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NEW YORK IT MUST STAY.

A number of donkeys are proposing to change the old name of New York and to rechristen the beloved city. Some desire to abbreviate it to "York." Others suggest "Manhattan." "Sterling" has been proposed, and one New England booby wants "Holyoke."

Out upon such folly. Everybody loves New York. Every man is proud of calling himself a "New Yorker." Who would care about boasting "I am a Yorker," or "I am a Manhattaner," or a "Sterlinger" or a "Holyoker?"

The metropolis may and no doubt will be increased by the addition of outlying territory. But the name of New York can never be made greater than it is. As to calling it something else, as well propose to change the name of heaven, where everybody wants to go who cannot live in New York.

New York is always taking the palm. Which is one reason, of course, why the establishment of a Palm Garden in Central Park will be a particularly happy event.

WRITING THEMSELVES DOWN.

There is a gentleman in one of Shakespeare's plays, as we all know, who insisted at every opportunity upon writing himself down and having himself written down an ass. Shakespeare, with his large knowledge of human nature, prophetic knowledge, makes this gentleman a policeman. So even in that remote day the police had established their reputation, from which successive generations have been subtracting whatever there was to it in the beginning of common sense.

In Brooklyn the police have finally succeeded in removing the last scent of sense which hung around that reputation. Their whole management of the Henry murder case has been a series of blunders—perhaps the worst one of all being their mulish raising of obstacles to investigation by the newspaper reporters. They stopped searching everywhere, and, having made up their minds that a certain man was guilty, would permit no gathering of evidence to show that he might be innocent. They covered up facts by their stupidity in not recognizing their importance. When "World" reporters were finally admitted to the Henry house they made discoveries which the police had entirely overlooked.

In the beginning this was not such a mystery as the police have made it since. If the crime remains forever undiscovered, it will be due entirely to the Brooklyn police, who have taken extraordinary care thus to write themselves down.

The Botanical Garden is now among New York's sure things. It will also rank as one of the city's most useful and popular possessions.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

Spain owes the United States the nice little sum of two million dollars. The indebtedness grows out of the seizure and confiscation of the property of an American citizen over twenty years ago.

The last Congress passed a resolution requesting the President to insist on the payment of the sum. Secretary of State Olney is now "insisting." Spain has delayed payment for nine years. She must delay no longer.

With the Cuban struggle for liberty growing into alarming proportions, with Gen. Campos clamoring for more troops, and with the Treasury pretty well drained, Spain will find it difficult to raise the money. It will scarcely be possible to negotiate a Spanish loan at this time. It will certainly not be easy to induce the United States to wait any longer. A refusal to pay may be followed by the adoption by our Government of the English policy, and the occupation of Havana by our troops. Under any circumstances, the Spaniards are in a bad fix, and the new complication cannot fail to encourage and aid the Cubans in their patriotic struggle.

Being relieved of the job of convicting William Henry, the Brooklyn police will now, perhaps, devote some time to looking for the Henry murderer.

THE SEIZURE OF THE SKIRTS.

The "Unique" Cycling Club, of Chicago, met in Union Park yesterday for a run. One of the rules requires the use of bloomers or knickerbockers by the women members. Two of the party wore short skirts over their "bloomers." They were not regular Chicagoans, and felt a little bashful in their regulation costumes.

The President of the Uniquers, Mrs. Langdon, and its Captain, Miss Bunker, requested the offenders to remove their skirts. The wearers refused, so at the command of the President and Captain they were seized by some of the most amazonianish of the members and stripped down to their bloomers. The modesty-protecting skirts were torn off and they were left exposed to view in their unprotected bloomerishness.

Now, this was an unprecedented proceeding and may get into the courts. The Club authorities might have refused to let the skirted members ride, or might have expelled them from the Club. But to lay violent hands on them and to forcibly tear off their skirts was an assault and battery for which the law may hold their assailants to account.

Besides, how could the Club members have known the condition of the skirt-wearers' bloomers underneath the skirts? How could they tell whether the partially concealed bloomers were in thorough repair? Certainly the forcible seizure of the skirts in public was a most "unique" proceeding.

"The Police Case Falls." This headline comment on the outcome of the Henry inquest is inaccurate. The fact is that the police failed to have a case. Perhaps, having wasted time enough, they will now try to get one.

BEN NEVIS HAS A COOL HEAD.

There was snow on Ben Nevis yesterday, and probably it is there to-day. Ben Nevis is the loftiest mountain in Great Britain and it is more or less of a cloud-piercing glory for the group of islands on which Queen Victoria keeps her sovereign eye.

We don't know how often Ben Nevis enjoys a snowstorm or whether old Ben likes it or not, but from the fact that the cable was made to throb with the news of this fall of snow on Ben Nevis's summit we conclude that the occurrence is as rare almost as a white blackbird.

It rejoices us, however, to hear that Ben's brow is alabastered with snow. If its head is cool—and it seems to be—it is a lucky old mountain in this hot weather. We wish we were it, especially in the middle of the day.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies and the Washington County Republican delegates came to blows yesterday at their respective sessions. The delegates had the more serious time, one of their number losing part of his whiskers and another having to go to a temporary hospital. It was rather a severe setback, all around, for the principle of settlement by arbitration. Peace-loving communities everywhere will read of the circumstances with regret. Only a glimmer of satisfaction comes out of the fact that it was the anti-Plattites who finally won in Washington County. When they got the floor the Plattites took the table and used its legs for clubs, but the manoeuvre availed them not. Burleigh and a majority were too much for Ikey Baker, the Deputy Sheriffs and the inspiration of the Boss from Tioga.

It was, it is and it will be foolish to talk of removing New York's General Post-Office to an uptown site. The building is located at what will continue to be the heaviest mail centre of the city. What faults there are with the main postal facilities in town to-day are those of the Post-Office structure itself, and not of the location. As opening a way for securing special branch facilities uptown, however, the proposition of Secretary Swan, regarding the use of a part of the New York and New Jersey Bridge terminal structure on the New York side, is perhaps worth considering.

June is warming up to her task again. And this reminds us that the warmer the days the greater the need of those free doctors among the tenement-house babies. The Fund which keeps the good physicians at work needs every cent you feel like putting into it.

Mr. Brookfield is tired of passing out patronage. He thought practical politics was fun. It's only T. C. Platt who can work all day getting jobs for his people and then amuse himself at night by digging graves for other people.

Platt's men were beaten in the Washington County Convention yesterday. But it took a free fight, half a dozen deputy sheriffs and a general wild-cat time to do it. There'll be fun at the Republican Convention this year.

Lift up your voice for that carriage-light ordinance at to-morrow's hearing before the Aldermanic Committee. Don't take it for granted that the right must win and so leave all the argument to the small opposition.

Police Capt. Kitzer, of Brooklyn, is alone responsible for the spreading of the impression that another "good son" had gone wrong, or elsewhere. The Captain should be more discreet in his intimations.

Police Justice Koch's discourtesy to City Magistrate Crane is a characteristic piece of business, which will add to the general gratification over the coming obliteration of the present police bench.

The dreadful thought that it may postpone the coming of electric lights on the "L" road will not deter the general public from desiring that Uncle Russell Sage should pay Laidlaw his $40,000.

It was lack of ginger that lost yesterday's game to the Giants. No hard luck about it. It is getting towards the middle of the season. Put in spice, boys, and get where you belong.

It is possible to have sympathy for McLaughlin and still to feel that justice has been done. He should have had the courage and honesty not to become the "victim of a system."

So Valkyrie III. is a wonder, is she? That's cable news coming this way before the race. "The American won." That's cable news going the other way after the race.

The Republican Club delegates at Cleveland will let '96 take care of the things that are '96's. And who says they are not wise delegates and good politicians?

"Waring will take care of waste paper." He is also taking care not to add to the accumulation of waste paper by writing any more letters. Which is well.

Commissioner Roosevelt complains that police efforts to enforce the Sunday Excise law are uneven. He ought to reflect that the law itself is lopsided.

Meanwhile, Col. Waring continues to clean the streets.

The Committee of Seventy, as an organized body, is no mere. It is pleasant to know, however, that the good citizens who composed it are still among us, "on call" for any new emergency. They have earned a "Well done" and a rest.

There is no circumstance favoring a fifth trial of the Laidlaw-Sage suit. Let it end here. And let Uncle Russell pay the freight.

Ex-Congressman White's yacht Say When having struck a rock, it would seem to be in order for her skipper to say how.

That $200,000 legacy to St. Luke's Hospital from the Rufus Waterhouse estate is indeed a noble gift and well bestowed.

Sporting Life says Valkyrie III. spins like a top. Flying like a bird will come nearer winning the America's Cup.

Washington County Republicans will have harmony if they break all the furniture to get it.

Tom Reed sticks to the woods. Is he cutting fence-posts?

STATE PRESS REMARKS.

A Vital Question.

Why are country people more round-shouldered than city people?—Schenectady Union.

Next State Senate.

With ex-Inspector Williams and Police Justice Grady already in sight for members of the next Senate, the chances are that the session will possess interest in some of its aspects.—Syracuse Herald.

Faithful "Coggy."

No matter what Coggeshall has been guilty of, he has never been charged with disloyalty to Thomas C. Platt. He was one of the earliest of the Platt crowd in the Senate, and he has served the Boss with a fidelity that has been unequalled by any other Platt man.—Utica Observer.

A Real Last Survivor.

Probably the last survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill was Ralph Farnham. He died Dec. 26, 1860, at the age of 104 years six months.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Difference Between Reats.

August will see two Republican candidates in the woods, Harrison in the Adirondacks and Reed in the Maine woods. It will be remembered that Chauncey M. Depew is on record as declaring that he has no use for the woods and solitude, but rather obtains his rest from the companionship of bright people in crowded cities.—Syracuse Courier.

She Has Come to Stay.

The bicycle girl has come to stay. She is a pleasant sight and a credit to herself. * * * Those who accuse her of "mannishness" are afflicted with perverted vision and disordered imaginations.—Rochester Democrat.

WORLDLINGS.

A German has invented a chemical torch which ignites when wet. It is to be used on life buoys. When one is thrown to a man overboard at night he can thus see the light and find the buoy.

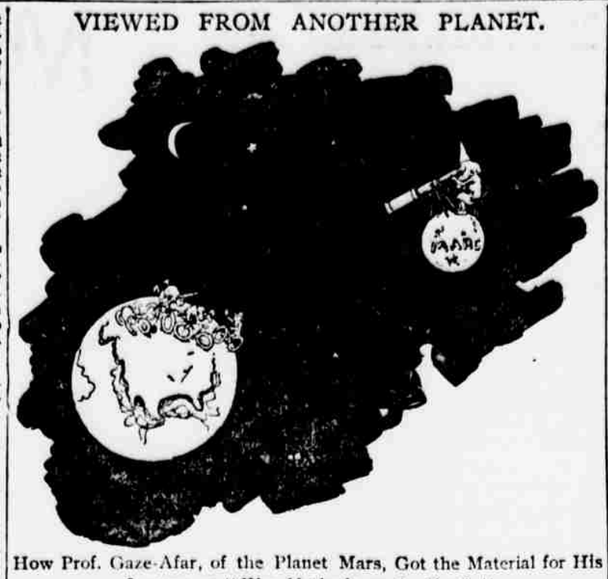
The particles of sand, stones, shells and the like brought up in the tallow with which the sounding lead is covered, frequently furnish indications of great value as to the position of the ship.

The average height of man in the United States is five feet ten and a half inches; in England, five feet nine inches; in France, five feet four inches; in Belgium, five feet six and a quarter inches.

MEN WHO FIGHT FIRE.

Foreman John P. Whelan, of Engine Company 32, is an athlete as well as a fireman, and a hero, too, as was shown at a fire in Lexington avenue three years ago, when he saved three members of the Altman family. For this his name was placed on the Roll of Honor. When there was a baseball team composed of firemen, Whelan was one of the enthusiasts, and was considered a crack second baseman. He has been in the Department twelve years, and has been foreman three years.

VIEWED FROM ANOTHER PLANET.



How Prof. Gaze-Afar, of the Planet Mars, Got the Material for His Lecture on "War Methods on the Earth."

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

PETER F. MEYER.

This is a picture of a man who has just lost a $10 a day job.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

"Say, if you feel that it is absolutely necessary for you to wipe your shoes on my trousers, I'll do them up in a parcel and send them to your house!" and Jack glared at his vis-a-vis in an "L" car. Jack is a handsome fellow, of athletic build, sports a fierce mustache, dresses in exquisite taste, and although fifty and a grandfather, doesn't look a day over forty-nine. He holds a high position in the wholesale dry goods trade, and for years has spent more than half of his time in the business centres of the West. The cause of the above ejaculation was a passenger who sat in one seat with his feet in another. The man with the feet mumbled something unintelligible, and Jack replied: "That's it, grunt; that's the way all the members of your family do." Jack is very antagonistic to the species known as the "American Hog."

* * *

Every afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock a string of Italians winds through the thickening mazes of home-going throngs in City Hall Park and plunges down into the labyrinths of Park street, finally disappearing into Mulberry Bend. At a short distance they look like negroes; closer inspection makes one believe that they are chimney-sweeps, but closer still it is seen that they are covered with coal dust. These men are coal shifters in the coal yards and elevators in Jersey City. Unlike men of other nationalities, they do not believe in the efficacy of soap and water until they reach the "Bend."

* * *

A recent item in the Gleaner's Budget, which referred to the inability of householders to remove refuse wallpaper and like rubbish from their homes, has stirred up Commissioner Waring to a degree of activity that is quite refreshing. He has consulted with Mayor Strong, and a plan will be formulated for the disposal of the stuff, thus materially reducing the chances for flat-house fires.

* * *

The announcement that the gates of Charter Oak Park, Hartford, have been closed permanently against racing is a severe blow to trotting interests. The discriminating Nutmeg State Solons have, in their wisdom, drawn a sharp dead-line around racing in the land of steady habits. The track at Charter Oak Park was considered one of the best oval tracks in the country, and the stakes offered by the Association were exceedingly generous. It was there that Goldsmith Maid, American Girl, Harus, Smuggler, Maxey Cob, Maud S. and scores of other turf celebrities knocked chips off the trotting and pacing records and gained world-wide reputations.

THE GLEANER.

TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

Advice About Ailments That May Be Treated at Home.

To the Editor:

Please tell me what is the best thing I can do for a wart which has grown in the nostril?

A SUBSCRIBER, Jersey City.

Consult a surgeon and have it removed.

* * *

Kindly tell me what I can use with safety for washing a child's ear. It discharges some times. R. G.

Use a warm saturated solution of boric acid several times a day.

* * *

I am troubled with malaria. Please print a remedy. J. F.

Warburg's tincture is a very good remedy. Take a dessertspoonful three times a day.

* * *

Please print a remedy for sick headache. J. S. S.

A mixture composed of thirty-two grains of citrate of caffeine, one ounce of bromide of soda and four ounces of elixir of guarana is a very good remedy. The dose for an adult is one teaspoonful to be taken every three hours.

* * *

What can I apply to make my hair grow? A. C.

Use a lotion composed of twenty grains of sulphate of quinine, one dram of tincture of cantharides, two drams of spirit of rosemary, one half ounce of glycerine and four ounces of bay rum. Apply it once a day and rub it thoroughly into the scalp.

* * *

Please reprint the directions for making the powder for excessive perspiration of the feet. ADDICTED.

Take thirty grains of salicylic acid, one ounce of oxide of zinc, and one ounce of lycopodium. Dust the feet with it several times a day.

* * *

Kindly tell me what to take for gastric dyspepsia. THOMAS B.

Take a powder composed of two grains of pure pepsin and five grains of subnitrate of bismuth after each meal. You should avoid haste in eating and masticate your food thoroughly.

J. F. WHITMYER, M. D.

THE BOSTON VERSION.

(Try this over to the tune of "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.")

I do not care to indulge in any sportive recreation on the land roundabout your dwelling.
My affection for you has undergone the process of obliteration.
You will regret your course when you observe me in the act of precipitating myself along the cover of the entrance to the excavation under the house in which I have my residence.
You can indulge in no vocal exercises whatever, directed into the receptacle for rainwater established by my parents.
You shall not clamber amidst the foliage of the tree upon which grows the succulent apple peculiar to our estate.
As I have before remarked, in effect, I do not desire to gambol on the ground surrounding your habitation, in the absence of a sufficient guarantee that you will treat me with due respect, courtesy and kindness.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES

Coureelles's Juggling with "Le Collier de La Reine"—Mrs. Yeamans Hustling.

An astonishing story of Parisian duplicity towards Americans has just come to light, respecting "Le Collier de la Reine," in which Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew are to appear next season, under the management of either Augustin Daly or Richard Dorney. The play, it will be remembered, was adapted by Pierre Courcelles from Dumas's novel, and was produced with great success at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, by M. Barton. The disposal of the play for America was placed in the hands of Miss Elizabeth Marbury. Miss Marbury, who is a hustler-ess, soon found a woman willing to play Marie Antoinette. That woman was Mrs. Potter. So Miss Marbury paid to Messrs. Courcelles and Berlon the cozy little sum of $1,500 as a retainer. That, one would naturally think, ended the case for Courcelles, the adapter. But it didn't. Not a bit of it. It now appears that Miss Maude Harrison, who is going a-starring next season, coveted "Le Collier de la Reine," and asked Miss Lole Fuller to secure it for her, she not knowing, of course, that Mrs. Potter already had the piece. Miss Fuller received a letter from Courcelles, which, it appears, has been read in this city, to the effect that he would make a new version of "Le Collier de la Reine" for her, and would guarantee that it should be much better than the one seen at the Porte St. Martin. Miss Harrison, it is claimed, put up the sum of $2,500, which was forwarded to Courcelles and received by him. Of course, when she heard of the Potter-Bellew acquisition, she was furious. Indignant messages were exchanged between Paris and New York, and Miss Harrison, it is said, called upon Supt. Byrnes, and induced that official to communicate with the Prefect de Police in Paris. By dint of this move, $2,300 was returned, Courcelles retaining $200, which he claimed for the expenses of cabling. The whole affair was kept quiet, but the above facts were vouched for yesterday. Of course, anybody can make an adaptation of Dumas's novel, which is now public property, but imagine Paul Potter offering a new and better version of "Trilby" to a manager other than A. M. Palmer. That is pretty nearly a parallel case.

* * *

"Just think of my hustling around and looking up engagements," said Mrs. Yeamans, yesterday, "but that's just what I am doing now, and it's quite new to me, I assure you. I couldn't possibly go with Harrigan next season. He is going to play at such a number of one-night stands, that I couldn't endure such a season. Then he intends to present 'Old Lavender,' and there's nothing in it for me, while the new play he is working on will have a very small cast. Am I sorry to leave Harrigan? No, I am not," declared Mrs. Yeamans briskly. "I shall be heartily glad of the change. I look forward to it, and there you are."

* * *

Before she sailed yesterday Vesta Tilley declared that the height of her ambition was to return to America for twelve months. She won't be able to do it, but that is what she'd like. Miss Tilley was most enthusiastic about her treatment in Chicago. She was feted there; she was introduced to the clubs; she was invited to private houses, and was lionized on all sides. Mr. Henderson made her a splendid offer for burlesque next season, which she was unable to accept. If Miss Tilley wrote a book on America, it would be a very glowing affair, but she's far too busy to do anything of the sort.

* * *

William Spencer, author of "The Princess Bonnie," has sold that work to D. W. Truss & Co.—the company being Harms, the music publisher. It was Harms who was lucky enough to secure "Wang" from Cheever Goodwin and Wilson Morse, and thus secure the enormous royalties that accrued from that work. While Messrs. Goodwin and Morse probably made $10,000 from "Wang," Harms raked in something like $43,000. The indications are that "The Princess Bonnie" will not net so formidable a sum.

* * *

Antonio Pastor sails from Liverpool for these shores July 6, and will then embark upon his customary Summer season. As a rule, Tony opens this warm weather campaign at Long Branch, but this year he will start in at Elizabeth, N. J. It appears that the facilities at Long Branch are not what they might be, and that when Tony appears there he has not only to furnish the entertainment, but the chairs upon which the audience sits to view it.

* * *

By the bye, Mr. Pastor's uptown theatre scheme is still nebulous. The rumor that he was to have the Bijou are not to be relied upon. The Bijou people, as a matter of fact, are asking a rental that frightens most managers. Think of $27,000 a year for this tiny house, with none of the modern improvements. Of course there's no harm demanding such a rental, if the Bijou people think they can get it.

* * *

Edwin W. Hoff, who was the Bostonians' tenor a couple of seasons ago, and who retired from the stage owing to illness, has returned to New York and will probably resume his comic-opera career. He injured himself while singing while he had the grip—just as Lillian Russell did—and went to Denver, feeling rather desponde. Mr. Hoff has now completely recovered, and his friends insist that he shall not return to the West.

* * *

Neil Burgess is now beginning to boom himself at the Star Theatre, which has been wearing a very gloomy aspect of late behind its closed doors. In fact, a visitor to the city wouldn't have known that it was the Star Theatre, for on its bill-boards were posted glaring advertisements of Lillian Russell in "The Tzigane." Mr. Burgess now announces positively that he will open the house with a new play in September. The play has not been named, nor is it yet finished.

AMONG US WOMEN.

At the last meeting of the Authors' Guild, Mrs. Kate Bennett Woods proposed that branch clubs be established in other cities, all auxiliary to the club here in New York and that the latter should be regarded as the mother club. The idea was favorably commented upon and the motion was held over till the first full meeting. Mrs. Woods is one of the most energetic clubwomen of the feminine world and is an excellent speaker and first-class organizer. She is a member of Sorosis and of Wimodaughsis, in Washington, as well as the New England Press Club of Boston.

* * *

The prettiest little blonde-headed bride you can imagine went to housekeeping last week in West Sixty-sixth street. The little home in which the lares and penates were set up is about as big as a dovecote, so she said she would do her own work. Her mother had made a practice all through life of making ginger cookies every Saturday, so this loyal child decided to punctuate her work by a similar action. I don't know how she did it—she doesn't know herself—nobody knows or ever will know—but when she came to a realizing and despairing sense of the condition of things, she had ginger cooky dough all over everything; it was on the table and on the floor and on the wall and in her hair and her eyes and on the furniture and the door-knobs and it was altogether a hopeless mess. The amateur cook cried a little and then she quit, washed herself up, curled her blonde locks and putting on her first tailor-made suit, she grasped that wad of seal brown cooky-dough wrapped it in a paper and took it out to her mother in Harlem to find out what was the matter with it. There's a housekeeper that will succeed.

* * *

Rev. Anna Shaw is the wag of the Woman's Suffrage party. She said a good thing in defense of fashion, the other night, at a meeting out West, news of which comes to me in a personal letter. "I am weary of hearing about women's bonnets. I've never heard of a man being sent to the penitentiary through a woman's bonnet. Our fashions are about the only thing men have been willing to let us have. If I had the tobacco bill of the country, or the liquor bill, I could buy all the bonnets in the country and have a considerable sum left."

PRUDENCE SHAW.

WITH THE BRITISH WITS.

Ye Legende.

The devil tempted Faust, and he
Unfortunately fell;
Faust tempted Marguerite, and she
Ran off the line as well.
But Marguerite at last became
An angel bright and fair;
While Faust—though tempted just the same—
Was busted off elsewhere.
And yet New Women make complaint
With all the force they can,
Because the laws for woman ain't
The same as those for man!

—Pick-Me-Up.

Where He Dropped It.

Small Boy—Mother, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee. I've dropped the lump you gave me.

Mother—There you are! Where did you drop it?

Small Boy—In the coffee.—Tit-Bits.

One Thing She Won't Believe.

The wondrous woman known as "New"
Is ever seen with cheery
Avidity to mouth and chew
Each scientific theory
Save one. She still discredits this:
That there are microbes in a kiss!

—Ally Sloper.

Couldn't Raise the Wind.

"Year William is going to get a bysickle."

"Him! He ain't got the price of the wind wot goes in the tires!"—Pick-Me-Up.

Lost His Balance.

Some thought by accident he died,
When in the river gaunt and lank,
The dead man lay. "Alas!" they cried,
"He lost his balance on the bank!"
But others knew that suicide
Had made his luckless life a blank.
"Ah, no! he died, because," they cried,
"He'd lost his balance at the bank!"

—Ally Sloper.

A Little Mixed.

Tom—Well, anyway, all the old bachelors say they are glad they never married.

Kitty (scornfully)—Much they know about it! Did you ever hear any man who had a nice little wife say he was glad he never married?—Illustrated Bits.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

(From Fliegende Blaetter.)

"In Heaven's name take that child down from that pile of books."

"What can I serve you with, madam?"

A POLICE COURT INCIDENT.

(From Pick-Me-Up.)

First Burglar—Who are yer a-shovin' of?

Second Burglar—Who's a-shovin'? I've got as much right to be 'ere as you 'ave.

HOUSE AND HOME

Plain and Fancy Silk.

This gown is of plain and fancy silk. It is chiefly composed of white striped glace, trimmed on the bodice and sleeves with tuck-bands of corded silk, glimpses

of a bright lining appearing beneath. Strings of black and colored beads are tastefully used as trimming, and the tucks are edged with single beads.

A Good Dentifrice.

Next to filling, the best preventive of decay in teeth is a good tooth wash or dentifrice. The following recipe is a good one and has the merit of being harmless to the enamel. Take fifteen grains of carbolic acid, seven drams of boric acid, twenty drops of essence of peppermint, two and a half drams of tincture of anise and two pints of soft water. Mix thoroughly and use every night and morning just as you would tooth powder. It sweetens the mouth and breath.

Egg Cutlets.

To prepare egg cutlets take five eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, crumbs for breading and fat for drying. Put four of the eggs in a deep saucepan and fill up with boiling water. Cover and let them stand on the coolest part of the range for twenty minutes. At the end of this time pour off the hot water and cover with cold water. Remove the shells and cut the eggs in two, lengthwise, using a plated knife. Let a soup plate stand in hot water until heated through. Put the butter, salt and pepper in this plate and stir until the butter is melted. Beat the fifth egg in another soup plate, and have a third plate filled with dry and sifted bread crumbs. Drop the eggs in one at a time in the melted butter, then in the beaten egg, and finally roll them in the crumbs. Lay them on a platter and set in a cold place until it is time to cook them; then put them in the frying basket and cook in hot fat for one minute. Serve with a bisque or curry sauce. These eggs make a delicious luncheon or supper dish.

The Violet's New Use.

The sweet-scented garden violet is now being put to a new use. The society girl takes her violets, which she counts by the thousand this year, and at the close of the day's wearing, while yet fresh, pours boiling milk over them, and lets it stand till cold. This is the latest fad for keeping the skin soft and free from wrinkles.

Our Baby.

There is a little fairy form
Comes to me at break of dawn.
A little voice so soft and sweet,
Dimpled hands and baby feet.
Sweet sunny smiles, whose beams impart
A joy that thrills through all my heart.
There is a little face so fair,
Laughing eyes and golden hair.
A little heart of love I know
Follows me wherever I go.
When cares perplex, whate'er befall,
I look at her—thank God for all.

Luncheon Muffins.

For a dozen muffins use a pint of flour, half a pint of cream or milk, an egg, a tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix the flour and baking powder; beat the egg and sugar together; melt the butter, and, after adding it to the beaten egg and sugar, beat the mixture for a minute; now add the salt and milk and finally the flour and baking powder. Mix quickly, and, after putting into buttered muffin pans, bake in a rather hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

Hall for a Summer Cottage.

A pretty hall for a Summer cottage is decorated in green and white. The walls are wainscoted to the height of about four feet with green matting, which is fastened at the top by a white moulding and at the bottom with a baseboard, both painted white. Above the matting is a green and white paper, with raised figures. The chairs and settees are green, and the woodwork is stained the same color. The doors and stairs are white.

Raisin Cake.

One pound of seeded raisins, boiled and dried, thickly dredged with flour; one cup butter, one pound sugar, granulated; one cup sweet milk, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved with boiling water; one tablespoonful cinnamon; one teaspoonful cloves. Bake one hour in moderate oven.

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.]

Love of Children and Harsh Treatment Incompatible.

To the Editor:

In answer to "Anti-Flagellater," I agree with him wholly against the severe upbraiding of a mother to her child. Parents are in duty bound to love their children as much as to eat or worship, because, being a primitive faculty of the mind, its vigorous exercise becomes an imperious natural duty. But are not most of us deficient in this respect? Would not our own happiness, both absolutely and in our children, be promoted by its cultivation? Should not the most tender regard be manifested for them in all our conversation and intercourse with them? Should anything be allowed to interrupt or mar the most perfect intimacy and union of feeling between us and them? Are scolding and beating them in perfect accordance with the nature and powerful exercise of this faculty, is even a distant, austere, harsh, or petulant manner of speaking and acting compatible with that perfect love which this was created to secure? Should it not be our constant study to promote their happiness and advancement in all those little affairs of life which being so much with them facilitates? Should not they be indulged in whatever is for their good, and denied only what is injurious or beyond our means? This crabbed, fault-finding, authoritative manner of treating them is in open violation of that law of love which this faculty was ordained to secure. "He that loveth not his own household is worse than an infidel."

LEO F. GILES, Brooklyn.

If This Is True They Are Indeed Loafers.

To the Editor:

Being a resident of Canal street, near Thompson street, I would like to call your attention to the loafers that congregate on that corner. Hardly a night passes but they insult ladies and young women, especially those on their way to church. These same rowdies delight in chirping and howling at passers-by. ANONYMOUS, Canal street.

The Petticoated Dramatic Agent.

To the Editor:

Now that the prospects of the theatrical profession seem brighter, it is unjust that actors of twenty or more years' honorable record should be treated as outsiders by those fair dramatic agents who have lately usurped the position heretofore presided over by the sterner sex. Mere tyros are for some reason pampered and pushed into lucrative positions and their more experienced but less favored brethren are kept "a movin' on" this hot weather in the hope of coming in contact with a manager who has the horse sense to engage his actors personally and therefore knows what he is getting. ANONYMOUS.

Free Will.

To the Editor:

Mr. Kaplan has, as usual, taken refuge behind a cloud of words, and then skipped frantically round to evade the question. God, he declares, endows every human being with a "free will," consequently man alone is responsible for man's actions. But what, pray, is "free will?" We know of persons cursed at birth with an inborn, irresistible proclivity for murder. Have they "free will" to kill or not to kill? Has the pauper starving for bread the same degree of "free will" as the prince wallowing in luxury? Civilized man, says Mr. Kaplan, is in greater danger of "hell fire" than the African savage. But why? Are not both endowed with "free will?" If not, then what becomes of the universal "free will theory?" If yes, then God is manifestly unjust to civilized man. The operation of this doctrine has not then, been uniformly happy. Now, God is omniscient. Hence he must have known that it would not work well. Why, then, did he adopt it? But it is useless to pursue this argument in all its absurd intricacies. A little further on Mr. Kaplan says: "Some sooner, some later, but all eventually find him (God)," and in the same breath he declares "It is true that millions are dying and will die unenlightened." Where are these "unenlightened" to find him, and how are these statements to be reconciled? Enough for the present. M. F., 176 Henry street.

Labor, You're a Fool!

To the Editor:

In a report of the opening of the Harlem Canal a paper says:

"Members of the Canal Commission pointed out to a reporter the immense stretches of property which will be directly benefited by the improvement. Chief of these is the undeveloped Astor property, lying on the north bank of the river—a property which has doubled in value within the last five years, and which will add more millions to the family's estate."

With money taken from labor the Federal Government built this canal and thereby doubled the value of the land held by the Astors. But this land is "undeveloped," as it was when it came from the hand of nature. Labor will have to improve it, and labor must pay the Astors this increased value for the privilege of so doing. Labor is a Fool—with a capital F! Print his picture, Mr. Editor; put on him the cap and bells, and say, "There is the Fool who paid the tax that built the canal that raised the price of the land whereon he has to make a living." The dunce! Can't he see he's being robbed? ZENO.

Rides in Skirts and Doesn't Believe in Bloomers.

To the Editor:

I am a woman cyclist and have been riding a bicycle in a long skirt down to my shoetops for at least two years, and I find no inconvenience in riding a wheel with a long skirt. I see no way in which a skirt can interfere with a decent lady riding her wheel if she knows how to ride, but I know that some of these women who wear bloomers would wear knickerbockers if they could get enough encouragement. I don't hate bloomers because (as some will say) I haven't nicely shaped legs, because if I had very thin legs I could stuff them as some "tomboys" do.

A FEMALE BICYCLIST.

What Is the Will, Anyhow?

To the Editor:

Since Mr. Kaplan came back and as he is an exponent of the free-will doctrine he might enlighten the readers of "The Evening World" with an explanation of it. As I see it, I cannot conceive how a man can have a free will. In order to have a free will, there should necessarily exist a will in the first place. Where is Mr. Kaplan and his friends going to find it? Outside of the act of willing, there is no such a thing as a will in the abstract, and consequently there can be no free will. Please do not tell us the joke of the mule and the two haystacks. C. C. CROLLY, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Oh, How Nice It Would Be.

To the Editor:

Your "Evening World" is just the right paper. What interests me most is the letters. Now, I don't agree with madest Dick about his wife wearing bloomers. I think they are the right and proper thing for ladies to wear on a bicycle, and if all the Babylon and North Babylon young ladies would wear them. Oh! how nice it would be. DAISY, Babylon, L. I.

All Actors Are Not Bad Men.

To the Editor:

I noticed in your valuable paper the other evening an article signed "An Actor's Darling," in which she writes that actors are dangerous people to associate with and advises "Elmer" not to seek an introduction to the actor whom she so dearly loves. We all know we are not all alike. I would pity this world if we were. This darling also writes that her husband is the only exception. I can assure this darling that actors are not as bad as she writes, and if she has been able to find a good one why cannot "Edmar" find one, too? It seems to me that she is not very happy with her actor husband, or else she would not give "Edmar" such advice. E. M., Brooklyn.