who says that as Christ is the head of the church so is the man the head of the woman. It is shocking to notice a church denomination, in these enlightened times, gives its blessing and sanction of remarriage to divorcees, which is strictly against our Saviour's command, and as they now appear to be desirous also of annulling the words of the Apostles, we, who are honest at heart and sincere in spirit, may well ask: "Whither are we drifting? Are the days of the anti-Christ approaching?" STAEHR,
South Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Present Price of Bread.

To the Editor:

"In reply to "XX" will give the following facts relating to the size and price of bread when wheat was $1.10 a bushel and now, when wheat is 59 cents. In a barrel of flour there are 280 pounds of dough, or 240 pounds of bread when taken out of the oven. These five-cent white breads weigh 1 3-4 pounds, which makes 136 loaves to a barrel, not 240 loaves, as "XX" states. When wheat was high the weight of a five-cent loaf of white bread was 1 pound 5 ounces. Rolls at the new price, 6 for 5 cents, weigh 1 3-4 pounds; old price, 5 for 5 cents, weigh 1 1-4 pounds. The new price of rye bread is 3 1-2 pounds for 7 cents; old price, 4 1-2 pounds for 12 cents. All these figures go to prove that the prices and weight of bread have changed since wheat was $1.10. The bakers made more money when flour was high than they do now, as the many failures there have been in this line of business of late prove. If "XX" would like to have the figures of all the expenses of the baker business I can give him the same, which will prove that the profits of the bakery business are very small. There are many weeks when bakers barely clear expenses.

A. E. L.,
one who knows the baker trade.

The Lord's Sabbath.

To the Editor:

I see a number of your correspondents speak of the first day of the week (Sunday) as the Lord's day. The commandment says the seventh day is the Sabbath; and Christ, in Mark ii., 28, says he is Lord of the Sabbath day; and in Isaiah lviii.,13, God calls the Sabbath his holy day. So, according to the Bible, the seventh day of the week, the day the Lord blessed and hallowed, is the Lord's day. There is one command in the Bible in regard to first day observances, I. Cor., xvi., 2, but this requires man to look over his material affairs to see how he has been prospered during the week, and lay aside an offering for the church. This is to be done at home, and would entail considerable work for those with a large business, so this text cannot refer to the Sabbath, for no work is to be done on that day. There is no evidence in the Bible that the Apostles ever kept any day but the seventh day as the Sabbath. The law that was abolished by Christ's death was the law of rites and ordinances. If the law of ten commandments was abolished, there has not been a sinner in the world since Christ died, for "sin is the transgression of the law," and if there is no law to transgress there is no sin committed, and consequently no sinners, and Christ died in vain. The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, and many Christians observe it as such not for convenience, but because God commands it. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." GRACE.

Typewriters Like Stew.

To the Editor:

In answer to "A. B." I would suggest that he ask his typewriter whether or not she likes stew. If she does, let him shake her immediately. Several typewriters who are friends of mine frequent a "beanery" not far from City Hall, and their favorite dish is stew. They have the waitresses trained so that every time a typewriter enters the waitress simply calls off the list of stews which are on the bill of fare for that day. When asked why she always ate stew, one of them replied that she got the most of it for the least money. So, "A. B.," beware, for if you catch one of those stew-loving young ladies, after you are married your bill of fare will be likely to consist of stew, stew, or stew, three times a day, and seven days in the week, as it is cheapest and goes furthest. MAYHEW.

In Dr. Peters's Church.

To the Editor:

I think the article from the pen of "West Side," which stated that he could not get a seat in Dr. Madison C. Peters's church, Sixty-eighth street and Boulevard, last Sunday evening, does great injustice to the ushers of the church. "West Side" says he has not attended church for a year; furthermore, he says the actions of the church people were, according to his ideas, unchristian-like. A man that does not attend church oftener than once a year cannot be a very good judge of Christians. If he had been to church oftener at Dr. Peters's he would have found out that if he wished to get a seat in that church any Sunday evening he would have be there long before the services began. I have attended that church the last three years, and always found the ushers very obliging and Mr. Peters very entertaining and popular. JUSTICE.

This World Was Created.

To the Editor:

Mr. Kaplan says that this world was not created, and cites the Bible and science in his support. Now, both the Bible and science say that it was created. To produce a material thing, a thing that is visible and tangible out of nothing is to create it. The science of physics says that this world system of ours was created by the concatenations of forces of the cosmic ether; that the atoms are vortex motions (Sir William Thompson); that hydrogen was the first element produced, and that all other elements are composites of it. The science of psychology says in his unimpeachable dictum that our material world system, the cosmic ether included, are mental states of every man; that the creator of it is an ultimate reality; that this ultimate reality dwells up on high as self-consciousness; otherwise expressed, this is a spiritual world and God its creator. WILLIAM S. CROLLY,
Pleasantville, N. Y.

The Broome Street Tabernacle.

To the Editor:

Please, "West Side," do not judge all churches by the one. If you should ever be down in the neighborhood of Broome street call at 395 Broome and hear our pastor, Mr. Tyndall, preach. You will find refined and quite a few non-refined people, but we do not go to criticize the congregation, but to hear the sermon. I used to go to a church such as you speak of, but I would not give fifty of them for my beloved tabernacle.

AGNUS-A-UM.

The Outrageous Lapse System.

To the Editor:

Why cannot industrial insurance companies give some kind of extension on their policies after having collected for numbers of years, such extortionate rates, on policies, most of which do not more than suffice to "put a man away" decently? This outrageous "lapse" system, adopted by industrial insurance companies, should be stopped.

A POLICY HOLDER.

HOUSE AND HOME

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MRS. J. B. ROMER'S COOKING LESSONS.

FIRST COURSE.

LESSON 2D.

Stewed Beans.

1 pint of beans.
1 onion.
1 slice of salt pork.
2 pints of cold water.

Pick over the beans, throwing out all imperfect ones; wash them in several waters, then fill up the dish with water and leave them to swell over night. In the morning throw off the water and put the beans in a kettle with three pints of fresh cold water, a slice of salt pork and one onion, cut up fine. Stew them slowly for two hours, or until soft, but not broken to pieces. Stir occasionally to prevent burning. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Baked Pork and Beans.

1 pint of beans.
1 tablespoonful of molasses.
½ teaspoonful dry mustard.
¼ pound of salt pork.
½ teaspoonful of salt.

Pick over the beans, wash them and soak in two quarts of cold water over night. In the morning drain them, put them into fresh cold water and simmer till soft enough to pierce with a pin. Then put them into a dish and pour enough of the water they were cooked in to almost cover them. Pour boiling water over the pork and scrape the rind till white. Mix the salt, mustard and molasses together with a little hot water and pour it over the beans. Cut the rind of the pork into half-inch strips, bury the pork in the beans, leaving only the rind exposed. Bake several hours—four or five is not too much. If they seem to be too dry add more water.

Corn Starch Pudding.

3 tablespoonfuls of corn starch.
¼ cup of sugar.
1 saltspoonful of salt.
1 quart of milk.
½-teaspoonful of vanilla.
1 egg.

Put the milk, sugar and salt in a kettle to heat. Wet the corn starch with some of the cold milk and mix with it the beaten egg. Put it all into the milk before it boils, and stir it till it is smooth. Let it boil on the back of the stove fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire, add the vanilla and set away to cool. It is safer and better to cook in a double boiler, as it burns easily. When there is no double boiler one can be arranged by placing a covered tin pail inside of a kettle partly filled with boiling water. The kettle should be covered.

Broad Beauty.

The Summer girl's wings are still widening. Every new model is a trifle broader and more pronounced through the shoulders than the last. Not content with leg o' mutton sleeves that consume four yards of material, there are adjustable corselettes with sleeve capes and stocks that go with everything. This decoration is made of lace, ribbon or

velvet and insertion. The stock hooks in the back, the corselette is secured with fancy stick-pins, and as the sleeve capes of lace are wired, like a shadow hat, they can be bent into drooping or flyaway wing. The skirts are absolutely plain, so are the sleeves from wrist to elbow, and as a result the waist looks slim and the girl tall.

Don't.

Unless a gentleman is a lady's escort he should never offer to pay her car fare, as it places her under an obligation she may not desire, and for which five cents is a poor remuneration. The intention is kind, but the act intrusive.

Take a Raw Egg.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic with which to begin these warm Spring days. It is strengthening, and tends to prevent that tired feeling so prevalent at this season of the year. If prepared in the following way it is really a delicious drink: Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice, and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the whites on a plate, and add a pinch of salt; then, with a broad-bladed knife, beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible mix all together in the dish; then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon, or even brandy if the doctor has ordered it.

Baby's Rattle.

The "tambourine" rattle is a recent addition to nursery equipments. This is a simple bauble to make. For its foundation you require a small wooden embroidery hoop. For this is made a circular cover of chamois or silk, whichever you prefer, to be slipped over the hoop and tightly stretched. Then the edge is bound all around with bright ribbon, and about an inch apart tiny loops of narrow ribbon are sewn, each one tipped with a silver bell. This musical jingler is sure to delight its youthful owner.

Summer Fancy Work.

It is probable that as the season advances there will be some very attractive needlework offered for busy fingers to execute. The early productions exhibit novel features in the actual work rather than in new materials, designs and knickknacks. As far as materials are concerned, it may be said that there is but one, and that is linen—white, cream, blue, red olive and many other shades too numerous to mention. Sometimes two colors are combined in one piece of work, and a tea-cloth, for instance, will have an olive green centre and hem of pale blue. In the same way a sideboard cloth will have panels, as it were, of brown and lemon linen, used alternately, and the embroidery in such a case looks well if executed in shades of the same two colors, the yellow being placed on the brown and vice versa. Another striking effect is gained in a tea-cloth by the use of small squares of old gold and dark red, connected by two-inch bands of rich blue. This is intended to be worked with white threads only, and certainly she is a bold woman who attempts to add more color to such a combination.

The Chafing Dish.

The chafing dish has grown to be an essential article in the dining-room outfit. They may be purchased from half a dollar upward, and are really a great comfort, especially to people living in a flat or boarding-house. Some one has said that Chicago is running to flats, and indeed it looks like it. It is so easy to cook with a chafing dish. Oysters can be stewed, eggs boiled, fried or scrambled, custards cooked and all sorts of gruels made in a few minutes with this simple contrivance. It is clean, quick and does not give half the trouble any other cooking apparatus does. And then it can be taken anywhere and used anywhere.

Japanese Artificial Flowers.

The popular Japanese artificial flowers are very decorative. They come in imitations of cherry or almond blossoms and are striking imitations of nature. A bowl full of these charmingly lights up a drawing-room.

New Coiffures.

The latest style of coiffure which finds favor in Paris is long and narrow. The hair may be arranged in a coil or a knot, as fancy dictates, taking care to adjust it at a becoming point on the head, but it must be elongated by an extra twist or two little curls at the back, which may be added for evening dress. The present mode of waving the hair all over the head still holds its popularity, but the front parting, which has been such a struggle to obtain, is to disappear entirely. The front hair is tressed lightly back, pulled down in careless waves on the forehead and arranged loosely at the side, so it will droop slightly over the ears in a seemingly disorderly way, which is perfectly tidy and very becoming to some faces. Every woman who wishes to look her very best must study the outline of her face and shape of her head in order to arrange her hair becomingly, and skilfully modify the pr