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MOONSHINING IN HIGH LIFE.

The man who refuses to pay a tax that he believes to be unjust is deserving of a certain consideration, morally, although legally he is guilty of a revolutionary act. Few can withhold a certain sympathy from the Southern mountaineer who regards the revenue tax as an outrage upon his right as a man to turn the corn he raises on his own land into whatever product he pleases and sell it to his neighbors without tax or other restraint. Such a tax is clearly an infringement of his personal freedom, unjust and unequal.

But no such consideration is due to these other moonshiners, the wealthy men, and, more especially, these corporation officers, representatives of aggregated wealth, who seek by various devious ways to evade payment of the income tax. There is no question of real injustice or inequality involved here. These modern moonshiners seek not to evade a tax which bears upon them and not upon others, but to prevent the loss of an exemption from tax for the Federal Government which they have long enjoyed.

Everything in this country except wealth and property pays a tax for the support of the Federal Government. Every article of consumption for eating, drinking, wearing or enjoyment is taxed directly or indirectly. There is an extra tax on tobacco in all its forms, on spirituous and fermented liquors and on playing cards which is paid by the consumer.

Every man has paid taxes to the Federal Government according to what he consumed, not according to what he owned. The man who could live without eating, drinking or wearing anything in this country, escaped without a cent of Federal tax, no matter how many millions he might be worth.

Corporations owning public franchises or private rights, aggregating in value billions of dollars, paid nothing for the support of the Federal Government—the protection of which they were so eager to claim on every occasion. Corporations are soulless and bloodless, needing neither food, drink, nor clothing, and Federal taxes all came out of living people who had to eat and drink and clothe themselves.

The income tax recognized the injustice of this exemption and imposed a moderate levy upon that portion of wealth which had previously been exempt. It is this imposition which men professing to be good and honest citizens are seeking to evade.

Men who shudder at the thought of low-down moonshiners and smugglers depriving the Government of a few dollars revenue, deliberately seek to rob it of millions. Men who see no injustice in taxing the man who smokes and letting the man who does not smoke go free, shriek at the "injustice" of taxing a man who has money and letting off the man who has none. Men who would be horrified at a proposition to lay city or State taxes at so much per head, instead of upon property, declare that liberty is at an end because the National Government removes the exemption which property has enjoyed from National taxation.

These high-up moonshiners deserve neither pity nor mercy, but only contempt.

THE GRAND JURY FAILURE.

Good citizens will heartily agree with the Extraordinary Grand Jury that the work of investigating the city departments should be continued by other Grand Juries. Indeed, in view of the quantity and quality of the results of the work of the Extraordinary body it is to be regretted that the work of investigating had not been begun and prosecuted thus far by some other Grand Jury.

With all due respect to the eminent citizens composing the body which adjourned yesterday, it cannot be denied that their work is a disappointment to the public.

No reasonable man expected that the deluge of loose, uncorroborated testimony which furnished the moral certainty that built up public opinion in support of the work of the Lexow Committee would develop a similar amount of legal evidence upon which indictments could be based. But, on the other hand, the secrecy of the Grand Jury, and its supreme prerogative over sources of evidence, justified the hope that at least the worst of the villainies exposed before the Committee would be found susceptible to prosecution in a criminal court.

No one who has followed the history of the affair carefully can doubt that the persons against whom indictments have been found are the least guilty of the lot. McLaughlin, a decent man and faithful official, whatever may have been his private peculations, is indicted, while Williams, whose offenses have been rank in the nostrils of a whole generation, goes free. Byrnes, who confessed to a fortune of $300,000 obtained by use of his official "pull," is not even censured, while ward men and patrolmen, who extorted petty bribes from crime and vice, are indicted.

The Grand Jury's work outside the Police Department was spasmodic and partial. Messrs. Straus and Tappen are indicted for a technical violation of the $1,000 law, although admittedly they are free from any suspicion of personal dishonesty, while the Dock Commissioners, who have violated that same law brazenly and, it is believed, corruptly, for years, are let alone. Brady is indicted for accepting a piano which was left at his door, while Andrews, who was directly charged with accepting cash bribes, is untouched.

There is little reason to hope that any further effective legal proceedings will be taken against the rascals who have disgraced the city. The cases of those already indicted should be vigorously prosecuted, but with that the public may as well be contented.

Legal prosecution having practically failed, it remains to be seen what other resource the people have against the "higher up" princes of corruption and those in office or out of it who support or possibly even exalt them.

WHY NOT, INDEED!

A school teacher has made a touching appeal to Comptroller Fitch, which that gentleman with his well-known gallantry and kindness of heart will find it difficult to resist.

It is Eastertide. The weather bids fair to be fine, and the chances are that we shall have a more than ordinarily gay and pleasant season for the holiday of the church. The school teachers have generally to wait for fifteen days after their money has been earned—and it is indeed well earned—before getting it into their possession. This may not always be such a great inconvenience, but this month it will be a serious disappointment to those young women who have had their eyes for weeks on "a love of a bonnet," and who are eager to appear to advantage among the Easter promenaders.

The petitioner asks the Comptroller to pay the salaries on the Friday before Easter this month. This, she declares, will make the teachers happy and will enable them to take that position in the coming Easter display to which their beauty, grace and modesty so justly entitles them.

Comptroller Fitch should certainly grant the request thus respectfully made. The public school teachers are most deserving persons, and their respect for Easter and their desire to do honor to the day are creditable to them. If there is a touch of worldly pride in it; if they do long to add to the great holiday show; if there is a lurking desire to win the admiration of one above all others by the glories of the Easter bonnet, who shall say that the sentiment does not do honor to womanhood and prove the ambitious young lady to be just the right sort of person to guide the young and to sympathize with them while training them for the battle of life?

"MARKISS O' QUEENSBERRY RULES."

In a fair fight, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, Oscar Wilde has been knocked out in the English courts. The Marquis determined to put a stop to all association between his son, Lord Alfred Douglas, and the Wilde, and so publicly libelled the latter by leaving a card at his Club denouncing him by a foul name. A suit was brought by Wilde for libel, the Marquis pleaded justification on the ground of truth, the jury decided in his favor. Now the tables are turned, and the person called Oscar Wilde has a good chance of going to jail.

There are some occurrences in life too revolting to justify notice. This trial is one of them. It is sufficient to say that public sentiment is wholly with the Marquis, who is everywhere praised for the stand he has taken.

The English people, it is said, will no longer tolerate Wilde's plays on the stage. Two of them, now playing in London, are to be withdrawn. It is to be hoped that the American people will follow the example. Such a person ought to be dropped out of the world altogether. His name ought not to be heard in any decent society.

A WOMAN LEFT AT THE POST.

These few remarks are drawn out by a Brooklyn woman, who seems not to have heard that her sex is gathering sense and that there is such a thing as a coming woman on the horizon astride of a bicycle, bearing down upon us with bulging brain and menacing us with athleticism and mentality that may make the average man seem like a thimbleful of brain with a lot of ramshackle bones hanging to its base.

This Brooklyn woman is said simple and silly enough to believe in fortune-tellers and dreams. She lost $30 two weeks ago, and went to a fortune-teller to find it. The seer told her that her husband had stolen the money. Then she went to another fortune-teller, who told her that her son was the thief, and the boy got a good square licking in consequence. After that she dreamed that her servant had stolen the $30, and she caused the girl's arrest. The servant was exculpated, of course.

If there were fortune-tellers enough in Brooklyn and her dream-factory kept at work right along, she would soon have every man and woman on Long Island under suspicion or in jail. The further away the advanced woman gets from this sort of a woman the better for the advanced woman.

Mr. Gerry has been a Tammany cat's-paw before. His report on the advisability of the city continuing to care for its own insane has cost New York a million and a quarter in State charges for services refused. He should be satisfied with this record and give up trying to prevent police court reform.

It is probable that Gen. Kerwin was not born so foolish as he made himself appear in the Police Board meeting yesterday in kicking up that muss over fire-crackers in Chinatown. The question arises, then, whether his foolishness was acquired or inspired.

Police Commissioner Kerwin furnished a new reason yesterday why he should be promptly withdrawn from official life.

Unless he does something supremely ridiculous pretty soon, the Ridiculous Boss will be surpassed by his chief lieutenant. Senator O'Connor's A. P. A. cry on the Police Court Reform bill has given the man from Binghamton a mighty impetus.

A DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL.

Mr. Hoeber Puts in His Little Bill.

Next Tuesday's public school anniversary is well worthy of a special celebration. The hundred years of the public school system in New York State have made up a century of marked progress along especially gratifying lines.

It is true, as the British Foreign Office says, that there has been no exchange of opinions on the Venezuelan question between the United States and England. We have England's views. We have not yet given ours in return.

"I have no use for bosses; the Republican party has no use for bosses, and we won't have any bosses in the Republican party." Excellent sentiments, Lieut.-Gov. Saxton. Push them along at Albany.

Brooklyn's death rate is lower than that of any other large city, only 19.8 in a thousand. It would be a splendid health resort were it not for the reckless management of its trolley cars.

Chicago and St. Louis preachers are imitating Parkhurst in dive-investigating. Whether imitation is the sincerest flattery in this instance we leave to others to determine.

It seems that Mayor Strong didn't play fantan while in Chinatown. Yet they say the game flourishes there—but the police know nothing about such things, now, you know.

France has the exceeding impertinence not to be scared out of the idea of a Niger expedition by Britain's bluff. Now what shall we see?

The river has given up another of its terrible secrets. This time it is the body of Philip Hone, who has been missing since Jan. 23.

A crusade against smoking "L" road lamps is as urgently demanded as any against smoking cigarettes.

New York is nevertheless determined that Divver, Grady, Koch, Martin et al. must go.

Police Commissioner Kerwin is trying to set off firecrackers under Mayor Strong.

"Yale men say"— to be continued after the Giants get through with 'em.

The Ridiculous Boss is back from Albany. And still he is not happy.

The detective reporter makes no excuses. He does his work.

Brady didn't resign soon enough to escape the Grand Jury.

Strangling has received a severe setback in New York.

What of the Greater New York bill?

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S DIARY.

April 5, 1895.—I did not mention in my diary yesterday that Mr. Platt had gone to Albany. But he had. He got back to-day and report says that he was not happy; that he had found Mr. Morton just as folly set on being Governor in fact as well as in name as on the occasion of the Boss's last visit. Naturally, Mr. Platt would not be gratified to find the State Executive in this condition of obstinacy. I scarcely need remark that I am highly pleased over the matter.

* * *

One thing that Mr. Platt expressed himself as sure about, on his return, was the passage of the Lexow police bills. As to the City Magistrates bill, the "Taxi Boss," as he has called himself, declared that if he were a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee he would surely vote to bring the bill forward. The question naturally arises, then, why he doesn't instruct his Committee to do that. I strongly mistrust that Mr. Platt said to himself, while making that remark that he was a very sly dog, indeed.

* * *

The Extraordinary Grand Jury to-day created a little further excitement by presenting indictments against ex-Park Commissioners Clausen, Straus and Tappen, ex-Building Superintendent Brady, Police Capt. Killilea and three patrolmen. The former Park Commissioners were indicted for a technical violation of the law relating to contract work. It is all connected with that $1,000,000 special appropriation for park work, "for the benefit of the unemployed," the expenditure of which has never been fully and satisfactorily explained. I do not look for serious prosecution of the ex-Commissioners in a criminal way. I do not think I desire it. If the indictments and the investigations which may be founded upon them lead to the correction of some unsatisfactory methods of attending to matters of municipal business I shall be well satisfied.

* * *

Police Commissioner Kerwin made himself ridiculous at a Police Board meeting to-day by calling up and treating as a serious offense the permitting of Chinamen to discharge fire-crackers in the street as a part of a demonstration of the other night, when the Mayor made a visit to Chinatown as a guest of honor. Kerwin finds that a city ordinance was badly damaged, and he wants the Mayor and everybody else investigated. Why doesn't that man Strong get rid of the fellow without further parley?

Colorado Women and History.

The political women of Colorado are making history as no other class of women ever made it.

* * * It would hardly be safe to advise young men, per Horace Greeley, to "go West and grow up with the country." That saying ought to be amended to, "Go West, young woman, settle in Colorado, and become a member of the police force or Governor."—Auburn Advertiser.

POE AND CONAN DOYLE.

Parallels Between Auguste Dupin and Sherlock Holmes—Who Is Owen Rhoscomyl?—Books of the Week.

The republication of Poe's works and the revival of interest in his writings has started many persons drawing parallels between his detective, Auguste Dupin, and Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Many very curious parallelisms, both of thought, description and incident, have already been found, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Conan Doyle has been aided by his unconscious memory in many particulars. A particular illustration is that of Poe's "Purloined Letter," and Doyle's "Scandal in Bohemia." The adventures are different; the skeletons are the same and the analysis identical. For all that, the man who does not prefer Doyle to Poe as a detective story writer belongs to a past age. The few who take the trouble to read and compare the two writers will agree that Poe's detective stories are like his hat—very old-fashioned.

* * *

The novel of the week is "The Jewel of Ynys Galon," by an unknown writer. It is a boys' book of adventure in the same sense as "The Prince and the Pauper," "Treasure Island," or "The House of the Wolf." It belongs to their class, and it asks no odds in the matter of comparison with either. Many may lose the pleasure its reading will give, thinking that it is merely a boys' story. Who is Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl? is a question that will soon be on many tongues.

* * *

Dorothea Gerard's last novel, "An Arranged Marriage," is not up to the level of her other work. It is conventional, machine made and exaggerated. The person who makes a fortune is not necessarily endowed with all the vulgarities, nor do the blunders and meannesses of such people furnish sufficient light and shade for a story. The story is that of an English workman who started in life with the ambition to own the "Hall" under whose shadow he was born, and who, at fifty, had obtained enough money to purchase it. Around him the gentle born of the county build a Chinese wall. The saving grace of the story is that the wall crumbles down. This was not because Mr. Brand was worthy, but because he succeeded in marrying his daughter to an Italian Prince. The motives of the story are by no means elevating. It is "quite English," of course. (D. Appleton & Co.).

* * *

"The Equalites of Para Para," by Paul Haedicke, a Chicago newspaper man, is a clever hit at the social revolutionists. It is written from the dictations of a certain Dr. Rambler, who discovered accidentally in the heart of the Desert of Sahara a strange people, by whom for nearly a year he was held as a national prisoner. According to the story, a most perfect state of equality exists in Para-Para, every person being reduced artificially, in body and mind, to the normal standard of the Equalites. The distinctions of sex have almost disappeared, and the only thinking, self-assertive individuals are the members of a certain society of outcasts called "Sophs." The history of Para-Para shows that the forefathers of the Equalites were at one time or another confronted with all the important problems that trouble our age and day, and that they solved them on the popular lines of our own socialism. (Schuldt-Gathmann Co., Chicago.)

* * *

Richard Dowling's "Catmur's Cave," May Crommelin's "For the Sake of the Family," Ouida's "Tower of Taddeo," and Katharine S. Macquoid's "Appledore Farm" have been published this week by the United States Book Company, two in the Lakewood and one each in the Windermere and Bellmore series. They are all old friends. None of them set the world on fire when they originally appeared two or three years ago, but they were all good, pleasant reading and well received by the public, so their reissue is proper and my prove profitable.

* * *

Scribner's Sons issue a book that will appeal to music lovers everywhere. It is called "Letters of a Baritone," the work of Francis Walker, written or supposed to have been written from Florence, narrating the experiences of a young American student in acquiring his art. It gives bewitching glimpses of the beauty of nature and of art in the old capital on the Arno. There is also practical information about the cost of living and studying in Italy.

* * *

The latest issue of the many Pansy books (Mrs. G. R. Alden) is called "Only Ten Cents." The story is of a Pansy Society, packing a Christmas barrel for a Southern mission school. A little girl, who can only get 10 cents, buys a pattern and works a Bible motto which she puts in. The story is to tell the good it accomplished, the light it brought to a dreary home, and the results alike upon the sender and receiver. (D. Lothrop Co., Boston.)

* * *

Two numbers have been issued of Merriam's "Violet Series"—a diminutive cloth bound edition of famous short stories. The first is Anthony Hope's "A Man and His Model," and the second Stevenson's "Body Snatcher." The third and fourth will be Marie Corelli's "Silence of the Maharajah," and John Oliver Hobbes's "Some Good Intentions and a Blunder."

* * *

The Secretary of the New York Library Association sent a list of 237 books of 1894 to the librarians of the country, asking them to check the best twenty-five books of 1894, to be added to a village library. Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" led, with Kidd's "Social Evolution" second. Cheap paper (25-cent) editions of these books have been published by Macmillan & Co.

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A. S. Barnes & Co. are bringing out new editions of "Allison's History of Europe," "Dwight's Signers of the Declaration," and Conlit's "English Version of the Bible." They will each be in one volume.

* * *

"The Building of a Nation," by Henry Gannett, from the publishing house of the Henry T. Thomas Co., is a statistical summary of the main physical features of industrial, social and political history which have been factors in the growth of the United States. Mr. Gannett was the Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey and of the tenth and eleventh censuses. He has had every opportunity to get material for a work which must suggest itself as an invaluable aid to the study and comprehension of our national history.

GREAT MEN OF OUR OWN TIME.

A few of the things that make Assemblyman Eugene F. Vacheron, of Queens County, great are that he punished the editor of his local paper last week for printing an unpleasant piece about him, lives at Ozone Park, where they raise big sweet potatoes and is trying to push through a bill compelling the Long Island Railway to reduce its passenger rates to two cents a mile. He is also the author of a bill that provides that an incompatible marriage may be legally dissolved if the victims are still incompatible at the end of fifteen years. He has a lot of other bills that provide things his people want. He is a lawyer, and thirty-three years old.

What Held Bismarck Back.

Some of our Prohibition friends are inclined to believe that Bismarck might have been a centenarian by this time if he had let beer alone. —Detroit News.

Evening World's Gallery of Living Pictures.

WILLIAM P. FRYE.

This is a picture of the United States Senator who wants this country to annex everything in sight—Canada, Cuba, Hawaii, and all the rest.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.

The ravages of bicycle fever, to which I have referred several times before, are decimating New York society this Spring. I have been deeply interested in observing two typical cases, those of a husband and wife. The "characteristic symptoms," as the doctors would say, are all appearing, one by one. First, the victims, all unconscious of the approach of the malady, were seen to pause and admire the graceful wheels in the windows of the "emporiums;" then they read the wheel advertisements a little; then they talked wheels, discussing the special merits of the various makes ridden by their friends; then they visited a bicycle school and "took a turn" on the silent steeds. That night, the "history of the case" relates, they kept awake talking "bike," and next day the husband in the case announced to me that he had "a mortgage on two wheels." I shall look for the pair in Sunday's endless procession of wheeling enthusiasts.

* * *

But the patients of whom I have just written are all right. The bicycle fever is only dangerous in such a case as that of the man whom I saw ride up to a Coney Island hotel the other day. "There," said he, "that's the first time I've dismounted since leaving Yonkers." He reeled up the steps to the veranda and dropped into a chair, exhausted. Along the road came a string of riders, one of whom sang out: "Hello, L——." Like a flash the emaciated Yonkers man was on the ground. A twinkling, and he was mounted, doubled like a half-opened jackknife, and in pursuit of his passing acquaintance. Who says there's a copyright on "the pace that kills?"

* * *

And as one bicycle story has suggested another, and the second reminds me of a third, here it is: A beginner was watching the performance of a professional trick rider, who tied himself up in the spokes of his bicycle while doing his burlesque act. It was in a New York hall last Thursday night. A friend asked the beginner what he thought of the performance. "That fellow is not in it," was the reply. "You ought to see me mix myself up with a wheel." A man who is teaching the New Yorker to ride corroborated his pupil's claim of superiority.

* * *

I am told that pipe-smoking is on the increase among men, and that the fact is particularly noticeable on the street among young fellows who have hitherto been devotees of the cigarette. Can this be a result of the war on cigarettes now waged so vigorously in many communities? Or is it a breaking away on the part of weed-consuming masculinity from weakness of burning the paper rolls that "any girl can smoke" and so many girls do?

THE GLEANER.

REFORM AND FIRE-CRACKERS.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And China's colony had gathered round
Mayor Strong and sundry Goo Goos,
And bright the lanterns shone o'er guests and Chinamen.
Young Andrews's heart beat happily,
And when the gongs and tom-toms rose in an outlandish din
Chu Fong looked glad with eyes that sparkled when
His friends joined merrily in the chin-chin.
But hush! Hark! A sharp sound comes the hall within!
Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or a cable car killing some one on the street.
Keep up the fun! Let joy be unconfin'd
When Strong and Chu Fong meet
To hit the festive pipe, or chop soy eat!
But hark! That cracking sound breaks in once more,
And wakes the sleepy cop upon his beat!
And nearer, clearer, livelier than before!
Hoopla! It is, it is the cannon crackers' roar!

* * * * * * *

Within a windowed niche of that Mott street hall
Sat Gotham's feted chieftain.
He did hear that sound the first amid the revelry,
Then, turning to young Andrews, with a wink
He said, "Give orders now to yon officious cop;
Don't let him interfere with the rejoicing Chink—
I do not wish the fireworks to stop!"

* * * * * * *

Next day, when the Commissioners did meet,
Mike Kerwin rose and said, "In my devotion
To matters of Reform I'm on my feet
To make before this Board a little motion.
I've read in this day's papers that Mayor Strong
And Andrews—both of them Reform's great backers—
In Chinatown, as guests of one Chu Fong,
Did authorize the use of fire crackers;
And as my soul for what's consistent yearns,
And as the fashion is for Reformation,
I now move that to Sup'rintendent Byrnes
We give the power to make investigation!"
All voted yea, though Andrews's smooth cheeks burned
The while his ears grew most exceeding warm;
At last the poor brass-buttoned worm has turned—
The cops are going to investigate "Reform!"

N. A. J.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

For the season of English grand opera at the Star Theatre, beginning April 29, some very capable people have been engaged. Among them may be mentioned Marcella Lindh, Marie Maurer, Adele Mallard, Emma Siebert, Miss Flower Cross, Conrad Behrens, Victor Claudio, Perry Averill, Arthur Sieton and Henry Mohn. The stage manager will be F. Eggner, and the chorus master L. Farrini.

* * *

The first week of the supplementary Italian opera season at the Metropolitan Opera-House will be devoted to "Falstaff," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophete," "Aida," "Romeo et Juliette," and for the popular Saturday night performance "Lucia di Lammermoor." The popular Sunday night concerts will be resumed.

* * *

There will be an extra performance of "Falstaff" on April 18, for the benefit of the New Amsterdam Eye and Ear Hospital. As "Falstaff" is undoubtedly the star production made by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's artists this season, the managers of the Eye and Ear Hospital are to be congratulated upon their selection. Maurel will, of course, sing the role of Sir John Falstaff, the chubby knight.

* * *

There will be a splendid musical programme at All Souls' Church, Dr. R. Heber Newton, rector, on Easter Day. The soloists will be Miss Margaret H. Elliot, soprano; Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin, contralto; E. D. Van Hoose, tenor; Perry Averill, baritone, and Paul Surth, harpist.

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The sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society, of New York, will occur this evening at Carnegie Hall. Miss Adele Aus der Ohe will play Berlioz's "King Lear" overture, and Tschaikowsky's concerto for piano, No. 1, in B flat minor. The string orchestra will render variations from Schubert's "Quartet in D Minor."

BETWEEN US WOMEN.

The adjustment of a veil is one of the mysteries of the feminine toilet, the directions for the arranging of which are revealed only by the object lesson and its result. A father and daughter boarded the Broadway car at Twenty-third street. He was a benign-faced gentleman of middle age and she was a miss of about fifteen. She wore a big hat, the kind grown-up ladies drape a veil over, and she had ambitions to be grown up, herself. She was a pink and white maid with her hair in one braid and as soon as she settled herself in her seat she produced a paper parcel, and from it drew forth a lace veil which she proceeded to adjust, and as soon as she had extended it properly over her face, with correct tension over a pug nose, she turned her back on her father and requested him to tie it. It wasn't his fault that his fingers were all thumbs, and it wasn't her fault that the eyes of every man in the car watched the proceeding with a steady growing interest. Her face was anxious, and she was patient for a time during the ceremony, until she became convinced that he was going to fail. Every man in the car looked eager to take a hand at that veil, it all looked so simple, and every man felt a silent contempt for paternal inefficiency when she grabbed the lace web off and poked it in a wad down into her coat pocket. But she didn't give it up, and as soon as her composure was restored, she dragged out the veil, and with a set purpose about the corners of her mouth she proceeded to adjust and tie it herself, and then she sat up with the dignity and pride of a perfect lady and looked through it as though nothing had happened, and by that time the car had reached Canal street.

* * *

The Professional Woman's League has a new and efficient chairman of dramatic art in the person of Sidney Cowell, and it is under her management that the League has taken to reading "The School for Scandal," devoting one afternoon in the week to each act. Next Thursday afternoon the first act will be read by club members, Emily Rigl assuming the part of Lady Teazle.

* * *

The Russian Industries will hold a reception at their cottage in Twenty-third street this evening. The exhibition of the decorative work of the primitive woman as compared with modern decorative art is the interesting feature of the occasion. The poker work of Mme. Pogosky, which consists of scorched designs on wood, a process that is scientifically referred to as pyrography, attracted much attention at the World's Fair. The knitted work made by Russian women from the thread carded from the wool of the Russian goat that abounds in the Penzal region of the Czar's domain is remarkable from the fact that a scarf three yards long and nearly as wide may be drawn through a finger ring. It constitutes the most delicate fabric that is woven and is valuable. Mrs. Cleveland was presented with one of the scarfs, which are utilized as head coverings.

PRUDENCE SHAW.

ART NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Gleanings in the Local Galleries and Doings of the Artists.

Mr. Leslie Giffen Cauldwell gave a studio view on Thursday afternoon of his pastel portrait of Mrs. Dillon-Oliver. The artist has executed a work of much merit. His drawing is clever and his color is appropriate.

* * *

Munich art associations are enterprising. One of them—that of the portrait painters whose Spring exhibition opens on March 24—has forwarded to "The Evening World" an invitation to visit the gallery and inspect the three canvases on view.

* * *

Marie Guise Newcomb, the young artist whose early death was a distinct loss to the cause of art, was an animal painter of strength and simplicity. She possessed technical ability of no mean order. Her love for dogs and horses was deep and her brush was guided by the sympathy she felt for her pets. The little collection of hers, sold this week at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, contained a number of dainty studies and sketches.

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At the gallery of Frederick Keppel & Co., on East Sixteenth street, there is on exhibition a collection of drawings by Daniel Vierge. Among illustrators Vierge ranks high. His technique is superlative, but, like all genuine artists, he uses it only as a means to an end. Few men equal him in giving color to his pen and ink sketches. His command of tones or shades is remarkable. The drawings on view are exquisite in their perfection of action of form and of light, and in their delicacy of treatment. Illustrations for the first edition of "Don Pablo de Segovia," and for a proposed new edition of "Don Quixote," are included in the fifty numbers of the catalogue.

* * *

A collection of modern Italian paintings in oils, water-colors and pastels is to be seen at the Holland Art Galleries on Fifth avenue. This exhibition serves to introduce a number of unknown painters to the New York public. Georgio Belloni, of Milan, is one of the strangers. His work is marked by great strength. His canvases are large, and his brush is evidently used with a free hand. G. Fradella, of Venice, exhibits a conventional canal scene, very unconventionally treated. The painter has successfully reproduced a curious but very truthful sunlight effect in a temporary shadow. Works by V. Guaccomanni, A. Milesi and others deserve attention also.

* * *

The two large exhibitions—National Academy and Society of American Artists—are enjoying a gratifying degree of patronage. Considered as illustrations of the status of American art, they possess a character calculated to tickle the sense of National pride. The American Artists' exhibition will be open to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon.

"EVENING WORLD" SKETCH-BOOK.

They Are Not Artful Dodgers.

Presently they will stop dodging each other. Then the cable cars can roll by. They have met by chance. Each one was in a hurry to get across Broadway. Also, each was uncertain which way the other was going to turn out for him. The artist has drawn wavy lines to show how many times they have tried to pass, and have failed. When they stop trying they will get along. It sounds easy when you say that each should have kept to the right. It is not quite so easy as it sounds. The scene which the artist has caught is one that is likely to be reproduced in actual life any day. If you are one of the fellows who meet you will put the blame on the other fellow.

WORLDLINGS.

The late king of the New England gypsies left an estate valued at $100,000.

A Baltimore man swallowed his glass eye by drinking a goblet full of water in which it had been placed.

The only very prominent man in England who has not had the grip this season is Prince Henry of Battenberg.

A Georgia farmer killed 1,500 rabbits during the recent snow, and made enough out of them to settle with the men who picked cotton for him in the Fall.

HOUSE AND HOME

A Charming Spring Toilet.

Here is a new Spring toilet from Paris. The underskirt of colored brocade is veiled with a slip composed of alternate horizontal rows of black silk lace and gimp insertion and fine braid, the

coloring beneath revealing itself with charming softness. The silk bodice corresponds in color with the brocade, and is relieved with braid and insertion trimmings.

A Crisp Salad.

A salad served at a dinner as a separate course, or with game, should be of the crispest, tenderest lettuce (the Romaine variety being the most palatable), celery bleached until its native green had turned to snow, chiccory, tomatoes, ripe and juicy as the glowing pomegranate, cucumbers sliced so thin that they seem mere silken filaments, corn salad, escarole and watercress, these must be as cold as the breath of "freedom's northern wind," and dressed with oil and vinegar. These salads are greatly improved by the addition of a few fine herbs, fresh and green, and should never be garnished.

A Useful Cement.

To make a cement that is useful for almost any purpose about a house, use alum, plaster of paris and water. It should be a little thicker than cream and used as soon as made up, as it hardens rapidly.

Fashion's Laws About Mourning.

For a widow, the duration is eighteen months, for one year of which crape is worn, for three months silk, and for the last three months, half mourning. For a father or mother, or for a father-in-law or mother-in-law, nine months crape, three months' silk and three months half mourning. For a child over seven, six months' crape, three months silk and three months half mourning; while for grandparents, brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, three months crape, three months' silk and three months half mourning are the allotted times.

The Best Way to Serve Food.

The idea that seems to prevail at many hotels and boarding-houses and in some private families is that people like a great variety of food at one meal, when in reality satisfaction usually comes from the fact that in the midst of plenty it is impossible, perhaps, to select one dish that is perfectly prepared and served. A broiled chop, a slice of bread or a roll and a cup of coffee, each perfect of its kind, may delight the palate of a gourmet if the linen is dainty and the china and silver pretty and bright.

Maple Biscuits.

Make an ordinary biscuit dough, and when it is ready to roll out, stir in a large cupful of maple sugar cut into pieces the size of peas. Cut out the biscuits as usual and put them quickly into a hot oven. As the biscuits bake the sugar melts and makes a syrup coating which is liked by maple sugar lovers. They can be eaten either hot or cold, and the children are pretty sure to like them.

The Vertebrae Collar.

It has been a long time since a neck adornment has tickled the popular fancy as has the vertebrae collar. The lines of the single sections of the spinal column are carried out perfectly in this velvet or satin creation that adorns the neck, and it is now further enhanced by a lace lambrequin, which dresses up a questionable waist and modernizes last season's ones amazingly.

To Clean Carpets.

For soiled carpets at the time of Spring cleaning, salt is a restorer of faded color; the coarsest kind is the best, and should be spread without stint. Let it lie on the carpet for a few hours, then brush it off with a hard broom; the result is most satisfactory. A pinch of salt dropped in the receiver of a lamp where kerosene is burned gives the light brilliancy.

Vinegar's Virtues.

Vinegar will "set" dubious greens and blues in ginghams.

Vinegar is an antidote for poisoning by alkalis.

Vinegar will brighten copper.

Vinegar and brown paper will heal bruise or "black eye."

Lace and Ribbon Rosettes.

Rosettes of lace or ribbon are one of the little accessories of dress, and they appear on hats and capes, and on the waists, sleeves and skirts with great effect. A peach-colored satin evening gown is trimmed up the seams of the skirt on either side of the front with rosettes of pink crepon in graduated sizes.

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.]

Another Conductor Tackles Justice.

To the Editor:

I was very much pleased to read "Third Avenue Conductor's" reply to the Hon. J. J. Ryan, Police Justice. When he got his high hat smashed by the brutal conductor, if he had had intellect enough in his legal and learned head to have stepped inside the car out of the way and given the rest of the public whose servant he is, and who have not so much leisure time as His Honor, a chance to smoke on the rear platform, it would not have happened. But like a great many other public officials and well-dressed dudes he is puffed up by his own importance and tries to let the travelling public know who he is by annoying and insulting the conductors, who have enough to contend with in the discharge of their duties and who do more hard work and put in more hours of labor in a week than His Honor does in a year. His Honor must be quite a mind reader when he presumes to know whether men were born in New York City or elsewhere. I wonder if according to his scholarly head a man is any the worse citizen because he was not born and brought up in the Seventh Ward, the home of his Tammany heelers and law-breakers. There are many street-car conductors born outside the city who can teach His Honor intellect and good manners.

A CONDUCTOR.

A Shriek for Cuban Freedom.

To the Editor:

I hope the Cubans will win their freedom and break the tyrant chains of Spanish rule. I am with them heart and soul. No wonder they rebel. Spain has got her iron heel on their neck, and no liberty or justice prevails on that island. Indeed, I think that the United States should interfere. The Cuban people want to turn their island into a republic, and all republics should help each other. Uncle Sam has a good excuse to go down there now and ask some questions and make a demand, too. Spain is as dark and ignorant to-day as she was a hundred years ago. She was a liar then, and she has never learned to tell the truth since. Spain has no honor, she is low and brutal. There is no religious liberty there, or, in fact, any other kind of liberty.

JOHN HENRY,
Twenty-second street and Eighth avenue.

Nothing for You to Do but Hunt Another Job.

To the Editor:

I am a well-known citizen of East Portchester, and had a good employment until a business man of Portchester persuaded me to leave my employment and go into the liquor business. Of course, I accepted his offer and took charge of a saloon for him, and was doing a flourishing business, when, Monday morning, he came into the place, asked for the keys of the register, and took the money out, and said my services were no longer required. What will a poor man do in a case like that?

BILL NYE, East Portchester.

Would Lather on the High Seas.

To the Editor:

I am twenty-two years of age, a barber by trade, and have been in the business eight years. I fancy life on sea something grand. Would some readers advise me how to procure a position as barber on a ship that goes abroad?

A. M.

As to Col. Waring and the Trucks.

To the Editor:

Do you not consider it of eminent expediency and quite consistent with a rebellion against unspeakable imposition to have some of the unbearable officiousness of some of the political dignitaries of this municipality encounter legislative condemnation? Or do you consider yourself justified in so vehemently advocating its continued perpetration? Manifest injustice is Col. Waring's treatment of the people of this metropolis, who should immediately deliberate relative to the practicability of the precipitation of that idiotic personage into embarrassing and impenetrable tenebrosity, for, whether it be directly or indirectly attributable to ignorance or a possession of tyrannical propensities or an aspiration for personal aggrandizement, it is nevertheless an incontestible fact that Col. Waring's administration, so far, for incredible prodigality and rank manipulation of matters, stands unparalleled in the history of municipal politics. And this is not a hypothesis. Kindly familiarize me with what has actuated the enforcement by Col. Waring of the law prohibiting the standing of trucks in the streets over night. The proceedings of his superior predecessors concerning that question have exhibited the profoundest liberality and humanity of their dispositions, and instead of Col. Waring emulating the example set by them, he is, on the contrary, contemptibly outspoken in his affirmations of contempt for it, a fact because of its existence there should be an unconditional abrogation of his appointment. Now, will "The Evening World" kind