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May, 1894.

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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.

The Police Justices have not gone to Europe, Senator Lexow. Keep them on your little list.

City first and party prejudice nowhere, should be the order in the coming municipal campaign.

Some Tammany men are getting mad at Croker now. But what does he care? He is half seas over by this time.

Never does the list of Sick Babies' Fund contributors get so long that there isn't room for many more names.

Even a tiger in Central Park had a fit yesterday. And the Lexow Committee hasn't begun to get its hottest irons out of the fire, as yet.

Democratic Senators are reported anxious to get the Tariff bill out of the way next week. So far as the ideas of the people are concerned, they need not wait so long as that.

A North River bridge is coming, rapid transit is practically promised, police patrol wagons—well, the outlook for them is not promising at present, but they've got to come.

The report that Mr. Croker had engaged passage under the name of Miles appears to have been incorrect, but it is quite certain that Mr. Croker wished to place as many miles as possible between himself and the Lexow Committee.

When to New York City is given the right to govern itself, its good citizens will feel bound to exercise that right. There is little encouragement to take steps forward to-day, when an interfering Legislature at Albany may order a retreat to-morrow.

The subject of abolishing capital punishment in this State is presented very prominently at the Constitutional Convention. It is not time to take this step. The thing to do is to make the infliction of the present penalty for murder more certain and prompt than it is under the present system of appeals and stays.

Your neighbor may differ with you on the tariff question and on the silver question and still be as good a New Yorker as you. You do not help his tariff and silver causes if you vote for the same candidate for Mayor with him, providing that candidate represents solely the issues of municipal progress and integrity.

If the pending schedule becomes a law, President Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, tells the Senate Investigating Committee sugar will go up at least a cent a pound. It appears, taking this in connection with the position assumed by Attorney-General Olney, that the only way the law can touch this Trust is in the way of increasing its profits.

New York's two biggest traction companies are fighting for franchises in the northern districts of the city. The outcome of the struggle is a matter of indifference to the people, except in one particular, viz., the winning Company must be made to give the best possible returns for the privileges it obtains, not only in pecuniary ways, but in the protection and accommodations which it affords to the public.

President Havemeyer admitted to the Senate Committee that the Sugar Trust was organized for the purpose of controlling sugar in this country. He also said it had done so. It had been able to so manipulate prices as to make a clean profit of $35,000,000 in three years, even under the reduction of two and a half cents a pound which the witness said had been brought about by the McKinley act. And Attorney-General Olney says the law can't touch this Trust.

President Havemeyer made a noble effort yesterday to save the Sugar Trust from any possible charge of offensive partisanship. "We gave to the majority party always," he said, with smiling candor. "With a minority of 40,000 or so for the one party, why give anything to the other? It would be useless." So the Trust gave to the Republicans in Massachusetts and to the Democrats in New York, and so on. Mr. Havemeyer was really quite charming in his nonpartisan frankness. It cannot be he who is afraid to open the doors on the investigation.

ADVANCING CIVILIZATION.

The European powers are at it again. They are pursuing with much spirit and energy their old habits of spreading civilization and acquiring territory.

The Sultan Muley Hassan of Morocco has died suddenly. Perhaps his French cook would have entertained strong objections to tasting the late Sultan's soup at his last dinner.

As soon as the death occurred Abdul Aziz, his younger son, appeared as his successor. But Muley Ismail, a brother of Hassan, has been acting as his representative and promises to make trouble. He wants the succession himself, and it is said that Abdul Aziz will have to defend his throne with the sword.

Singularly enough, France, with an apparent presentiment of the unwholesome character of Muley Hassan's soup and of the ambitious schemes for the succession, was ready in the very nick of time to despatch four warships to Morocco under Admiral Le Bourgeois, and to supplement these at short notice with four ironclads under Admiral Gadoud. France and Spain are evidently in warm sympathy with the troubled country, and would compassionately consent to divide up the Sultan's territories between them after twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the natives had been civilized in European fashion by bayonet and bullet.

But England must have her say. Fearful that she may lose "prestige" in the business of civilization and territorial acquirement, she hastens to strengthen her fleet off the coast of Morocco, so that she may not be excluded from a voice in the affairs of the country.

Bloody times are expected in Morocco. But then what a blessed thing European civilization is!

ON TRIAL.

While the reasons Comptroller Fitch gives for having favored the selection of Mr. Inman to fill the vacancy in the new Rapid-Transit Commission are entirely satisfactory, there was really no necessity for any explanation of his vote at all. Mr. Inman is a man of practical experience and well fitted for a member of such a body.

Mr. Inman is, however, on trial, and it will be necessary for him to be careful in his action. He was a member of the old Commission which was such a complete and lamentable failure, and he has been closely identified with the Gould interests in many railroad projects.

This is not saying that Mr. Inman, who is an honorable man, will not do his full duty in the trust confided to him and will not give his best efforts to make real rapid-transit a success. But it is a reason why he should guard carefully against exciting the suspicion that he favors the Elevated Railroad system or that he will not resist from the start any attempt—if any should be made—to run the new Commission as a sort of annex to the schemes of the Manhattan Railroad corporation.

CAMPING OUT.

The weather has been fine for camping out during the last few days. Of course the green fields and the shady groves are the places best fitted for such enjoyment, but where these are not available and there is no clear stream and shady tree at the command of the camper, any other outdoor spot is preferable to the four walls of a close chamber, even it be only the balcony of a fire-escape.

So thought the four young gentlemen of Jane street, who were yesterday taken to Jefferson Market, charged with camping out on a tenement-house roof. It was not the aspiration for rural felicity that caused their involuntary presence before the Police Justice, however, but the means of commissariat they had adopted. The fresh air imparts sharpness to the appetite, and the young campers out had drawn their rations in the small morning hours from the milk cans and the early bread delivery of the tenants of the building. Descending through the scuttle they had levied on the subsistence department of the several floors and had carried the food to their camp on the roof, to be distributed and enjoyed at their leisure.

Moral.—It is all right to camp out on a roof. But forays on the milk and bread of the community are offenses punishable in a police court, and certain to break up the best regulated camp.

THE TWO DANS.

All honor to Dan Nolan! Hurrah for him! He is Mr. Cleveland's coachman, and when at Buzzard's Bay yesterday he saw a runaway pony in the road dragging an upset cart he turned his Gray Gables team to one side and let the runaway pass by. If he had held his horses in the middle of the road there would have been a collision and Mrs. Cleveland and her babies would have been mixed up in the resultant debris.

But Dan was there with the reins in his hands, and he averted disaster. Again we remark, Hurrah for him! Mrs. Cleveland is not only the first lady of the land, but she has a large share of the love of the people of this great country, and we wouldn't want anything to happen to her for a farm. We are delighted to learn that she is in such good hands as those of Dan. He seems to have his presence of mind with him at the proper time, and to have sense enough to know that the way to avoid trouble is to avoid it. Now, if Mr. Cleveland's Dan had the same tact as Mrs. Cleveland's Dan, we would cheerfully hurrah for him, too.

The Lexow Committee members deserve thanks for all the additional weight which they throw, through their side discussions, upon the point that it is politics in general and not the politics of any party which corrupts the New York Police Department. It is not a bipartisan administration, but a non-political administration of affairs which is needed. The change that is essential is the giving over of the police control and responsibility to a single head. And that head must be a policeman of long and practical experience.

Among the things that New York and other large cities should be permitted to regulate for themselves is the matter of the Sunday Excise law. A State law, applicable as a three-corners settlement cogs very far from meeting the exigencies of metropolitan life.

BACK FROM DARKEST AFRICA.

Home-Coming of Young William Astor Chandler.

The Explorer May Write a Book of Perils and Discoveries.

William Astor Chanler, the rich young New Yorker, who makes a playground of Darkest Africa, arrived quietly on the Alier yesterday. A few friends met him at the pier. After an hour or two at the Knickerbocker Club, he took the train for Tuxedo, to visit the family of his brother, Winthrop Chanler.

Mr. Chanler is twenty-eight years old, and is the youngest of the many explorers endeavoring to penetrate the mysteries of interior Africa. A few years ago he went on a hunting trip into Masailand, and made, as no white man had ever done before, a complete detour of Mount Kilima, Njaro.

He acquired on that expedition a thirst for African exploration, and three years ago set off to explore the unvisited regions about Mount Kenia, with the purpose of scaling that lofty peak. He failed in that, as well as most of his plans, owing to the destruction of his camels and donkeys by disease and the death and desertion of many of his native followers. His equipment was said to be the best that had ever entered Africa, and was paid for out of his private purse.

After untold perils from hostile men and beasts and being twice nearly done for by the dread jungle fever, he regained the coast a few weeks ago. He has been lionized in Europe and has received many testimonials of esteem from scientific bodies both at home and abroad. His journey resulted in the contribution of much new and valuable data which he will make public through the New York Geographical Society.

He will doubtless make a publication of his adventures in book form for the public benefit, and a most interesting narrative it ought to be.

Mr. Chanler set forth from the west coast with a party consisting of 150 porters, 20 headmen and interpreters, 12 Soudanese soldiers, 7 Somali camel drivers, 15 camels, 43 donkeys, 10 oxen, 50 sheep, 2 horses and 3 dogs. He proceeded at an average rate of about nine miles a day, until pestilence began to attack his animals. The horse he rode was almost the last beast to succumb, and dropped dead in its tracks after bearing him constantly for eleven months.

Twenty-seven of his men died of the fever, and hiscompanion, Lieut. von Hohnel, was so badly hurt by a rhinoceros that he had to be sent back. At one point Mr. Chanler was delayed four months while natives went to the coast and returned with fresh beasts of burden. Even these could not live in th pstilntial climate of the region. His native supporters, who had been patient and courageous in all the trying situations of the march, including a battle with an unfriendly tribe, grew demoralized at the fatalities among their comrades, and their animals, and began to desert in a body. Mr. Chanler finally reached the coast, accompanied only by his servant, George Galvin, a white man, who had cheerfully exchanged the comforts of attendance upon a city-dwelling bachelor to the hardships and dangers of an African campaign.

The Austrian war office furnished Mr. Chanler with his arms, and in consequence he has agreed to reward the Austrian Government with one-half of his maps and notes. The other half goes to the Smithsonian Institute. The British East India Company will also benefit by the information he acquired, as he travelled under its rules with the promise of its protection.

The young explorer is a son of the late John Winthrop Chanler and a grandson of the late John Jacob Astor. He was graduated from Harvard seven years ago. He has a large fortune, and is a member of a number of New York clubs.

He looks brown and hardy, although he says that the fever left him with a troublesome liver, that he will try to mend at Carlsbad. He returns to Europe in a few days. If he intnds to make another try at the heart of Africa he has, as yet, no plans.

GOLDFOGLE DEMURRED.

Would Have Tried the Case of a Plaintiff Suing His Client.

The advisability of having the Constitution Convention pass an amendment prohibiting District Court judges from practising, was again illustrated this morning in Judge Goldfogle's Court, about which considerable was printed in last Sunday's "World."

Fannie Abrahams sued her stepmother, Fannie Abrahams, before Judge Goldfogle for $210 damages for the alleged conversion of certain Austrian bonds. The daughter claims that before her father died in March, this year, he gave the bonds to her as her dowry.

The stepmother denies this and says that they are a part of the estate and should be divided equally among all the children. Mrs. Abrahams has eight other children besides the stepdaughter, the youngest child being two months old, having been born after the father's death. Lawyer Alfred B. Jaworower appeared for the mother, and Max D. Staur appeared for the daughter.

When the case was called Lawyer Jaworower asked that it be transferred to another court.

"Why," asked Judge Goldfogle. "Because," replied Lawyer Jaworower, "Mrs. Abrahams is the same lady who sues the Order of the American Star for endowment and burial expenses, and for which Order our Honor appears as the attorney."

"Well, I don't see that that is any reason why this case should not be tried before me," said Judge Goldfogle.

After some arguing, however, Lawyer Jaworower's motion was granted and the case was sent to the Second District Court for trial June 21.

LOTS OF FREE ICE THERE.

But It's in the Shape of Bergs, off Newfoundland's Coast.

The British steamship Peruvian, Capt. Calvert, from Glasgow, June 1, arrived in port this morning with news that ought to have been cheering to New Yorkers, who have been sweltering beneath quasi-tropical skies.

The Peruvian's skipper reports that Friday and Saturday last, from lat. 48.01, long. 48.21, to lat. 46.07, long. 53.23, he passed fourteen big icebergs. As they were all off the coast of Newfoundland, and too far away to escape even the grasp of the Ice Trust, New Yorkers were not especially cheered over the news.

The passengers of the American liner Chester, Capt. Watkins, which arrived from Southampton this morning, were also treated to a sight of a big iceberg, nine miles away, Saturday, in lat. 42.40, long. 48.34.

The number of icebergs sighted recently by incoming steamers seems remarkable to landlubbers, in view of the hot weather now being experienced. Old sea dogs, however, say the occurrence is common enough, and that the ice mountains frequently drift down as far as the equator, almost studiously avoiding the Gulf Stream as they near the Banks.

DEAD BODIES IN THE RIVER.

Corpses of Two Unknown Men Taken from the Water.

The body of an unknown man was found at 7.35 A. M. to-day in the North River at the foot of Warren street. It was that of a person about fifty years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, dark beard mixed with gray and was clothed in a dark sack coat, colored shirt and button shoes.

A man's body was found last night floating in the East River in front of Corlears slip. It was so badly decomposed as to be unrecognizable.

THE BABIES' BONNIE.

Little Miss Thornton Sings About New York's Sick Tots.

And Brings Down Showers of Silver for the Babies' Fund.

Splendid Work Done by the Free Doctors Corps.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$7,698.51
Visitors to dome, Pulitzer Building	14.00
Annie Freedman and Dora Davidson	1.65
Mrs. N. E. Wright, Ozone Park	1.00
J. E. G., Sing Sing	1.00
Lillian	1.00
T. S. B., Morrisania	1.00

The sick babies have a new friend. Her name is Bonnie Thornton.

Little Miss Bonnie is the star of the Madison Square Roof Garden company, which last evening drew the largest audience in the history of the enterprise. It was a banner night. There were 2,600 people under the stars. Every table was surrounded, every chair was occupied and every garden seat had as many guests as it would accommodate. Enough men stood along the brick wall to fill an ordinary concert hall.

BONNIE THORNTON.

The great attraction was little Bonnie Thornton. Monday evening she sang a song about the Fund Babies, and made more than a hit. People threw 400 pennies at her feet. Last evening she drew an audience that showered her with nickels and dimes, and worried the Fire Commissioners.

Little Miss Bonnie Thornton is very pretty. She has bright yellow hair, bright blue eyes, little white teeth and a face like a primrose. She wore a white lawn slip dress exactly like a baby's, with the waist up under her arms and bands of insertion let into the skirt. She had a shirred lawn hat to match, and not a loop or a leaf of color marred the simplicity of her dainty outfit. Some folks thought she looked like a sweet girl graduate; others called her snowdrop, little white lily and jasmine rose, and they were right, for she resembled them all.

She was suffering from slight hoarseness, but she captivated her audience the moment she appeared, and her efforts were well received. First she sang a topical song that made everybody laugh and clap for more, and then she took her white hat off, shook out her yellow curls and sang and talked about the poor babies. She called them "the darlingest little creatures in the world," and begged "for a mite to help the Fund."

The "mites" came in showers at the end of every verse, and as she danced round the stage picking up the coins she said sweet childish things to the audience.

One of the first mites was a 50-cent piece, and she called out:

"Oh, what a rich man! Fifty cents! Thank you, thank you!"

"Twenty-five cents! Goody, goody! There's another one over there, too. My, but won't the babies be tickled. I see another half dollar and five, six, seven, eight dimes and more pennies than I can count. But I'll get them all. Hope the bottom won't fall out of my hat."

Then a little fellow threw a handful of money at her, and she called out, "Good boy!"

It was worth throwing a coin just to see how prettily she picked it up. It takes a vast deal of grace to pick up an object gracefully, but Bonnie Thornton hopped about like a bird, kept at least a quarter view of the immense Garden, and each pose was prettier than the one preceding it.

Girls who knew what they were talking about said that she had her Delsarte by heart. And that is true. She has.

Like a spoiled child, when she got all the small change in the orchestra, she wanted more, and began to upbraid and pout.

"I tell you, the babies are awful poor. They want all the money they can get. You've got to give 'em some. Oh, you dear, thank you so much. You were babies once yourself, weren't you? Well, then, you ought to know how it feels," and for the next five minutes she was as busy as she could be gathering up the pennies.

After her number, Mr. Al H. Wilson, the prince of German comedians, came out and began to abuse the audience for littering up the stage with gilt and silver, so that he couldn't "sing and dance or nothing." And in the middle of a comical song, about an Irish gentleman, with a yodel refrain of inimitable melody and mirth, he stopped to pick up something and said, with a wink, "Zwie bear." It was a great night for Bonnie and the babies.

Miss Thornton is a New York girl. We are proud of her.

The Madison Square Roof Garden is the biggest, coolest and one of the most attractive places of entertainment in the city. If you want to be sure of a cool sweet breath of air and $5 worth of fun for 50 cents go up and spend this evening or to-morrow evening. Go and see the Deltorelli clowns cut up and play the carnival of Venice with cap and bells and boots and boxing gloves on; see them ring the chimes of Normandy with their feet, and, best of all, see pretty, Bonnie Thornton.

Incidentally, take a pocketful of pennies and see the exquisite way she will pick them up and the magical influence they will have on the sick babies.

The Fund doctors have made 39,000 visits since May 14, and gave free treatment to 2,055 tots. You can't subscribe to this Fund and make a mistake.

NELL NELSON.

Annie and Dora.

Annie Freedman, eleven years old, of 39 Norfolk street, and Dora Dauman, eight years old, of 42 Norfolk street, left $1.65 at "The Evening World" office yesterday, the proceeds of an entertainment given by them for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund.

Given with Kind Heart.

To the Editor:

Please find inclosed $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. I wish it was $100. I was able to send. I hope it will do some baby good. Cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days thou shalt find it. A man never loses by being kind to the needy. "The Evening World" and its readers have been a comfort to many poor needy.

J. E. G., Sing Sing, N. Y.

Bay State Anti-Cigarette Bill.

(By Associated Press.)

BOSTON, June 13.—The bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes was passed to be engrossed in the House yesterday. The bill embodying the Norwegian system of liquor selling was also passed to be engrossed.

Shot by a Politician.

(By Associated Press.)

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., June 13.—P. G. Bowman, a lawyer and politician, shot and almost instantly killed Eugene Jeffers, aged twenty-one, and son of ex-Mayor Jeffers, in a saloon last night. Excitement is very high. Bowman is now in the county jail.

MOORISH TROOPS ON A RAID.

Outrages by Abdul Aziz's Men in Villages Near Their Camp.

Kabyles Invited to a Festival—French Courier Wounded.

(By Associated Press.)

TANGIER, June 13.—The troubles anticipated as a result of the death of Sultan Muley Hassan and the proclamation of his younger son, Abdul Aziz, as his successor, seem likely to be as serious as at first apprehended. The soldiers of Abdul Aziz are raiding the villages in the vicinity of their camp and are thereby causing a bitter feeling against them among the tribesmen of the vicinity.

In addition a French courier has been attacked and wounded and the mail matter intended for the foreign residents in the interior, which he was carrying, has been stolen. The foreign residents are unanimous in expressing the hope that the warships will promptly land a force of bluejackets and marines sufficient to cope with any emergency.

The Governor of Tangier has issued a decree inviting the Kabyles to come armed to the religious festival which is to be held this week. Though these acts point to trouble of a serious nature, it is stated that the population of the interior of Morocco is generally in favor of the succession of Abdul Aziz.

GIBRALTAR, June 13.—The British gunboat, Bramble, six guns, Lieutenant and Commander Edward H. Currey, has started for Tangier.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN CHINA.

Same Disease That Visited London in the 16th Century.

Broke Out in Canton and Has Spread to Hong Kong.

(By Associated Press.)

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 13.—The most important news brought by the Empress of Japan is of the alarming spread of the virulent plague that first appeared in Canton at the end of April. The plague is similar to the great plague in London, in the sixteenth century, and is carrying off large numbers of victims. It soon spread to Hong Kong, appearing there in May. It is chiefly confined to the Chinese. The plague has paralyzed business to a large extent, as the leading steamship lines refuse to take either passengers or cargo from Hong Kong. The symptoms of the disease are as follows:

Without warning, in the shape of a chill, there is a sudden attack of fever, rising to 105 degrees or over. Severe headache is accompanied by stupor. In twelve or twenty-four hours a glandular swelling occurs in the neck or armpit, increasing to the size of an egg. With or without the decline of fever the patient sinks into a condition of coma and dies at the end of twenty-four or forty-eight hours. If six days is reached recovery is possible. The Canton correspondent of a Hong Kong paper under date of May 8, says:

"Scarcely a house has not some one dead. The plague commenced in the Mahomedan qunrter, and 100 cases are reported daily. One man stationed at the west gate began at 10 o'clock in the morning to drop a "cash" into a box each time a coffin passed him. At 4 P. M. he had 170 cash. Children were put in baskets or were wrapped in pieces of matting and buried. From this district, where the dirt is worse and houses most crowded, it spread to the suburbs and has reached the country, and the people who fled here from the city have nowhere to go.

"Idols are being worshipped in an extravagant and frenzied manner. The past few months people are forbidden to reckon, and the new year was begun last Saturday. All night New Year's sounds were kept up, and amid so much ghastliness an attempt at outward adornment and gayety was apparent. It is impossible to ascertain the number of deaths. Officials try to suppress the facts. At the largest charitable (native) dispensary a notice at the door states that up to date 2,000 coffins have been given away. This is far below the actual number used."

COREAN KING A FUGITIVE.

Reported to Have Fled to Japanese Territory.

(By Associated Press.)

SHANGHAI, China, June 13.—The Government of Japan has sent large forces of troops to protect its interests in Corea.

The King of Corea is reported to have fled to Japanese territory.

Kabyles Kill and Loot.

(By Associated Press.)

LONDON, June 13.—A despatch from Tangier says that the news of the Sultan's death has spread among the Kabyles, and the reports of turbulence, murders and lootings have been received. The body of a native was found yesterday morning on the road leading to the Cape Spartel light-house. Troops sent out to investigate were driven back by a force of armed mountaineers.

Political Arrest in Brazil.

(By Associated Press.)

PARIS, June 13.—A despatch from Rio Janeiro says that the Chief of the Provisional Government at Besterro, capital of the State of Santa Catharina, has been arrested by order of Peixoto.

Coming Events.

Thirteen Club dinner, Central Building, 8.13 P. M.

"Judas Maccabaeus," by deaf-mutes, College of St. Francis Xavier, to-night.

Packer Collegiate Institute Commencement, Brooklyn, this evening.

Columbia College Commencement, Carnegie Music Hall, this evening.

"Pinafore Up to Date" this and to-morrow evenings on board the United States ship New Hampshire, by the First Battalion of the Naval Reserve.

Hebrew Technical Institute Commencement, 34 and 36 Stuyvesant street, to-morrow, 3.30 P. M.

Jewish Theological Seminary Commencement exercises, 736 Lexington avenue, to-morrow afternoon.

Stag entertainment of the Schnorer Club, One Hundred and Sixty-third street and Third avenue, to-morrow evening.

Young People's Dancing Class's final meeting for the season to-morrow evening at the home of Mrs. John R. Fellows, of West One Hundred and Fifty-second street.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall's third campfire tea, to-morrow evening, at Park Hill.

Sixth annual moonlight excursion of the Chautauqua Union of New York City to Cold Spring Grove, Saturday.

Lintonian Club's annual picnic, Saturday, at Miller's Dexter Park, Cypress Hills.

Manhattan Railway Relief Association festival, in aid of the Sick Fund, Lion Park, Tuesday evening.

"Did you read 'The Evening World'?"
"Do you read the Sunday World?"

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.]

This Cook Knows How to "Roast."

To the Editor:

I would wager my very life that the being who signs himself "Chump" and speaks in such derogatory terms of men who can cook is himself a little, weazened-faced, cigarette-smoking corner loafer. I can cook, and, if necessary, keep house, and I am not ashamed of it. I am a better man physically, mentally and morally than "Chump" ever was or ever will be. If there were fewer such men as he in the world there would be fewer unhappy families in this and other large cities. I have been a soldier, and lived for many years upon the plains, where woman was unknown. I did my own cooking, and lived and grew fat, but I suppose "Chump" and men like him would have laid down and starved rather than disgrace (?) themselves over a "spit" or "Dutch oven." He don't know what use in the world a man can be who happens to know how to cook. And I would like to know what use a man is in the world if he cannot cook if he ever gets a few feet away from his mother's door. I dare say that "Chump" is now living in pomp (New York style—furnished room and an oil stove), and that his wife does washing to suppoprt him. And what time he is not loafing in some corner saloon he is at home abusing his wife.

C. A. MUNSON,
213 East Seventieth street, city.

The Days of Worship.

To the Editor:

So many people have asked the meaning of Sabbath day. The meaning is "in heaven (Genesis, ii., 2-3) forever in perfection." Sunday in the Bible: The Lord's day, or the first of the week, was the day to be observed for the remembrance of the death by all Christians. There are many other scriptures which bear this fact out, that the early disciples observed the first day of the week as the Lord's day, instead of the Jewish Sabbath. We are not under law, but under grace. It was the custom to meet, not on the seventh day, but on the eighth day (see Acts, xx., 7; St. John, xx., 26-29; I. Corinthians, xvi., 2; Revelations, i., 10-20). Send it unto the seven churches, which are in New York. Times of worship or set days of the week observed in religious services every day of the week: Christians, Sunday (Micah., v., 2-15; St. John, xx., 1-19); Greeks, Monday (Revelations, ix., 11; Romans, x., 11-15); Persians, Tuesday (Daniel, v., 26); Assyrians, Wednesday (Isaiah, xxxvii., 36); Egyptians, Thursday (Genesis, xii., 55); Turks, Friday (Acts, vii., 43-40); Mahometans, Friday (Amos, v., 26); Jews, Saturday (St. John, v., 16-47; Acts, xv., 21).

SHIGGAION, Stamford, Conn.

English and American Ways.

To the Editor:

"We blow too much," "English-American" said. The English part of him speaks, for Englishmen bear the reputation among foreign nations of being the greatest braggarts on earth. His letter proves there is no American blood in him, but he belongs to that class of cockney's who think it manly to abuse the country that gives them a living—it is self-evident—they cannot make in England where they are nobodies. Here they don't understand being treated as any man's equal; they make themselves offensive by running down things American, or telling you how superior everything English is. It must be owing to their insane jealousy of our country. I speak of English cockneys, for gentlemen are the same the world over. Who ever compared English with American inventions? They are twenty to one in our favor. Why only last year they discovered in England that baggage ought to be checked. Is not that a hundred years behind the age? And they still lock you up in comfortless cars, where passengers have been burned to death, unable to get out. AMERICA.

The Music of Those Bells.

To the Editor:

Seeing an article about the bells of St. Michael's, I wish to say that "Equal Rights" and "Musical," as they choose to call themselves, are a couple of cranks. I must say that the person signing himself "Musical" and saying that the bells are out of tune does not know the first thing about music. If the bells would play such tunes as "Sweet Marie," "Two Little Girls in Blue" or some of those popular airs of the day it would no doubt please "Equal Rights" and "Musical" very much, but as for the bells disturbing the so-called "Musical" person, I do not see how they can. They are only rung twice a day, and then only for about five minutes. If that disturbs his delicate nerves so much I feel very sorry for him. He may not play billiards or shake dice, as he says in his article in Friday evening's "World," but perhaps he knows more about those two things than he does about music.

IN FAVOR OF THE BELLS.

Bachelors Never Wail.

To the Editor:

"Long Island Dressmaker" is lamenting the unfortunate condition of "herself and others in having to support husbands." She even advises the Sunday girl of "M. B." to "hang herself sooner than marry him." This is the same old lamentable wail I have heard from thousands of poor, foolish married people. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," never fails to respond. Look at this jolly bachelor as a criterion by which you all may be governed. There is no discord to greet his return home; no jealousy to worry his life into a premature grave; no curtain lectures to disturb his nocturnal slumbers, but peace and happiness forever dwell within his contented mind.

CONTENTED BACHELOR.

Good and Bad of All Kinds.

To the Editor:

In regard to "S. M.'s" opinion on the female typewriter, I would like to say that I am sure he has been jilted by one of the "hair-brained creatures," and because he can't have one for a wife, he says he would not marry one. The young lady I am engaged to is a stenographer and typewriter and also a bookkeeper, and no where could you find a lady more refined and ladylike than she. Taking them as a whole, I suppose they are not what you may call angels, but as there are good and bad of all kinds, there is no reason why the innocent should be classed with the guilty.

INDIGNANT.

Who Can Tell?

To the Editor:

In the latter part of the fifties a riot occurred at the lower end of Abingdon Square, or, to be more precise, at the corner of Bank and Hudson streets, in the Ninth Ward, this city, which had its origin in a stage driver attempting to drive across the line of march of a parade at the above corner. Will you kindly inform me, first, the date on which said riot occurred, giving year, &c.; second, if possible, the line to which the stage belonged—i. e., the Knickerbocker or Kipp & Brown's?

H. V.

What Kind of Father Is This?

To the Editor:

I am a young lady of nineteen and have never kept company. Would it be a silly thing to say that I never will until my father dies, because I would be afraid my young man would get killed if he ever ente ed our home. I am getting sick of being afraid. Would you or some of your kind readers advise me what to do?

MILLIE, who is afraid to take an offer.

By Way of a Joke.

To the Editor:

The following dialogue, founded on a recent startling "flitting away," may have occurred:

Croker to Lexow Committee—How can I avoid Goff?

Lexow Committee to Croker—Go off!

Richard exits in a hurry for Umbria.

TAMMANY MOURNER.

Philological Idiosyncrasies.

To the Editor:

What is the meaning of "A Movement on foot?" Also of "A pot-ice-man on hand?"

JOSEPH FELIX GONZALES,
Native of Porto Rico.

HOUSE AND HOME

A Rainy-Day Club.

Salem pedestrians were startled one day last week to see coming down the street a procession of ladies in short skirts. It was the Rainy-Day Club out for an airing. The new fad is becoming quite popular, and is unreservedly indorsed by the local papers. The skirts come to within eight to twelve inches of the ground.

New French Cape.

This cape is of brocade satin, laid in wide box plaits, ending into points between with frill of lace underneath. Collar laid full, with frill of lace below,

and ruching of lace around neck. Bonnet of jet, and trimmed with aigrette and jet branches. Material required, twenty-four inches wide, twelve yards.

The Use of Fruit.

There are indications that this is to be a good year for fruit; but whether so or not, there will certainly be a fair supply, so that no housewife will have any reasonable excuse for denying her table this luxury. It is undoubtedly often the case, especially among the middle class, that fruit as such hardly appears at meals from one week's end to another. And this when it is so healthful, palatable and inexpensive!

Picking a Husband.

For a man's birth look to his linen and finger nails, and observe the inflections of his voice. For his tastes, study the color of his ties, the patterns and hang of his trousers, his friends and his rings—if any. For his propensities, walk round and look carefully at the back of his head, and, remember, girls, never to marry a man whose neck bulges ever so little over his collar. If you want a successful man see that he has a neat foot; he will move quicker, get over obstacles faster than a man who falls over his own toes and trips up other folks with 'em, too. For his breeding, talk sentiment to him when he is starving and ask him to carry a bandbox down the public street when you've just had a row. To test his temper, tell him his nose is a little on one side and you don't like the way his hair grows—and if that won't fetch him nothing will.

Parsnip in Batter.

Parsnips deserve a more favored place than belongs to them in the family diet. They rank as plebeians, but have quite as many good points as plebeians often do. Parsnips in batter are excellent. Cook the parsnips until soft. Cut lengthwise in narrow strips and dip each strip in a batter made like fritter batter. This is so common a bit of cooking that I omit directions for it. Fry until brown in smoking hot fat, having as much fat as for frying doughnuts.

Cheap Brown Hosiery.

New York is the place to buy leather color stockings. Beautiful French made, lisle thread goods are selling at 45 cents, to match any brown shoe on foot, and, incidentally, that is the way selections are made. Clerks have gotten over being surprised when the customer takes a pair of stockings from the counter, stoops over and brings the goods and her toes together. The brazen up-to-date female puts her foot on the seat to get the desired shade and lose the respect of every critic in sight. The finest lisle threads have been sold this season for 80 cents.

Stewed Cauliflower.

Stewed cauliflower is boiled. A sauce is then made by heating a tablespoonful of butter and pepper and a tablespoonful of vinegar. When this boils heat the cauliflower in it and then stir in the beaten yolk of an egg.

The Shoelatchet.

A clever woman laces her low shoes with narraw flat black elastic, sewing the ends securely. This method enables the wearer to slip the shoe on and off with ease, and a bow of black satin ribbon tied at the top covers the place of joining. The difficulty of keeping the ordinary shoestring tied is generally admitted, and of late the fisherman's "salmon knot" has been adopted with much comfort. This is easily tied, and consists in putting the second loop of the bow twice through the knot, instead of once, as in the usual way. It may be untied without trouble, but will not slip or come undone, no matter what the strain.

Care of the Lashes.

Do your long, dark, curling lashes lie upon your cheeks like a dusky fringe when you sleep, or when you coyly gaze downward? Would you like them to, if they do not? If your ambition is in the direction of the regulation heroine eyelash, the first step towards obtaining it is to cure any trouble you may have with your eyes. All local irritation is as bad for the lashes as it is to the eyes themselves. The tendency to rub the eyes invariably results in thinning the lashes. Inflamed eyelids always bring about thin, short "scrubby" lashes. If the lids are inclined to be inflamed a wash of two or three drops of camphor, a teaspoonful of borax and two ounces of water is valuable. A mixture of two parts water to one of witch hazel, allowed to simmer and applied very nearly hot, is also soothing to inflamed eyelids.

When these washes are being used to strengthen the eyes, soothe the lid and preserve the lashes from total destruction, the lashes may be rubbed every night with some greasy ointment to encourage their growth. Vaseline is probably the best thing to stimulate the growth and give a good, dark color to the eyebrows and eyelashes.

Mashed Carrots.

Mashed carrots are quite as palatable as mashed turnips. They should be cooked, passed through a sieve and put into a stewpan with a piece of butter, a spoonful of cream, a drop or two of tarragon vinegar, whisked up and seasoned with pepper and salt, arranged in the form of a mound and sprinkled with a little chopped parsley.

Gorgeous Red Vests.

Of all the gay things in the shop windows of Shoppersville the gayest is the red vest. There is one red, an India shade, that is gorgeous. It is the brilliant warm tint seen in cherry trees when the sun is dancing on the fruit. It is becoming to everybody and very hard to get. That's why the importer has the audacity to ask $22 for the sleeveless, backless, useless waistcoat with the flat gilt button and the welt watch pockets. With a white suit and an India red cloth vest—well, imagine the effect! Pitted cherries in whipped cream are nothing.

Candied Roseleaves in Tea.

Candied flowers of several sorts are among the most expensive delicacies of the modern confectioner, but the old fashion of using the candied petals of the orange blossom in tea seems to be almost forgotten. If a few of the candied petals be put into the tea before it is steeped they give it a flavor noticeably peculiar, but once esteemed very fine.

To Foot Stockings.

Here is a good way to foot stockings. Taking the worn-out sock, fold it on the seam, and where the heel merges into the leg begin to cut, and keeping half way between the two edges cut off the under part; then cut open the heel seam and spreading out the part cut away from the stocking make a paper pattern from which to cut out a new bottom of cloth.

Fold this together in the middle and stitch together the rounded edges for a new heel; then unfolding, stitch the new bottom into the stocking, holding the former towards you, as on account of the room for seam and shrinkage, which, of course, was allowed in cutting the pattern, it will be larger than the stockings. Woollen or cotton stockings past wearing should not be thrown away, as often one pair is useful in mending another.

Cotton Cheviot.

One of the many tempting cottons in style is the basket-woven cheviot. It is only 19 cents a yard, and admirable for shirt waists, dresses and suits requiring service. A coat and shirt of fancy cotton cheviot might be worn the entire Summer as a house dress by a neat woman or a nice girl. The stuff is as thick as table linen and as easy to launder.

Steamed Cabbage.

Cabbage as usually cooked is too heavy for any ordinary stomach to digest. Try steaming it until soft, and then serve it by pouring around it a white sauce. Make the sauce by melting a