

THE EVENING WORLD
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Over Half a Million.
DURING the five days when the Chicago 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.

Review of THE EVENING WORLD
Vigilant is acquainted with grief.
The Miranda sought and found an iceberg.
Now that the Senators are falling out, will Tariff Reform get its due?
How many lives has Vigilant? She has died nine deaths abroad.
Will they come to throwing inkstands in place of allegations in the Senate?
Aug. 1 is only a week away. But the tariff conference—where are they?
It looks as if the Sugar Trust might have much to fear yet from its friends.
Gov. Waite knows how it is with Mr. Gould's yacht. He, too, has struck a calm.
Doubtless China would be willing to let her retaliation on us fall short of the plague.
New York cranks have reason to be grateful that the Giants have got out of Boston.

Boas Platt opines that he has backbone enough even yet to keep a local ticket "straight."
It is settled that without a whole-sail breeze, Vigilant can do much less than a retail business.
Mr. Platt professes his entire willingness to do the rest, providing the people will cast the votes.
Proof that Gov. Tillman was not broken up is revealed in the fact that he has again broken out.
It is evident, even to the most casual reader of his speech, that Senator Gorman believed himself to be real mad.
"God knows we have trusts enough," says Senator Gorman. "More of 'em I think we have trusts too many; Senator. Why not join the majority?"
Mr. Croker and the Saratoga conference are hardly likely to report a disagreement. Harmony is their only trump card under present conditions.
The President is right—Senator Hill. The President's letter is infamous—Senator Gorman. And there is no doubt about where the people stand.
The New York and New Jersey bridge is not to have a walkover, though it will have two promenades. But it will get there, despite interested opposition.
Gorman's speech clinched it. Neither the House nor the President can now recede on a single point. And the speech was intemperate, enough so that it should bring back to reason some Eithero obdurate members of the upper chamber.
There seems to be a coincidence in the fact that while the Rapid Transit Commission is working for a tunnel the Manhattan "L" corporation should also be seeking to put rapid transit in a hole. However, the voters will show, at the coming election, where the difference lies.
Commissioner Andrews is going to inspect garbage crematories in Wilmington, Baltimore, Boston and other cities before offering suggestions for New York. Haven't it been true long enough that New York could probably take lessons in municipal progress from most of the smaller cities of the country? Garbage crematories, police patrol wagons, park approach driveways, public

bathe—these advantages we find in cities that would use up only as wards or precincts as compared with the metropolis. But New York is compelled to go along in the old ruts, dumping its garbage in noisome heaps, or sending it out to be cast back again by the waters; having its prisoners dragged to police stations by hand; seeing the finest street leads to its greatest streets given up to noisy truckage and even threatened by a street railway monopoly. Is all this gratifying, or satisfying to the New Yorker who loves New York?

THE TARIFF CRISIS.
Senator Gorman labors under a disadvantage in the assault he has thought proper to make on President Cleveland. The people know that the President is right, and that all he says is truth. They know that Senator Gorman is wrong, that his action and that of his few associates cannot be justified; that it is in direct conflict with the principles of Democracy, the rules of political organization and the interests of the country.
Senator Gorman's speech, while masked in personal denunciation of the President for some supposed duplicity practiced towards the Senators in regard to Mr. Cleveland's opinion of compromise, is in reality an attempt to excuse or to justify the obstructive course of those Democratic Senators who have stood out in stubborn and self-interested opposition to the Democratic Administration, the Democratic House of Representatives, the Democratic majority in the Senate and the Democratic party on the tariff question.
Taking advantage of the Democratic necessity, three Senators combine to protect the obstructive interests, to accomplish this they reverse the principle of tariff reform to which the Democracy is pledged, change the character of the Tariff bill as it came from the House, and then declare that the bill as they have transformed it must be accepted as a Democratic Tariff bill or the country must remain under McKinley protection for corporations, trusts and monopolies.
Three Democratic Senators stand up in opposition to forty of their Democratic associates, to the overwhelming Democratic majority of the House of Representatives, to the Democratic President and the Democratic Secretary of the Treasury, and say: "We will confer, but you must yield what we demand or we will defeat your Tariff bill."
This is in plain truth the position occupied by Senator Gorman and his associates. The Maryland Senator, under the influence of past disappointments and present jealousy, may rail at President Cleveland as savagely as he pleases, but the people know the facts to be as we have stated them, and all Mr. Gorman's special pleadings cannot deceive or mislead them. It is plain to see on whom the onus of the party and the country will fall.

IN ENGLISH WATERS.
Once again Vigilant has fallen a victim to the uncertain and English weather. Once again she has romped away from the English Britannia under a fair wind was blowing, and once again she has been left behind at the finish through becoming becalmed in the last "leg" of a race. Yesterday's race between the Britannia and the Monitor Yacht Club's Cup, and the story is told in a few words—Everywhere it is admitted that Vigilant showed herself far away the superior of Britannia in this day's racing, but "a fluke gave Britannia the victory."
The Englishmen seem to build their boats for the wind, for the day of the racing time unlimited make sure of creeping in ahead some time or another and so winning a race.
A GOOD RIDDANCE.
A proposition to abolish the office of Coroner has been made in the Constitutional Convention, and meets with favor in that body, as, indeed, it does generally throughout the State.
It has long been evident that the office of Coroner is not only unnecessary, but productive of evil. Legal and not medical qualification is needed in proceedings which are mainly judicial and in which the technical rules of evidence are to be observed, while any medical information or judgment that may be required may be obtained through expert professional witnesses.
The political leaders will object to the abolition of the Coroner's office because it cuts off a certain amount of patronage. To oppose all such economical reforms, but the proposition ought to prevail nevertheless, the more so because the scandals of the office are mainly due to the fact that it is treated as a political spoils.

THE REFLEX ACTION OF REVENGE.
Revenge is sweet. So they say. Patrick Byrne thought so, tried it and found that it was not so sweet. When he saw his peers and some other folks have cracked it up to be. But he has discovered also that like the cup that cheers it has an aftertaste which is not all rosy and joyous.
Patrick and his wife, Catherine, separated last week ago. She went about keeping boarders; he went about his business and saved a little money. Having something like \$1,000 in his wallet he determined to take a trip to Ireland, but before going he thought he would make his wife Byrne feel bad. So he took a bill looked like a five dollar bill, and he looked like. Then he folded them up, laughed glibly and said good day.
Later he was before the bar of the Jefferson Market Police Court, and the Justice decreed that he had to pay Mrs. Byrne \$250 a week for her support. Then Mrs. Byrne laughed. She thought that revenge is sweet, and she can afford to keep on thinking so. Patrick, though, has changed his mind. After a while he will be changing his \$1,000 bill to pay Mrs. Byrne her alimony. He is not laughing now.
WORLDLINGS.
The Emperor William's new song will be published in October. Among the other royal composers are the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince Bismarck, Frederick the Great and two Austrian Emperors.
Egypian cotton to the value of \$2,000,000 was used in the United States last year. Ten years ago no cotton was imported from Egypt.
Manufacture produces more than 2,000,000 tons of coal a year, and the amount of the product is increasing.
When a man marries in Abyssinia his house and all its contents become his wife's, and she chooses to turn him out of it he has no recourse.
The chief maritime cities of the United States in their order of importance are New York, Boston, New Orleans and Baltimore.

CURED BY A RELIC? BEATEN BY TOUGHS. CHARITY'S BIG ARMY.
Wonderful Recovery of Little Valentine Gebel.
Able to Walk After Visiting St. Jean Baptiste Church.
One Stole Mrs. Cartonnelli's Dog and Then Kicked Her.
When Arrested He Was Rescued by His Companions.
Many Little Entertainers Enlisted in the Good Cause.
The Subscriptions.

Policeman George Reide, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, is lying at his home suffering from three broken ribs, a broken arm and collar-bone, and Policeman O'Brien, of the same station, was bitten in the hand while with Reide he was trying to arrest three tough-looking men at the corner of Broadway and First street and First avenue at 8 o'clock last night.
The prisoners are James Heany, twenty-two years old, of 22 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street; James Dempsey, twenty-three years old, of 22 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street, and John Healy, twenty-four years old, of 41 East One Hundred and Ninth street.
Last evening while Mrs. Mary Cartonnelli was walking along One Hundred and Ninth street, near First avenue, with her pet dog Heany caught the dog and started to walk away. Mrs. Cartonnelli followed him and tried to take her pet from Heany.
In the struggle that followed the woman was either knocked down or fell. At any rate she said that while lying on the sidewalk Heany kicked her several times. Policeman O'Brien ran after Heany and arrested him.
Dempsey and Reide again interfered. Just then Reide and Dempsey came along and tore Heany from a saloon near the river and hid in the cellar. Heany broke loose a second time, and brought his prisoner out again.
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NO PANIC IN THIS TENEMENT.
Forty Families Make Orderly Exit from a Burning House.
About \$6,000 Damage by Fire in the Produce District.

MEANT TO FIGHT REGULARS.
But More Soldiers Arrived, and Pond Creek Men Surrendered.
WICHITA, Kan., July 21.—A special from Pond Creek states that nearly 200 of the citizens have been arrested for firing on the soldiers.

HOTEL MEN DESPERATE.
They Discuss the Expediency of Sinking Garbage Sewers.
ARVERNE, L. I., July 21.—There is a movement afoot among the hotel-keepers hereabouts to organize a patrol service, with the view of sinking every way which leads to the beach, and the sewage that dumps his insidious freight into the sea.

SAM CAMPBELL DEMURS.
His Plea of Not Guilty Withdrawn by Lawyer House.
Fred B. House, of Friend & House, counsel for ex-Ward Man Samuel Campbell, indicated for receiving protection money from Joseph Bonaparte, President of the Holston Lodge, Peabody Association, appeared in Part I. of the Court of General Sessions this morning and withdrew the plea of not guilty and demurred to the indictment on technical grounds.

Relief of a Sea Disaster.
The steamer Chateau Laite, Capt. Chabot, which arrived last night from Bordeaux with merchandise and thirty steerage passengers, was wrecked on July 22 in latitude 48° 50' longitude 50° 30' upon a vessel about seaward of the coast of Brittany. The vessel was a white schooner, apparently a fishing smack. One quarter of a mile to seaward a water-cask was seen.

It Contributes \$12,109.07 to the Sick Babies' Fund.
And the Big Vaudeville Festival at Rockaway is to Come.
Many Little Entertainers Enlisted in the Good Cause.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes subscriptions from Mrs. M. J. Carter, Mrs. J. M. Carter, etc.

Notwithstanding the hard times there are several successes up on the "face of triumph," and the biggest is the Sick Babies' Fund. It has been all the more nothing in the broad, sweet fields of home missionary work to compare with it.

Minstrel, Singers and Dancers.
A most enjoyable entertainment for the Sick Babies' Fund was given by Miss Fannie Pennell and her troupe of singers and dancers at the ball at 125 East Seventh street last Friday.

Colored Fats and Cake Walks.
To the Editor:
I am a colored man; a gentleman I try to be. I am a porter on the Elevated, Third Avenue line. Since these porters on the "L" have advertised about their cake walk I am bothered mostly to death by people asking foolish questions about the cake walk.

How Can You Tell One?
To the Editor:
"Mergerie," who takes exception to "John's" advisers on the question of blonde mentions "chemical" hair. I rather like blonde myself. I am afraid of chemical display in a "blonde" hair. It is a matter of fact that there is an understanding between the street and her admirer or else the admirer in question has the effrontery of a book agent, he can't say: "Let's see the roots of your hair."

Three Little Brooklyn Girls.
To the Editor:
Three little girls of Brooklyn, Ida C. Adams, eleven years old, 118 Bushwick avenue; Annie B. Cook, ten years, of 118 Bushwick avenue; and Carrie E. Richards, seven, of 118 Bushwick avenue, held a fair for the benefit of the poor.

Can Never Get to the Point.
To the Editor:
I am a young man of twenty years, and I generally talk to a young lady of about the same age. I can never get to the point, so that I can find out if she really loves me. Can you tell me how to get to the point? I have written her for seven months, and last night as I was out with her and coming home she would not speak to me. All that she said was "good night" and "I have to go to bed."

LETTERS.
"Hisby's" Heart in the Balance.
To the Editor:
I am a young lady, aged nineteen; family considered to be wealthy, and being the only child, I am of course the pet of my mother. I have known a young man for about four years, and I love him with my whole heart, having seen him mostly outside my folks objecting to me receiving company up to about six months ago, when one of my parents brought a young man to the house, telling me that I had to accept his company to theatre, &c. Of course, I objected at first, but seeing that I could receive my other young man at my house by granting my folks' request, I have accepted this man's company to theatre places. He has also taken me driving, &c., being considered to be worth a little money. He is about thirty years of age, and a divorced man. The young man that I care for objects to me going out with him, saying that a divorced man is no company for a young lady. We have had words on this subject, and now he does not call, although I would like him to do more than any one else in the world. My folks also object to my seeing him, saying that he is a bad man, and only recently. He receives a salary of \$1,200 a year, is a salesman and is steady in every way. Would some of your readers advise me as to what to do, being unable to stand this suspense? G. M. R. D.

English vs. American.
The many letters which have appeared in your paper for the last month, making many bitter comparisons between the two countries, to the disadvantage of England, have caused me to wonder at the acrimonious display of feeling and I, with many others who have discussed the matter, have come to the conclusion that the parties should themselves "Americanize." "Little Sam," &c., have not had the advantage of travelling to see the country and its institutions they condemn, or are hybrid Englishmen who have committed some criminal act in their own country, and have been compelled to cross the ocean for "the good of their health," and dare not return to it, and, therefore, show their mean spite, to ease their conscience and show their independence against a country which will have nothing to do with them. These are the only solutions any man who has travelled can possibly find for so bitter a jealousy against a country where 100 million passengers on the Paris, sailing yesterday, have gone to enjoy the comforts of English society and scenery. SCOTCHIE.

The Sparrows' Claim Chowder.
To the Editor:
Did any of your readers go up to Central Park for the intention of playing ball, and to their disappointment find the ball grounds closed? Why do they keep the ball grounds closed two and three weeks at a time? If you go to the croquet grounds to have a catch, you will have the "sparrows" hop after you. If you may anything about the ball grounds being closed, you will see at once that you are to go home. They have a fine time fishing with nurse girls, chasing kids, rushing the grocer and "basking" everybody who asks them a kind question. They have the "sparrows" hop after you. They have the "sparrows" hop after you. They have the "sparrows" hop after you.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles.
Take perfectly ripe cucumbers, peel, extract the seeds, cut lengthwise, then once across and steam until quite tender, or else soak in salt and water for twenty-four hours, and drain; then soak in vinegar and water, half and half, for another twenty-four hours, drain and put in a jar. Boil one quart of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, a stick of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of cloves together, and pour it over when boiling. Then cover the jar with a saucer. Every second day for two weeks pour this off the cucumbers and boil up again, pouring it back over them in the same manner. Plum, watermelon rind, crab apples, grapes, tomatoes, pears, pineapple, quince, peaches, strawberries, beetroot and rhubarb may be treated in the same manner. Sweet pickles, of course, are intended to be served with cold meats. HOP.

Pots and Pans in Paris.
Every dish used in a public restaurant in Paris, either in the kitchen or the table; every pot, pan and utensil in the bakeries and every beer faucet in the wine shop—in short, everything used in preparing or serving foods, is under the care of the inspector. The law forbids the use of lead, zinc and galvanized iron in the making of cooking vessels. It orders that all copper vessels be tinned and kept in good condition. It directs that pottery which is covered with a glaze containing enough oxide of lead to yield to a feeble acid be seized. It orders that tin cans never be soldered on the inside with lead, and that the materials used in their manufacture be conformed to a certain standard. It is the inspector's business to look after these things.

Her Silken Petticoat.
The silk petticoat has become an article of attire, and is one of the most valuable and most useful articles of the wardrobe. It is made of a fine, soft fabric, and is worn under the dress. It is a necessary part of a woman's wardrobe, and is worn by all who care for their appearance. It is a simple, yet elegant, and comfortable garment, and is worn by all who care for their appearance.

Travelling Hats.
According to English fancy a travelling hat cannot be too simple. Two shapes that never lose favor are the sailor and toques. The sailor belongs to the Summer season. One desirable

