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MR. FAURE'S REVELATIONS.

Mr. John P. Faure, Commissioner of Charities and Correction, says the buildings on Blackwell's Island are actually falling apart, that many things are needed in the city hospitals, but he does not care to ask the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for money to make these reforms because so much has been granted recently for speedways and drives for fast horses. This is the strongest kind of sarcasm, because it is the truth. Vast sums have been granted year after year to the Department of Charities and Correction. If Mr. Faure and his companions would render the city the greatest service they would find out how that money was spent, and prevent for the future a repetition of the extravagance, reckless, if not criminal, of the old Commission.

New York is not niggardly—it is no mean city—but it has been robbed and pillaged for years. It is only now that the results of some of this unholy work are being discovered. It was bound to come. The books may be altered skilfully, but the dishonest bank clerk is at last discovered. The buildings "actually going to pieces" may remain fair to the eye of the influenced inspector, but at last their real condition must be known to the people.

Mr. Faure cannot do better for this community than by telling exactly how bad and how rotten the public buildings are. Let us have the true facts. Then we shall have a basis of real reform. New York will not spend one cent to delight the drivers of fast horses while any money is needed for the sick and suffering.

BEATEN BY MEXICO.

We assume great superiority over the Government of Mexico. We are a greater country, a more powerful nation, a more advanced people.

But we learn that a Pacific Mail steamer has been wrecked, and nearly two hundred lives lost through a gross and criminal violation of our own laws enacted for the protection of passengers on ocean steamers, and nothing seems to be done except the writing of a few indignant newspaper paragraphs, assailing the Company for its greed and lawlessness.

Now we learn that the Mexican Government, having heard that the terrible disaster of the steamship Colima was due to her heavy deck load, carried in violation of the law, has given orders that all steamships so overloaded touching at a Mexican port shall be detained until the fault has been remedied.

STARTLING CRIMES.

It will probably startle New Yorkers to learn that Adolf Hirschkopf, the leader of the alleged organized band of incendiaries going about setting fire to stores and other buildings in order to make money out of insurance, as well as out of adjustments, who has betrayed the workings of the gang and turned State's evidence against them, has disappeared.

Still more startling is the report, seemingly well founded, that he is supposed to have been murdered by his former accomplices.

If we are to have successful conspiracies to commit the fearful crime of arson, followed by murders when any one ventures to betray the conspirators, we may well clamor for something more than the mere political reconstruction of the police.

The crime of arson has been of almost nightly occurrence, without the detection of the culprits. Are we now to be told that witnesses against the criminals can be quietly disposed of by murder and the assassins remain undiscovered?

NORDAU AND THE "FIN DE SIECLE" MAN

In his "Degeneration," trying to show that the world is growing weaker and worse, Max Nordau says there is "a characteristic dejectedness of the degenerate" of these days, with which "there is combined, as a rule, a disinclination to action." This he specifies as one of the peculiarities of the whole tribe of "fin de siecle" men and women.

In connection with these pessimistic views of the physical condition of the race, some interesting suggestions come from the perusal of the pages of newspaper reports of the recent Memorial Day sports. These reports teem with the details of record-breaking achievements in all sorts of muscular competition. Somebody makes the best throw of the hammer here, some one else runs the fastest mile there, a third athlete does the best high jump and so on, through game after game. There are wonderful men who win and wonderful men who are beaten. There are giants, even in these days.

To sustain the Nordau theory these events should have been the results of nothing more than a spasm of physical and nervous effort. But we know that they are not so. They are the outcome of a steady growth in the knowledge and practice of things that make better bodies and therefore make men capable of carrying better brains. These record-breakers of Memorial Day were amateurs for the most part. They were portions of a constantly growing army of men in and out of college, who, in America, at least, are constantly proving the falseness of the Nordau conclusions. The human race in America is not getting weaker and worse; it grows stronger and better and brainier every day.

A PRESCRIPTION THAT WAS ALL RIGHT.

A Sick Babies' Fund doctor found in one of the tenements a poor sick mother and her three small children, all in poverty and hunger. Another doctor, one from a dispensary, had been there ahead of the Fund physician, and it was evident from the prescription he left that he thoroughly understood his business. After looking at the folks' tongues, feeling their pulses, asking some questions, and looking around the wretched room, the dispensary medico ordered a little medicine, but prescribed as most needed "plenty of nourishing food." Then he went away.

Not every family on the east side has an Aladdin lamp to rub when it wants a Djin to bring it a roast-beef sandwich or a dish of shad roe, and this poor woman found herself as helpless to fill the prescription as she was to order a Delmonico dinner or buy a peck of solitaire diamonds. She knew that the prescription would do her good, but where was she to get "plenty of nourishing food" when she did not know where to look even for a crust of hard bread?

She still had the prescription unfilled when the Sick Babies' Fund doctor came along. He was the good genius she and her starving little ones were awaiting. He recognized instantly that the prescription was just the thing, and he went to the grocery and the butcher shop and he filled it—filled it full.

There's where the Sick Babies' Fund's value as a charity comes in. The free doctors are in the field to take care of the poor and their little ones, and they not only prescribe "plenty of nourishing food" when necessary, but they fill the prescription, too, at the same time.

IS TOMMY C. FOR TOMMY P.?

There is no doubt or uncertainty about New York's first position in the next Republican National Convention. Tom Platt controls the Republican State Committee. Tom Platt will control the next Republican representation in the State Legislature, be it large or small, as he controlled this year's majority. Tom Platt controls the Executive branch of the State government. Tom Platt controls the New York County Committee, and Tom Platt is for Levi P. Morton as New York's first choice.

But for whom as second choice? That is the momentous question. To whom will New York's big vote go if our amiable Governor is knocked out?

Brookfield, Bliss & Co. with the minor Leaguers are divided between Harrison and McKinley. But they will be ciphers in the Convention.

It is an open secret among his friends that Platt is for Reed. Thomas C. is for Thomas B.

If this supposition is correct, the Maine bruiser is New York's real choice. Morton will get the shadow of the State's vote—Reed will get its substance. If Reed wins Platt will be the power behind the throne.

Think of the tenement-house babies this week. There is torture in the stifling rooms and the scorching air. Help "The Evening World" to give the suffering little ones medical aid and fresh air. Give your mite or your dollar to the Sick Babies' Fund and do it now.

New York had a soda-water famine staring it in the face this morning, but the fountains kept sizzling all the same, and there was some offset to the sun ray's sizzling, thank goodness!

Suspects in the Harris murder case are as numerous as the famed leaves of Vallombrosa, but every time you scratch a suspect's skin you don't find a murderer beneath, don't you know.

Mr. Croker is to have a stock farm at Limerick. Nobody over there will ask him where he got it. It is well understood across seas that America is a land of opportunities.

For $10 a week 1,600 children can be kept off the streets and sent to school. One politician says: "No, I want the school-rooms for a butcher shop." This wrong must be righted.

Lights on carriages after dark continue to multiply without the pressure of a city ordinance. Keep up the multiplication. But give us the ordinance, too.

Not the least sin of the late Legislature was the omission of an act to revise the Sunday Excise laws so as to cover the exigencies of such weather as yesterday's.

People who bathed in perspiration yesterday were surprised to learn from this morning's papers that it was a dry Sunday in some parts of the town.

Whip the leaders to-day, good Messrs. Giants, and we may forget what the next-to-the-tail-enders did to you last Saturday.

"The Mikado had a chill." But he had given the Chinese fits. There's a choice between afflictions.

The blessings of free grass plots and free shade in Central Park are manifold and mighty these days.

"Incendiaries run to earth." Run 'em to jail. Quickly, too, and keep 'em there.

Brooklyn's barber shop side door worked well, according to all accounts.

So far as learned, McKinley's is the only boom thus far prostrated by heat.

Once more the rumor that Wales will come across. Save him a good hot wave.

The thermometer maintains its high standing in and out of society.

Have patience. Almanac Summer doesn't begin for eighteen days yet.

Yesterday was not a day for blue laws. It was a day to try keep cool.

It never gets too hot for the bicycle wheels to go around.

Uncle Roger Connor arose to remark on Saturday that he was still in the great game of baseball. Long may he stay there. And would he had stayed there in this town. Our loss was tremendous gain to St. Louis.

Maximo Gomez is alive! Marti is alive! So is the Cuban revolution. Nothing or nobody has been killed lately except a few Spanish canards.

The Prince of Wales may come here after all. But don't get flustered, heiresses, dear—Wales is married.

San Francisco has had another sensational murder. In this matter it is keeping quite abreast of New York.

Bicyclers didn't need to do any scorching yesterday. Old Sol did it all.

Now hit the Meat Trust hard. This is no weather for roast beef.

The American trotters are setting a great pace abroad.

If only those public baths were in working order now!

Farmer Dunn's cold wave got hot over the weather.

Don't take too much ice in yours.

EDITORIALLY EXPRESSED.

May Not Help Brice.

It is true that John Sherman never had a Republican colleague in the Senate, but this fact is not likely to serve as a particularly powerful campaign document for Senator Brice next time.—Boston Herald.

Chauncey Was the Fourth Event.

Chauncey M. Depew has declared that the great events since the birth of Christ were the crucifix, the discovery of America, and the laying of the Atlantic Cable. It was probably Chauncey's well-known modesty that kept him from naming a fourth event.—Cleveland Press.

Ah! but the Woods Don't Talk.

It is announced that ex-Speaker Reed will spend the Summer in the woods. It is a weak candidate who takes to the woods thus early in the campaign.—Syracuse Courier.

Nevertheless the "L" Is Silent.

How do you pronounce "golf?" A Scotch authority on the game and on the word says it would be just as correct to sound the "l" in "calf" or "half" as in "golf." But then there are "wolf" and "pelf" and "self." The controversy is distracting.—Rochester Democrat.

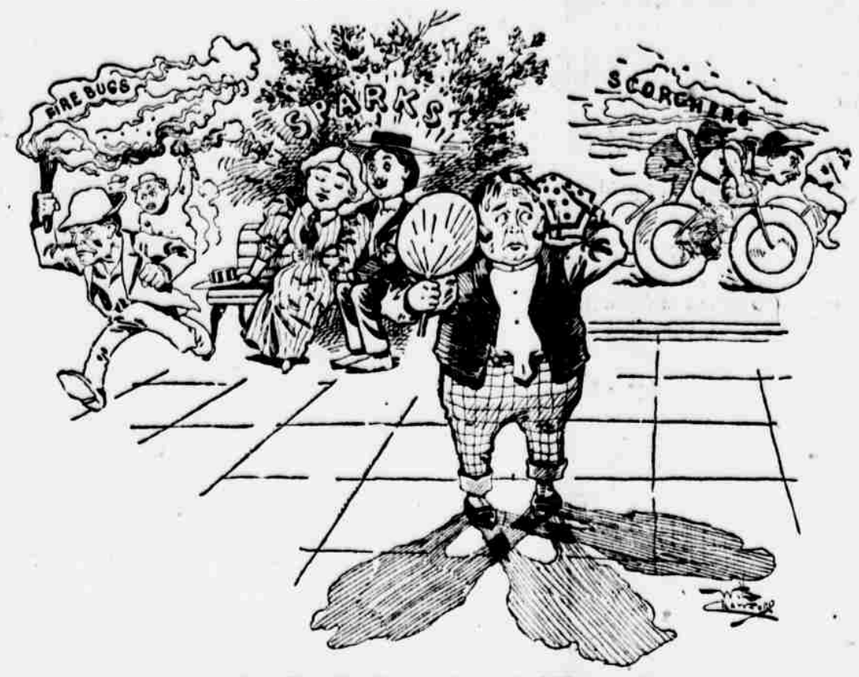
Where Rosebery Easily Leads.

Lord Rosebery may not be a brilliant success as a Premier, but he has won two Derbys in succession, and neither Beaconsfield nor Gladstone ever did that.—Boston Record.

THEY MAKE THE SCHOOLS.

The kindly face of W. C. Hess, Principal of Grammar School No. 19, has been known in the school for many years. Bibliomaniacs are always consulting his extensive library of old and rare books and Shakespeariana. He is one of those rare persons who welcome a book agent.

HOT WEATHER VAGARIES.



Here Are Some More Hot Weather Makers in Addition to Old Sol.

"The Evening World's" Gallery of Living Pictures.

EDWARD P. BARKER.

This is a picture of a lucky man. He is a Tax Commissioner of the city of New York, and will continue in office under the new Administration. He is not one of "the men who must go."

WHEN THE TRIAL IS OVER.

"How changed everything is!" exclaimed the old man, as he nervously pulled at his long white beard and looked wonderingly around. "This surely ought to be Broadway, and yet I cannot distinguish any building that I have ever seen before. Twenty-one, twenty-two, three, four, five, six, seven, twenty-eight stories! I think that I counted correctly if my old eyes served me aright, and yet that is but the lowest of the buildings."

* * *

He stopped and listened. A newsboy ran by shouting:

"Extra! Full account of the accident on the Broadway Underground Railroad! Extra 'Evening World' phonograph cylinders; just out!"

"Strange!" murmured the aged man, rubbing his eyes. "Where are all the horses?"

Wagons and trucks and drays and carriages went whirling up and down the street, propelled by some unseen power; thousands of men and women on bicycles flitted by, the men in many instances carrying babies on the bicycles before them, the women seemingly full of business, intent upon money-making.

* * *

Two of the women met and stopped close to the old man to exchange a few words.

"Hello! Where were you yesterday?" asked the first.

"London," was the answer. "I went over by Atlantic Tunnel day before yesterday. Took the electric flyer. Just returned and am going up home to see how Charlie and the babies are. See you later on 'Change," and the women parted.

"Come, old man; move on!" sounded a deep voice close to the patriarch's ear.

He glanced up and saw a policeman eight feet high looking down at him.

* * *

"Where am I?" asked the old man.

"Where are you? On Broadway, of course. You seem to be a little dazed, old fellow. Where have you been that you don't know Broadway when you see it?"

"I have just got through with the McLaughlin trial," said the old man in a broken voice. "I was juror No. 2."

"McLaughlin? McLaughlin?" mused the big policeman. "Who is he?"

"He was Inspector of Police in this city," said the old man, his voice breaking with emotion. "We have been trying him, you know."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the officer. "You must be dreaming. There hasn't been any one on the force of that name since—since, oh, for more years than any one can remember. My grandfather told me once of a fellow of that name who was on the police force before St. Parkhurst's time, but that was 'way back in 1896."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man eagerly; "that's the man. We just got through trying him. We disagreed, and"—

* * *

But the officer had made a signal and a balloon ambulance swooped down, the old man was lifted into it, and before he could finish his sentence he was borne rapidly away to the asylum to have his mental condition inquired into.

THE PARTING HOUR.

Not yet, dear love, not yet; the sun is high;
You said last night, "At sunset I will go."
Come to the garden, where, when blossoms die
No word is spoken; it is better so;
Ah! bitter word "Farewell."

Hark! how the birds sing sunny songs of Spring!
Soon they will build, and work will silence them;
So we grow less light-hearted as years bring
Life's grave responsibilities—and then
The bitter word "Farewell."

The violets fret to fragrance 'neath your feet;
Heaven's gold sunlight dreams salant your hair;
No flower for me! your mouth is far more sweet.
Oh, let my lips forget, while lingering there,
Love's bitter word "Farewell."

Sunset already! Have we sat so long?
The parting hour, and so much left unsaid!
The garden has grown silent—void of song,
Our sorrow shakes us with a sudden dread!
Ah! bitter word "Farewell!"

—Pall Mall Magazine.

WORLDLINGS.

The Summer home of Prof. Bell, the telephone inventor and millionaire, is on an estate of 12,000 acres in Cape Breton, on the Bras d'Or.

Bernhardt expects to pass the Summer in an old ruined castle on the Atlantic coast of Brittany.

A Victoria cross once changed hands in Durham, England, for $125.

According to English authority the bankruptcies in England and Wales average 120 weekly.

The average life of a locomotive is said to be about fifteen years and the earning capacity $300,000.

When the English sparrow hawk is flying towards its dinner it cleaves space at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

Over eight hundred British criminals have been executed in England since the accession of Queen Victoria.

In 1893 12,192,211 bushels of buckwheat were raised, ground into meal and made into cakes to be duly served with butter.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

I happened to be cooling myself on "Captain's Pier" at Bath Beach a few nights ago when I saw two men bring down a barrel of garbage and dump it from the end of the pier into the bay. The first barrel was followed by several others and a few minutes later I saw all sorts of stuff being driven ashore by the west wind. This item will explain to residents of Bath Beach why their bathing spots are so littered with garbage. The dumping of garbage in the bay is a distinct violation of the law, and it should be an easy matter for the residents to compel the offenders to dispose of their refuse as the law directs.

* * *

A young man undergoing his first struggles with a bicycle attempted to ride down West One Hundred and Third street the other evening. He got along all right for a few yards, when the wheel, with the usual contrariness of its kind, made a bee line for the curbstone. There was a crash and the learner shot over the handle bars to the sidewalk, and reposed for a few minutes among the shattered fragments of his lantern. As he picked himself up slowly and limped away a pretty girl spectator was heard to say: "Now, wasn't he foolish to run into the curbstone?" She does not ride a wheel.

* * *

Summer and its open windows bring the great realization of the miseries of life in flats. Over my head is a small girl pianist who plays all the popular and unpopular airs with the same bass; in the next house a man and wife take turns in singing the scales; below is a young woman who believes she can sing; just across the street a man whistles horribly and accompanies himself on the piano; a few doors away live a couple who really can sing and play, but it is only at rare intervals they are heard, owing to the disordant din around them. Of course it's a free country, and people have a right to do as they please in their own houses, but an able-bodied assassin can find plenty of work at good wages in my particular section of Harlem.

* * *

If persons who cross to Jersey by the Jersey Central, or Pennsylvania ferry, will take a look at the top story of the new Manhattan Life Building they will notice a queer thing. The building has a dome on it, similar to that on the Pulitzer Building, and to the observer it looks as though the weight of it had caved in the top story. It is only an optical illusion, but the curve seems very distinct.

* * *

Ranged along the walk on the Park Row side of the City Hall Park the other evening I counted twenty-four pushcarts of orange, banana and peanut peddlers and the like. It is really getting so that one can only cross Park Row to the City Hall grounds by favor of the fakirs, who will occasionally consent to leave a "squeezing-through" space between their carts. This doesn't seem to be quite as it should be.

THE GLEANER.

A HANDFUL OF JOKES.

Borrowed Out of the Columns of the Newspaper Funny Men.

I asked Will for his photograph,
He gave it with great pleasure;
He thought I only meant to chaff,
But, really, 'tis a treasure.

To gain this meant so much to me,
I really was quite zealous;
Georgo comes this evening, and, you see,
I want to make him jealous!

—Brooklyn Life.

In Disguise.

"See here, what do you mean by calling me a free silver man in disguise? I have always been fair and open in my advocacy of the white metal."

"But you are in disguise all the same. Why don't you let your chin whiskers grow?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Small Boy—These Days.

These days the small boy little cares
For the teachings of his tutor;
He'd rather be outside the fence
And hark, with happiness intense,
To the roarings of the rooter.

—Cincinnati Tribune.

Should Explain Himself.

He—How would you feel if I wrote you a love letter?

She—I should want you to be there to explain every part.—Brooklyn Life.

When It Rained.

The grass was parched until all men
Who gazed on it were pained.
He bought a garden hose, and then
It rained and rained and rained.

—Washington Star.

Smoking in Chicago.

She—There are 40,000 people in Chicago who smoke opium.

He—That's nothing. Just think how many there are who smoke hams.—Detroit Free Press.

A WHEE(D)LING MAID!

My arms across my breast I laid,
I was more firm than I can say,
And, 'spite the pleadings of the maid,
I swore that I would have my way!
In bloomered dress she then stept down,
With pretty poutings to insist,
And flattered me that I would look,
Just lovely as a bicyclist!
As shines the sun in cloudless skies,
So beamed the glances of my queen,
She praised my limbs and dark blue eyes,
My arms and my athletic mien!
So grand a form, such strength, she urged,
In all the land did not exist—
And I?—I swore a royal oath
That I would be a bicyclist!

LA TOUCHE MANCOOR.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES

McDonough Proves that Advisers Are Not Always Right—Palmer May Get "The Sphinx."

J. M. McDonough was a very happy man Saturday night. He had leased the American Roof Garden, and had been put to considerable trouble to organize an entertainment. His friends had scoffed at the idea. There were too many roof gardens, they said—and all that sort of thing. They threw cold water upon him, and even when the thermometer registers 95 degrees in the shade a douche is not pleasant. McDonough persisted. The American Roof Garden was opened Saturday night, and it looked very much as though the entire metropolitan population had flocked there. It was packed to the very walls, and people were turned away. Such a roof-garden gathering has never been seen in New York before. It seemed as though New York had been waiting for the first roof garden of the season, and had rushed to it, away from closed houses and stifling bricks and mortar. The crowd at the back could neither see nor hear, but nobody seemed to care. Men and women sat at tables, climbed on walls, grouped themselves near battlements (think of battlements in Forty-second street!), and did the best they could. The women were decked in Summer evening wear; the men introduced the new Summer to their straw hats and neglige attire. A few silly dudes appeared in dress suits and were the only discordant colors in the Summer scene. The programme had some good features and plenty of bad ones, but, on the whole, the entertainment went off very well. The Burt sisters distinguished themselves, and Miss Georgie Bryton had the double-distilled audacity to sing one of Vesta Tilley's songs, "By the Sad Sea Waves." A bicyclist, rejoicing in the name of Gouget, did some wonderful feats. He separated his two wheels, and rode on one of them, and he was deservedly applauded. Miss Ida Russell did some very good work, and the Gotham City Quartet afforded entertainment for those who liked that kind of thing. Miss Amelia Glover, "the American dancer," was rather feeble, but her name still carries weight. All in all, the American Roof Garden triumphed.

The presence of Lawyer A. H. Hummel, cool and serene as ever, reassured people, for it had been whispered about that the liquor question might be contested on this the first occasion since the discussion of the revival of old-time laws. People ordered their steins of beer a little timorously at first, but as they saw Mr. Hummel quaffing from a beady mug, they grew bolder. Their right to do so was not questioned. As a gentleman remarked: "New Yorkers have got to have their roof gardens, and their liquid refreshment. They are the only pleasure that the Summer offers to thousands of New Yorkers whose business will not allow them to leave the city. Any interference with this harmless pleasure would cause a revolt. There are many laws now neglected that could be put in force far more effectively than this old survival from the days of barbarism."

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There is a possibility that "The Sphinx," a comic opera by W. M. Brown and Lewis S. Thompson, may come to Palmer's Theatre during the Summer. It has just been produced in Boston by Harry Askin, and the accounts of it are highly favorable. Askin is a young manager with a great ability for organization. He organizes great things and is then frozen out of them by the delightfully conscientious people of the theatrical profession. He is a sort of Henry E. Abley on a small scale, and he lacks the ballast or the shape of Schoeffel and Grau.

* * *

Fred Hallen, of the firm of Hallen & Hart, is said to have bought "The Twentieth Century Girl" for his wife, Mollie Fuller. Miss Fuller has been the star of that skit since it left the Bijou, and she likes the part of the up-to-date woman. She will probably star in it next season.

* * *

Imagine "The Star-Spangled Banner" being sung at the opening of the Italian opera season at the Metropolitan Opera-House! Yet at the opening of the Covent Garden season in London the other night, just before "Otello" was begun, the curtain rose upon a bust of Queen Victoria, with the lime light full upon it, and a chorus grouped around in reverential attitudes singing "God Save the Queen." A puzzled London critic was furious about it. Said he: "If you keep your seat you are disloyal; if you rise you acquiesce in an insult to your aesthetic sense, and on the whole you may be forgiven if you go out and pray that this characteristic remnant of Costa's vulgarity may speedily go with Costa." Perhaps Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau may think it worth while to cater to American patriotism next season.

* * *

With the exception of "Trilby," no indoor attraction in town has made much headway against the hot weather. And it is a significant fact that although "Trilby" drew splendid houses at the matinee and evening performances of stifling Saturday, the advance sale for this week fell off. At present it is Mr. Palmer's intention to keep "Trilby" at the Garden all Summer, but a week of days at 90 degrees in the shade will probably change this arrangement. Nothing but the most ferocious weather will keep the crowd from "Trilby."

DISILLUSIONED.

(Adapted from Fliegende Blaetter.)

Seen in a glass brightly.

Nobody behind there!

Land o' Mercy! Was that me?

HOUSE AND HOME

A Gown of White Muslin.

This dress is made of white muslin with the skirt striped roundwards at intervals with double rows of pale yellow Valenciennes lace, bordered with a narrow edging. The bodice boasts a charming collar of a square shape made in one with a box plait, and also trimmed with the insertion and lace, and round the

waist, tied into a butterfly bow in the front, is a chine ribbon gay with roses; and this is crowned with a hat of mauve-tinted straw with a wreath of violets fringing the wide brim, a wide bow of pale green velvet at the back, where a pale pink rose is arranged to rest on the hair, while a red rose stands erect at one side.

The New Correspondence Cards.

Correspondence cards are a necessity to every woman who carries on a lively correspondence of a social nature. A recent fad shows these desirable additions to the desk in many pale tints. They are much more truly elegant of a pure white than of the most delicate color.

Fish Croquettes.

One cup hot mashed potatoes, one-half cup shredded codfish, one egg, a dash of pepper. Add the fish to the mashed potatoes without freshening, then the egg, beating till light and creamy. Shape into croquettes, roll in dried bread crumbs, dip in beaten eggs, then in crumbs again. Fry in wire basket, with fat just below the smoking point. Drain on brown paper. Serve in hot platter with parsley garnish.

To Keep Curtains in Place.

Light curtains have a vexatious way of flying out of the open window, or across the room. This may be remedied by small weights sewed into the hem.

Beware of Fruit Skins.

Fruit skins carry germs and are no more intended for human sustenance than potato skins, melon rinds or pea pods. The bloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, that of grape only less so; and when these skins are taken into the stomach they find more favorable conditions for their lively and rapid development which cause the decay of fruit before it is possible to digest it. This is the reason many persons think they cannot eat raw fruit. If they would in all cases discard the skin they could derive only good from the fruit itself. Nature provides the skin for the protection of the fruit from the multitude of germs which are ever ready to attack it, as is evidenced when the skin is bruised or broken in any way. The microbes at once begin their work of decay, and the fruit is unfit for food.

Creamy Rice.

One pint of milk, one-fourth cup of rice two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth of raisins. Heat slowly to a boiling point, then bake in moderate oven two or three hours.

Creped Zephyrs.

New creped zephyr goods appear in stripes, plain, chined or else crinkled in the way familiar in old-time seersuckers. Finely woven zephyr cottons of a single color, either light or dark, are shown with machine-embroidered insertions around the skirt, and similar bands for the waist and sleeves. Others have hemstitched bands, which are used for yokes and blouse fronts with pretty effect. Embroideries of nainsook or Swiss muslin copy the open designs of the heavy laces now fashionable.

Glycerine.

Glycerine has a softening effect upon the skin; as regards color, it has different effects, tending to whiten the skin of some people and imparting a yellowish cast to that of others.

How to Keep Lemons Fresh.

It is not generally known that lemons may be easily and almost indefinitely preserved underd glass. Some, one year, were purchased on the Fourth of July, and, by way of experiment, each one was put under an inverted goblet. Thus kept from the air they were finally removed on Christmas Day in perfect condition and as juicy as ever.

Some New Trimmings.

Butterflies are greatly in vogue. Some good specimens are made on net, with large pieces of jet and sequins, intended for ornamenting the fronts of bodices and skirts. Sometimes they have a fall of deep fringe from the bust. All kinds of trimmings have been brought out for the bag fronts, which are often repeated on the back of the bodice and are frequently carried out as consecutive strings of the jet and cord attached to sid trimmings of the same, between which they droop. Pearl garnitures are popular, and will remain so, such as pearl and gold butterflies, appliques and galons. Crystals and gold and pearl beads are arranged as bodice trimmings, to droop from each side of the shoulders; sometimes these are mingled with silver.

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.*]

The Schoolboys on the Parade.

To the Editor:

Never having seen the schoolboys drill until Decoration Day, I did not care to pass any remarks upon them, as I could not candidly do so. Now, having faithfully witnessed the Memorial Day parade, I desire to call their critics to task. Being a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point and serving in our army, I think my long experience fits me to speak authoritatively on the question of military training. Last Thursday I was a witness to the parade, and am proud of the manner in which the marching of the American Guard was executed. Each company throughout the whole parade kept their field distance exactly and not in an instance did I notice a head turned. The step was with precision and firmness. The rising of the companies was well done, and for this much credit is due to the officers who as a whole acted more like soldiers than those I have seen in the State militia. Their voices were strong and clear and could be heard distinctly to the rear of at least three divisions. Talking in ranks, so much done by our National Guard, was not in one instance heard of, except by one closer who was instructed to speak to keep a new recruit in step. I have seen the marching of the West Point Cadets, also the best drilled regulars, but never have I witnessed with more interest than the parade of the Grammar school boys. Keep it up, boys, to the best of your ability and do not lose your spirit. J. E. S., Lieutenant U. S. A.

He Lacks Human Sympathy, Certainly.

To the Editor:

Would some of the kind readers of "The Evening World" express their opinion as to what should be done with a father whose son, aged eight, maliciously threw a piece of tin at my boy's eye, cutting it so bad as to cause him to lose it? The father, though passing my home continually, never called to see if my child was dead or living, and when asked for some assistance towards getting a glass eye, though able to do so, spoke and acted most arrogantly, and refused absolutely to do so.

A HEART-BROKEN MOTHER.

Foreigners' Feelings Are Hurt.

To the Editor:

On behalf of a large class of intelligent, thrifty, law-abiding foreigners I wish to enter my protest against an impression rapidly gaining ground that nobody but an American is any good. With reference, I suppose, to a few American girls marrying foreigners, there has lately appeared a song entitled "An Honest, True American Is Good Enough for Me." Isn't that a reflection on foreigners? And does not the following couplet imply that titled men are necessarily brutal and undesirable?

"I'd rather in obscurity a loved wife be
Than coronated live in gilded misery."

Such sentiments are not called for and are not creditable to those who hold them.

DAILY READER.

Christianity and Superstition.

To the Editor:

"I. D. G." avoids the issue. Briefly, the case stands thus: In reply to his statement that "Christianity affords no basis for superstition," and his challenge to me to prove otherwise, I was argued (1) that the Bible is the fundamental authority of Christianity; (2) that the Old Testament teaches belief in witchcraft, and that such belief is gross superstition, and (3) that the New Testament teaches the curability of disease by laying hands on the sick—a foolish, sometimes a criminal, superstition. "I. D. G." ignores all this, and contents himself with quoting a dictionary definition and delivering a homily on "Fear." It is well known that most people when seized with illness call in a doctor and follow his instructions in preference to getting a believer to touch them and pray for them. Similarly in rough weather on shipboard we rely on the captain, and only appeal to the chaplain in extremity. It is related that the passengers on board an Atlantic liner, being rendered uneasy by a prolonged and violent storm, deputed a clerical gentleman to interview the captain on the subject. He cheerfully undertook the mission. On inquiry the captain gravely answered that the time had come when it was his duty to state that they were in great jeopardy, and that if the storm did not abate in a few hours their only hope was in Providence. Hearing this the clergyman, turning pale, exclaimed: "Good God! Is it as bad as that?" BETA.

The First Swim of the Season.

To the Editor:

A young man about thirty years of age and 6 feet in height was the first one who swam through the ocean waves at Rockaway Beach this season on Memorial Day. He said the water was very cold, but he had a good time of it. He is a very good swimmer. His name is

J. C. V., Rockaway Beach, L. I.

Many Are Socialists Who Don't Know It.

To the Editor:

One of your correspondents in Tuesday's edition asks "why you don't come out flat-footed for Socialism." I am compelled to give your paper credit for not presenting Socialism as a bug-a-boo and showing it in a false light. Newspaper men, as a class, cannot be accredited as fools, and they well know the tenets of Socialism only ask the equity of man granted by his fellow-man; and they further know that it is not a mere spectre, but a fact come to stay and constantly growing. If the whole doctrine of Socialism were known, as your correspondent says, thousands would embrace it; indeed, they would. There are thousands upon thousands of the best element in our society to-day who are purely and simply socialists, but who don't know it, as they are kept in ignorance by the press, which in many instances is as corrupt and venal as the men who are drawing out the life blood of humanity for sordid greed of gold. Make yourself an exception and come out flat-footed for Socialism. J. R. BRADY.

A Comedian Wants a Partner.

To the Editor:

A short time ago you published a letter of a man who failed to find employment in New York City and desired a partner to help him seek it elsewhere. "There are others." I am a comedian, out of an engagement for some time, and now hopeless of getting anything this season. I am a pretty good walker, in fact, I might say experienced in every style, and would like to meet some one similarly qualified and in a like condition—a musician, acrobat, or magician—to double up with me on a tour West. I do not carry a tomato can and I don't want to join my fortunes with one who uses a net.

JOHN BENSON.

Guardian Angels and Dreams.

To the Editor:

It is sad in this enlightened country and in this age of education and general diffusion of scientific knowledge to read such rubbish as a correspondent sent to "The Evening World" a few days ago about our dreams being brought to us as a warning by guardian angles. If this is anything but a relic of old-time superstition I would like to inquire what the guardian angels of the five or six hundred unfortunates who went down on the Elbe not long since were doing at the time of that awful disaster? Were they asleep? And what are we to think of the guardian angels of the 110 little helpless children, for the most part, who have been crushed to death by those infernal Brooklyn trolley cars? They were clearly unfit for their positions as guardians and ought to be discharged. The "guardian angel" must go. COMMON SENSE.

Which Should Suggest the Walk?

To the Editor:

Kindly tell me how to act and what to do when a young man calls on me for the first time. Is it my place or his to speak about going out for a walk? FLOSSIE, Brooklyn.