The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 PARK ROW, New York.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1894.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(including postage):
PER MONTH 50c
PER YEAR $3.50

Vol. 35 ..... No. 12,020

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave at 23d st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—369 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Inquirer Office, 929 Chestnut st.
WASHINGTON—702 14th st.

OVER HALF A MILLION!

DURING the five days of last week when the strike was at its height, and early and accurate news was the great desideratum,

The World's Circulation

Averaged 567,116 Per Day,

the greatest daily circulation ever obtained by a newspaper.

The circulation by days was as follows:

Monday - - -	587,876
Tuesday - - -	543,318
Wednesday - -	633,261
Thursday - -	530,203
Friday - - -	540,832

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.

Vigilant at her best showed up as Britannia's better yesterday.

Do the Iron steamboats need a more cast-iron code of fog-signals?

It proved not to be a Yale lock that was on those international honors.

It is a wise Senator who can say of the Sugar Trust that he "takes no stock in that."

It looks now as if New York would have a straight ticket and a crooked campaign.

As long as fingers at Albany can reach for pie in New York, municipal home rule will not be.

Sugar has become a bitter sweet to people who once had confidence in the United States Senate.

We have Anarchist Mowbray in our midst, but we do not want him. England can take him back.

There are plenty of people who do not doubt that Mr. Croker is "still in the ring." But the ring must go.

In the contemplation of a bi-partisan Police Board, the people are not likely to count as party of either part.

Because real rapid transit is to come on the tunnel plan you are not to consider it a bore to work and vote for it.

The particular line on which Congress is fighting it out and taking all Summer is involved in a great measure of obscurity.

It is being demonstrated at Washington how "getting aboard" on sugar may play the mischief with a plank on the tariff.

The Bostons raised a riot by trying to tie up a ball game in Philadelphia yesterday, but nobody suggested calling out the regulars.

If the tariff conferrees would approach an agreement with the popular majority they would not so disagree among themselves.

What good citizens want is a ticket to end the bosses; not one to serve the bosses' ends. Therefore, it is not a "straight" ticket that they want.

The Yale athletes, we are told, got "many kind words" at the banquet, and we presume they must be satisfied with this. But that is not what they went over for.

New Police Commissioner Kerwin wishes the fact emphasized that he is Mr. Platt's friend. The fact bears a great deal of emphasis of its own—with the accent on the "deal."

Hard-hearted indeed, would be the man who would not sympathize with the poor Goulds in their struggles to escape from the dreadful penalty of having to pay taxes on their personal property.

The old adage that "nothing is certain in this world except death and taxes" has been temporarily discredited by the success of the Goulds in the matter of personal taxation. Indeed, it may be said that, as a rule, among New York millionaires taxes are very uncertain.

The story of the conditions under which employment is given and houses are rented at Pullman shows that the founder of the city made a great mistake in his attempt to combine philanthropy with business. The combination may have worked well enough in good times, but at the first touch of hard times business squeezed philanthropy wholly out of the combination and left the workman poorer off than if he had never been taken care of by paternalism. It is a good rule that the great employers of labor should not have any control over the domestic and personal freedom of their armies of wage-workers.

DANGER TO PASSENGERS.

Three accidents by collisions happened to excursion boats yesterday. The most serious was the case of the Starin Glen Island steamboat Glen, which was run into by a tug lashed to the side of a heavy freight-car transfer barge about 9 o'clock in the evening in midstream a short distance below the Brooklyn Bridge. There were about one hundred passengers on the Glen, and a panic prevailed among them, their position being evidently one of extreme peril. The damage to the Glen was great through the force of the collision, and she was wholly disabled. The tug C. P. Raymond, which was fortunately on hand, went immediately to the the rescue and succeeded in taking the passengers off the injured boat without accident. The collision is said to have occurred through a misunderstanding of signals.

The other mishaps were a collision between the iron steamboats Cetus and Cepheus just off the lighthouse at Norton's Point. The Cepheus was disabled and her passengers were taken off by the Cetus and landed at Culver's Pier, Coney Island Point. Two passengers were hurt in the crash.

The third accident happened to the steamer Taurus, also of the Iron Steamboat Company's line, which grounded at Long Branch.

These occurrences are warnings that ought not to be unheeded. There is scarcely any excuse for such collisions, and when they occur through carelessness the responsible persons ought to be made to pay the full penalty of the law.

THE COLLEGE GAMES.

The banquet that followed the athletic battle between the Oxford and Yale teams rounded up the international event in a becoming manner and proved how well its importance and promise were understood and appreciated by the distinguished public men of both nations who graced the occasion by their presence.

Mr. Bayard, who presided, said in his address that no Englishman could fail to view with the keenest interest the crossing of the Atlantic by a handful of American young men anxious to try their hand in the old country with the skill and vigor begotten in a new land, and in sports in which their common race urged them to engage.

Sir Richard Webster commented admiringly on the spirit which had prompted the welcome visit of the Yale team to old England, and on the even merits of the contestants in all the trials. They were of one race and that a hardy and courageous one, and he hoped the youth of both lands would cross the Atlantic frequently to engage in such friendly contests.

This hope will be shared by everybody in America. Such meetings bring the young men of the two nations together and enable them to appreciate and admire each other. This is a happy foundation for the future and ought to cement more strongly than ever the friendship of the two great English-speaking nations of the earth.

MORE INCANDESCENT LIGHT ON THIS.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison voted at the school election in Orange, N. J., yesterday. Mr. Thomas A. Edison did not. Whether the great inventor kindly consented to remain at home to make the beds and dust the parlor furniture while his better half was helping to save the school district, or whether he was intimidated by Mrs. E. and thus prevented from exercising his civil right at the polls, we have not been informed. All we know is that Mr. E. did not vote, and that Mrs. E. did. What could be more significant?

We do not suppose that there will be any judicial investigation of this election mystery, but should Mr. Edison announce one of these fine days that he had invented a voteoscope or ballotograph that would enable a married man, compelled by circumstances or a family circle force bill to remain at home on election day while his wife was doing the grand at the polls, to get his ticket into the box without his wife knowing it, we will understand why the Wizard didn't vote at Orange yesterday when Mrs. Edison did.

Vigilant broke her chain of defeats and Britannia broke down yesterday. Fortunately, the American boat was well assured of victory before the British let met with her mishap, and so we are clearly entitled to a glorification over the tardy triumph of the Yankee sailer. We hadn't lost a bit of courage over on this side. Nevertheless, the winning at Belfast comes as a timely "bracer."

SAYS HE MADE A MISTAKE.

Wood Divided His Property with His Stepmother--Now Sues Her.

William G. Wood has begun suit in the Supreme Court to compel his stepmother, Elizabeth Wood, to reconvey the property 207 and 209 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, which he says he conveyed to her by mistake.

According to his complaint, his father, James Wood, on Sept. 17, 1872, then a widower, conveyed to him the deed to the houses.

In 1887 his father married again, his wife being the defendant in this action, Elizabeth Wood.

Wood died in 1889. In his will, dated Oct. 25, 1887, he left all his real and personal property to be divided equally between his wife and his son.

By mistake, Wood in dividing the property included the two houses deeded to him by his father in 1872. When he discovered his mistake, he asked his stepmother, who was in possession and who was collecting the rents, to reconvey the property left by his father back to him, which she refused to do. He then began suit to compel her to do so through Lawyer J. C. De La Mere, of 110 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

WORLDLINGS.

The people of the world speak 3000 languages and 1,500 different dialects.

The immensity of the great pyramid is shown by the fact that it contains 89,028,000 cubic feet of stone.

Physicians of the Middle Ages prescribed the wearing of an amethyst as a sure cure for nervous diseases.

The first oil well in America was on a small farm in the mountains of Wayne County, Ky. It was discovered in 1829.

A French statistician estimates that since the beginning of time sixty-six quintillions of people (sixty-six million millions) have lived on the earth.

THE BABIES' ARMY.

It Grows Stronger and More Beautiful Every Day.

And Every Little Soldier in It is a Little Life-Saver.

Entertainments for the Sick Babies' Fund—Over $11,200.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$11,119.87
Far Rockaway entertainment	71.00
Visitors to Dome, Pulitzer Building	18.42
Bonnie Thornton, Madison Square Roof Garden	7.38
Martha Jackson, Olga Tarler and others	6.00
Mabel McAuliffe and others	6.00
Sadie Goldsmith, Sophie Singer and others	4.00
Sick Babies' Fund Club, Annexed District	3.47
Emma M. Williamson and others, Brooklyn	3.16
Hattie Baer and others	2.60
Edward Krauz and others	2.45
Edith A. Houlston and others, Brooklyn	1.50
Memory of Marty	1.00
"For the Sick Baby Fund"	.20
"Jerry" M. B.	.10

Wee little Lillian, the gifted comedienne, will dance, sing and act for the Sick Babies' Fund to-morrow, Thursday evening, at Lyric Hall, 723 Sixth avenue.

This is not her first effort in behalf of the poor babies, but it is her first great effort. It is the first time in the short course of her eventful life that she has given a benefit for anybody. The entertainment is to be a vaudeville show, and the child-actress has personally attended to everything. She went among the business people and got twenty firms to advertise in the programme; then she called on her friends and as many more volunteers to appear, among the number being Harry W. Thayer, Foreman and West, the Manhattan Quartet, Miss Agnes Tames, Fred G. Lewis, Miss Tessie Quinn and several others.

E. Schumann, the florist, 709 Ninth avenue, agreed to decorate the hall with bunting and flowers, and Terhune & Roebus, proprietors of Lyric Hall, donated the premises.

Avin P. Sellhamer went to the trouble of writing a play for little Lillian, called "Stars Beyond Our Reach," in which she will appear, supported by Fred G. Lewis, Harry Connolly and Miss Tames.

Little Lillian is boss of the show, and she will see that it begins on time—to-morrow night at 8 o'clock sharp. The tickets for reserved seats are 50 cents, but early comers will find choice accommodations for 25 cents.

Go and take your friends. You will help the finest charity in existence, the Sick Babies' Fund, which is saving the lives of hundreds of tenement babies every day.

Bonnie Thornton's Silver Showers.

To the Editor:

We send you by bearer $7.43, being amount of money collected by Miss Bonnie Thornton on the Madison Square Roof Garden for the benefit of the Sick Babies Fund. J. V. GOTTSCHALK, Business Manager Madison Square Garden Co.

July 17

Rutherford's Little Philanthropists.

To the Editor:

On Friday, July 13, the following girls, all under fourteen years, gave a fair for the benefit of "The Evening World's" Sick Babies' Fund, which netted $20.20, which amount we send you, hoping it may help some of the suffering little ones who do not have the green trees and bright flowers around them as we do.

Edna Crocheron,	Vairie Prentiss,
Edith Stoddard,	Alice Jupp,
Grace Raynor,	Lenora Conklin,
Hattie Burgess,	Jessie Watson,
Marion Kipp,	Jennie Ross,
May Brinckerhoff,	Sophie Viewegg,
Minnie Childs,	Lottie Ball,
Emma Daniels,	Emma Buschneck,
Helen Deering,	Marion Deering.

Rutherford, N. J.

Afternoon Garden Party.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $12, which please accept for the Sick Babies' Fund as the result of an afternoon garden party and refreshment sale held on Wednesday by the following children on Quincy street, Brooklyn. The privilege of the garden was generously given by W. Happe, 365 Quincy street.

FLORENCE E. GIBBS,	FLORENCE COURTNEY,
BLANCHE HOLT,	EFFIE MOSELEY,
BALLARD FARNAM,	HARRY C. TWIBELL,
LIZZIE MOSELEY,	HERBERT GIBBS,

DE WITT REED.

Edith Sachett and Her Friends.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $20.42, being the proceeds of a fair held under the auspices of the following Brooklyn children:

Leo Butler,	Douglas Campbell,
Bertie Gillie sleeve,	Phoebe McIlroy,
Hazel Flowers,	Edith Sackett,
Louise Sackett,	Anna Michel,
Olive Wyman,	Grace Sackett.
Fred Long.	

Hoping this will benefit some poor sick baby, I am very respectfully yours, EDITH SACKETT, 446 Eleventh street, Brooklyn.

A Few Little Ones Did This.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $6.39, the receipts of an evening's entertainment given by a few little ones to aid their little sisters and brothers of "The Evening World's" Baby Fund.

Paula Franken,	Josie Dreyfuss,
Jean Oppenheimer,	Bella Rothenberg,
Ida Rothenberg,	Hattie Simson.

Memors Farm, Hartsdale, Westchester County, N. Y.

A Bayonne Collector.

To the Editor:

Having read your paper and seeing in it the many contributions to the Sick Babies' Fund, I thought I would try to help them. With the aid of Lizzie and Florence Macdillivray and Lillie Reed I have collected 1.25, which I hope will find a way to the needy.

FLORENCE E. CRONK, Bayonne, N. J.

A Little Fair.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $2.25 as the proceeds of a fair held in One Hundred and Eighteenth street. We hope this small amount will help some sick babies.

Emma Gunsberg,	Helen Schauer,
Carrie Stern,	Artie Schauer.

Two Brooklyn Collectors.

To the Editor:

Inclosed you will find $1, which two small children, aged years of age, collected from house to house for the Sick Babies' Fund.

MORTON WINNOGHIL,
SADIE HORTNOGEL.
379 Eleventh street, South Brooklyn.

Collected by Lucy and Mamie.

To the Editor:

Please acknowledge receipt of $2.85, collected by Lucy Lipman and Mamie Carl, for Sick Babies' Fund. M. S. LIPMAN,
146 East Eighty-third street.

Thank You, Mrs. J.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find postal money order for 50 cents, which kindly add to the Sick Babies' Fund and oblige, yours with respect, Mrs. J.

From Walter and Arthur.

To the Editor:

Inclosed you will find $1 for the poor children.

WALTER and ARTHUR POTOSKY.

In the Babies' Fund.

To the Editor:

Put the inclosed where it will do most good. S. L.

Your Letter Will Appear Later.

All letters from contributors to the Sick Babies' Fund will be printed. Many are in type and will appear in this column to-morrow or later.

VETERAN DIED IN A HALLWAY.

McCann Was an Engineer in the Navy for Twenty-one Years.

Heart Disease Thought to Have Caused His Death.

Patrick McCann, sixty-seven years old, for twenty-one years an engineer in the United States Navy, was found dead at 1 o'clock this morning in the hallway at 438 West Fifty-eighth street, four doors from his home. He had been a sufferer from heart disease for years. It is supposed that he was stricken in the street, made an effort to get home, and mistook the hallway where he was found for his own, at 432 West Fifty-eighth street.

At 12 o'clock McCann parted from some friends at Fifty-eighth street and Tenth avenue, and started for home. An hour later John Corrigan entered the house 438 West Fifty-eighth street and stumbled over the body. He lighted a match and recognized McCann. Then he hurried to Roosevelt Hospital for assistance.

McCann was yet breathing when Corrigan left him, but when he returned with the physician the man had just breathed his last. There was a slight gash on his head, where he had struck it in falling to the floor. He leaves a widow and two children.

McCann joined the army twenty-one years ago and was assigned to engineer's duty on the Powhatan, where he remained for ten years, until the ship went out of commission. Then he was transferred to the Atlanta. She went out of commission last month and McCann was detailed to the Detroit.

A year ago, when the Detroit was ordered to Rio Janeiro, McCann was on her, but he was taken sick and was transferred to the hospital ship Franklin, at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. After his recovery in November he was attached to the receiving ship Vermont.

Two weeks ago, having served his twenty-one years, he was honorably discharged. Under the rule, however, he would be compelled to do a year's detail duty in order to receive a pension. Last week he began that duty, serving as a waiter at the Navy-Yard. He left there at 10 o'clock last night apparently in the best of health.

MRS. LUVIGIO IS MISSING.

Came to This City from New Haven Last Friday Night.

Aged Mrs. Coyle and Mrs. Schuebba Also Sought For.

Three general alarms for three missing women were sent from Police Headquarters this morning.

The first was for Mrs. Angelina Luvigio, thirty years old, the wife of Difelicio Luvigio, a wealthy Italian carpenter and contractor, of 30 Oak street, New Haven, Conn.

Luvigio, who is a fine-looking man, in the prime of life, went to Police Headquarters this morning half distracted to ask assistance to find his wife. He said that last Friday she received a postal card from her sister, Mrs. Philomena Serraro, of 241 Elizabeth street, this city, asking her to come at once to her as her little niece was critically ill.

Mrs. Luvigio left immediately on the train due in this city late at night. Not hearing from her, Luvigio left his home on Monday to look for her. He learned that she had not gone to her sister's, nor had the latter heard anything of her.

Luvigio says his wife is a very handsome woman, and that when she left home she was well dressed, and had much valuable jewelry and quite a sum of money with her. Their home life was very happy, and they never had any quarrels. They have one little girl.

Luvigio says he will spare no money to find his wife. This afternoon he will visit all the hospitals to see if she is an inmate of any of them. He fears she has either been hurt in an accident or else foully dealt with.

An alarm was sent out also for Mary Coyle, aged seventy-one, of 263 William street, who disappeared from her home last Monday and has not been heard of since.

Mrs. Heldenig Schuebba, seventy-three years old, of 222 West Sixty-fifth street, is missing from her home since yesterday afternoon. Her daughter, Mrs. Annie Wecker, of the same address, says her mother is childish, and has no doubt wandered away somewhere. An alarm was also sent out for her.

HEIGHT OF METEORS.

Yale Astronomers Hope to Establish It by a New Instrument.

(By Associated Press.)

CLEVELAND, July 18.—A new astronomical instrument, termed a sextuple photographic telescope, has just been completed by Warner & Swazey, of this city, and is about to be shipped to New Haven, Conn.

It will be placed in one of the Yale observatories, and though intended for general astronomical photography, will begin its picture taking with the appearance of the August meteoric displays.

It has six cameras, instead of one, and together they cover a field in the sky equal to that which would be occupied by 2,400 full moons.

Single telescopes will be placed at distances of two miles from the sextuple instrument, also by means of electrical connections, photographs will be taken simultaneously. The plates will then be compared, and calculations will be made with a view to establishing the height of meteors.

BANQUET IN A JAIL YARD.

Sentenced Strikers the Chief Personages at a Unique Levee.

(By Associated Press.)

BRAZIL, Ind., July 18.—A most unique levee and banquet was held in the yard of the Sheriff of this county last night. More than five hundred citizens from Knightsville and the neighborhood where the recent stoning to death of Barr, the Vandalia engineer, occurred came to bid farewell to the four young strikers who were recently connected with the murder of the engineer.

They are about ready to be taken to the State's prison at Jeffersonville to serve out a two-years' sentence of imprisonment. Ice-cream, cake and all the delicacies of the season were served. The prisoners were brought out from their cells in the jail into the Sheriff's yard and seated at the first table with their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and other relatives.

CAME TO LIFE IN A COFFIN.

Nephew of Washington Irving Just Escapes Being Buried Alive.

(By Associated Press.)

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 18.—Washington E. Irving, a nephew of the famous author, was supposed to have died at Escondido. His funeral was held. With the close of the service, and after friends had passed the casket, a knocking was heard from within, and the lid was hastily opened.

Irving got up in a dazed condition, but soon regained his senses fully and was taken home.

BARRY'S FATAL LEAP.

Crazed by Drink He Jumped from a Fourth-Story Window.

Father Anthony Administers the Last Rites Before Many Spectators.

Impressive Early Morning Scene in a Harlem Tenement Yard.

William Barry, thirty years old, jumped from the fourth-story window of his home, 2253 Second avenue, early this morning, and was so badly injured that he died an hour afterwards.

The man's act was directly due to drink, and according to the ambulance surgeon who attended him, he was delirious when the fatal jump was made. He was a poultry salesman in Washington Market, was unmarried and lived with his parents and three brothers.

For a long time Barry had been a hard drinker, but recently, owing to the earnest solicitation of his mother, he had tried hard to reform. It was difficult work for him, and he had many backsliddings.

It was one of these that caused him to be at the window of his room at 2.30 this morning. The window overlooks a little yard filled with high, green grass, above which, extending from the house to several poles in the rear, is a perfect network of clothslines. His brother, James Barry, was there sitting with him, for the man was inclined to be violent and needed some one to restrain him.

James Barry, worn out by the watch, fell into a drowse. Suddenly he was aroused by a yell, and jumped up just in time to see his brother dive headfirst from the window. James rushed to the window, only to see that his brother's body had struck the closely drawn clothes lines.

For a moment the man hung in midair, supported by the flimsy lines, then they gave way, and he fell heavily to the grass below.

Another minute and the cries of James Barry had aroused the family and the entire neighborhood. Soon the little yard was crowded with neighbors. Two or three ran to find a policeman.

Barry remained unconscious for ten minutes, long enough for Policeman McKenna to arrive. There were no marks on his body, and the policeman did not think the man was badly hurt.

He was still examining Barry when he recovered consciousness, and began to rave about some one being after him. When McKenna tried to quiet him he became violent, and attempted to bite the policeman's arm.

Some one had sent for an ambulance and a priest. They arrived at the same moment. The priest gave way to the physician, who bent over the prostrate form on the grass for a few minutes. Then he stood up and whispered to the priest:

"You can do more for the man than I can."

So there in the yard the priest, Father Anthony, performed the last rites of the Church for the dying man. The grief-stricken mother, aroused from her sleep to find her son dying, as a result of his own act, held the young man's head. The priest knelt near by, clasping the injured man's hand. A little apart stood the brothers, while the yard was filled up with neighbors, with bowed and uncovered heads.

From a dozen windows of near-by houses, people half clad looked out upon the unusual scene of death, until the priest's work was completed, and the dying man was carried through the narrow hall and placed tenderly in the ambulance.

An hour later he died in Harlem Hospital.

FREE CONCERTS TO-NIGHT.

Programmes at Abingdon Square and Tompkins Square Parks.

There will be music at Abingdon Square Park this evening by Rampone's Old Guard Band. Following is the programme:

PART I.

Interlude, "The Star Spangled Banner" ..... Key
1. March, "The Liberty Bell" (by request) ..... Sousa
2. Overture, "Hebridis" ..... Karl Marie von Weber
With Finale "My Country 'Tis of Thee" ..... Weber
3. Waltz De Concert, "Casino Dances" ..... Gung'l
4. Fantasie Comique, "The Colored Wedding" ..... Laurendeau
Mr. Hall.

Synopsis. This fashionable event takes place to-night, and the guests arrive to the music of a sprightly allegro. Couples immediately fall into line for the grand promenade, which is indeed a stately affair. Dancing now begins, a quadrille and a waltz being the first numbers on the programme. Between dances flirtation is indulged in, and we chance to overhear an amorous dialogue carried on between a baritone, representing the lady and gentleman; the conversation culminating in a catastrophe. "Yum! Yum!" A schottische is next in order, introducing clog dancing; the dance is suddenly interrupted by some "newcomers," who, after repeated visits to the buffet, become rather noisy. They are speedily and unceremoniously expelled, and dancing is resumed, the whole company joining in a rollicking breakdown, which closes the ball in high style, the concluding finale indicating the time of the breaking up of the party.

5. Polka Humoristic, "The Festive Little Captain of the O. G." dedicated to Capt. J. F. Wenman, of the Old Guard (by request) ..... Rampone

PART II.

6. Overture, "Poet and Peasant" ..... Suppe
7. Solo for cornet, "Werner's Parting Song," from the opera "The Trumpeter of Sackingen" ..... Nessler
Mr. J. C. Martin.
8. Patrol, "The Gnomes" ..... Ellenberg
9. Selection, "The Woollen Stocking" ..... Urbani
Introducing xylophone solo by Edward King.
10. Finale, "Jolly Brothers" ..... Faust
"Home, Sweet Home."

There will also be music at Tompkins Square Park by Peter Berlinghoff's Military Concert Band this evening. Following is the programme:

"The Star Spangled Banner" ..... Key
1. March, "Via Depart" ..... Emrath
2. Overture, "Lustspiel" ..... Kela Bela
3. Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song" ..... Strauss
4. Potpourri from opera "Huguenoten", Meyerbeer
5. Cornet solo, "Selected" ..... Arbuckle
Mr. Th. Clark.

PART II.

6. Overture, "Mosaic" ..... Rollinson
7. Selection from opera "Martha" ..... Flotow
8. Song, "Alice, Where Art Thou?" ..... White
9. Musical melange, "Olla Podrida" ..... Rollinson
10. Finale, "Leona" ..... Ehrlich

WAS JAY GOULD'S AGENT.

Vernon K. Stevenson Reported to Be in Very Poor Health.

It is reported that Broker Vernon K. Stevenson, one of the head of the prosperous real-estate brokerage firm of Stevenson & Co., is living at a sanitarium on Greenwood Lake, N. Y., suffering from mental troubles.

He is there, it is said, at the solicitation of Miss E. Stevenson, a sister of the broker, who is carefully nursing him.

Broker Stevenson has been at Greenwood Lake eighteen months, stopping at the Waterstone Cottage, but he says that he expects to return to business this Fall.

Stevenson's career has been very checkered with lawsuits. His first wife obtained a divorce from him in 1876, and married a French Count. Mr. Stevenson is forty-seven years old, a cousin of Vice-President Stevenson, and brother of Mrs. James Kernochan, of Newport.

At one time he was an agent for Russell Sage and the late Jay Gould.

LEADER VAN DER STUCKEN.

The Arion Society Re-engages Him for Five Years.

The Arion Society has re-engaged Conductor Frank Van der Stucken for five years. Conductor Van der Stucken, who is in Europe, cabled the Board of Governors on July 10 that he would remain with the Arions for five years more at an advanced salary of $4,000.

Last night 275 members met in the club-house of the Gesog Verein Arion, Fifty-ninth street and Park avenue, and after a lively time, during which the opposition, it is said, hinted that "things had been fixed," the action of the Governors was ratified.

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.]

Not Looking for an Angel, Got One

To the Editor:

Replying to "Civil Engineer," I will say he is indeed to be pitied if a man presumably of his liberal education cannot find amon the many lovable maidens of Brooklyn his ideal of a fitting helpmate. Has he not set his standard of excellence so high that nothing less than an angel would conform to his ideas of the many charms and perfections she must bear whom he would make his wife? Pray, brother engineer, what have you to offer in exchange for the many perfections you evidently expect? The writer, ten years ago, happily married a Brooklyn woman then thirty years of age. She was blessed with a minimum amount of good looks, was wealthy in good sense and sound judgment, possessed a fair education, was the daughter of fairly well to do people, and thanks to her mother's wise training was a most excellent housekeeper, milliner and dressmaker. She well understood the internal economy of the domestic establishment. In these ten years I have handed to her thousands of dollars, portions of which have necessarily been expended for domestic expenses, and the balance deposited to the writer's account in various banks. Hundreds of dollars has she been given by me for dressmaking and millinery purchases, but she choose to largely make over and so manage that while appearing neatly dressed, she has been able to bank to her own credit 25 to 50 per cent. of her appropriation, and now has in bank some $700 or $800, which I credit her with well earning. That is the kind of girl that is but one of thousands in this grand Republic, and if you, Brother Engineer, will bring the same discrimination to bear in the selection of your life partner that you would in the selection of the structural material you plan in your profession, you will never have cause to ask, provided you do your whole duty, "Is marriage a failure?"

MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

Immortality and Science.

To the Editor:

Some writers in "The Evening World" defend agnosticism and call for it support Herbert Spencer and Robert Ingersoll. In a country like this, where philosophical culture is so rare, Spencer's name is a good one to conjure by, but on the Continent Spencer is considered for what he is worth, not for a scientist, for he never made any true scientific investigation, but for a superficial generalizer. Mr. Ingersoll's arguments are good enough for a mental mob, but not for cultured, thinking Americans. Immortality can be proved on the purest scientific grounds, and the following names of scientists of world-wide fame stand for those who want to hear of it: Prof. Cones, Prof. Sheffield, Prof. Langley—all three from the Smithsonian Institute, Washington; Prof. Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer; Camille Flammarion, Prof. Richet, of Paris, one of the world's able physicians; Prof. Lombroso, one of the greatest experts in insanity and a great physiologist, and last, but not least, the original investigator of psychic science, Prof. James, of Harvard. A great many more may be cited.

C. C. CROLLY, Pleasantville, N. Y.

A Hello Girl Talks Back.

To the Editor:

Being a "Hello Girl" myself, I would like to say a few words to "Willie." He calls us flirts. Well, perhaps we are not backward in "small flirtations," but we usually know what specimen we are dealing with. I should judge that "Willie" had been "called down" and put in his place by the same "Hello Girl." And as for the telephone girls not making good wives, let me tell "Willie" that all men are not of his opinion, for there are nine-tenths more marriages from the telephone ranks than from any other branch of business. As for emptying their pockets, the average young man who held those quiet conversations with the "Hello Girl" are those who sweep the offices, with a salary from $4 to $6 per week, which after paying their board bill and a small loan to some friend to help him out, would leave his pockets so emptied that he would have nothing to pay for "those drinks," even if he was an "Egyptian mummy." Thanking "Willie" for his high opinion, I sign myself

A BROOKLYN "HELLO GIRL."

The Peerless Seraphs of the South.

To the Editor:

Your correspondent, "Civil Engineer," wants to know "where to find a young lady worthy to become a wife." I will say to him: I have roamed the country over from Louisiana's sunny clime to Shasta's frozen peaks, and from California's golden shores to New York's Hell Gate, and interviewed thousands of enchanting mensubdued by whispering many fond words of affection into their porcelain ears. But for peerless seraphs, with rare beauty and accomplishments to adorn their many virtues, I will say: Young man, go South. There "sensible and educated men" can find worthy companions, who invariably make happy homes. "To Europe for a good wife," no never. "Blast their heyes," they are all "oschker speel."

A JUDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

Love Should Bring Reform.

To the Editor:

If "Jersey Heights" will resolve within her heart that the young man cannot win her until he stops drinking, and then will kindly but firmly act up to the resolution, she will unquestionably accomplish all the good that can possibly be done in his case. If there ever is a time when a young man will desert an evil habit for the love of a woman it is when he is trying to win her. She should be thoroughly independent and have no fear of making him jealous, for every young man knows that he has no right to a girl's true love while he cherishes any evil habits.

ART STUDENT.

Pleased to Be a Blonde.

To the Editor:

"John," of Brooklyn, writes he is warned by friends (?) not to marry the girl he loves, simply because she is a blonde. Now, my dear Mr. "John," don't you think perhaps your friends (?) who warn you might like the young lady for themselves? If such is not the case, I feel very sorry for your stupidity. What difference does it make in a girl whether she is blonde or brunette? Indeed, if I knew any man hesitated to marry me for any such foolish reason I certainly would treat him with the coldness he deserves, because I am perfectly pleased with myself as

A BLONDE, of New York.

Let Us Hear the End.

To the Editor:

Let me advise the young man signing himself "George" not to bother about his friend who has forfeited his friendship for one of fairer face. So long as you have "always done what is right by her" she is unworthy of affection such as yours. It is not beauty which makes happiness complete, but sincere affection from an honest heart. Trust to fate and if you are to get her, nothing on earth will prevent. Don't brood over "what might have been," but resign yourself to "what is." Let us hear through this interesting column of "The Evening World" how it ends.

EXPERIENCE.

The Clerk Kept the Change.

To the Editor:

Yesterday morning, about 1.45 o'clock, I was need of some English mustard, my child having cramps. I went to the drug store and asked for 10 cents' worth, paying with a 50-cent piece. The clerk said "Thank you." On asking for change he said the balance belonged to him for ringing him up, and he put me out of the store. I hope he may I have no doubt he'll be like R. W. C.

A WORKINGMAN.

Girls Up to the Times.

To the Editor:

I have been reading a number of letters of late in relation to typewriters, and would say that out of 150 girls that I know there are three typewriters, and with common sense they can discount the other 147. And a word in conclusion. I wish to say that it is part of the girl's position to be up to the times and quick-witted, as no man would tolerate a girl that acts as if she was preparing for the hereafter.

AL.

HOUSE AND HOME

Tussy Waist; Plain Skirt.

Everything goes on the bodice and nothing is left for the skirt but grace of motion to get it off. The idea is good, for with a light wrap an elaborate dress may be worn in the street and thrown

aside indoors, revealing a charming toilet. The fan trimming of hats and bonnets is now reproduced in dress trimming. Instead of tying a bow the loops and streamers are placed opposite.

To Serve Cold Beef.

Cut cold roast beef in slices, put gravy enough to cover them, and a wineglass of catsup or wine, or a lemon sliced thin; if you have not gravy, put hot water and a good bit of butter, with a teaspoonful of browned flour; put in a closely covered stew-pan, and let it simmer gently for half an hour. If you choose, when the meat is done, cut a leek in thin slices, and chop a bunch of parsley small, and add it; serve boiled or mashed potatoes with it. This is equal to beef a-la-mode.

Ready-Made Lingerie.

At the various counters and tables are to be seen above all modish corset covers in ever so many designs. Those of sheer nainsook and fine, soft muslin are very desirable. These are simply or elaborately trimmed, according to price, with Cluny, Medici, fine Hamburg, point de Paris and beautifully fine French Valenciennes, with entredeux and white and colored ribbon effects.

A pretty style which is comparatively new shows a V-shaped yoke back and front, made of strips of sheerest nainsook and finest French Valenciennes lace insertion an inch in width, laid in alternate rows. The front is rather full and is caught up at the shoulder with rosettes of narrow white ribbon. At the sleeves and the top of the yoke is a tiny edging to match the insertion, while there is a lace beading run through with ribbon between the insertion and the edging.

An ultra-fashionable cover shows an elaborately trimmed front composed entirely of finest Cluny lace inserting, with rows of beading between. Bertha effects, headings of lace beading and ribbons, and deep, fine Hamburg, Valenciennes and point de Paris laces between three and four inches wide are shown on other stylish covers.

Cream Cookies.

Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water, and add to one cup of sour cream. Cream one cup of butter with two of sugar, add two eggs beaten light, without reparting, and the sour cream. Mix smooth with three and one-half cups of flour. Have the mixture as soft as possible, roll out and cut very lightly. Bake in greased pans in a moderately quick oven.

To Fill Up Floor Cracks.

If your kitchen or any other floor that you do not wish to carpet shows unsightly cracks try the following receipt for them: One pound of flour, three quarts of water and a teaspoonful of alum and make a paste of them, cooking well together. After removing from the stove stir it into a lot of paper that is torn in small pieces and let it soak, stirring as much as you can. The paper should be stirred until it is all in a pulp and the mass is so thick that it is difficult to stir longer. Apply it to the cracks—be sure the floor is freshly cleaned first—and force it in, smoothing it off even with the surface. Leave it to dry thoroughly and you will find that it is more lasting and a great deal cheaper than putty. This can be painted right over as though it were wood.

The Luscious Watermelon.

Watermelon is rather too rich for a big dinner. As a finish for a poor dinner, it is just right. The tidiest way to serve the fruit is without the rind. Buy a large melon and divide it. Cut one half into slices about three inches thick; trim off all the green and white, fork out the seeds, and cut the red meat into cubes. Send to table in a glass dish or salad bowl, lined with crushed ice. This fruit should be ice-cold, blood-ripe and dripping like the honeycomb with sweetness. Use the rind to cover the remaining half, which will do for an introduction to breakfast.

If Born in July.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Thus will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

The Aeolian Harp.

If you wish to manufacture an aeolian harp at home here are some directions which I have culled. Take some wood a quarter inch thick and make a box the length of your window frame, five inches deep and seven inches wide. Now bore some holes in a circle near what will be the upper side of the back of the box. Put the box into your window and secure two bridges—just like fiddle bridges—one to each end, stretching across strings of fine catgut, with the help of strong screwing pins. Tune to one note. Then pull up your sash when the wind is making itself known, and the air passing over the strings and through the holes will produce very charming and unexpected sounds of music. Here is another and even more simple method. Take pieces of button-hole twist and thoroughly wax them; tie each end firmly to a peg and thrust the pegs down the crevices between the two sashes of your southern or western windows, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. This second and very uncomplicated device is the means of bringing you equally sweet sounds of music as the first. The early Greeks were the inventors of the aeolian harp, and there were few Athenian gardens without a tree among whose branches there was not not slung a harp fashioned in the way I have done my best to describe.

Strawberry Ice.

Mash two quarts of strawberries with two pounds of sugar and let the mixture st