The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 6a to 62 PARK ROW, New York.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1894.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(including postage):
PER MONTH..... 30c
PER YEAR..... $3.50

Vol. 33.....No. 12,051

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave at 22d st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—369 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Inquirer Office, 929 Chestnut st.
WASHINGTON—702 14th st.

JULY, 1894.

BROKE ALL RECORDS IN NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

471,740

WORLDS per day was the average for July, 1894.

July, 1894 - - 471,740 per day
July, 1893 - - 393,033 per day
Gain in 1 year 78,707 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.

While Goff is away, does the pantata play?

Congress never had a better time to adjourn.

The Sugar Trust gets very little bitter with its sweet.

President Cleveland, like the tariff reform cause, is resting.

The Sandy Hook gun-testers are almost too willing to shell out.

Mr. Harrison has gone fishing. Is he saving any of his bait for '96?

Of course, the Pullman strike investigation may improve as it grows older.

August days like these are extremely good for New York's climatic reputation.

How near will the police inquiry come to some big officials without hitting them?

New York may well go into sackcloth if its garbage is not presently turned into ashes.

Some good things come slowly. Others don't come. Vide, police patrol wagons in New York.

Morton has started for home. But Fassett thinks he has started for the Governorship.

It must be admitted that the police trials are a trifle bad for symptoms like Capt. Devery's.

Long Island City is fighting a good fight against the Long Island Railroad's soft coal smoke.

It will be good riddance to particularly bad rubbish when New York's garbage is burned.

If a city like New York can't be trusted to govern itself, to what is a city like New York to be likened?

Mr. Croker should be encouraged to run for Mayor, if only to settle the Where-did-he-get-it issue.

There being no wind in Mars, it goes without saying that the United States Senate would perish there.

Campania has to look backward to see all the Atlantic ocean records now. She's clean ahead of the lot.

Times change, but the Cabinet at Washington will probably not change with them, despite Madame Rumor.

Gov. Flower comes out strong on bugs in talking to the Grangers. Yet he could not see even flies on Brockway.

Some of the best work done at the Constitutional Convention will be accomplished in the line of letting the Constitution alone.

Several attempts have been made to move the National Capital, but the Fifty-third Congress has come the nearest of any force in years to giving it a stir.

Rhoda Sanford says she lied to Goff to save the police captains. Her distribution of untruths seems now to have been a sort of waste of raw material.

The release of Emma Goldman from Blackwell's Island, accompanied by the release of her tongue, raises the question whether anything was gained by sending her to prison.

Fresh deep spots were discovered on the sun's face yesterday. They were new wrinkles of care. Old Sol has been discovering how the Trusts are neutralizing his efforts to cheer our days on earth.

The Republicans are going to make the greatest effort of their lives to prevent the re-election of Mr. Wilson to Congress from the Second West Virginia District. There is every reason why the advocates of protection of bounties, of subsidies and of grabs should spare no effort to obstruct the work of tariff reform with which Mr. Wilson is so prominently identified, but as long as they can count on the support of Gorman and Brice in the Senate they need not worry about a Congressional district in West Virginia.

PULLMAN AND BELLAMY.

The Commission appointed by the President to find out all about the Pullman strike has commenced briskly, and promises to find out not ony all about the Pullman strike, but all about everything else. It has permitted itself to listen to the views, theories and suggestions of the most eminent political economists, sociologists and savants of Chicago, and it is needless to say that these experts have contributed information with a kindness which knows no bounds. If the Commission can only remain in session three or four thousand years it will have a chance of knowing as much about the Pullman strike and other things as is known by the Chicago philosophers.

Without waiting for the full evidence which is to be expected when the philosophers have finished talking we may interject a suggestion that the expert who proposed Bellamyism as a remedy for Pullmanism was off his base.

Pullman's town is not exactly Bellamy's town, but it is as near an approach to it as the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see. The main difference between them consists chiefly in that wide margin which always divides theory from practice, and contrasts the hard facts of real life with the pleasant visions of dreamland.

The spectacle of a grave Commission, representing the authority of the Government of the United States, soberly listening to a Chicago philosopher who suggests the adoption of Bellamyism as a remedy for Pullmanism turns a sad story into "a cause of innocent merriment," and relieves us of all apprehension as to any harsh feeling growing out of the investigation. The worst that can come from it will be a new comic opera.

IN TIME OF SAFETY, PREPARE.

Europe again has an anxious eye on points where cholera has made its appearance. Austria is disquieted. Some of her soldiers of the Cracow garrison have been prostrated by the disease at Bielitz. In Holland, cases of cholera are reported in several cities and districts. St. Petersburg and other Russian places are experiencing severe attacks from the plague. Emperor William has countermanded the orders for army manoeuvres in East Prussia, owing to the threatenings of cholera. And finally, a fatal case of the dread disease has been reported at Battersea, a part of London.

All this is of vital interest to the United States. It is now late in the Summer, and, as not even a suspicious case has thus far made its appearance on this side, it is possible, and also probable, that we shall escape a visitation for this season. Nevertheless, the watch at all points where the plague might force its entrance is to be kept up vigilantly. And the country must be on guard not alone for the balance of this season, but just as sharply for next Summer. It is not too early to impress the importance of having all precautionary measures in full force when the coming Winter closes.

Cholera germs have a great capacity in the way of lying dormant during the cold months and springing into full life with the coming of warmer weather. It will be the duty of the quarantine and sanitary authorities of the country, at all ports of entry, to keep a sharp eye on the European danger points now and upon what comes from them next Spring and Summer.

THE NEW RECORD.

America's admiration for the Campania's ocean-breaking record is not at all lessened by the reflection that the Campania is the product of British brains, skill and capital, and that her rich earnings go into British pockets. We do not follow English example in grudging praise to a successful rival, and the latest triumph of English shipbuilding is admired as heartily in New York as in Liverpool.

The Campania is the fastest steamer that crosses the ocean, and the fastest steamer is the safest. There is a general impression that the great speed of modern vessels is dangerous. The truth is that in order to attain this great speed the vessel must be so strongly constructed and so perfectly designed as to reduce every element of danger to a minimum. The only possible danger to such a vessel as the Campania is a collision, which would be equally dangerous to any other vessel; all other possibilities of disaster have been practically abolished.

The new time record fixes the future of the ocean ferry. These steamers are built chiefly for the use of Americans. Now that it has been proved that the American who has no time to lose can breakfast in Queenstown on Sunday and take his dinner in New York on Friday, we shall expect to see this made the regular time for future competitors for our custom.

During a recent session of the French Senate Senator Floquet, who was in the tribune, was suddenly stricken with aphasia, and remained silent for nearly a minute. There have been several occasions recently when the appearance of an epidemic of aphasia in the Senate of the United States would have been hailed by the public as a grateful boon. There are one or two of our Senators who would be more popular if, like the New York Congressman whose "whole system was filled with insomnia," they could fill their systems with aphasia.

Washington City in Summer is always a hot and trying place of residence; the present Summer has been, if anything, hotter than usual; the work of legislation has been annoying and disappointing, and it is small wonder that the President is sick. The wonder is that sickness is not more prevalent among the Congressmen and Senators who have had to endure the vitiated atmosphere of the Capitol, the irregular hours and other hard conditions of a session which ought to end.

Festival at Schweizen Park.

This twentieth annual festival of the Plattdeutsche Volksfest-Verein will begin to-morrow and continue four days at Schweizen Park, Union Hill, N. J. The organization is one of the best known of its kind in the city. Games have been arranged for the entertainment of the excursionists and every convenience provided for their comfort.

Charles Miller Is Missing.

Mrs. Charles Miller, of 31 Washington street, called at Police Headquarters this morning and had a general alarm sent out for her husband, who has been missing since 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Miller was employed as a runner for an employment bureau in Greenwich street. Mrs. Miller fears an accident has befallen him. She is left destitute with two little children.

THE LONDON STAGE.

Lillian Russell's Singers to Rehearse on a Special Train.

Sylvia Grey Joins the Number of Theatrical Jewel-Losers.

Amusement Circle of the English Metropolis to Be Enlarged.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by the Associated Press.)

LONDON, Aug. 18.—As expected, Lady Henry Somerset's attack upon the so-called "living pictures" has spread the craze for that sort of thing, and tableau vivants of all descriptions and of the most unblushing nature are to be seen even in the suburban halls.

The perennial farce, "Hot Water," was revived on Wednesday last and served to fill the Criterion nightly. George Hawtrey assumes the role associated with Charles Wyndham twenty years ago.

At the Gaiety there has been this week a not over successful revival of "Jack Sheppard." But the traditions of Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie were too strong for the newcomers.

Lillian Russell's rehearsals of "The Queen of Brilliants" are being pushed actively, and the prompter and accompanist have gone to Queenstown in a "special saloon carriage," with a piano, to meet the Aurania and bring the singers expected to arrive on her to London. Rehearsals will take place in the special cars while en route from Queenstown to Dublin, and while travelling between Holyhead and London. Mme. Amadi has been engaged in the place of Laura Joyce.

Solomon, the composer, is following in the footsteps of Corney Grain and George Grossmith and starts his own show in the Autumn, doing monologues and duologues with George Hawtrey.

The theatrical centre of London has long been as distinctly restricted as is the political centre of London. Between St. James street and the Law Courts are situated all the theatres that count for anything save the Court and Princess's. The Grand, at Islington, is considered in the provinces, the Elephant and Castle and Surrey are "over the water," the Britannia and the Pavilion are in that terra incognita, the East End.

But all this is to be changed. Before the year is out two theatres, now building, will open. Plans of another are in the architect's office. These three are going to produce plays of the first class, and serve the people in the quarter where they live. The Brixton Theatre, the walls of which are now ready for the roof, will seat 2,500 people, and is to be opened by Henry Irving, Dec. 1, with "The Bells." The second week will probably be given up to "Olivia." Irving is to be followed by the Kendals for two weeks, and they will be succeeded by a pantomime for the usual run. Prices will be somewhat lower than on the Middlesex side of the Thames.

The Camberwell Theatre, which will open at the end of September, will seat about 2,500 persons, and a theatre of similar size is to be begun at once in Kensington.

The Japano-Chinese war has already been heard of in theatreland. Charles Lauri has invented a "fantastical, demoniacal Japanese pantomime," which is announced at the Paragon Music Hall.

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" will soon be seen at Toole's Theatre, produced by an American company under the management of Mr. William Terriss.

That old stand-by of the weary funny man paragrapher—an actress's diamonds—has bobbed up serenely once more. Sylvia Grey, Mrs. Fenwick, the charming Gaiety dancer, when she returned from her honeymoon the other day, found that two of her servants had levanted to the United States with the proceeds of $4,000 worth of Sylvia's jewelry, mainly diamond rings and brooches, and all of them tributes that her twinkling feet had won from the front row. The jewelry was pawned; a suit has been begun for its recovery, and the law's lazy hands are now stretched out to capture the thieves.

Every little while some Polonius of the Press slips behind the curtain and discovers something marvellous in the lives of the people of playland. We are now told that Mr. George R. Sims before he learned the art of play-writing studied carpentering and construction in a wholesale furniture shop. Albert Chevalier, the "costers' laureate," was brought up with the idea of becoming a Catholic priest, it seems.

The production of the new piece at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in which George Grossmith is to have a part, will prevent that gentleman's return to the American amusement platform until 1896.

A Berlin publishing house has just introduced a new idea in the sale of songs, sonates and smyphonies by weight. The price is about 25 cents per pound. Piano music, whether for two or four hands, is a little more costly, and symphonies are priced at 50 cents per pound. The system does not admit of discount.

Another novel idea has come from Paris. The manager of the Theatre Dejazet announces that one hundred seats will be given gratis to the first hundred people who present themselves at the doors of his house at every performance of "La Villa Beaumigard." It is expected that rather than return home most of those from a distance remain and pay.

Tolstoi has written an operatic libretto with a moral entitled "The Distiller," the object being to cure the Russian peasant of his fondness for vodki and other forms of ardent spirits. Madame Sierova set the work to music, but it has failed in its object from a very simple cause—the Russian moujik does not spend his time at the opera.

Theosophy seems to have stepped into the shoes of the more or less defunct fad of spiritualism, or, more properly, spiritism. It is not strange, therefore, to find that the amusement stage should discover in theosophy a tempting subject for satire. J. N. Maskelyne, the father of so much mystery, has had a go at the Mahatmas. The Theosophists, recently, have been almost torn in two over the origin of Mme. Blavatsky's post-mortem letters—the "Messages from the Mahatmas." Thereupon, Mr. Maskelyne invented for the stage of Egyptian Hall an act which he entitles "Modern Witchery."

In this skit Prof. Zoorooster and the Countess Blarni conspire to hoodwink Mrs. Martha Toogood, a "woman with a mission," and her henpecked husband into joining the Theosophical Brotherhood. Mrs. Toogood is persuaded by the "Miracles of Lh'asa." This startling illusion consists of the levitation of an Oriental attendant, bound to a plank, which is placed on the backs of chairs. The attendant and the plank rise a foot in the air in sight of the audience and remain suspended after the chairs are removed. This is done in the brightest of lights and without the mirrors formerly used in such illusions.

At the finish the Master Mahatma, "Koot Hoomi," "materializes" in extraordinary fashion, from bluish vapor, and informs Mrs. Toogood that, previously, she had been Joan of Arc in a former incarnation, and that in the future she shall be called "Anna Bel," and devote herself to reuniting the Brahmins, Parsees, Mahometans and Buddhists into one great nation that, with the help of Russia, shall cage the British Lion for all time.

During the Autumn London is threatened with a dose of Australian plays. Alfred Dampier, an Anglo-Australian actor-manager, is on his way to London with ten plays "made in Australia," the principal one of which is a dramatization of Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms." This piece has been played over 400 times in Australia, and will be the first Australian play seen here, written by a dramatist who has not derived his Australian knowledge from books and papers. Mr. Dampier, although he has been on the Colonial stage since 1872, is an old English actor, and a footlights comrade, in their younger days, of Henry Irving.

DEPARTURES FOR EUROPE.

The Approach of Autumn Does Not Affect Ocean Travel.

Five Big Liners Sail To-Day with Full Passenger Lists.

As Autumn draws near, there seems to be very little falling off in the number of passengers bound for Europe. All the transatlantic steamers which sailed to-day had full cabin lists.

The Anchor liner Furnessia sailed for Glasgow with the following persons in her saloon:

Mrs. Samuel Barclay, James Barclay, Mrs. W. J. Brown, the Rev. Mr. Bixler, T. H. Bunch, Miss Margaret R. Campbell, Miss R. D. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Coltridge, Mrs. Francis Kellogg Curtis, Thomas P. Curtis, Mrs. John M. Carey, Andrew Clement, Miss Clement, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Garvin, Dr. A. E. Gallant, Frank Gardner, John Graham, Miss Lydia Graham, Mrs. James Heaney, Spencer Heaney, Mrs. Johnstone, Joseph Kingsland, Miss Marion J. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Murphy, Dr. Jack Mantell, S. W. Meller, E. L. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. William Riddle, Alexander E. Riach, Miss A. M. Reynolds, James A. Rae, Miss Emma Shand, Miss Ida Souter, Miss Sinclair, Robert Sneaton, Robert Sneaton, Jr., Mrs. C. B. Skipwith, Miss Julia H. Tompkins.

On board La Champagne for Havre were:

Alfred Adler, Carlos Alfert, Mrs. Auerbach, Mr. Alfare, Brother Alfred, Mr. Baez, Mrs. E. Blanpain, Miss Mathilde Blanpain, Dr. E. H. Bradford, Miss F. Briard, Juan A. Castresana, Mrs. E. Sturges Curren, Master Curren, Adrian Collado, Dr. Ernesto Capriles, Miss Tiucrese Comentant, the Rev. P. Carrasco, Brother Cassier, Miss Adelaide Dickinson, David L. Dodge, Mrs. E. M. Dowling, Mrs. M. T. Destribats, Mr. Delprade, Mrs. Delprade, Jed Frye, G. Fernandez, Miss J. Fernandez, Miss Louisa Fernandez, Miss F. Fernandez, E. de Grancer, R. Gonzales, Rev. and Mrs. Percy Gordon, George Gordon, Gonzalez Gelpi, Miss Marie Gazaix, E. Gazaix, Sir Augustus and Lady Harris, Miss Harris, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Howe, Mrs. Healy, Nallery, d'Herbigny, Mrs. H. Hillhouse, Miss Adelaide Hillhouse, Miss Claire A. Huxley, Forbes J. Hennessy, William Dunbar Jewett, Miss Sibyl Kaya, Mrs. M. Londerback, Miss Londerback, J. E. Livay, Mrs. E. L. Letang, B. Lassere, Miss Jeanne Mitchell, Charles L. Nichols, Dr. F. Acosta Ortiz, Louis Plack, Santiago Riera, Mr. Leonie Rebiel, Ricardo Sanchez, Mrs. Ricardo Sanchez.

The following voyagers were among those booked for Liverpool on board the Etruria:

Bloch Aine, John W. Arctander, Mrs. Armstrong, T. O. Anderson, Capt. P. A. Bainbridge, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Bair, Miss Mabel Bait, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Blaine, John Ten Bosch, George V. N. Baldwin, His Excellency Gen. Barrios, Minister Plenipotentiary of Nicaragua to Great Britain; the Rev. George Clay, Samuel H. Cohen, the Rev. J. Clancy, P. Campbell, Robert Campbell, Miss Mary D. Campbell, D. N. Crowley, Prof. Albert S. Cook, L. H. Dodge, Dr. and Mrs. S. C. De Veny, Miss Mary De Veny, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Downey, Ralph B. Flake, Miss Maude Flake, Charles Fischel, Mr. and Mrs. John Farren, Dr. John A. Farren, Dr. and Mrs. James Goodwillie, Moses B. I. Goddard, S. M. Graham, Henry J. Gjertsen, Charles Goble, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hurlbut, Mrs. John Napier, W. E. Napier, H. J. Nicholls.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II., for Southampton and Bremen, carried away:

Mr. and Mrs. George Breckelman, F. C. Bates, Mrs. J. E. Bates, L. Bernstein, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Curtin, Mrs. J. M. Currier, Miss Lucy Currier, Francis G. Carr, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. D. Durnford, Mrs. Joseph Gerardi, Miss Estelle Gerardi, Thomas W. Howard, United States Vice-Consul at Montevideo; Mrs. Thomas W. Howard, Miss Maria C. Howard, Miss Pilar Howard, Miss Mena Hemala, Miss Minor, R. W. McClelland, Miss Emilia Matthes, George H. Overbeck, John Overbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Russell, Miss Russell.

On the Oldam, for Rotterdam, the saloon list included:

Miss H. Bain, H. de de Boers, Miss Fannie E. Cobb, Philip Coffee, Jacob Coffee, Lucien Ceudrier, Louis Cerf, Rudolph Dreher, Jules Dorp, Miss Eva Fried, P. Van Gerrevink, A. A. Gevers, Charles Burton Gulick, Paul Frederick Hoffman, Mrs. Louise Ita, Miss Ritta Ita, Miss Clotilde Ita, Lionel Ita, Dr. Robert C. James, Miss Rina Kaser, G. Kichlhoefer, Mrs. Joseph Lang, J. McElhinney, Mrs. B. Moser, Miss C. C. Mase, Miss M. Nelson, Mrs. Elizabetha Noble, Miss A. Falue, Dr. Ransom J. Parker, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Pilmpton, Joseph Rapp, Miss Pauline Rapp, H. Regue, Miss H. H. Sedgwick, Miss R. Sedgwick, Adolph Simis, Miss Rosine Stehle, Dr. Robert Watts, Albert Wilson.

LA TOURAINE'S FAST TRIP.

She Makes the Voyage from Havre Within Seven Days.

The French liner La Touraine, Commander Santelli, arrived this morning from Havre after a remarkably good run. The time of passage was just a trifle less than seven days. She experienced fine weather throughout the passage.

Among her passengers were: P. V. Camors and E. M. Lefebre, both of New Orleans; A. E. Clarke, W. J. Le Moyne, the actor; J. Morgan, Frank R. Pearey, of Minneapolis; Baron Rosenkrantz, Baron Thomson, Robert Taber and Mrs. Taber, better known as Julia Marlowe, the actress.

Just previous to the sailing of the La Touraine at Havre her stewards struck. They were all discharged and an entirely new corps of stewards took the strikers' places.

Funeral of Artist Inness.

The body of George Inness, the artist, who recently died in Scotland, is expected to arrive from Glasgow on the Anchoria to-morrow. The steamer will be met at Quarantine by Mr. Inness's son on Monday the remains will be taken to the Academy of Design, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York, where they will lie in state until Thursday. On that day funeral services will be held. The body will then be taken to Montclair, N. J. The interment will be in Rosedale Cemetery at Orange.

It Would Suit the Husband.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"We are getting up a concert for the benefit of the church. Won't you take tickets?"

Mrs. Sharpe—"My husband refuses to go any place where there is to be music."

"How lucky; this is just the kind of an entertainment he will enjoy."

A "DEATH-MARKED" CHILD.

Strange Daily Transformation in a Three-Month-Old's Body.

The Mother Brought to Court on Charges of Neglect.

Agent King, of the Gerry Society, brought a peculiar case to the attention of Justice Ryan, in the Tombs Police Court, to-day. He had as a prisoner Tonetti Cifir, twenty-three years old, of 229 Mott street, whom he charged with failing to provide proper treatment for her three-months-old boy.

The child came to court with its mother, and even the oldest court officers turned their heads in disgust when his features were exposed to view.

The child's face looked like that of a dead person. It was emaciated and the white skin lay in folds over the small bones on the face. The body was also covered with loose flesh.

According to the story of the mother, the child is what is known as "death-marked." She says she witnessed a death just previous to its birth, and that is the only way she can account for its appearance. During the day there is much more life in the body than at morning or night.

When the child was brought to court this morning it was with difficulty that its breathing could be heard. By 10 o'clock, however, it had livened up and could cry so it could be heard at a distance of five feet.

Agent King first saw the child last Wednesday morning, at its home. He saw no one there but an old woman. At first she denied there was a child there, but in a few moments she went over to a corner of the room and picked up the baby and held it up by the legs. He ordered her to procure medical attention at once. This order was not heeded.

Justice Ryan discharged the woman, with instructions to go at once and procure a doctor. If the child dies, the Judge informed her, she would be held responsible.

Mrs. Cifir promised to do this. The child's father, Pocillio, is a bootblack, and a strong, ruddy man, while the mother is a large and healthy-looking woman.

DRUGS CHANGED HIS COLOR.

Medicine for Rheumatism Likely to Kill a Negro.

(By Associated Press.)

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 18.—Edward Points, the colored man who created a sensation some months ago by a sudden change in his complexion, is now in a precarious condition. According to the statement made by Points, he has been taking for a long time a preparation put up by some patent medicine house for rheumatism.

His skin commenced turning white in spots and the cuticle on several portions of his body was entirely removed. He was removed to the County Infirmary, and the attending surgeon stated that the discoloration was due entirely to the medicine he had taken. Just what the drug is composed of no one knows. Points's color has now changed from white to a deep yellow, and there is little chance of saving his life.

WANTS TWELVE GUARDIANS.

Strange Request for a Man Charged with Murderous Assault.

(By Associated Press.)

VALPARAISO, Ind., Aug. 18.—Lewis H. Girton, a wealthy citizen of Bristol, is under heavy bonds for assault with intent to murder. He has now issued a notice to the public praying for the appointment of twelve guardians to aid him in reforming his life.

He said that by the result of a strange hallucination his past life has not been what it should, but that he would be able with the moral co-operation of twelve citizens, who are to direct his business and domestic affairs, to make himself a useful member of society.

M'ALLISTER IN LONDON.

What the New York Society Man Found to Amuse Himself.

Ward McAllister is in London, and he has written about his experiences in the clubs there for the "Sunday World."

WARD M'ALLISTER.

He also discusses the climate, dinners, horses and fads of our friends across the water.

Mr. McAllister has met the proud dame who does not like Americans, and he has seen the English swell upon the street. He gives advice to anglomaniacs.

AS SOME EDITORS PUT IT.

Regardless of Tariff Bills.

A protected manufacturer reduces wages whenever he dares, with or without provocation.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Single Regret Over Coxey.

It is with unfeigned regret that we note the fact that when the remnant of Coxey's army undertook to mob him that eminent horse jockey got away.—Philadelphia Press.

Chance for Populist Lawmakers.

The Populists who think all evils can be cured by legislation should pass a law prohibiting thermometers from registering more than 65 degrees.—Topeka State Journal.

Milholland Must Do His Jig.

It is all right. Milholland is a good fellow, but he must dance a few steps just to relieve his feelings before he settles down to hard work in behalf of the Republican ticket.—Rochester Democrat.

Vigilant Investment a Good One.

Young George Gould seems to have completely distanced William Waldorf Astor and Andrew Carnegie in the contest for royal favor. * * * That $400,000 has been a bang-up social investment after all.—Kansas City Star.

What One Sort of Insanity Demands.

Of course this young brute in Henniker, N. H., who killed a young girl Tuesday evening, is now "insane." It is the kind of insanity that ought to be attended to by twelve men and a Sheriff, with as little delay as possible.—Boston Record.

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.]

Belief and Unbelief.

To the Editor:

It is hard to tell what "Four" is driving at in his letter to "The Evening World" Aug. 7, unless he means to infer that only the uneducated and superstitious believe that the Bible is the revealed word and will of God.

Superstitious error is one thing; intelligent belief in the Word of God, a belief founded upon sufficient evidence and which inculcates a personal responsibility to the Supreme Being, is altogether different.

Education has always been and will always be the handmaid of true religion. We are indebted to the Christian Church for having preserved the learning of the world in the past, fraught with error as the Church was in the middle ages. We are indebted to Christian men for the first schools and colleges founded in this country.

The oldest and foremost colleges and universities in America at the present day are the fruits of Christian industry and beneficence. They are Christian men and women all over the civilized world who take the lead in all educational matters.

Want of space prevents my going into particulars. I would refer "Four" to history and current periodicals.

Surely, "Four" must know that the brightest and ablest intellects of this century, both in America and in Europe, not counting the prominent ministers, were and are men in whom practical faith in the Bible as the Word of God and humble piety are a vital part of their characters.

The foremost of our Presidents were Christian men—Lincoln, Washington, Grant, Garfield, the present incumbent of the Presidency and his immediate predecessor. The reply of Daniel Webster, the intellectual giant of the Senate of his day, that man's personal responsibility to God was the greatest thought he ever had, is familiar to all.

Gladstone, who is said to be the greatest living statesman in the world, is an humble and consistent follower of the Lord Jesus. Bismarck, the distinguished German statesman, is another.

Instances like the above of the foremost men in every walk of life could be multiplied many times if space permitted. But I think enough has been said to refute the imputation that belief in the Word of God is confined to the uneducated and superstitious.

It is not my intention to attempt to answer the sophistries of "Four's" letter except to say that to my mind God's taking Elijah from this world in a chariot of fire is a small matter compared with his creating the universe; and it being a matter altogether outside of my experience is no proof whatever against its actual occurrence. A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Finite and Infinite.

To the Editor:

Mr. Wiseacre, J. S. Stowell, full of wisdom and truly Christian meekness, lords it, with the method characteristic of "Revs." and "D. Ds.," over "Poor Finite Student." But when J. S. S. mistakes the troubled, dying spirit's last flicker as a warning to sceptics and infidels he wastes breath.

Your "Revs." and "D. Ds." are too transparent and have been found out long ago. Already during Paine's and Voltaire's time your claws and fangs were drawn from you, and your fuming and fretting did not scare those lions a bit. Now they are dead and silent we behold the asses kicking them and the fangless serpents hissing at their names.

An old story: In the Summer of 1877 Robert G. Ingersoll visited the Pacific coast, delivering the Fourth of July oration at Badger's Park, Oakland, and speaking to an overflowing house in the Grand Opera-House, San Francisco.

The ministers were as quiet as mice during Ingersoll's sojourn in 'Frisco. No sooner had the Colonel started for the East but the clattering carnival was heard, resounding from the walls of "God's houses"—for the great enemy of the mice was supposed "over the hills and far away." But "the cat came back," and he "reviewed his reviewers" before an assemblage that fairly tested the capacity of the Grand Opera-House. The mice had subsided once more, perhaps holding conclave to draw lots as to which one should hang a bell around their enemy's neck, which might give them more timely warning.

I suppose when the shades of life's evening shall gather round the flickering spirit of Robert G. Ingersoll the natural death-throes of the redoubtable Colonel will be held up by the bright student of Crozier Theological Seminary as a "warning example."

Great is the polished brass that issues from "Revs." and "D. Ds." But the "late" Voltaire and Paine, who in life were more than a match for the pulpit pounders, are now beyond harm, and the case of "two dead lions kicked by a host of asses" may be cited.

GIOVANNI VOLTA, Brooklyn.

Husbands and Wives.

To the Editor:

M. A. Reid is right as far as he goes, but it seems he lacks courage to carry out his conviction, or dares not or is incapable of expressing it, and is, furthermore, a little bit one-sided withal. He should say, "The so-called happy marriages are those where either one or the other is the slave, sometimes the 'husband,' sometimes the 'wife.'"

Shades of courtship and altar vows! What blossoms! Carrying out his conviction to its logical conclusion, rightly interpreted, would signify that marriage pure and simple is a failure, and ought to be, and soon will be, by all who can brush the cobwebs of dying belief and superstition from their moral, spiritual and physical eyes, relegated to that lumber-room where are stored the relics of barbarism and obsolete forms sans substance.

Though marriage is a failure, love, the sprightly and buoyant bow-boy, is a living reality that nothing will ever daunt, least of all the vain ceremonies of Church and State; and neither Church nor State, by their abominable bungling machinery of interference in love affairs, can give a new lease of life to the little god once the life-chord is severed.

And here we have what we may rightly call the living death: men and women striving with all their might, on account of stupid vows once made, to live the life of death over the corpse of love, sometimes dying a natural death, sometimes a violent one; sometimes poisoned by the vile venom of jealousy, deceit, brutality and tyranny. Love needs free range to be wholesome; free range should be the test, without ceremonies mumbled by hypocrisy and superstition. True, there would be no "marriages" then, but love's relations are only for the intelligent and sovereign mind, not for adult "infants" who marry and vow great promises only to break them. BROM BONES.

Another Cigarette Fiend.

To the Editor:

I am one of the cigarette fiends, and I would like very much to have some reader of "The Evening World" tell me how to break myself of the habit.

Every night I make up my mind that I will not smoke another cigarette, and every morning after breakfast I feel as if I had to have one, and then I smoke them at intervals all day. I have a very bad throat trouble in consequence, and in the Winter time if I catch cold the cough lingers on all Winter; otherwise I am very healthy.

I really want to stop this pernicious habit, but I cannot seem to, so I wish some one who has been a cigarette fiend and stopped it would tell me how they did it. HARRY.

Force Is Everything.

To the Editor:

E. O. Blunden says that "eternal punishment depends not on resurrection, but on natural immortality." This is not quite true. The spirit does not suffer; the body does. Force is the spirit or life of body or matter; without force matter could not exist; without matter, of course no resurrection, and consequently no punishment. A. KAPLAN.

HOUSE AND HOME

Available Elements of Food.

It must not be supposed for an instant that the system assimilates all the nutriment in a given article of food. Some of the elements may not be wanted at all. For example, the seventy-two parts of nutrition contained in milk are often far more valuable, in the economy of nature, than the 959 parts found in wheat. On the basis of 1,000, the following table shows the comparative nutrition in foods: Cucumbers, 28; melons, 30; turnips, 41; milk, 72; carrots, 98; white of egg, 140; beet root, 148; pears, 160; apples, 170; haddock, 180; gooseberries, 200; codfish, 210; sole, 210; cherries, 250; beef, 260; potatoes, 260; apricots, 260; grapes, 270; chicken, 270; plums, 290; mutton, 290; tamarinds, 340; almonds, 650; oats, 742; rye, 792; rice, 880; barley, 920; wheat, 950.

Our Shop-Girls Have Chairs.

Those notoriety-hungry women should be careful about "writing up" and talking down New York dry-goods merchants. If the would-be reformers will take the trouble to investigate they will find seats behind every counter in every successful establishment in the city. It is to the advantage of capital to treat labor with consideration, and in no section of the commercial world are the saleswomen and stock girls better treated than in the retail dry-goods firm of New York.

One firm uptown was fearfully arraigned by a protective league last spring for "not having a seat in the whole house." It transpired that there were $900 worth of folding-seats hinged to the stock fixtures of the different departments, but the ladies either could not or would not see them.

Diet for Washed-Out Blondes.

Those pale little women, with straw-colored complexions, skeleton figures, moonlight eyelashes and prominent shoulder blades and elbows need nursing. Like the convalescents, they should be sunned and aired daily, given sleep-inducing warm baths, and built up on those invalid foods that are all nourishment and no tax on the digestive organs. Here, for example, is a flesh, blood and brain maker. Mix a tablespoonful of oaten meal with enough water to make a smooth paste; pour into a pint of boiling water and cook slowly for half an hour, stirring it all the while to prevent scorching. Season with spices, salt or sugar and a tablespoonful of wine or good brandy. Cut off the tea and coffee and drink sweet milk, with a teaspoonful of French brandy to a glass.

A Very Good Breakfast.

Boiled Rice.
Cream. Powdered Sugar.
Fried Ham.
Broiled Apples.
Rolls.
Coffee.

Note.—Sweet cream, which is rich in fats, agrees with many persons who cannot digest milk. Some of those choice peanut-fed, honey-cured hams, that cost 35 cents a pound are too precious to broil, the loss being greater on a grill than a pan. Have the butcher cut it like chipped beef and fry on a quick fire. Serve with thick slices of sweet apples.

Cooks and the Complexion.

Professional cooks have cures for bad complexions that cure, which is more than can be said for the professional complexion restorers. The point to be borne in mind is this: If the digestion is all right the complexion will be about the same. People who have work to do and duties to perform must eat, but in the sound of vacation and recreation it is a capital idea to change the diet, or better still, give the organs an occasional day off. Instead of a feast make a fast of Sunday. Get back to the regular diet by degrees—breakfast on bread and milk, lunch on vegetable soup or a soft egg, have milk and cinnamon at 4 o'clock and dine on beef tea and black toast. These are highly nutritious articles and may be made very agreeable. They will comfort the stomach and the complexion will proclaim the fact.

Dental Toilet Accessories.

Dental floss sells at 7 cents a spool.

A teaspoonful of toilet-water in a goblet of cool water is a good disinfectant and perfume for the mouth.

Some fastidious people pue scent on their lips. The grand dames of France put a few drops of the costly Spanish violets in a wineglass of water and swallow it. This perfumes the whole red lane—provided the tongue and teeth are clean.

Children who tell fibs have their sweet little mouths washed with carbolic soap. The same treatment is recommended, occasionally, for grown children.

Used judiciously, listerine is a peerless dental-water.

A Reasonable Hair Tonic.

Scalps wear out. Like farms in the old world they get exhausted and need rest. Those that are not too far gone may be enriched and made productive. If the following tonic does not make a luxuriant growth of hair, it certainly will not extend the bald spot.:

Tincture of cantharides.....3 ounces
Glycerine .....3 ounces
Bay rum .....6 ounces
Aromatic spirits of ammonia.....1 ounce

The cantharides is a preparation of Spanish flies, and has the virtue of drawing well; the ammonia will help to stimulate the scalp; the glycerine will soothe, heal and nourish, and the bay rum will invigorate, and, at the same time, cleanse. Use daily for two weeks and then semi-weekly. It should be rubbed into the scalp and then taken out with a stiff brush.

Blackberry Pudding.

Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs, and when light stir in two cupfuls of milk, three and a half of flour, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat all the while as the several ingredients are added, stir in a pint of blackberries and turn the batter into a greased mould. Cover closely and steam in a kettle of boiling water for three hours.

Cheap Silk Waist.

At a special sale of silk waists up in Shoppersville, the woman with a little money, say $3 or $13, will be able to get something very nice. The models are after the so-called French waist, that is slightly draped, invisibly fastened and most artistically trimmed with bits of lace, knots of silk and soft bands at the neck and belt. All the silks are good, the colors are "the style," and the arrangement of lace makes them all becoming—a trick that only the French artistes master. They are made on lawn lining and warranted to fit, but there is an extra charge of $1 for bones. The white pineapple silks, sold at $2.00 or so, are really a temptation. All they need is a stock and ruffle to become a court bodice, to go with a tailor suit. These goods cannot