The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 63 to 69 PARK ROW, New York.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD (including postage):

PER MONTH..... 50c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

Vol. 35,..... No. 12,361

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave. at 22d st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—209 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Press Building, 701 Chestnut st.
WASHINGTON—703 14th st.

ADVERTISEMENTS in the Evening Edition of THE WORLD are taken upon the specific guarantee that the average bona fide paid circulation of The EVENING WORLD is considerably larger than that of all the other Evening papers in New York COMBINED, to wit: The Evening Post, the Evening Sun, the Evening News, the Evening Telegram, the Mail and Express and the Commercial Advertiser.

A PLEA FOR THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

The Rev. J. P. Dawson, of Asbury Park, preached a sensible sermon on the Sunday newspaper at the Westminster Presbyterian Church last night. He declared it to be as foolish and as futile to attempt to suppress the Sunday newspaper as it would be to try to stop the incoming and outgoing of the tide. But he thought a great work for religion might be done if the Sunday papers would throw open their columns "to those who desire to publish the glad tidings," and let the clergyman use them for his teachings. By this, might be opened up "a magnificent opportunity to reach the homes of the irreligious and non-church goers of the land."

The Rev. Mr. Dawson is correct in his prediction that the Sunday newspaper has come to stay. It belongs to the whole people and they would not give it up. But his suggestion as to its use as a medium for the teachings of the clergy is superfluous. Every line in the Sunday paper is a lesson in religion, in morality and in duty. It points out the folly and unprofitableness of vice and crime. It teaches the blessings and benefits to morality, uprightness and honesty. It instructs the ignorant, elevates the intellect and ennobles the mind. Its interesting contents amuse its millions of readers and keep many from dissipation and time-idling. It is a greater reformer than the most eloquent preacher could be, for the reason that it reaches hundreds of thousands while he preaches only to a single congregation. It is the popular bible, for its teachings touch the heart and fit themselves in every man's life and sympathies and understanding.

The Asbury Park minister is right. The Sunday newspaper is a permanent institution, and the world is made better by its teachings and its influence.

Rosebery and his Ministers look like silly Liberals, from the American point of view. The slap-one-of-us-and-the-rest-won't-play policy would not be a taking one over here.

THE CHANGE IN ENGLAND'S MINISTRY.

The Liberals are out. The English Ministers have resigned and the Marquis of Salisbury has been sent for by the Queen to form a new Ministry.

The Tories are now or soon will be in power, and then the discordant elements of Liberalism will discover what they have gained by the change.

Mr. Gladstone's retirement was a bad thing for Ireland. The return to Tory policy will, however, open the eyes of the people, and the final result may and probably will be a substantial advancement of the Liberal cause.

Coney Island had a big Sunday, and at least 60,000 people gave heartfelt thanks that it was not also a dry one.

LET HIM BE PUNISHED.

There should be no slip of justice in dealing with the notorious Mike Callahan, recently a member of the State Legislature by grace of Pat Divver. This man assaults policemen while trying to do their duty. Yesterday he beat another officer who had the temerity to arrest him for breaking the law. He fought until a couple of blows between the eyes with the butt of the police pistol forced him to submit and go to the station-house, where he was promptly bailed out. The penalty for Callahan's offense, attacking an officer, is five years. Callahan should get every day of it, and the term should begin very soon. The Police Commissioners themselves should see to it, as part of their duty in putting a new spirit into the force, that this Callahan is promptly punished. Policemen must no longer be in terror of thugs with political influence, even if they have helped to make laws for the State. No private persuasion should be allowed to make the injured policeman show mercy. Let the Commissioners stand by their men.

It is time to end the power of such fellows as Callahan. Every friend of decency and good order should take up this case. It should be pushed through and flimsy obstacles for delay should be beaten down, the trial soon begun and the punishment quickly follow.

Uncle Russell Sage says that if he hadn't been so rich Laidlaw would not have sued him. Neither would Norcross have thrown his bomb at you, Uncle Russell.

THE PENDULUM O'BRIENS.

There's a heap of trouble coming in the Board of Aldermen. When the City Fathers first met, the two O'Brien factions swung with the Republicans in the cause of reform and organized the Board. They got a little of the pottage of office, but not much. Later, on a grave issue, reapportionment, they swung over to the Democrats. They got a little out of that, but not much.

Now they have decided to overturn the Board once more, drive out all the Republican office-holders, make a new combine with the Democrats and take a good big slice of patronage for themselves.

Thus does the O'Brien become the Warwick of the Board. When he gets tired of the Democrats he will go to his old friends, the Republicans, and root out his new friends, the Democrats. The O'Brien fathers promise to swing to and fro all Summer like a pendulum. It may be fun for them, but it's hard on their fellow-members, who will come down to each meeting wondering whether they are going to take their seats "with" or "without"—with patronage or without patronage.

There is only one way to beat the O'Brien party, that is for the Democrats and Republicans to combine to beat them and keep the offices, otherwise the O'Brien party is invincible.

Ex-Assemblyman Mike Callahan has possibly chosen a bad time to exercise his boasted "pull." Assaulting a conscientious policeman is a more serious offense in New York to-day than it was a few months ago.

CHICAGO PERILS.

While Brooklyn runs a good second just now, Chicago takes the palm. C. P. Birch, the cashier of the West Chicago Street Railway, was shot and killed in his office on Armitage avenue yesterday morning while the street was crowded with people. The assassin, who is supposed to have been alone, got safely away with about one thousand dollars in money, and there is no clue to his discovery.

Mr. Birch made a brave fight for his life and the Company's money. After being shot in the back, he sprang for his own gun instead of obeying the order to "hold up his hands." The second shot hit him in the wrist and disabled his right hand, but he pluckily changed his revolver to his left hand and fought a regular duel with the robber, who is known to have been hit in the shoulder. Three more shots were fired by the murderer and poor Birch fell mortally wounded. He died three hours afterwards. He was thirty-seven years old and leaves an interesting young family.

It is singular that the firing was not heard. The murder was not known until the Superintendent and claim agent of the Company went to the cashier's office and found Birch wounded and dying.

A crowd of employees of the road were only half a block away repairing some accident to an electric car. A Chicago office in the heart of the city is getting to be as dangerous as a seat on a Western stage going up hill in a lonely part of the road.

It is promised that Mr. Roosevelt will make a sensation over his enforcement of the Sunday Excise law. Perhaps. He certainly won't make friends. But it is encouraging to believe that his zeal in this direction will make way for a change in the law at the next session of the Legislature.

Roundsman Roosevelt keeps on catching 'em napping. No way has been discovered of "tipping off" the police as to which precincts the Commissioner will appear in next. Indications seem to point to the driving of all the city patrolmen to honest work o' nights.

Mayor Strong's new hat is almost white. It is said to have attracted some attention at Manhattan Beach. New Yorkers in general, however, have little concern about the color of the hat so long as the Mayor doesn't use it to talk through.

It was pretty near to a dry Sunday in New York yesterday. And it was an outrage on popular rights. The demand for a change in the law will be loud, when the Legislature meets again.

Old Union College deserves the privilege of celebrating many another hundred years. Her first centennial anniversary has passed with great eclat.

"Fell from his wheel and died." The old story of over-exertion. Man can do too much at anything. It takes a long while to teach him this fact.

A particularly hot season at Peekskill is the Seventh Regiment's recompense for its cold spell in Brooklyn during the trolley strike.

Wages of over 250,000 men increased within thirty days! What can the calamity howler do in the face of a fact like that?

This is a good week in which to commence climbing, good Messrs. Giants. The days and the season are growing shorter.

A little thing like a broken rudder couldn't phase the St. Louis. She ran as steady as a clock. There's Yankee grit for you.

The people have a right to demand that their policemen shall be used for a better purpose than watching Sunday side-doors.

There is lacking from this morning's news any declaration from Gen. Campos to the effect that the Cuban rebellion is ended.

Salisbury does not go at Cabinet making as an apprentice. He has learned the business before.

The Republican parrot continues to remark that "The tariff is the issue." He's a dull bird.

Racing interests and the racehorse lost a good friend in the late James G. K. Lawrence.

Not even when the leopard changes its spots can New York change its name.

Dips of practiced oars made merry music all along the Harlem yesterday.

The weather is good to the college oarsmen up the Hudson.

Is the Henry murder "mystery" on for another week's run?

Harvard and Yale row it out on the old lines this week.

Roosevelt breaks out in a new place nearly every night.

Now let the carriage-lights ordinance pass for good.

Well, Rosebery went and did it.

NOT STUCK ON ITS SHAPE.

Stern Parent (who hadn't noticed the style of his daughter's new sailor.)—If you'll find the man who sat on this young lady's hat, I'll thrash him within an inch of his life.

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

LORD SALISBURY.

This is the picture of the British statesman who picks up the Premiership where Rosebery lays it down.

AS OTHER EDITORS SAY.

Wisely Expressed.

Public men who write the fewest letters this year will be happiest in 1896.—Minneapolis Journal.

Mr. Fish's Suspicion.

Ham Fish has sailed for Europe. He suspects politics have finished with him, but, of course, he says he is tired of politics.—Buffalo Times.

Quay Has a Fight on Hand.

It is evident that he (Quay) has reached a point where he may be compelled to make the fight of his life to keep himself out of the frying-pan. His opponents care nothing for angling in salt or fresh water, and while Quay has been fishing they have been making combinations that have a formidable look to a man up a tree.—Philadelphia Times.

A Reform Acquisition.

Police Commissioner Parker, who presided at the New York police trials the other day, astonished the spectators by acting as interpreter for French, German and Hebrew witnesses. City officials who have a liberal education and know their humanities have been a novelty in the metropolis for many years.—Hartford Times.

Law and the Color Line.

If intelligent negroes and their friends would not try to answer race prejudice by legislation it would be better for everybody concerned. Prejudice may be reasoned with, but it cannot be beaten down.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Taught by the Cleveland Affair.

The proper thing for the Democratic managers to do is to see to it that there is no convention of Democratic clubs this year.—Washington Post.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

You say that "Love dwells in the groves on the hills,
By the shore of the sea, in meandering rills.
I can't paint romances, if I stay in the city,
The effort's quite plain, if I try to be witty!"
Egad! I'm not sure—in the hottest of times
I can weave you a bundle of amorous rhymes!
If I want to dilate on love, and his arrows,
I go to the park and converse with the sparrows!
I can think all I like about kisses and lips,
If I only indulge in a few Summer trips!
I imagine myself by the sea on the ferries
When watching the paddles, the tugs and the wherries!
And the stores will provide all my fanciful bowers,
With their new summer bonnets, their fruits and their flowers!
Still—I would get away, if I had but the power,
And whatever I say—the grapes are quite sour!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

A SEA SONG.

Dash of the billows of ocean, my dear,
And I on the strand alone!
The billows roll where the brave ships steer,
But love will lead where the skies are clear,
The sailors sing from the shrouds, my dear,
And I on the strand alone!

Songs of the tempest at sea, my dear,
And I on the strand alone!
The great stars high in the blue vaults veer,
But love will read them and bring them near,
For love makes a heaven of stars, my dear;
But I wait on the strand alone!

Signs of the coming of ships, my dear,
And I in the dark alone!
The sails lean landward; A falling tear
Is a pearl of joy! * * * Lo! your lips are here!
And I clasp you and kiss you, my dear, my dear!
No more in the dark alone!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Absent-Minded.

"What a manly bearing Mrs. Harkins has to-day."

"Yes; she is very absent-minded and doubtless thinks she is wearing her bloomers."—Chicago Post.

MEN WHO FIGHT FIRES.

Capt. John Barber, of Engine Company 39, has been in the Department since 1870, and a foreman since 1892. He has always been stationed below Fourteenth street. He has been with Engine Company 39 for three years.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

Detective Sergt. Edward J. Armstrong, to whom a few days ago was awarded one of "The World's" public service medals, has for years been one of the best known detectives of the Central Office staff. He was a great favorite of McNyrnes, and was considered by ex-Inspector McLaughlin to be one of his best men. Armstrong's specialty is negro criminals. It is said that he has the best knowledge of that class of criminals of any detective in America. He always dresses well and is well known in upper Broadway, where he can be seen almost every night when off duty. He is one of the few members of the Central Office staff whose name was not mentioned in one way or another in the Lexow investigations.

* * *

I saw Richard Harding Davis, in the full glory of a regulation golf suit, riding a wheel at Madison Square Garden a few afternoons ago. The megacephalic young writer rode well, and was the cynosure of many admiring school girl glances.

* * *

One day while the latest Laidlaw-Sage trial was on, it happened that a court attendant wished to move a vacant chair which stood near Uncle Russell. The space roundabout was crowded and in elevating the chair the attendant was so unfortunate as to hit Mr. Sage a sharp rap on the head. The banker started and turned pale. "He thinks it was another Norcross bomb," whispered an irreverent young lawyer, and there was a murmur of amusement which drew a sharp look from a court officer.

* * *

By the way, the case of Laidlaw has been cited as one showing the advantages of athletic training in pulling a man through the effects of a severe illness or injury. This young man who shielded Sage from the bomb was an athlete and a fine oarsman. A weaker man might have succumbed to the shock and hurts which he underwent. Another case brought up is that of George Lord Day, of the Meadowbrook Club, who was thrown from his horse while following the hounds. From all accounts the horse turned a complete somersault, the whole weight of his hindquarters striking the man full in the middle of the body, fracturing the pelvis, and causing internal ruptures. To-day Mr. Day is about again, attending to the ordinary affairs of life, and though he may never be as robust again as he was before the accident, there is no reason to believe that he has not a long life before him. Then there is the recovery of Malcolm W. Ford from a desperate attack of typhoid fever a few years ago. It was said that Ford had the disease in his system while he was actually contesting in tennis international athletic games in England and France, and that unknowingly he went about struggling against it for weeks after the ordinary man would have been lying upon his back.

THE GLEANER.

INSULT ON INJURY.

(From St. Paul's.)

"I'll have a nice swim."

"Ain't 'e enjoyin' 'imself!"

"Just wot oi want!"

"I've left yer newspiper, so as yer won't ketch cold!"

AMONG US WOMEN

Bohemia, as it has come to refer to a certain manner of living in the art world, has been growing in popularity at a great pace during the past few years. Since the advent of "Trilby" it has made inroads upon the charmed circles of conventional society, or society has made inroads upon Bohemia. Webster defines a Bohemian as "a needy writer, politician, or artist, who lives by his wits." This seems to be a rather up-to-date and comprehensive definition of it. Mrs. Edward Moran, the artist, the mother of Percy and Leon Moran, referred to it rather prettily the other night when asked for a definition, as "the domain of refined informality."

* * *

She was a mere scrap of a maid, about nine years of age, and we rode up from Park place together on the Elevated Saturday. She was beautiful, and she did not know it. We sat opposite each other in the car and struck up a mute acquaintance. I forgot to say that some of her clothing was pretty old and not very clean, and that it helped to make her a picture. She looked out of the window intently, but all at once she darted across the car, by way of retreat, with an expression of abject terror on her face. Four people looked up from the papers they were reading and we craned our necks to see what had happened to frighten her so. The sky hadn't fallen, and the buildings were intact. "See!" she ejaculated, "it's a stinging bee." There on the window sill was the enemy. The first June bug of the year, with the most resplendent pair of wings all in iridescent hues that you can possibly imagine. Then everybody laughed at that little maid, whereat she became very red in the face. I pressed a nickel in her hand as she passed out, and she resented it just a little. "Get candy for the baby, please" I said, and then she smiled and fled.

* * *

Miss Susan B. Anthony was taken up in one of her arguments in favor of suffrage the other day in the West. She said: "Every woman, the moment she is married, is legally robbed of the right to the custody of her own person; she is robbed of the right to the ownership of the services of her own hands; she is robbed of the right to the ownership of her own children." Miss Teresa Kelso, of San Francisco, rose to combat. She said she did not believe Miss Anthony could discourage young women from marriage by all this talk about lack of freedom. She said: "Marriage is not obligatory on a woman in this country, and I believe she can marry any man she wants." This was something like an illogical bombshell and everybody felt as though some one had blundered—as though some one had been misunderstood. PRUDENCE SHAW.

CURRENT PHRASE ILLUSTRATED.

"It Grows on One."

JOKES THAT ARE BORROWED.

Oh, Woman, Why?

Oh, woman, wherefore years to go
Where politics is raging;
Where thorns of disappointment grow,
With wounds beyond assuaging?
The powers which you now employ
Spread palms of victory o'er you,
Since man's a willing errand boy,
And does your voting for you.

—Washington Star.

His Partner's Turn.

"Won't have anything?"
"Not a drop."
"What's your idea?"
"My partner has gone fishing this week, and we can't both afford to be drunk at the same time."—Chicago Post.

Irony.

"The truth you'd know," her suitor sighed,
"If you my face would read."
Whereon the scornful maid replied,
"It's very plain indeed." —Harlem Life.

No Inducement.

First Bunco Man—Couldn't get Farmer Squashby to go into the green goods business, eh?

Second Bunco Man—No; he couldn't see enough money in it. Said he'd stick to Summer boarders. —Brooklyn Life.

In Partnership.

A pair of wandering Willies sought
All labor hard to shun—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two tramps that beat as one.

—Atlanta Journal.

A Chance for a Dark Horse.

Sister May—I think if you should propose to Grace, she would accept you.

Brother Jack (eagerly)—Do you? Has she said anything?

Sister May—No; but I know she was deeply in love with Harry Maxwell, and his engagement has just been announced.—Brooklyn Life.

WORLDLINGS.

About 500 pounds of the Holy Terror rock was so rich in gold that it was shipped direct to the mint from the Adams Express office at Hill City, S. D.

The taking of the census of Japan is simple, but the figures are utterly unreliable. The houses are counted and an average of five persons allowed for each house.

The powder used in big guns is queer looking stuff. Each grain is a hexagonal prism an inch wide and two-thirds of an inch thick, with a hole bored through the middle of it.

A Parsee sacred fire, which is burning in a temple at Leiguis, Persia, is known to have not been extinguished since the days of Rapihoreth, who lived twelve centuries ago.

The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch 660,000, of the Portugese 206,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000 and of the Danish 74,000.

If a needle be inserted into the skin of a supposed corpse and withdrawn, the hole will remain open if the patient be really dead. But if the patient lives the skin will close up and the hole disappears.

The oldest cathedral in England is probably that of Winchester. It is believed that it was built in 177 by the newly converted British King Lucas, on the site of a great pagan temple. The oldest portions of the present edifice date back to the year 500 A. D.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES

McKay's Budget of News from London—Manhattan's Fine Display of Fireworks.

Frederick Edward McKay sends the following budget of gossip from the English metropolis where he went in the interests of John Hare and others. "Mr. Hare informs me positively," writes Mr. McKay, "that he will produce only two plays, 'A Pair of Spectacles,' and 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' in the United States. He will open in the former. I consider," says Mr. Hare, "that "A Pair of Spectacles" contains my best part. After I have given the American public an opportunity to see me in a character that gives me a chance to do what I am capable of doing I am willing to take a back seat, playing a part of less importance, and letting Miss Julia Neilson appear in the big role in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." I am glad to say that everything connected with Mr. Hare's American tour is progressing favorably. He has engaged Charles Groves to accompany him as leading comedian. You doubtless remember Mr. Groves playing with much success at Wallack's Theatre, in the last season of the stock company of that house. I saw Beerbohm Tree the other day. He denied that he roasted Wilton Lackaye as Svengali. Hattie Delaro Barnes is having rather a bad time, I hear, in this town. She has to provide food and bed for a band of pickaninnies that she brought with her from America, and she is not enjoying herself by any means. Alf Hayman and the Shahzada are in town. Charles Frohman was here from Paris on Monday."

* * *

Pain's fireworks at Manhattan Beach Saturday night are undoubtedly the best that have ever been seen down at that swept-by-ocean-breezes resort. There is less irrelevant ballet and non-pyrotechnic features than usual, and the result is gratifying. The bombardment episode is a capital piece of work, and the scenic effects used are so good that they look quite as well by day as by night. The entertainment is short—another thing in its favor. It will probably be longer next week, but—here's a bit of advice to the management—if the affair is left just as it was on the opening night, it will surely be a success.

* * *

Patti is going to wear a gown of lemon satin studded with precious stones, and stockings and slippers to match, when she appears at Buckingham Palace. That little bit of information arrived by the Campania on Saturday, and was sent to "The Evening World" by Mrs. Scott Rowland. Mrs. Rowland waxes very enthusiastic over Patti's reception in London, though that is rather an old story now. "I never saw such a gathering in our Metropolitan Opera-House," she says. "Mme. Melba occupied a box with some friends, and was very demonstrative in her expressions of admiration." Of course, Mme. Melba isn't a fool. Although a good many idiots assert that Melba has out-Pattied Patti, the Australian prima donna knows very well that she is not there just yet.

* * *

Miss Jennie Reiffarth, who is to appear as Mme. Vinard in the Chicago "Trilby" company, says that she has been engaged continually for two seasons with no less than a dozen companies, but that each company failed to pay. She has been playing in the Mabel Amber "Trilby" company, and declares that this was the first organization that gave her the financial rewards promised. "Thank goodness for 'Trilby,'" says Miss Reiffarth. This paragraph, while not exciting, may serve to point a moral for the benefit of several foolish young women who have announced their intention to "go on the stage" next season. This is the time of year when such silly people give up cherished certainties for hopeless uncertainties. Let them write to Jennie Reiffarth for advice. They couldn't apply to a more admirable actress or a more sensible woman.

* * *

There's to be a new star next season. She has heaps of cash, has a tendency to be pretty, is inclined to be young, and bears the name of Lillian Walrath. She's going to jump with one merciless bound from schools of acting to the stellar pinnacle—which is quite unusual. If she succeeds she will have jumped over a good deal of trouble—trouble which was not spared to Langtry and Potter and others. Miss Walrath has one thing in her favor, in addition to her money. It is her positive refusal to play Juliet or Rosalind.

* * *

"The Lily of Killarney" may go on the road next season. Mr. Carleton is negotiating with a manager with that end in view. The good old work went very well at the Grand Opera-House a few weeks ago, and it struck a good many people then that "The Lily" might turn out well if handsomely presented and fitted up with a few modern improvements.

* * *

John Drew, who is in London with his manager, Charles Frohman, is not allowing the grass to sprout beneath his Trilbies. His London season, of the prospects of which we have heard so much, has been arranged, and he is to open at the Vaudeville Theatre May 12 of next year. Then Mr. Frohman has made a contract with Anthony Hope, and that gentlemen's collaborateur, Edward Rose, for a new play for Mr. Drew. This play will be produced in America before it is seen in England. It is said to be "a study of the bright side of English society," and is not "burdened with sexual problems."

* * *

Charles Frohman is going to have Gilletto's new play, "Secret Service," done at the Adelphi Theatre, London, next Winter. This is the play that was tried a few weeks ago, and that New Yorkers will have an opportunity of judging during the coming season. In fact, plump little Mr. Frohman has been pleading the American cause in London, and has been telling the Britishers that the time is coming when their market will be flooded with American plays. The quid pro quo has been a long time coming, but—everything comes to him who waits.

* * *

Bravo, Vesta! Go up top, Tilley! There we were wondering how, in her most recent song, "I'm the Latest Imitation of the Prince," she dared to present Albert Edward in a white stovepipe hat! Just as though his Royal Proprieties would be guilty of wearing such a singularly outre and unlovely headgear! When, lo and behold, we learned in Saturday's "Evening World" that the Prince had actually sported such a hat. Could Vesta have had presentiments? Could she have been vouched a premonition? Talk of Langtry anticipating the Trouville fashions with the dresses that she wore in "Gossip." Langtry's feat was pallid and anaemic compared with that of Mme. Vesta Tilley.

THE THOUGHTFUL SERVANT.

(From Fliegende Blaetter.)

"See here, cook, I'm going to tell my husband that I cooked the dinner."

"Well, I guess I'll have to burn the roast then, or he'll never believe it."

HOUSE AND HOME

Revival of the Louis XVI. Hat.

More and more are Parisian women adopting the fashion of Louis XVI. in hats which are loaded or rather overloaded, with flowers, bows and osprey, and soft folds of lace or gauze. Some made for shade have a floating scarf of fine tulle or other delicate fabric, which renders a veil unnecessary. Wings for trimming are wider, and spread themselves out towards the sides, where folded ribbons and clusters of flowers are massed, and large upstanding loops of broad taffeta ribbon rear themselves. For bonnets, toques and smaller forms of millinery a high aigrette is placed

to one side, and a coronet passes across the brow. These coronets are formed of large flowers, pompons of straw, or choux of quilled gauze or baby ribbons, and with them bonnets and hats in simple good taste are made, which contrast pleasantly with the vulgarity of present fashions in general. The hair to suit all these hats is worn in a soft fringe or else waved, while the knot behind is arranged in Henry II. or 1830 style. Some few fashionable women have adopted the waved bandeaux à la jolie femme, but this makes its wearers look old, and it is exceedingly difficult to find hats or bonnets which go well with it.

A Fancy Apron.

A fancy apron is made of coarse lace net beautifully darned and decorated with ribbon. A deep hem is made at the top and bottom, and a narrower hem finishes each side. The net is darned in two or three complex designs above the hem and lavender ribbon forms a bow at each side at the top, under which the ribbon tie-strings are secured.

Fresh Air the Remedy.

The reliance on daily drugs is as reprehensible and as inexcusable as reliance on barroom stimulants for "that feeling of goneness," which is the product of irregular and irrational modes of living, and of drug-taking itself. Fresh air is the only trustworthy panacea against most of the troubles for which drugs are poured into the abused stomach. Sir Isaac Newton never made but one speech while he was in Parliament, but that was one of the best speeches ever made. He arose and requested that the windows might be lowered to admit fresh air.

Some Summer Fancies.

Opals cut round like pearls are the present craze among gems.

A pretty effect is obtained if the finger bowls carry out the color of the table.

White and gold belt buckles, cuff buttons and studs designed alike and sold in sets, are in great demand.

Some of the prettiest doylies shown at the exchanges and fancy goods counters are made of hairpin work.

Nut-pickers have been abolished from the table. If the nuts need any further breaking, the cracker is there.

Honey from Lump Sugar.

To make honey from lump sugar, take a quantity of lump sugar, and put it into a large kettle; as the syrup boils up at one stage of the process, and is apt to run over and catch fire. Pour on the sugar enough water to melt to a syrup when hot. Boil and skim till clear, then drop in for two quarts as much powdered alum as you can pile on a dime. The alum is to prevent the sugar from granulating. Be ready to lift the kettle off the fire quickly, as the alum causes the sugar to froth up very high. Boil until it becomes of the consistency and color of strained honey, when add a teaspoonful of Jamaica ginger, stir thoroughly and set to cool.

Washing Printed Delaines.

To wash printed delaines without injuring the colors, rice should be used instead of soap. Boil half a pound of rice in rather more than two quarts of water, let the water become tepid, and then wash the fabric in it, rubbing it with the rice as if it were soap; rinse two or three times in rice-water, from which, however, the rice has been strained, and use the last rinsing water, well diluted, so that the material may not become too stiff. Iron while slightly damp.

Orris Root.

Orris root, ground or pounded, is an excellent perfume for sachets in one's drawers of under linen and it is coming into fashion again, though its virtues have been always known. The Florentine orris is the best, and women who are suspicious of an adulteration of flour in the prepared powder always buy a handful of the rough, chalky white roots that the apothecary will grind up before their eyes. This they put in double bags of soft silk to lay about on shelves and in handkerchief and glove boxes. Orris communicates a delicious odor of violets to whatever it comes in contact with.

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.]

Wants a New Party.

To the Editor:

Having studied as well as possible the principle of the present parties, who change off in the running of our Government, I have come to the conclusion that neither one suits me—that is, they do not come up to my idea of good and honest government. I therefore submit to others, who believe the same way (and I know there are plenty), to organize a new party, with a platform something like this:

1. To adopt some sure plan regarding the coinage of gold and silver.

2. To advocate a tariff that will not be excessive and at the same time save the domestic market from being outpriced by Europe.

3. To restrict immigration; that is, to see that districts outside of large cities will be populated and the ground fertilized.

This platform is most certainly open for improvement, and I cordially ask the readers of "The Evening World" to bring forward their ideas on this most serious subject. As things presently stand, this cannot last very long. Both leading parties are incompetent to handle our affairs. See that we can be proud of being called Americans. M. S. SUCRAM.

Wants a Girl Visitor.

To the Editor:

I am a young lady under the careful jurisdiction of the kindest of papas and mammas, and as we have a pretty little home in the country and my own horse and carriage, I would like very much to meet and entertain for a week or two some nice young ladies at that home, where a refined, vivacious, sweet-tempered and pretty girl would be most welcome and have the promise of a delightful sojourn. References might be exchanged if thought necessary, and any young lady otherwise wishing to accept of the invitation, but being reticent about accepting alone, or without a protector with her, if she had a brother inclined to be lively, jocular and jovial, and above all, a gentleman, I would be pleased to extend a cordial invitation to him also, and would do my best to entertain both. FLORENCE.

A Question for Employers.

To the Editor:

It is a singularity in New York's business men to utterly disregard an application of a capable, efficient young man for a position of any kind if said applicant be not in a position to furnish local reference. There is one young man in particular who, although he is perfectly competent to fill any position given him in the liquor and wine trade and who at the same time could control a small trade, yet, merely because he is unable to furnish city references, he finds no consideration from any of the numerous houses wherein he has applied. Does business prosperity affect Eastern merchants to such an extent as to cause them to utterly disregard business qualifications to the preference of manufactured praises of competency? J. H.

Husbands Who Fear Arrest.

To the Editor:

In reference to "J. M." and "his terror of a wife," I would say that there are always two sides to a story. Why not have the wife's version for this story to me seems to have a familiar ring to it.

I investigated a case that would fit this complaint, and found the wife and children living in a barrack (instead of in luxury, as was stated), being the only place where the landlord would stand his coming home drunk every morning except Sunday (fight and get drunk at home Sunday) at 1 2 or 3 A. M., whooping, crying and fighting; bringing 40 to 50 cents per day for feeding and clothing wife and three grown children.

The children had to stay from school one-half of the time for want of shoes, and the only way that shoes were ever obtained from him was when the wife would tear his underwear and fight for the money.

This man makes $20 per week; gives $6 per week to his wife, and the balance is spent in drink and dissipation (rent being out of the question), his motto being that it is "cheaper to move than pay rent."

This story was proved by several neighbors in the house, and still this gentleman (?) asked the question, "Can my wife get me arrested?" I think it would be too good for the likes of him. I would like to be at the head of a tar and feather mob and give such people their just deserts. It seems strange if "J. M.'s" story is true, and he is willing to leave money for his family, why should he be so afraid of arrest?

DICK DEAD-EYE.

"Dry Sunday" a Fake.

To the Editor:

This talk about "dry Sundays" is all bosh. The precinct commanders send out men in citizen's dress who are well known all over their precinct. Of course they are refused admittance to the saloons; then the newspapers, commenting on the few excise arrests, attempt to persuade the people that we had a "dry Sunday." Then again the police act very mean, for they "lay" for the poor unfortunate who runs a small store, while the big store is given the tip of any strange "spotter" in the vicinity. Is this what is called reform? Let us hope not.

THIRSTY CITIZEN.

Really of Little Account.

To the Editor:

I see in "The Evening World" (April 29) that in comparing ten unmarried marriageable sex of England, that the (countless) maidens reach a majority of 200,000.

Now as England is quite a distance for a young man to go to select a wife from the (countless) maidens of that land, will you please inform me how the United States (countless) maidens compare with ten "million-heiressless" young (counts) of our country?

C. W. REED.

Music at Mount Morris.

To the Editor:

I desire to add my name to the list who are disgusted at the music rendered at Mount Morris Park. As "Ideality" states, "give us music that is music," but not those selections which have grown old in the German service, viz.: "In Lauterbach," or something to that effect. Request or no request, the programme is repeated every two or three weeks during each year. The same music played last year constitutes this year's programme. Buy new music or borrow some from Messrs. Rogers, Liebold, Bayne, Conterno or some other leader, if possible. Throw your music away, Mr. Erben, and oblige by procuring new selections.

CRITIC AND MANY, MANY OTHERS.

Sisters Want Work.

To the Editor:

We are two American girls who have been seeking employment for a long time, but have met with no success. We have received a fair education at the public schools and have known better times, but misfortune came to us and we are now compelled to work; so, knowing the good your paper has done for many others, we hope you will print this that it may meet the eye of some one who will be able to give us employment.

TWO SISTERS.

You Are Not.

To the Editor:

I am a foreigner; came to this country at the age of seventeen years and eleven months. Am I entitled to a vote when I am twenty-one years old, without taking out my first papers?

A FOREIGNER.

A Dog-gone Shame.

To the Editor:

Having applied for a renewal of a dog license at the S. P. C. A., I was surprised to find out that I was to pay $5 for a new license because my dog had died and I wanted a new one. I think this is as bad as robbery. Now I will take none at all, and would not like to see any one touch my dog. CONSTANT READER.