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May, 1894.

THE WORLD'S BANNER MONTH FOR CIRCULATION.

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25,033 Per Day.

Readers of THE EVENING WORLD leaving the city for the hot months should send in their addresses and have THE EVENING WORLD mailed to them regularly.

And Granger came back.

Granger is still a singularly ungrateful ex-son-in-law.

The New York baseball team is making a passing show of itself.

"Democrats lose Oregon." Also an opportunity. See Senate majority's vote on the sugar schedule.

No meddling, please, Messrs. Police Commissioners. The Lexow Committee is going on swimmingly. It is not your play.

It is more than ever important that the doors should be open at the Senatorial investigation of Sugar Trust lobbying.

The Sugar Trust had luck in odd numbers. Thirty-five votes gave a majority of seven for the Trust schedule in the Senate.

The Lexow Committee has already shown New York's need of having its police force controlled by a single, responsible head.

Rosebery's administration triumphs again. Ladas wins the Derby. And that despite the fact that Commons voted not to adjourn for the big event.

Not to the extent of forgetting all about the Police Justices should the Lexow Committee become absorbed in the rich veins it is now working.

Notice that Senator McPherson dodged the vote on the sugar schedule. It was a case where neither an officious servant nor a handy son could save him.

In the forenoon Sugar went up three points in Wall street. In the afternoon the Trust schedule passed the Senate. Mr. Gray's Committee will, perhaps, notice the coincidence.

It still remains a secret, if the friends of home rule in New York have been doing anything to convince the Constitutional Convention that home rule is so vital a necessity here.

Somebody nominates Croker for a Police Justice. He would hardly do. Justice, you know, is blind, and the late chief of Tammany has demonstrated his ability to see a long way ahead.

Philadelphia has got to spend $40,000 to brace up the central tower of its new $17,000,000 City Hall. New York has no such worry on hand, and doesn't seem likely to get any such hail.

Attorney-General Olney has at last begun action in the matter of the Central Pacific's debt to the Government. Dare we hope that he will eventually come to the conclusion that the law can reach the Trusts?

Under a home rule charter Albany will let New York's Police Department alone, and there will be one responsible head of the force who may be held strictly to account for his administration of affairs.

In the execution house of the Connecticut State prison a gallows has been set up so arranged that a condemned man will hang himself. This is ingenuity, but it is not progress. Why doesn't Connecticut come to the front with New York and kill its murderers painlessly, scientifically, quickly and certainly by the use of tamed lightning?

A tedious time, the New York and New Jersey Bridge promoters have had in their endeavors to get the bill providing for the bridge made into a law. The end is not yet, for the measure passed by the Senate yesterday has to go to a conference. However, only some minor details are to be arranged, and the bill will soon be in the President's hands unless deliberately snubbed by Congress. It should be promptly signed, that work may be begun at once. The proposed highway over the North River is bound to be of tremendous commercial importance to New York and the country. Mr. Cleveland may well be proud to have the carrying out of this big bridge project commenced under his Administration, with the seal of his approval.

WHAT WILL THEY DO ABOUT IT?

The voting on the sugar schedule in the Senate yesterday drew out some observations calculated to throw light on the manner in which the Senators themselves look upon the action of their own body on that feature of the Tariff bill.

Mr. Chandler, who probably knows more about speculative legislation than any other member of either House, made the direct charge that Senators have speculated in Sugar stock. "I believe," he said, "that Senators have speculated in Sugar stock," and he protested against any final action on the bill until a searching inquiry into the facts had been completed. Of course, his object was to further postpone the vote, but he doubtless had reason to believe in the truth of the direct charge he made against the Senators. He knows how it is himself.

Mr. Frye alleged that the influence that had fixed the schedule was "all outside the Senate."

Mr. Aldrich asserted that the change in the date on which the schedule would go into effect alone put thirty-four million dollars into the pockets of this "outside" influence, the Sugar Trust, and declared that the sugar schedule had been dictated by the Trust; that it was as acceptable to the Trust as the McKinley bill, and that nobody knew that fact better than Mr. Vest himself. He branded the intrigues of Senators with the Sugar Trust as "indefensible and infamous."

The compromise amendments, however, went through, notwithstanding these remarks, and the schedule was finally adopted by a vote of 35 to 28. Senator Hill voted with the Republicans against the schedule, while Senator Murphy voted with his party.

It was a painful spectacle to see the Republican Senators, who have been at once the creators and the creatures of the Sugar Trust, railing at Democrats for their alleged dealings and dickerings with that powerful "combine," and voting against what they avowed to be the interests of the monopoly.

But what will the Senate do about Mr. Chandler's direct and unqualified charge that Senators have speculated in Sugar stock while engaged in legislating on the schedule? If the Senate sits patiently under this bold arraignment it enters practically a plea of guilty. It is bound to call Mr. Chandler to account and to require him to produce the proof of his charge. If he has falsely accused his associates he has been guilty of one of the most serious acts of contempt it is possible to commit.

What do the majority Senators say? Will they make a practical confession of their guilt, or will they rebuke their slanderer? They can get up a fuss and exhibit a great deal of swagger over rumors circulated by newspaper correspondents. How will they treat this direct charge of infamous conduct made by one of their own number?

AN ANARCHIST'S BOMB.

A pupil in one of the public schools in Brooklyn has recently displayed Anarchistic tendencies. He has defied the constituted authorities and showed a sovereign contempt for law and order. Yesterday during school hours he made an effort to raise a rebellion in the school, and springing suddenly to his feet uttered a wild, demoniacal, blood-curdling yell that Herr Most might have envied and Buffalo Bill might have admired. Thereupon the Principal of the school seized the offender and began to belabor him with a stout cane on the proper part of his person.

This operation had barely commenced when a terrific explosion was heard in the school, loud enough to shatter windows and shake the ink bottles on the desk. The young Anarchist was dropped to the floor, the Principal fled in terror from the scene, the scholars scrambled to get out of the schoolroom, and for a time the panic was fearful.

An investigation was subsequently made, and it was discovered that the unruly boy had his pistol pocket filled with cartridges, which had been exploded by the master's cane. A bullet was found embedded in the wall, but the only damage done was to the young rebel's trousers, entailing a job of needlework on his mother.

In future the lad will be unloaded before he is allowed to take his seat in the school. But how is it about the manner in which the explosion was occasioned? Is flogging allowed in the Brooklyn public schools?

NO PORTIAS WANTED IN JERSEY.

The New Jersey Supreme Court has refused to admit a woman to the Bar. It holds that the Legislature has not yet accorded the fair sex the right to practise law, and until woman has citizenship in all its resplendent meaning bestowed upon her she cannot sail into court with a music roll under her arm and a bandbox in her hand and tell the Judge on the bench what the law of the State is or ought to be.

These Jersey Supreme Judges are real mean about this. They accept the narrow measly Massachusetts definition of the word "citizen," which excludes woman from taking part in the Government, "either as a voter or an officer to be admitted to practice as an attorney." Woman is a pretty good citizen all the same, and she should require no more legislation to make her a lawyer than she does to make her a housewife or a typewriter.

The Jersey Judges evidently are not friends of the sex. It ought not to make any difference whether the hair over a repository of legal lore is parted in the middle or on the side. A woman who knows law is as good as a man who knows it, and her smile, if she is at all good-looking, will go further with a jury than a ton of eloquence thrown at it by a male attorney.

All Over the World.

Every city official of Spring Hill, Kan., is a woman.

Germany can put 907,500 men into the field armed and equipped for war at any moment.

The throne chair of Hawaii is a richly carved piece of walnut, upholstered in red silk damask.

A Florida farmer has made a fortune by training a pack of razor-back hogs to hunt and kill snakes.

Owing to the fact that Russia has not accepted the Gregorian calendar the Russian year is thirteen days behind the rest of the Christian world.

It has long been believed that ants have a language or some means of communicating with each other. Janet, a French naturalist, now claims that he is able to hear them make a noise when they are angry.

SAVING THE WEE ONES

Work of the Free Physicians in Ill-Kept Homes.

A Fund Baby Only Sixteen Days Old and Hungry.

The Helpless Young Mother Thanks "Evening World" Readers.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$7,459.71
Rose Schimel, Sadie May and Sarah Frank	30.00
Visitors to Dome, Palitzer Building	16.18
Employees of J. W. Robins, 32 Washington street	5.17
In memory of Little K. and L.	2.00

The work of the Sick Babies' Fund is, in a measure, educational.

In relieving the suffering of the helpless little creatures their condition is made to reflect upon the home and the homekeeper. Some of the patients discovered by the doctors are so forlorn that it is impossible to tell what ails them until they have been washed. As one of the doctors put it, "They are consumed by neglect."

To make a diffident mother ashamed of herself, to help a well-meaning woman to make the best of her circumstances, to give a free lesson in plain, wholesome cooking, to get a benighted family the freedom of a private bath and to bring an entire neighborhood under the refining influences of a sanitary reform club, organized for self-help, is some of the indirect good accomplished by the Sick Babies' Fund.

One member of "The Evening World" corps of physicians is a doctress whose services have been most valuable to the Fund. What her hands have found to do she has done and is doing with all her strength and all her might. On a deplorable case she writes:

"I found to-day in a cell-like bedroom on the top floor of one of my houses a thin, wee baby, sixteen days old, and its young mother very ill, unable to move without help, and then with agony. The father has been out of employment eight months. Everything on which even a few pennies could be raised had been pawned to buy food and pay the rent of the cheerless two rooms. So little was left of furniture and clothing that on entering I thought the apartment unoccupied. There was absolutely nothing to eat. Perhaps some kind neighbor (the poor have large hearts) would have given a little bread and tea to the starving woman, and perhaps she would have been hungry all night and unable to sleep in consequence, the poor baby sharing her discomfort. I relieved their immediate wants and promised to look in again to see the improvement in health and spirits. The mother beamed with delight, and wished she could thank the readers of 'The Evening World' as they deserved for being so good to her baby."

Every reader who is good to one baby is helping to better the condition of thousands of poor, sick babies. Last month more than 1,000 were helped; in the last five years 100,000 were treated, and most of them cured. This year at least 20,000 of the most helpless and deserving little members of society will be cared for, clothed or fed and "jollied up," if you help.

Subscriptions are in order now. They may be addressed for the Babies to the cashier of "The World," and will enroll the giver on the subscription list at the head of this column.

Any lucky chap or lassie who has outgrown his little togs may send them to Mrs. Roberts, 228 East Twenty-first street. Second hand, third hand or any other sort that come to hand will be acceptable.

Sold Roses for the Babies.

To the Editor:

Saturday morning when I went down to breakfast mamma said to me: "Do you want to do some good to-day?" I said "how?" Mamma said: "Pick roses (we have a lot of them in the

FLORENCE ESTELLA WEAVER AND MAMIE SCHULER.

yard; make bouquets and sell them for five cents apiece, and send the money to 'The Evening World' for the Sick Babies' Fund." So I asked Mamie Schuller, who lives in the same block, to come and help. We sold over forty bouquets and made $2.50. We hope it will do some good.

FLORENCE WEAVER,
223 Van Buren street, Brooklyn.

EDITORIAL DRIFT.

No Doubt He Did.

Hon Richard Croker still inclines to the opinion that he chose a most opportune time for his political retirement.—Washington Post.

Success in Pugilism.

The successful pugilist is he who lives for two years in advance of a fight on the free advertising derivable therefrom.—Pittsburg Leader.

Weather in Philadelphia, Too.

That shower yesterday afternoon came in time to put an end to the unusual drouth that had lasted for more than twenty-four hours in this city.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It's Pretty Near Too Late.

There would seem to be nothing left for the people of the different States but to take the bull by the horns and inaugurate a condition under which the United States Senate will be impressed with a sense of its obligation to the public.—Binghamton Leader.

Peffer's Interpolated Remarks.

The silver speech which Mr. Peffer projected into the sugar debate in the Senate yesterday recalls a story of the Kansan who proposed, at a certain funeral, that if nobody had anything to say about the corpse he would like to make a few remarks on the Sub-Treasury scheme.—Kansas City Star.

Still the Borden Mystery.

It was this Monday a year ago that the trial of Lizzie Borden was begun in this city. The intervening months have thrown no new light on the great crime. We wonder if it will always remain as great a mystery as it now is.—New Bedford Journal.

Nothing After All.

(From Truth.)

Tom—I understand that Cholly went hunting the other day. What did he hit?

Dick—Nothing.

Harry—Why, I heard he shot himself in the foot.

Dick—That's what I said.

THE WRECK AT GLENAVON.

It Brought a Sad Ending to One Romance and Began Another.

There was an air of excitement about Glenavon. We had not seen Jack for two years (he had spent his last vacation with a school fellow in the North), and we expected him on the boat that evening.

Every one about the place idolized Jack, from father and mother to the half-naked pickaninnies who had never seen him, but who had heard his praises sung ever since his birth.

While we were anxiously awaiting his arrival a shout from the keen-eyed children drew our attention to a curl of smoke rising above the trees on the point, where the river curved half a mile above, and in a few minutes the tall chimneys of the Natchez swung into view, and the deep tones of her whistle for landing told us we were not to be disappointed. As the roar of the whistle died away the strains of "Dixie," made faint and sweet by distance, came floating over the water, and it seemed as though even the boat knew the joy she was bringing, and that she danced on the water in time to the music as she came round and headed up stream towards the landing.

A few moments later we had Jack in our arms.

We formed a happy party that night. Jack kept us all laughing at stories of his college days. Everything and everybody had a quaint nickname that sounded doubly strange to our home-keeping ears. The Rev. Julius Ulysses Graham, President of the college, was, on account of the unfortunate combination of initials, invariably referred to as "Jug;" Prof. James McC. Cornell was "Jimmy Mack," and the young ladies attending the seminary attached to the college were "sems."

No one seemd to escape the erratic nomenclature of the student. The tales of school-day adventures and victories on athletic and intellectual battlefields kept us so engrossed that we were greatly surprised when mother informed us that it was almost 12 o'clock.

After the others had retired Jack said:

"Come up to my room, sis; I've something to show you."

Anticipation banished all thoughts of sleep, and I eagerly accompanied him. While he was unstrapping his trunk curiosity broke through restraint, and I asked:

"What is it, Jack?"

"Why, her picture, of course," he said, as he brought out a handsome case containing a single photograph, which he handed to me.

"What do you think of that? Isn't that the sweetest face you ever looked upon?"

It was evident that he at least thought so, and I could not tell him that the antithesis of feminine sweetness looked out from the card to me. The face was very pretty, but there was a selfish vanity in it and there was a theatrical air about the pose that I did not like. Then I thought of Jo, who had probably spent the night waiting and watching in the hope that Jack would run over, and I felt a little bitter. I felt a little guilty, too, for when Jack's letters to Joe had become far between and finally ceased I had explained that he was working so hard in order to graduate and had delivered messages to her I never received in my letters from Jack. But I loved Jo Gordon, and I thought Jack did too; that he had simply grown careless; that it would be all right when he came home, and a great many other things I should not have thought. And now I felt bitter towards this girl that I had not thought of. So, instead of answering his question, I looked up and asked one:

"But what of Jo?"

"Oh—oh, Jo's forgotten me, hasn't she?"

"I hope so," I answered. Then I turned to the picture and noticed the name written across the bottom—"Marie Campbell." The combination of French and Scotch names displeased me.

"Who is she, Jack?" I asked. "Is she French?"

"No; native Wisconsin," he answered, paying no attention to my attempt at irony.

"Then why isn't her name Mary?"

"Oh, look here, sis; this won't do. Don't begin to pick her to pieces. I tell you she's the brightest, sweetest girl I ever met, and owing to the fact that she is going to be your sister-in-law I would not condemn her unseen and unheard. Treat her fairly, at least."

"I'll try to, Jack. Good night."

"Good night, sis. Wait till you see her."

* * * * * * *

During the remainder of the Summer the days were very dull for me. Jo had gone up the river—"to visit her aunt," she said; but I knew it was to try to forget, as she had been forgotten, and as she had always been my companion I felt lost without her.

Jack one day received a letter from Miss Campbell stating that she and her aunt—with whom she lived—were going to New Orleans early in September, and at his request I invited them to stop off at Glenavon for a few days on their down trip.

The answer I received was rather formal, and after thanking me for the invitation, stated that they would stop "if possible." Jack was delighted, and, ignoring the qualifying "if," began counting the days in joyful anticipation. He was, therefore, unprepared for a brief note he received a week later. It was signed "Helen Campbell," and simply stated that it would be impossible for her niece and herself to visit us. The meaning of it seemed very clear to me, and I felt a thrill of gladness when I read it; but I did not have the heart to tell Jack my belief. I felt that he would learn the truth soon enough.

* * * * * * *

We expected Jo home on the packet due that evening, and her brother, Tom Gordon, Jack and myself started to meet her. As we reached the brow of the gentle slope leading to the landing from the boat preparing to land, there came a hideous sound of hissing steam; then a deafening roar, and where the boat had been was a column of flame and steam a hundred feet high. The cloud lifted and revealed the wreck of the handsome steamer floating helplessly, the larboard side torn away and angry flames beginning to complete the destruction. The strong current rapidly drove the burning boat towards the bank upon which we were standing, and the shrieks of the wounded and panic-stricken people on board, together with the awful sight I had seen, affected me that I stood motionless for what seemed hours, although really less than a minute. When I recovered my presence of mind I was horrified to see Jack and Tom in a skiff standing out in the path of the wrecked boat, upon the bow of which were a hundred frenzied men and women ready to throw themselves into the frail craft and destroy themselves and the brave men who had gone to their rescue. I rushed to the water's edge to warn them of their danger; but my cries were unheeded and I heard Jack shout:

"Throw us a line. We'll make it fast on shore."

His purpose was understood and a moment later they were bending their oars towing a heavy line ashore. As the skiff touched I caught and steadied it, while they grabbed the rope and rushed to a tree a short way up the bank. A cry of despair rose from the boat as the rope was found to be too short. There was another tree nearer the water a short distance down stream and to this they made their way; but the moments were growing precious. Already the fear of the flames had caused several persons to throw themselves into the swift-moving water which swept them from our sight.

The rope was soon made fast, the current forced the boat snug against the bank the length of the line below, and within a few moments I was overjoyed to find Jo among the fortunate ones that escaped unhurt. We busied ourselves to alleviate the sufferings of the injured while awaiting the arrival of the surgeons. Presently Jack, who was assisting in the removal of the dead and injured from the wreck, came up the bank with the form of a woman in his arms. As he reached the spot where I was he said:

"She stopped after all," and his voice had a strange sound. Then he laid his burden down on the sward and for a moment he gazed on the scarred and blistered face that still retained much of the beauty I had seen in the picture months before. He bent over and tenderly kissed the unresponsive lips, then hurried away to assist others. A little later Jo came over and, looking at the dead girl, said:

"Oh, isn't it horrible! She was so pretty, and it was her wedding trip."

I never tol Jack, and it was years afterwards that Jo learned hte cause Jack's solcitude for the ill-fated bride. And I am glad for both their sakes. Jo is now my sister-in-law.—Exchange.

MANY SAILED THIS MORNING.

Three Ocean Liners Carried Hundreds Abroad.

Dr. Parkhurst in the Big Contingent of Prominent Folk.

The ocean liners which sailed from this port to-day were crowded to their fullest capacity, and in some cases even the rooms of the officers were occupied by tourists.

Among the prominent people on the American line steamship Paris, sailing at 7 A. M., were: William Rockefeller, Percy A. Rockefeller, Mrs. Amelia Barr, Miss Alice Barr, Wilson Barrett, Rowland Buckstone, Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Adeline Kissam De Bus, Mr. and Mrs Leicester Holme, Miss May Howard, Lieut. J. A. Cole, Richard Harding Davis, Daniel Frohman, Mrs. Bolossy Kiralfy, Sir Asker Hamerick, Prince Poniatowski, Bassett Roe, E. S. Willard, E. H. Sothern, Mr. and Mrs. E. Frank Aldrich, Dr. W. G. Alling, Mr. and Mrs. M. La Rue, Gordon McKay, Capt. and Mrs. J. C. McVay, Henry Melville, Gen. Miguel Montillo, and Countess Sidonie Mae Caffrey.

On the White Star liner Britannic, also sailing at 7 A. M., were: Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, Canon Knowles, Sir Richard Musgrave, Lady Musgrave, Rev. Dr. William M. Dunnell, David Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baker, Rev. F. W. Compett, A. J. Campbell, Rev. and Mrs. James Denny, Emile Des Marets, Rev. J. Duggan, Rev. Edward McGurk, Lieut. and Mrs. Laird, Capt. John Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Day and R. H. Davies.

The Red Star liner Westernland, sailing at 8.30 A. M., carried Col. W. L. Sinn, Walter L. Sinn, Prof. James Harkness, Prof. J. H. Gore, Miss Grace C. Bidwell, Prof. and Mrs. R. H. Chilldendon, Charles L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. George L. English, Dr. and Mrs. George M. Garland, Miss Hermine de Korsak, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Luyties, Robert L. Morrell, Prof. Thomas H. Morgan, Austin Sheiry, Dr. George C. Seibert, Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Smith and Shepherd Stevens.

A GIRL WANTS TO KNOW.

Why Things Go All Atwist in This Merciless Old World.

The girl with the inquiring mind is up to her old tricks again, says the Chicago Record. She wants to know:

Why is it that when you hate a girl or a man with an especially big, full-grown hate, you are forever running into her or him at every corner, lunch room, street car—in fact, she or he haunts you like an unpaid dentist's bill?

Why it is that the lamps will burn like veritable beacon lights except on those evenings when you have company, and then they sputter and flare up and otherwise conduct themselves with an air of perfect imbecility?

Why is it that an invitaton to any sort of social gathering is the signal for a cold to descend upon you and make you wish you were not only dead but buried beneath a granite monument?

Why is that shoes can't be made unsqueakable? If there's one thing more than another that will drive a girl to soda water and other forms of dissipation it's squeaky shoes.

Why it is that a girl never remembers the big tear in her best frock until she is just ready to get into the dress?

Why is it that we can't be all bright and witty, like that horrid, pretty beast friend of ours?

Women Want to Vote.

By a singular law of New Zealand electors who do not exercise their right to vote are struck off the rolls. At the late election 72,376 electors were thus penalized, of these 53,205 were men, and only 19,171 were women—a singular fact, proving how much more anxious the women were to exercise their newly acquired privileges than the men to use their older rights. It should be stated that the voters disqualified for not voting can be reinstated on the list by making a new claim.

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 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

When It Was Changed.

To the Editor:

In answer to "Grace," who argues in favor of the seventh day as the Sabbath, let me say that Jesus after his resurrection changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week, thus showing his authority as Lord even of the Sabbath (Matthew xii., 8) not to abrogate or break it, but to preside over and modify or give new form to it, so as to have it commemorate his resurrection when he ceased from his redeeming work, as God did from his creative work (Heb. iv., 10). When Jesus gave instructions for this change we are not told, but very likely during the time when he spake to his disciples of the things pertaining to his kingdom (Acts i., 3). This is probably one of the many unrecorded things which Jesus did (John, xx., 30; xxi., 25). That the Sabbath was actually changed from the seventh to the first day of the week appears from the example of the apostles, who, after the resurrection of Christ, celebrated the first day as a Sabbath (John, xx., 19-26; Acts, xx., 7, I. Cor., xvi., 2), hence this is called the Lord's day (Rev., i., 10). In Col., ii., 16-17, Paul plainly declares that the disciples of Jesus are not under obligation to observe the seventh day, or Jewish Sabbath, yet this did not release them from keeping a Sabbath, since this is a divine institution given to the human race in the persons of Adam and Eve. The Lord's day is the only holy day of the early Christian Church.

G. F.

This Is for Mr. Porter.

To the Editor:

Edward Porter's letter touching the advantages of our beloved America over John Bull's little island and American superiority to Johnnie Bull is, to draw it mildly, amusing. You are certainly an Irishman, "Ed," notwithstanding your Tooley street phrase: "We, the American people." Americans rarely reach such flights of eloquence. The fact is that but for the Irishmen we would entirely forget that we are a nation. Bet, aside from that fact, remember, Brother Porter, that "Johnnie Bull" is better up in history than either of us. For heaven's sake, "Ed," it is not an open question whether there were any Englishmen in America during the Revolutionary war. And when you refer to English "oppression" in opposition to American "light and leading," remember our conduct to the poor Indians, and our hypocritical dealings with Mexico. "Oppression" is not peculiarly English. Think! Yes, let truth prevail, "Ed." It must be confessed, we have in New York City a Tammany Hall and a police force that might make a Caesar green with envy! And as to "rotten" upper classes and upper "houses!" Ye, Gods! Where in all creation can ours be equaled for stench? "We may not reverence a doubtful past," but we may well howl in the presence of a "doubtful future." Hands off! Let American history testify in its own behalf. AN AMERICAN FARMER.

No Rebate for Lost Rides.

To the Editor:

I should like to know if riding on an Elevated or cable car (may be some other cars, too) is a game of chance? When a person pays his fare he runs a chance of reaching his destination if nothing happens on the road, but should there be anything in the way to delay traffic, then the fare is forfeited. Thursday last I took a downtown cable car on Broadway, and after riding about two blocks I had forfeited my fare because the cars were compelled to go uptown again on account of the police parade. Some weeks ago I went downtown on a Third avenue "L" train, but had to get out at the next station because there was a fire in Pearl street. Now, why didn't the Company return my fare or give at least a transfer ticket so we could finish our ride from the next station? The way they are doing business now seems to me to be stealing, cheating or obtaining money under false pretenses, if not that, what is it then?

H. DE V.
Brooklyn.

What Immigration Has Done.

To the Editor

A dozen or more years ago, under the "protection of the American workingman" system, I lived on my farm between this city and the coal mines. Day after day parties of Hungarians and Poles passed by on the way to the mines, coming in to get something to eat, unable to speak a word of English, except "coal mine," and opening their mouths wide would point their fingers down the gaping abyss to denote that they were hungry. Imported to cut down the wages of the miners and ready to take any offer, as they were destitute of everything but a bundle of clothes they carried. See the result: They rule the coal regions of this free country and almost paralyze the industries of the land, leaving us the alternative of slaughter of Anarchy.

R. G.,
Port Richmond, S. I.

Moses Not a Myth.

To the Editor:

Allow me to ask Nick Odemus, if Moses is a myth, what is Christianity, or Islamism, or Buddhism, in fact, any of the religions and creeds of the world, which are nothing more than plagiarism of the doctrines of Moses? On the strength of Nick Odemus's assertion, all of the above mentioned forms of religion must necessarily fall to pieces as being mythical, and consequently without foundation. Jesus himself said: "I have not come to alter the laws of Moses," which is not only a corroboration of the existence of Moses, but also a strong intimation that his laws must not be tampered with. Now comes Nick Odemus, who, as his name implies, must be a Greek of the most orthodox type, with the insinuation that Moses, the ideal man, the man of God, in fact the greatest man that ever lived, is a myth! O tempora! O mores!

E. W. GR.

Don't Know What They Want.

To the Editor:

The writer is a young man and a gentleman. He is a close observer of men and women, although his interest in the latter is not what it was for the reason that the average girl one meets or sees nowadays, if she happens to be pretty or only graced with an ordinary amount of good looks, is not in a position to know what she wants. From my observation most girls from the ages of seventeen to twenty, if good-looking, make regular fools of the young men. I know of a few who might have secured good husbands and who now bitterly regret their folly.

W. EDMUNDS.

The "Molly Men."

To the Editor

How is it that so many men (if they may be called such) pride in telling the readers of your paper what good cooks they are; how they can mend, sew, make fires, and, in fact, do all sorts of woman's work. I for one think it is high time for these housekeeping men to be called down, and I can't for the life of me understand why any girl can marry one of these "Molly Men," that neither smoke drink nor ever spend a cent. Girls, when you marry, don't marry a housekeeper. "BILL JONES."

It Is God's House.

To the Editor:

I would like to say to the young man who received what he thought a cool reception from God's people, don't be discouraged! Remember, that it is not Dr. Peters's church, it is not the people's church, but God's house! He is there to welcome you, no matter where you sit. Do as the old man did when he carried a stone in from the street to sit upon. He found God was there, although he came a little late. Look for God! MRS. WALLACE, Hempstead, L. I.

Nobody Is Holding J. Bull.

To the Editor:

"Johnny Bull" can obtain at any hotel a copy of Bullinger's steamship guide, which contains the day of departure of outgoing steamships. We will endeavor to pull through without him. If "Johnny Bull" is sane, then I wish to be classed with the insane. He should join Coxey's army.

UNCLE SAM.

HOUSE AND HOME

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

FIRST COURSE.

LESSON 9TH.

Bread.

1 pint of water.	2 teaspoonfuls of salt.
1 cup of milk.	½ cake compressed yeast.
1 tablespoonful of sugar.	About 2 quarts of flour.

Scald the milk, mix it with the water and put in the sugar and salt. The yeast should be dissolved in a cup of water slightly warmed, and when the mixture is lukewarm add the yeast. Stir in the flour, and when it is so stiff that it can be handled turn it out on the kneading-board and knead it twenty minutes, till it is smooth and elastic. Put it back into the mixing bowl, cover and set in a warm place to rise. It will require several hours, but it should rise till it has fully doubled its bulk. Turn it out on the board again, divide into two parts and shape into loaves. Put it into pans and let it stand about an hour. Bake in a moderate oven from forty minutes to an hour.

Roast Beef.

Do not wash the meat, but wipe it with a meat cloth. If there are any parts which seem to be not clean trim them off with a knife. Fasten the meat together nicely in a round shape with skewers, and place it in the pan, dredging it with flour, salt and pepper. Have the oven very hot, and in about five minutes pour a cupful of boiling water in the bottom of the pan. Baste with this frequently and turn the meat so that it will brown on all sides. Allow about a quarter of an hour to a pound if liked rare; longer, if well done. When done remove to a hot platter and prepare the gravy.

Roast Beef Gravy.

After removing the meat set the pan on the top of the stove and stir into the fat a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Stir until the flour is brown and well mixed, then pour in a cupful of boiling water gradually, and stir as fast as it thickens. Season with salt and pepper and simmer five minutes. Strain if not perfectly smooth.

Mashed Potatoes.

1 pint of hot boiled potatoes.	½ saltspoonful of pepper.
1 tablespoonful of butter.	½ teaspoonful of salt.

Hot milk to moisten.

Mash in the kettle in which they were boiled, add the hot milk and beat with a fork until light and creamy. Turn out lightly on a dish. Never smooth it over, as that will make it heavy and compact.

Toques as Bird-Catchers.

The bird society will be after the milliners if they are not careful. Not one but whole nestfuls of warblers are worn on chip toques and straw hats. A favorite arrangement is a pair of white doves on a lilac-bordered sun-hat. White gulls are made over and pinned

down in a bed of yellow roses and yellow bows of ribbon. A big modiste up in Fifth avenue has more orders for hats with blackbirds and mignonette than she can fill. The mignonette is abundant enough, but the blackbird supply is inadequate.

How to Cure a Felon.

If you have the appearance of a felon coming, put some hard-wood ashes in an old tin cup, pour over them warm water, immerse the end of the sore finger in the ashes, set the dish on some live coals or on the top of the stove, keeping the finger in as long as you can, and soak it several times a day. If taken in time, it generally cures a felon from coming, if the finger is wet with it often.

Fruit Daintily Served.

Fruit is so greatly used on our breakfast tables that it is an exception to find one without the daintily piled dish in the centre and the plates and finger-bowls arranged for the first course in the day's refreshment. It is important that fruit should be very cold when it comes to the table. Oranges and bananas should be set in the ice-box the evening before, and should be so placed in their beautiful dishes of glass or baskets of silver as to be as decorative as flowers. Strawberries for breakfast are best served whole, with their stems intact, so that they may be dipped into the sugar and eaten one by one. Cherries and currants are so picturesque that they need only to be heaped high on a plattr, while apples must be wiped dry and polished till they shine. Pears and grapes in their appointed season are delicious breakfast fruit, but they must be served in such a way that they tempt the palate.

Collarettes.

New collarettes are made of a circular piece of lace or chiffon. A hole is cut in the middle and a narrow ribbon is run in by which the material is shirred up to fit the throat. A frill of lace, set on very full, either gathered or plaited, has an insertion heading with daisy ribbon.

Disinfectants.

One of the commonest household disinfectants is probably that sold under the name of crude carbolic acid, which consists of a mixture of pure carbolic and cresylic acids, and is of a reddish brown color. Its strong tar-like odor renders it a not disagreeable deodorant, but its solubility in ordinary water, which is in inverse ratio to the amount of cresylic acid present, is, in a sense, a considerable drawback; it mixes, however, much more freely with hot water, and for all practical purposes the solution thus produced is sufficiently useful. Patients in some cases object to the smell, and in these instances some other disinfectant is, of course, to be resorted to, but this is not the fact with the majority, while its inexpensiveness renders it acceptable in public institutions, offices, railway stations and dwellings where economy is an object. A refined preparation of the article, known as crystalline carbolic acid, is more expensive, but of much more easy application; it mixes readily with warm water, so that a saturated solution is readily made.

Fried Celery.

Boil a head of celery until tender. Cut it into pieces, season with parsley, pepper and salt. Soak in lemon juice half an hour. Dip each piece in batter and fry a light brown.

Treatment of Patent Leather.

Sweet oil is the best for patent leather, and it should be applied sparingly. All of the surplus should be carefully and thoroughly wiped off, and the shoe is then to be polished with a piece of chamois. After the glaze of patent leather begins to crack and will no longer take the fine polish without which patent leather is a burden to the eye, there is no resource so effectual as varnish, but when once the application of varnish has been begun it must be continued to the end. Varnish must be applied to patent leather with the tips of the fingers; nothing else will answer so well. Be sure that the shoe is perfectly free from dust or dirt of any kind.

Stuffed Turnips.

Peel and boil in slightly salted water until half done. Take them out, slice off a bit from the bottom to make them stand firmly. Cut a slice from the top. Scoop out the middle and fill with a stuffing of minced meat (veal if possible), onion and parsley, and mushrooms if they can be had. Tie the slice on the top. Place the turnips in a saucepan, pour over them some boiling gravy or stock, add a bit of butter, season with salt and pepper. Simmer gently until tender. Arrange in a deep dish; thicken the sauce with the yolk of an egg, pour over the turnips and serve hot.

In the Kitchen.

Use good soap in the kitchen, as it saves the hands.

Rub the teakettle with kerosene and polish with a fine dry flannel cloth.

Cold sliced potatoes fry and taste better by sprinkling a teaspoonful of flour over them while frying.

A box of powdered borax should always be kept on the sink shelf. A little added to the water in which dish towels are washed will help much to keep them clean, and at the same time keep one's hands soft and smooth.

Jacket with a Fly.

There are buttons and button-holes down the front of this smart little coat, but they are in what the merchant tailors call a fly. It is the fashion just now to be as tall and slim-looking as possible, and the fly front is one of the

innovations in fine ladies' tailoring. A coat of this sort can be worn with a cloth suit, or over a Summer dress on a cool day. The neckwear and straw hat shown in the cut are of the very latest design.

Putting Away Furs.

A suggestion for putting away furs for the Summer. Take a clean cask, remove the hoops from one end so that the head can be taken out, do up in paper the articles to be kept from moths, &c., inclose in the cask and head it up. If it is water-tight, of course it will be moth proof