The World

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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.

Thanks, Senators, at last.

This is the Republic's New Year's day.

How are you, Croker? And where did you get it?

A fake investigation can have no other than fraudulent results.

Fourth of July, like seed time and harvest, shall never fail.

Now for New York's Declaration of Independence. Are you all ready?

Next Fourth of July should dawn on a greater, better and freer New York.

The Sugar Trust ought to have good reason to fear the conference at Washington.

Just verdicts are those which condemn Prendergast to the gallows and Shea to the electrocution chair.

No "straight" local ticket. Such a ticket is the product of the bosses, and New York is bossed too much.

With reasonably prompt action in the tariff conference at Washington there will be hope yet for the Autumn trade.

The deep red of industry's fires, the pure white of peace, the true blue of patriotism—these are America's own colors.

A Fourth of July celebration is one of those few things that can't be procrastinated. You've got to take it on the spot.

When last night's Sporting Extra of "The Evening World" passed the goal there wasn't a competitor close enough behind to be in sight.

The bill which passed the Senate yesterday was not the Wilson Tariff bill. It was the Gorman Compromise bill, which is a bill of another denomination.

In presence of the painful facts of the strike, let no one to-day lose sight of the greater facts of the grandeur, strength and permanence of the Republic.

Out of the great Senatorial sugar investigation has come the indictment of two reporters who are not even suspected of any complicity in the rascality under investigation.

It is very unfortunate that in the pending quarrel between the railroads and their employees the impartial position of the Federal Government should be represented by a railroad lawyer.

It is patriotic to play good baseball, to make a good speech, to eat a good dinner, to have a good quiet day at seashore or in grove—in short, to do or to have any one of the good things which come as rights, privileges or pleasures of any American citizen.

In the Riker's Island inquiry ex-Assemblyman Wells said: "Let me say right here that you, Commissioner Andrews, are for some reason obstructing relief in this case. When anything is suggested you manage to throw a wet blanket on it." And he spoke the plain and bitter truth.

The trial of the police cases by the Police Commissioners must fill the soul of Convict McKane with a sense of the unfairness of things. If Convict McKane had tried his own case, it is safe to say that he would be to-day enjoying the sweets of liberty, enhanced by the triumph of a vindication.

Assistant District-Attorney Wellman will be judged by his deeds, in the matter of the police investigations which he is to conduct under the auspices of Commissioners Martin and Sheehan. The Lexow Committee has made it impossible for New York to rest on good promises in this direction. If Mr. Wellman is handicapped through official sources, the public will perceive the fact at a glance. If he is left free to pursue the straight course which he says shall be his, results will tell.

TARIFF BILL PASSED.

The Senate showed some little respect for public sentiment when it passed the Tariff bill last night, and thus closed its disgraceful performances of the last three months, before the coming of the Fourth of July.

Of course, the result is not such as could be wished. The bill is disfigured so much that its friends in the House who sent it to the Senate might well be puzzled to recognize it. But its passage sends it back to the House, and there is hope that it may yet be restored to something of its original condition. Any way, the settlement of the tariff question in some shape is what is mostly needed to remove the paralysis of business, and to set the commerce of the country again in motion.

There was not any great excitement on the taking of the final vote. Senator Hill, who was the only Democrat to desert his party, indulged in a parting yap at the income tax feature of the bill, but his written excuse for his vote with the Republicans was scarcely noticed. A laugh was caused by Senator Murphy's vote when it was found to be different from Senator Hill's vote, and some pleasant allusions were made to the influence of one kind of collar being too powerful for another kind. The "explanations" offered by some of the Senators were listened to with impatience, and when the result was announced—39 to 34—there was a general feeling of relief.

It is to be hoped that the House will succeed in restoring the bill to something like its original shape, and that no time will be wasted in doing it.

WELCOME BACK.

Mr. Richard Croker has returned to New York according to schedule.

It is fitting that he should come back on Independence Day. He showed himself independent of public opinion when he made his sudden and secret departure, in apparent dread of the Lexow Committee.

He was independent of the sentiment of the people when he made a brazen show of his wealth and refused to say where he got it.

He manifested independence of the principles of justice and fairness when he denied the rank and file of the organization over which he held the leadership the privilege of having an opinion of their own and required from them blind obedience to his will.

He was quite independent of the requirements of Democracy when he tried to compel the Democrats of New York to vote for an unfit candidate whom they did not want for the Court of Appeals.

He comes appropriately, too, on the day given over to fireworks. There is something of the skyrocket about him. He went up with a rush and a great deal of noise and display. He is likely to come down like a damaged stick.

Welcome home, Mr. Croker. The city is not half as lively without you as when you are here. The people want to know where you got it.

A WORD TO YOUNG AMERICA.

"The Evening World" has a few words to say to its excellent and valued friend "Young America," on this anniversary of our National Independence.

The Fourth of July is essentially your day. For whom is it made if not for you? If it is not honored and celebrated by you, by whom ought its glories to be commemorated?

You will hear in some quarters and read in some newspapers of the blessings of peace and quiet to-day. You will be told that the police are instructed to restrict this or that frolic. People will preach about the blessing of getting out of the city to escape your fun and noise. You will be reminded that the streets of a city are not the places to explode Chinese crackers and fire off pistols and toy cannon.

Fudge! Make just as much noise as you like and have just as much fun as you can, Young America. The day belongs to you. It is only twenty-four hours long, and you will be foolish if you do not get out of it, or crowd into it, just as much recreation and enjoyment as you can.

At the same time, heed our advice. Be patriotic, but be prudent. Kindle the flames of patriotism, but don't set fire to dwellings. Recall the language of the Declaration of Independence, but don't look down the muzzle of a loaded pistol. Remember the Fathers of the Republic, but take care of the children of your neighbors. Glorify freedom, but don't hold lighted explosives too long in your hands, nor blow the fuse of a bunch of firecrackers held in close proximity to your eyes.

Then, when the last sky-rocket shoots upward and gracefully drops its colored lights through the air, and when the last bunch of firecrackers closes its deafening bombardment with a few belated explosions that have lingered behind, forgetting to go off with the crowd, you will retire to bed happy, without pain, free from bandages and plasters, with a clear conscience, and you will sleep soundly till the morning.

NO LATCHKEYS FOR FLUSHING.

There is news from Flushing, L. I., that will shake some home circles from centre to periphery. And we wouldn't be astonished if it sent the price of corner lots in Flushing up so high that a purchaser will have to tie his money on a skyrocket stick to reach it. If the news is true, we cannot understand how an crushing in that direction of families that now suffer from husband-staying-outlateness can be averted.

Flushing has a playful little Vigilance Committee that takes in hand ad married men who are found in the streets after 10 o'clock at night, or who have the temerity to appear in public while under the spell of a V-shaped jag. The committee carries its captives to a park fountain and gives them a series of duckings. These duckings sober the drunken men and set the sober ones to thinking. I, this way they may do good.

If that Vigilance Committee succeeds in making Flushing a paradise where married men will be home at 10 o'clock every night, every woman who gets married or is already married will want to make her home in Flushing.

Home rule, rapid transit and emancipation from bossism. These are the New York City issues. Give them a thought on this Independence Day.

Chairman Wilson's endeavors to bring his bill back to a partially recognizable shape, in conference, will be watched with interest.

ALLEGED PLAYS BY SARDOU.

Many Said to Be Written by His Corps of Secretaries.

Large Additions to the Ranks of Unemployed Actors—Stage Gossip.

One or two American playwrights are beginning to openly express derision at the ever-recurring statement that "Sardou has written a new play for Miss So-and-So" or that "the well-known New York manager has secured a new play by Sardou." Said one of the foremost drama-weavers of New York yesterday: "Sardou does not produce many plays just now, and his first and most absorbing thought is of Paris. Paris is the world for him. He cares for nothing else, and a success out of France does not count, as far as this eminent man is concerned. Sardou keeps at least a dozen secretaries—all educated men and skilled writers. They receive big salaries, and they are made to earn them. All the 'jobs' that the unknowing ones believe that Sardou has himself attended to are intrusted to these secretaries. There is not the least doubt that they are responsible for some of the alleged Sardou plays—that are never done in Paris—and that the master himself puts on a finishing touch or two. Take for example 'Americans Abroad.' Who that saw it believed that it was the work of Sardou? Although we were told that, after its American production, it would be done in Paris under the title of 'Les Riches,' it is to this day absolutely unknown there. Nor would it be tolerated in critical Paris. Sardou is a farceur. Even his French adherents confess that he frequently seems to be laughing in his sleeves at them. How much more then must he laugh at some of the American managers, who cannot even converse with him? He cares for nobody. He has a superb mansion on the Rue de Clichy, Paris, and enveloped in the most costly furs he goes to 'first nights' in his magnificently appointed carriage. 'Il se moque de tout le monde,' is what they say of Sardou."

* * *

The mob of unemployed actors haunting the Sturtevant House and oozing from its doors on either side is constantly being augmented by recruits from the fly-by-night and hardly able companies that have just closed disastrous seasons. An old actor said yesterday that there had never been so many unknown people in the profession as at present. "Managers free people from other callings," he said, "and hurt the entire profession. Take the 'Glenda-Lough' combination, for instance. Out in the West they got recruits and paid them $15 a week. Now, those unfortunates, imagining that they are bona-fide actors, have drifted to New York. What can they do but starve? The published statement that Gus Frohman engaged the dentist who drew a tooth for him to play next season is true. Other similar engagements have been made. The consequence is that legitimate actors are crowded to the wall, and goodness knows where it will end."

* * *

"A Bunch of Violets," the title of Beerbohm Tree's latest success, was also the name of a one-act farce bought by the late Rosina Vokes and never produced. It is said that several versions of Tree's play have been seen in America. One of them was called "Mammon."

* * *

Mrs. Langtry has written to her old-time manager, Joseph Reynolds, and the letter arrived Monday. In spite of the cabled announcements that she will return to New York, she says nothing at all about such a proceeding. In fact, she declares that she doesn't know what she will do. She has injured herself in this country and in England by her little disappearances from the boards. She evidently imagined that the public wanted her whenever she wanted the public. However, the Lily won't starve, even if she never acts again.

* * *

The special matinee of Louis de Lange's play, "The Globe-Trotter," at the Garden Theatre yesterday, was not for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith to Mr. Palmer. Lots of theatrical people were there, but critical opinion was not particularly desired. "You see," said Mr. de Lange, "the piece is very badly staged. They managed to get up some very antique scenery from the cellars of the Garden, and it gave me a pain. Such scenery! It was positively wrinkled. What they kept it for, I don't know." The theatrical audience, however, was more appreciative than a "pay" audience would have been. "The Globe-Trotter" proved to be a most incoherent farce, and the best scenery in the country would scarcely save it.

* * *

Patti Rosa has bought a brand-new comedy from Blanche Marsden. It is not yet named, but it will probably be called "Bessie, Little Mischief." Miss Marsden, whose delightfully breezy "matinee girl" letters in a dramatic weekly will be remembered, is a very fervent aspirant for dramatic honors.

* * *

The teeming Hammerstein is making vastly important changes in his Harlem Opera House. The large long lobby does not satisfy him; he wants it larger and longer. So he is going to use the space occupied by an adjoining cafe. The lobby will thus be imposing enough to serve as a concert hall, if necessary. Hammerstein's ideas are all very Brobdingnagian.

* * *

Edgar and Harry Davenport, the sons of the late E. L. Davenport, and brothers of Fanny Davenport, think of starring jointly next season in the plays made successful by their father. Edgar was seen recently in the melodrama known as "In Darkest Russia," while Harry tried to galvanize into life a part in the unfortunate "Rainmaker of Syria."

* * *

People often go the box-office of Koster & Bial's and ask what has become of Carmencita, whose dance a few seasons ago was on everybody's lips. Nobody hears of her now. It is months since she has appeared in public. Carmencita is living in Philadelphia with her husband, and making occasional trips to Atlantic City, where she is frequently seen driving about in very swell style, and all bedecked with diamonds. She is living upon the money she made during her phenomenal New York engagement. There was some talk a short time ago of her going to London, and appearing at two or three theatres, between the acts, as Lole Fuller has done. Carmencita, however, indulged in some of her picturesque and incandescent tantrums with the manager who was to arrange this for her, and that was the end of it.

* * *

"Jimmy" Powers returns to his favorite rough farce-comedy. All credit must be given him for attempting to get away from it. The public clamors for him in such classics as "A Straight Tip" and "A Mad Bargain," and, as he is not on the stage for his health, he will present them, or their equivalents.

* * *

The "Mastodonic Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the thoroughly Chicago-esque title of a version of the threadbare play now being done in the Windy City. And even the Chicagoans are forced to confess that it is shameledly irreverent, and absolutely worthless. It must indeed be bad.

BABY BORN IN THE STREET.

No One but a Policeman on Hand to Render Any Assistance.

Delia Dowden, a colored woman, twenty-four years old, of New Brunswick, N. J., was found by a policeman at 2.30 o'clock this morning lying on the sidewalk at Eighty-first street and Amsterdam avenue.

He hastily sent in a call for an ambulance, but before its arrival a baby was born. Mother and child were taken to Bellevue Hospital. They are progressing favorably.

ACTORS TO PLAY BALL

The Game May Add Much to the Sick Babies' Fund.

"1492" and "Passing Show" Teams at Polo Grounds July 10.

De Wolf Hopper and Marshall P. Wilder Will Be Umpires.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$5,783.14
Pair, 156 South Third avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.	36.50
Visitors to Dome of Pulitzer Building	17.23
Bonnie Thornton (T. J. Maguire's benefit	5.78
Rev. D. Lowenthal	5.00
J. Murchison, Brooklyn	5.00
With an Orphan's Good Wishes	2.00
A. J., Park Row	1.00
Allen Thurston Bennett	1.00
C. B. A., Jersey City	1.00
Miss Frank E. M. Miller	.50
Clement	.25

Baseball as it baseball will be on brew at the Polo Grounds July 10. Then a picked nine of the fun-makers of the Casino's "Passing Show" will play an equally carefully selected nine of E. E. Rice's "1492" mirth-provokers at the Garden Theatre, and the game will be not exactly for blood, but for the babies—for the suffering little ones of New York's tenements. All the proceeds will be given to the Sick Babies' Fund.

Ed M. Favor, leading comedian of "1492," will captain his team, and Seymour G. Hess, the clever gentleman who helps to popularize Canary & Lederer's burlesque, will captain "The Passing Show" nine.

De Wolf Hopper and Marshall P. Wilder will be the umpires, the latter doing service behind the pitcher, and they will endeavor to settle all disputes that arise between the players, without submitting them to international arbitration.

Both nines will be in costume. Each will ride to the Polo Grounds in a tally-ho coach, and as much eclat as the law allows will be given to the contest.

Manager E. B. Talcott has kindly given the use of the grounds, and will see that the public is made comfortable. Tickets, at 50 cents each, with the usual extra grand stand and paddock charges, will be on sale to-morrow. Ask for them at the hotels and theatres.

The game will be worth seeing. The "1492" team picked out a small nine in Harlem yesterday and lathered the life out of it just by way of getting its hand in. Both teams will begin practice to-morrow morning and keep it up, with intermissions for rest, of course, until 3 P. M. of the day of contest, when game will be called.

Purchasers of tickets will get their money's worth and more than their money's worth in enjoyment. Then they will have the extra satisfaction of knowing that the money will be used for a most excellent purpose—in relieving the sufferings of the thousands of little babies who are gasping in the tenements these days, and for whose little lives "The Evening World's" corps of free doctors has daily battles with disease and death.

The Sick Babies' Fund is merely an instrument of charity and benevolence. Those who have no claims on their bounty, or whose liberality is not unduly taxed, cannot do better than subscribe to its support. Every cent contributed is used to promote child-comfort. This is Independence Day, and the celebration will be all the happier if the free-born lover of his country puts the blessings of health within the reach of some stranded little citizen.

Send every letter containing money to the cashier of "The World," and let Mrs. Roberts, of 228 East Twenty-first street, have all the nursery supplies and lilliputian outfits that can be spared.

There is no better day on the calendar for a good deed than July 4.

The Sisterhood of Bnee Scholom.

Five more dollars have been added to the Sick Babies' Fund, and five more small lives have been saved thereby. The Sisterhood of the Congregation Bnee Scholom, which since the organization of the Society last January has been largely identified in charitable work, is the donor, and not only has it donated the money, but has also promised its untiring efforts to aid "The Evening World" in its beautiful charity.

The Society held its regular meeting last night, and when Rabbi D. Lowenthal moved that the above amount be raised to aid the suffering babies, action was suited to the words immediately, and to-day the money was turned over to "The Evening World." Rabbi Lowenthal has also been much identified with charity. Last Winter he worked unceasingly in behalf of "The Evening World's" Free Food Commission. He is continually circulating among the poverty stricken and sick, and realizes the great work taken up by New York's leading newspaper.

With Advice to Dr. Crank.

To the Editor:

Reading the account of Mrs. Goldstein's baby's treatment by Dr. Crank (I think I spell it right), of Gouverneur Hospital, it struck me that stuffing cotton into the child's mouth was a queer way to stop its crying, and I would suggest, if it has not already occurred to the doctors, to plug up their ears with as much cotton as is necessary, according to the size of their ears, as being a better way to put the cotton to. I will conclude by sending $1 to the Sick Babies' Fund.

A. J., Park Row.

Great Work in Mount Vernon.

To the Editor:

Eight little friends send $36.50, the proceeds of a fair held at 156 South Third avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for the dear sick babies. Hoping this will help some little tots we are:

Lulu Bourne,	Julia A. Maxwell,
Libbie Goodwin,	Gussie Bergener,
Addie Ebeling,	Florence Cooper,
George Bourne,	Kenneth Curtiss.

Substantial Sympathy, Too.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1, which amount please add to your charitable Sick Babies' Fund. In sympathy with the ready little ones.

C. B., A.,
Jersey City, N. J.

A Little Fair.

To the Editor:

Please accept 50 cents, receipts of fair. I hope to do better next time. Yours truly,

MISS FRANK E. M. MILLER,
499 Third street, Brooklyn.

A Good Friend in Brooklyn.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $5 for the Sick Babies' Fund.

J. MURCHISON, Brooklyn.

With an Orphan's Good Wishes.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $2 to relieve a sick baby, with an orphan's good wishes for success.

M.

Little Allen's Saving.

To the Editor:

Allen Thurston Bennett, a little boy of nine years, sends $1 of his own savings to the Sick Babies' Fund. 139 President street, Brooklyn.

OKLAHOMA OUTLAW KILLED.

Shot by an Officer While in Company with Lit Dalton.

(By Associated Press.)

EL RENO, Okla., July 4.—Lit Dalton, brother of the late Bill Dalton, and a Mexican negro rode into this city, tied their horses and entered a saloon. The Mexican emerged from the saloon and was mounting his horse when an officer approached him and commanded him to turn over his six-shooter, which order he resented by shooting at the officer.

A fierce running fight ensued, in which the Mexican was shot four times in the head and through the body and his horse was killed. The injured man soon expired. He was a frontier outlaw and a desperate character. Dalton took no part in the affair.

VICTIM OF A CONSPIRACY?

Lawyer Stein Insists that He Told the Unvarnished Truth.

But He Must Stand Trial, While Donnelly Is Acquitted.

The trial of Michael Donnelly, charged with assaulting Patrick J. McArdle in the sensational shooting episode in Judge Bischoff's Court of Common Pleas, April 24, ended by adding another sensation to the series that had "featured" the trial all the way through.

After deliberating four hours the jury came in at 10.15 last night, with a verdict of acquittal.

Michael Donnelly walked out of court a free man, exonerated from all guilt, while one of his witnesses, Lawyer and ex-Assemblyman Myer J. Stein, was constructively a prisoner, charged with perjury committed to save Donnelly from imprisonment.

As related in "The Evening World," Mr. Stein was arrested in the Court-House late yesterday afternoon, and gave bail in $2,000, his brother-in-law, Louis Korn, an architect, of the Cable Building, Broadway and Houston street, becoming his bondsman.

The testimony brought out by C. W. Brooke from witnesses on both sides on the trial of Donnelly had revealed a vendetta between him and the McArdles. He was arrested April 24, pistol in hand, and offered no resistance, no explanation, no excuse. That night he claimed he had been wounded in the back of his arm, and showed an abrasion to reporters. His lawyer in police court was Fred B. House. His plea was self-defense. In his trial Lawyer Wales F. Severance, Donnelly's nephew Thompson and Myer J. Stein all testified that the first shot was fired, not by Donnelly, but by some one behind him. Severance testified that he saw old man McArdle hold a revolver over his head and fire, the bullet striking the ceiling. Another witness picked up a bullet from the floor and it had plaster on it.

Then Stein produced a pistol which he said he had wrenched from the hand of some unknown person in the scrimmage and had kept it in his safe ever since.

Old McArdle again denied that he had a pistol April 24, and then it was proven by Smith & Wesson's shipping clerk that the pistol which Stein said he wrenched from some one during the affray did not leave the factory till June 15, seven weeks after the affray.

Then it was that Stein was charged with perjury. He came in from Long Branch to reiterate his story and was arrested. But the jury still felt that there was reasonable doubt as to who fired the shot, gave Donnelly the benefit of that doubt, and acquitted him.

This puts Stein in an anomalous position. The Donnelly jury has by implication acquitted him, but he will be tried by another jury.

In the mean time he is in much agitation. He made a good record as an Assemblyman for three terms, was a reporter before he became a lawyer, and is married to a beautiful young woman, whose family is wealthy. There seems to have been no motive for perjury on his part, and if this is perjury it is of a sort discreditable to the intelligence of the man.

He stoutly insists that his original story is correct. He insists that he took a pistol away from some one in the scrimmage, and that he believes Smith & Wesson safety revolver, 38-calibre, No. 80,781 is the same pistol, despite the record of the factory.

Backing this up is the statement of at least a score of men that Stein either told them about that pistol or showed it to them for twenty-four hours to a month after the melee. Among these are the business manager, city editor and several reporters of a newspaper whose office is in the same building with that of Stein.

Lawyer Fred House says Stein conferred with him about the pistol when Donnelly was before the police magistrate.

If the pistol 80,781 is not that pistol, who made the change?

Mr. Stein has four or five attaches in his office. The defendant, Donnelly, claimed that there was a conspiracy of the McArdles, Freedman and others to injure him financially and bodily. There were a good many pistols in that courtroom for a party of peaceable American citizens. If there was a conspiracy, did it extend to an exchange of pistols with Stein, without Stein's knowledge? And if there was an exchange, who did it and what for?

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Union shirtmakers are on strike at the shop of Contractor Broslawsky, 54 Rutgers street.

Operative Plasterers' Association No. 131 has elected Albert H. Snook, President; O. C. Frost, Recording Secretary.

The miniature tin plates on which were printed high tariff verse and scattered broadcast by the McKinley Republicans last year were made in Birmingham, England.

Hirschberg & Company's capmakers, who were locked out for being union men, have resumed work at their own terms, and the non-union men, by whom they had been replaced, were discharged. The shop is at 12 Waverley place.

Local Assembly 101, K. of L., plumbers, has elected J. M. Cross, President; E. M. Booker, Vice-President; B. Wezel, Recording Secretary; J. F. Dessert, Financial Secretary; E. Campbell, Treasurer; E. M. Booker, F. Armstrong, A. Engel, Trustees.

Plumbers' Union No. 4 has elected: Joseph Hackett, President; O. M. Addington, Vice-President; H. P. Robinson, Corresponding Secretary; H. Grafton, Financial Secretary; E. E. Astle, Treasurer; F. Packard, Conductor; C. A. Little, Warden; D. Perkins, F. Godsel, T. A. Snyder, Trustees.

At the last regular meeting of Theatrical Call-boys Union Operators' Union No. 1 the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: H. Livingston, President; H. Bentnam, Vice-President; J. Dawson, Financial Secretary; G. Lathig, Treasurer; H. Pfanna, Corresponding Secretary; R. A. Prink, Sergeant-at-Arms; W. Kassell, W. Somerindyke, F. W. H. Taylor, Trustees; W. F. Hall, Walking Delegate.

Charters to new local unions in Coney Island and Gouverneur, N. Y.; Taylor and Houston, Tex.; Martin, Tenn.; Marion, O., and West Pullman, Ill., were granted by the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners last month.

The Strike Committee of the Journeymen Tailors' Protective and Benevolent Union reports that the following firms have signified their willingness to again pay union wages: Isaac Walker, Thirtieth street and Fifth avenue; Friedenburg & Brooks, Twenty-eighth street and Fifth avenue; Hickman & Co., Rector street and Broadway. About 600 men are still on strike in thirty-eight shops.

Edward Henckler was re-elected Secretary of Upholsterers' Union No. 29 last night, as was Treasurer Theodore Retzlaff. The new Executive Board is composed of Messrs. Schrank, Meyne and Mehne. The Union will parade on Labor Day.

WORLDLINGS.

The capital invested in iron and steel mills in Pennsylvania is $200,000,000.

The number of persons of foreign birth in the United States increased from 2,200,000 in 1850 to 9,240,000 in 1890.

Many of the artificial precious stones in the world, such as paste diamonds and mock emeralds, are made in Glasgow.

Trained dogs are to be stationed at some of the life-saving stations on the French coast to help save the passengers of wrecks.

The increase of population in Canada is believed to be the cause of the diminished intensity of the cold weather there.

The average rainfall the world over is thirty-six inches. In England the dew that falls in a year amounts to five inches of water.

The largest sum ever given for a book is said to be the $50,000 paid by the German Government for a missal that Pope Leo gave to Henry VIII.

The only knowledge scientists have of the currents of air further than ten miles away from the earth has been gained from watching the trains of meteors.

The first iron bridge ever built is still in use. It spans a small stream on the Worcester and Shrewsbury Railroad in England, and was erected in 1778. It is ninety-six feet long.

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.]

Didn't Let "Lovey Bird" Have Him.

To the Editor:

I can sympathize with "Widow" and "C. C." I had a good and loving husband, too, who always talked in his dreams. One night while dreaming he said: "Oh, lovey-bird I am your honey Hen (his name is Henry) and we will love each other if the whole world is against us." Now, what do you suppose I did? Leave him? No. Let lovey-bird have him? Not much. I first asked him what it all meant, and he told me he met "Lovey-bird," who works in a gravestone foundry, at lunch and fell in love with her, but she would never look at him. Then I said I was awful sorry for him, and it was a shame that a girl should make him fall in love with her and then not love him, too. He said, "That's right, it is a shame." I kept on sticking to him for better or for worse, as I vowed when I married him, and his love for me is returning. Now, he will not look at "Lovey-bird" any more. At least, that is what he says. Don't you think I did the right thing, "Widow" and "C. C.?" One who is

TRUE TO HER VOW.

P. S.—The hateful, stuck-up thing (Lovey-bird). My husband is too good for her.

T. T. H. V.

The Great Inventors.

To the Editor:

A few words to "America" in regard to inventions, as he seems to think that Americans invented everything, and that Englishmen never invented anything. I am not an Englishman, but believe in "honor to whom honor is due." The telephone was invented by Bell, a Scotchman; the telegraph by Wheatstone, an Englishman; the electric light "was invented" by Faraday and Holmes, Englishmen; the steam engine by Watt, an Englishman; the first railroad was built by Stephenson, an Englishman; the first steamboat was built by Millar & Taylor, Scotchmen; printing was invented by Lawrence Coster, a Dutchman; the sewing machine was invented by Elias Howe, an American.

LONE STAR.

Housekeeping.

To the Editor:

To A. E., who wants to know "how much it will cost for a young married couple to start housekeeping," I can say that it will cost them from $150 up, and the items he wants to know about should be left to the housekeeper's judgment, for there will be always something left over that can be utilized. "A. E." and his wife can get board, room and washing for $5 a week each, and the landlady will have fair profit on them at that. But any economical housewife, excluding rent, beer and clothing (matters they can lease themselves about) can live nicely with her husband on $5 a week and eat better than they could in any $5 a week boarding-house, of course when they have children expenses will increase accordingly. But if "A. E." intended be one of those dudish "working-girls," the majority of whom know as much about housekeeping as a blacksmith does about making ladies' dresses, it is more than probable that their expenses will be over $10 or $12 a week.

AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.

John Bull's Braggadocio.

To the Editor:

As to braggarts, "Mr. Lexow," Johnny Bull can give us odds, but as to facts—— An example: Since the battle of Waterloo (won by the Prussians) England has never succeeded in whipping "white men." Negroes, Chinese or half-armed savages, yes. In 1812 she claimed the right to take sailors from our ships. We went to war, whipped her and no American sailor has ever been taken since. In the Crimea Sebastopol was taken by the French. Admiral Napier, with an immense fleet, bragged he would take Cronstadt in six weeks, but white men defended it and the Russian flag was never lowered. The Alabama was manned by English gunners and sailors, and, as a matter of course, the Yankee Kearsarge soon sunk her. The Boers in Africa whipped Mr. Bull. I could cite many more facts, but, really, "Lexow" makes me tired.

AMERICUS, Zanesville, O.

Did You Ever Notice It?

To the Editor:

Now that women are crying for equal suffrage and complaining of the horrible men who cross their legs in the "L" and surface cars, I should like to ask why it is that they invariably choose the two or three seats in the rear of the open cars in preference to those further in front? These seats the Company is kind enough to provide for the comfort and convenience of their male patrons who desire to while away the time they are riding with the aid of the fragrant weed, but women, for some unforeseen reason, seem to have a longing desire to occupy them, thereby compelling a person who wishes to smoke to stand on either the front or rear platform. Now, ladies, man wants but little here below, but he would like to have those seats so long as there are others vacant. Don't put forth the excuse that men shouldn't smoke in a horse-car, as a cigar is man's best companion outside of a pretty girl, and he who does not smoke has either never known deep grief, or else refuseth the softest consolation next to that offered by heaven.

THE "DRAKE."

If He Loves Her.

To the Editor:

If "Harry" truly loves the girl, her frequent notes and solicitude on his behalf would be a pleasure to him, and not an annoyance. "If you don't happen to drop in" seems to imply that you are in the habit of "promising" to "drop in," and failing to keep your word, in which case you are not worth "chasing up." If you cannot keep a promise do not make one, and if unlooked for circumstances force you to break one, write immediately and apologize. Pay a little more attention to the small courtesies of life, and you won't be deluged with notes demanding an explanation of your conduct, which she certainly has every right to expect. If she loves you, your absence coupled with your silence must necessarily pain her, which it should be your care to avoid.

FREDDY.

Blackmail on Ferry-Boats.

To the Editor:

I have a grievance which I wish to ventilate against the Staten Island boats. Last Sunday I went to South Beach. There was a crowd and the boats were full of people. I went up on deck and noticed a boy with three camp chairs, and I politely asked him for the extra chairs. He immediately became abusive, and told me to go to the infernal regions and find my own chairs. I had a lady with me and did not wish to make a scene, otherwise I would have given that young blackguard a lesson. We went around the deck and were fortunate enough to secure seats, and right opposite us I noticed another boy with three seats, and soon two ladies came along and asked him for them. He demanded ten cents and got it. I think the company ought to see that this petty blackmail is at once stopped on its boats.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Have the Fuel Handy.

To the Editor:

Having followed the debate of who should build the fire, my opinion is that it is the wife's duty, but for the man to have the fuel handy. I have been married for nine years, and never built a fire or was asked to while my wife was well and able to do it herself.

CH. F.

Who Wants to Debate?

To the Editor:

As there undoubtedly are many young men eager to perfect themselves in the art of public speaking and debate, I would like to inform such young men, who are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, and who would like to join a debating club of recognized standing, to please communicate with the undersigned.

HENRY O. LEVY,
727 East Fifth street, city.

One of Cupid's Firecrackers.

To the Editor:

Some one wanted to know what a kiss was. My guess is: A kiss is one of Cupid's firecrackers. Instead of setting fire to Johnny's trousers it sets fire to two hearts.

PATRIOTIC.

HOUSE AND HOME

Sinkers for Trimming.

How would you like to have a dress with sinkers dangling round the skirt? Everthing goes at the seashore and country house. White or blue duck, marseilles, cotton cheviot, sail cloth and serge is used for the dress; linen lace or a sailor collar with club colors

is put on the waist, and fastened to the belt is a skirt fringe, and the more fantastic the better. Glass beads in hit or miss colors are strung with shells and buttons: carved beads of fragrant woods are considered very choice but the oddest of oddities is a lot of sinkers hung on a white cord.

Macaroni.

In boiling macaroni it is a mistake to permit it to stop boiling for a moment until done. Have plenty of salted water in the saucepan at the boiling point when the sticks are added, and when they are tender throw in a glass of cold water to stop the cooking suddenly, and drain at once. After that it may be served in various ways.

Edith Thomas on Dress Reform.

The young blind and deaf and dumb girl, Edith Thomas, has indicated by means of her supersensitive fingers that the Swedish gymnastic dress is a sensible one for women. In spite of her double infirmity, she is a clever little needle-woman, and after what she calls "seeing" this costume at a woman's gymnasium, she cut and made one like it for her doll. The dress consists of a blouse and a divided skirt, and is almost exactly like that worn by the National Dress Club of Denver, the members of which are getting men's signatures to a little paper expressing approval of the new mode of dress.

Blackberry Cordial.

This home made drink is valuable in hot weather disorders of the stomach. Squeeze blackberries enough to make a quart of juice, add to it a pound of loaf sugar and let it dissolve, heating it slowly. Add to it one teaspoonful of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Boil all together twenty minutes. On removing from the fire add a wineglass of brandy. Put in bottles while hot and seal. Use a teaspoonful for a glass of iced water.

Don't Tickle the Baby.

The absurd practice of tossing, shaking and tickling babies, in order to make them laugh, is not only silly, but often dangerous. Who of us adults would not rebel if, every time a friend met us, we were poked in our ribs or tickled in our stomachs until we laughed? And if we were so frail and tender as a young infant, how much more difficult it would be to bear it? People do not seem to realize that they are thus lowering the tone of the nervous system, and ultimately bringing about something which may end in an incurable disease. American infants, owing largely to our rushing ways of living, are nervous enough without having their needed rest invaded by tickling.

Fried Parsley.

Select full stalks of parsley and remove all dried or imperfect leaves. Wash it thoroughly in cold, salted water and dry on a clean, soft towel; when it is perfectly dry, gather a bunch at a time by the stalks, dip leaves in smoking-hot fat for one moment. If there is any moisture on parsley the fat will sputter and there is danger of burning the hand; but if carefully dried and dipped in, there is no trouble in frying the parsley as desired.

Norway's Wives Are Skilled.

In Norway a new law has been passed, which makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are proficient in knitting, baking and spinning. Certificates of proficiency have to be earned, and without these no girl may marry.

Care of Brushes.

A number of little things in the care of one's brushes determines the length of their service and the condition in which they last. For one thing, a hair-brush should be washed often enough to keep it thoroughly cleansed. For this soda water or ammonia water must be used, and then the wet bristles set downward—do not turn it on its back—and left in the sun to dry. A nail or tooth brush should never be left in the holder with the bristles uppermost. It stands to reason that water will soak into them in time, with such treatment, and that discoloration and general demoralization will follow.

How to Serve Potatoes.

On Sunday have them mashed—not pounded into a sodden mass, but whisked into a creamy substance. To attain this they should be peeled, steamed, broken with a potato whip, moistened with milk and butter, seasoned with salt and pepper and beaten like a batter until they are very light.

On Monday bake them in their skins. They should be washed clean, baked in a good oven and served at once.

For Tuesday they may be peeled and baked with a roast. When the meat is within half an hour or so of being ready lay them in the gravy under it and bake until they are covered with a crisp, brown skin.

On Wednesday serve them in Kentucky style. These are sliced thin, as for frying, soaked in cold water for half an hour, put in a pudding dish with salt, pepper and milk, and baked for an hour.

On Thursday serve them fried whole. Peel and boil them. Roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry in butter.

On Friday have potatoes a la Parisienne. Wash and rub them with a coarse cloth until they are skinned, drop into boiling water and boil until done. Have ready in a saucepan some hot cream and butter, a little green parsley, pepper and salt. Pour the water off the boiled potatoes, cover with this and let it stand.

On Saturday boil the potatoes in their skins and serve with butter.

When Feathers Are