The World

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OVER HALF A MILLION PER DAY.

The World's Circulation for the First Six Months of 1895,

553,813 PER DAY.

This EXCEEDS the COMBINED CIRCULATION of ten New York newspapers, or, to be more specific, by OVER 140,000 more than the COMBINED CIRCULATION of the HERALD, the TELEGRAM, the SUN, the EVENING SUN, the TRIBUNE, the EVENING POST, the MAIL AND EXPRESS, the COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER and the MORNING JOURNAL.

The World's Circulation	Per Day
First Six Months of 1896	553,813
First Six Months of 1894	474,065
First Six Months of 1891	322,100
First Six Months of 1883	26,657
Gain in One Year	79,748 Per Day
Gain in Four Years	231,713 Per Day
Gain in Twelve Years	527,276 Per Day

Readers of "THE EVENING WORLD" leaving the city for the hot months should send in their addresses and have "THE EVENING WORLD" mailed them regularly. Addresses changed as often as desired.

IS THE REJECTION LEGAL?

The Aqueduct Commissioners yesterday awarded the contract for building the Jerome Park Reservoir to John B. McDonald on a bid of $5,472,080, rejecting the bid of John O'Brien, which was nearly two hundred thousand dollars less.

There was no pretense that the O'Brien bid was irregular in any respect. No objection was made to his bond of $400,000. His deposit of $32,000 was entirely regular. But his bid was rejected, and President Duane, when asked the reason, replied, "We are not bound to give any reason."

The Aqueduct Commissioners are not required to award contracts to the lowest bidders. The law gives them discretionary power. But this right of rejection contemplates that it shall be used in the interest of the people. President Duane will find that the Commissioners are "bound" to give reasons to the people why they throw away two hundred thousand dollars of their money for the benefit of a contractor.

There may be satisfactory reasons for the rejection of the O'Brien bid. But they should be stated. If they are sufficient, well and good. But if they are insufficient, the courts may hold that the discretionary power given by law to the Commission is intended to be exercised in the interest of the public and not to gratify the whims of the Commissioners or to benefit a favorite contractor at the expense and injury of the city.

It looks as if another explanation were due from Spain. And if this sort of thing keeps on, the point will soon be reached where explanations will not make up for the firing of solid shot over American bows.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

The Grand Jury's indictment of the officials of the Third Avenue Cable Company for criminal negligence in connection with the killing of James A. Dermody in May last is the first result of the new movement against the railroad corporations.

The people will approve a policy intended to prevent carelessness in the operation of all railroads and to afford better protection for human life. No doubt, in many instances, the carelessness of employees and the anxiety of the companies to save expense lead to fatal accidents. But passengers are required to use ordinary prudence themselves and not by overcrowding or reckless conduct to invite accidents.

It is said that the jury is now to take up the disasters on the New York Central and the New Haven tracks. In this connection there is doubtless necessity for changes, especially on the Eleventh avenue lines, in order to protect the public from a great peril. But when shall we hear of the punishment of the Brooklyn trolley butchers whose list of murders now stretches to one hundred and fourteen victims?

The Sick Babies' Fund approaches the $22,000 mark. This means more good to the suffering little ones of the tenement districts than can ever be measured in dollars and cents.

A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

A sad story of real life is that told today of James Clark, the Harlem bricklayer. James had a little boy, Johnny, nine years of age, the darling of his father's heart. Last Monday Johnny was sent by his mother with a baby carriage to buy some ice at the foot of East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street. He did not return, and at 3 in the afternoon the mother found the baby carriage and Johnny's clothes on the pier. He had evidently gone in bathing and was drowned.

As soon as the father heard the sad news he threw up his work and remained on the pier dragging for the body until daylight. Then he procured a heavy boat from a man on the river and commenced a search for the body. Although clumsy at the oars he rowed up and down, up and down, with his eyes intently on the water and as eager as Gaffer Hexam was to discover that "something in the river." He poled the boat across the mud flats on the Morrisania side and never tired at his work. Till midnight on Tuesday he kept up his fruitless search, and resumed it again at daylight yesterday. At 9 o'clock he had almost made up his mind to give up the search in despair, when, drifting with the tide and within a short distance of the dock where his boy's clothes were found something rose to the surface not a dozen feet from his boat. In the man's simple language, "It was Johnny." The boy had come to meet his father, to reward his patient, untiring search and to bring to his heart at least the comfort of kissing the lips of his darling and laying him to rest in a peaceful grave.

What story was ever told in fiction more touching than this drama of real life?

There was only one slip between Contractor O'Brien and the Jerome Park reservoir job. That was quite enough, however. Now the contract is awarded, is the reservoir needed?

GOING TO EXTREMES.

Many persons who are opposed to the sale of liquor and beer on Sunday will regard as unfortunate the extreme position taken by President Roosevelt and Commissioner Parker in their efforts to strictly enforce the Excise law.

Yesterday, in justifying the use of private citizens as stool-pigeons as a means of accomplishing this end, Commissioner Parker declared that the objectionable practice would not only be continued, but extended if found effective, and President Roosevelt added: "In prosecuting crime we don't intend to consult criminals about the means we employ."

The American people can never be persuaded that the use of stool-pigeons to tempt people into the violation of the law for the purpose of informing against the violators is not a degrading and despicable practice. Neither can our citizens be induced to regard men who sell a glass of beer to a thirsty man on Sunday as "criminals," although they do disobey the law. There is a law against littering the streets, yet it is scarcely justifiable to call every person who throws a piece of paper on the sidewalk a "criminal."

While policemen who commit outrages in their over-eagerness to "make a record" and captains are disciplined for failing to report sufficient arrests to satisfy the two Commissioners, people will believe that something else than a desire to enforce a law induces this puritanical Sunday persecution.

"Coggy" is declared to be as good as beaten in the Oneida district. The monument above his political resting place will bear the pathetic legend: "His heart was too true to Platt."

PROF. CORBETT AND THE BIKE.

Jim Corbett, champion slugger of the world, has been bested by a bike at Asbury Park. He has been riding the silent steed for some time and got along very smoothly with it until yesterday, when he collided with another bike rider and was removed from the debris of spokes, tires, handle bars and sprocket wheels in worse condition than any of his ring battles ever put him in. He will be in the hands of his doctor for several weeks.

The bike is a tough customer for anybody to tackle. It has tricks of its own that no amount of ring generalship or West Point scholarship can successfully combat. Prof. Corbett had unusual courage to tackle it, for it upper cuts, cross-counters, rib roasts, butts, punts and knocks out the cleverest and strongest.

We wouldn't advise him to enter the squared circle to dispute championship honors with a bicycle of even the meanest and dinkiest make, for, besides being sure to get the worst, Mr. Corbett could not inveigle the machine into any ante-theatrical-season debates, for the bike can't work its jaws or write, and wouldn't contribute much free advertising to the fistic tragedian.

July and August have only four Sundays each this year. Either might have had five. There is this much consolation under the Roosevelt one-thirty-day-in-seven arrangement.

The first thing they know those Spaniards will make us tired, and then the poor newspaper men will have more trouble than ever with the names of those places in Cuba.

Now that all the opinions are in regarding his lately proposed retirement, the Duke of Cambridge announces his willingness to remain at the head of the British Army.

Poor Baby Cuckoo!—The newspapers tell stories that are "realistic" and that surpass all the novels ever written, because they do not tell of life, but are life itself.

"Bannocks bent on war." The troops will take the bend out of them. But that won't straighten the Indian policy, which began to grow crooked so long ago.

A New York man has fallen dead while drinking water. As the event did not occur on a Sunday, however, President Roosevelt cannot be held responsible.

Possibly they even ring the curfew in Wymps Gap, just as of old. Why not return to this custom, too, in New York?

Alliance first, Carrie A. Lane second. Perhaps Spain better stop shooting over American bows before there gets to be a third one on the list.

"More police transfers." Not from side-doors to straight police duty, however. Shan't we see some such transfers as that before long?

The Sultan has released the Armenian prisoners. Now, make him give bonds that he won't murder them all for being found at liberty.

It was presumed that, with a Police Board made up of strong men, each Commissioner would have an "I" of his own, on occasion.

The great obstacle to municipal home rule is the inability of the rest of the State to see New York City's needs as they are.

From all returns thus far received, it appears that Gen. Harrison either is, or isn't.

They say that, if the third term germ does not grow, Secretary Carlisle is to be the residuary legatee. Then there will be the biggest kind of a will contest and the usual allegations of unsoundness of mind in the dear departed.

The Defender's boom is to be lengthened. This is where it differs from some other booms now and lately in evidence.

Gen. Campos owns up that the Cuban rebels whipped him. This is going back of official returns with a vengeance.

Massachusetts Republicans will convene Oct. 5. They are not afraid to strike for a short campaign.

If growlers are forced out of use in New York, what will be the effect on the American tin industry?

It is a long while since progress was reported on the New York and New Jersey Bridge project.

Having failed to become a martyr, Miss Rebecca Fream might take a hint and become quiet.

That Eleventh avenue railroad death-trap has waited long for a grand jury's attention.

There isn't even the need of a "look-out" at the Union League Club's bar on Sunday.

It seems there was more than a single story behind the tragedy of "Baby Cuckoo."

Will the Giants be able to keep their eyes on the ball through Pittsburg smoke?

Is Farmer Dunn's new title responsible for the new weather?

Tammany lays low, but Roosevelt raises its hopes high.

VOICE OF THE STATE PRESS.

Maria Barberi.

We believe that the sentence of Maria Barberi should be commuted to imprisonment for life for the reason that public policy does not require the execution of women. It is as sure that a woman commits murder that the infliction of the death penalty is not necessary to deter women from this crime.—Syracuse Standard.

Exit of the "Stool Pigeon."

It will be an interesting and valuable lesson if Capt. O'Brien (of New York City) succeeds in demonstrating that a Police Department, and particularly the detective branch, can be operated successfully without inviting the copartnership of the criminal classes. We sincerely hope it may be demonstrated.—Utica Observer.

A Merry Scalp-Hunting.

One thing appears to be reasonably certain: Big Injun Platt will have a merry time of it before he succeeds in getting the scalp of Jacob Sloat Fassett. The latter has a large and loyal following not only in the Southern tier, but among the younger Republicans of the State.—Buffalo Courier.

Ted for President.

Theodore Roosevelt was on Sunday nominated for next President by a reverend orator at Prohibition Park, L. I. By all means, give us Roosevelt for a candidate! Platform: "Dry Sundays!" Of course, Tom Platt will agree.—Syracuse News.

A CHALLENGE.

Drop your dainty heads awhile,
Flowers rich and rare,
Ere you meet my lady's smile—
And find you are not fair.

Fly away, you little birds,
Tuneful throats of Spring,
Lest you hear my lady's words—
And learn you cannot sing.

Call the clouds to cover you,
Far-off Summer skies,
Or you'll see a deeper blue
Within my lady's eyes.

Things below, and things above,
All things everywhere,
Challenge not my lady-love,
Or perish in despair.

—J. A. Fyles, in St. Paul.

DANGER AT THE BEACH.

Look Out, Girls! There's a Shower, and You'll Get Your Bathing Suits All Wet.

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

MR. ALMERIC HUGH PAGET.

This is a picture of the man who is to be Miss Pauline Whitney's husband.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

While walking along Canal street a few days ago I noticed two trucks loaded with crates of old-fashioned Dutch wooden shoes. Upon inquiry, I learned that large quantities of these shoes are imported every year. They are sold for the most part to people of the Dutch settlements in Pennsylvania and the Northwestern States.

* * *

In the corridor of the Metropole Hotel last Saturday evening I overheard a gentleman, who had just finished reading "The Evening World" account of the yacht race, say to his companion: "What a great country this would be if all the business concerns had the enterprise of the great newspapers. A few years ago the papers were satisfied to publish news within a day or so of its occurrence. Now they are not satisfied unless they give their readers the latest news in the very hour of its happening. What would our grandfathers have thought of a newspaper employing a balloon, carrier pigeons and several tugs, all to report one yacht race?"

* * *

"This talk about girls having poetry in their souls is all bosh," said a suburban friend to me the other day. "I spent last evening with a young lady, and we adjourned to the piazza with her folks to enjoy the breeze and the moonlight. We were a little apart from the others, and after a while relapsed into silence, gazing at the magnificent orb of night. I was thinking of 'Luna's silvery gleam,' and all that sort of thing, and supposed she was doing likewise. But suddenly she broke the silence with: 'Do you think that cream they sell to keep away mosquitoes is really much good?' Poetry? Oh, yes!"

* * *

"In unity there is strength." Especially when an employee of the "L" road desires to bully a passenger. A colored man was standing on the platform of a downtown Elevated station the other night with a couple of bundles, not by any means bulky. The ticket-chopper asked him roughly why he didn't go to the other end of the platform. The man replied that he would be more apt to get a seat at this end. Thereupon the ticket-chopper called in reinforcements, and the passenger was "prevailed" upon to go to the other end. Is this according to "L" road rules, or only an unwritten law of platform men?

THE GLEANER.

PICKED-UP JOKES.

Bicycle Beats All.

Of all the great inventions
Of this enlightened age,
The greatest is the bicycle,
And it is all the rage.
There's many a queer contrivance—
I don't know which is best—
But just give me a cycle
And you may have the rest.

—Chicago Record.

Wide Awake All Night.

New Burglar—Oh, say! Dere's a peach of a house to loot.

Old Cracksman—Humph! Dat's all you know about de biz.

"Huh?"

"Why dey's twins in dat house cuttin' teet."—Chicago Dispatch.

Getting a Bite.

The fisherman goes forth for sport;
He flings his line aright,
And soon the gay mosquito comes—
That's when he gets his bite.

—Washington Star.

Shades of Lowell!

Customer—Let me have a steak, rare.

Aesthetic Waiter (calling)—One June day steak!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Wise Man.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise:
He never bragged to his dear wife
About his mother's pies.

—Indianapolis Journal.

Trolley Improvements.

First Citizen—The trolley demon seems insatiable.

Second Citizen—Yes, the new cars have an arrangement on the front to hold a man down until the wheels can get onto him.—Detroit News.

That Electricity Does Kill.

The weight of scientific evidence is that electricity does kill. There has been nearly perfect success in the electrocutions in this State, and the witnesses give testimony that electricity is a more certain and surely a more humane instrument than the rope.—Syracuse Journal.

TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

Advice About Ailments That May Be Safely Treated at Home.

Kindly tell me if arsenic is good for the skin. How should it be used? KATE.

Arsenic is used with good effect in certain forms of skin diseases. It should never be used except on specific instructions of a physician.

* * *

Please inform me how I can remove some warts from my hands. M. T.

Soak the warts with acetic acid and apply lunar caustic.

* * *

Kindly tell me how to obtain relief from an obstruction in the nostril caused by a growth. I believe it is called a polypus. A. W. L.

Consult a surgeon and have the polypus removed.

* * *

I am troubled with an obstinate cold in the head and sneeze almost constantly. Kindly advise a remedy. C. B. H., Harlem.

Get a solution consisting of ten grains of menthol, ten grains of eucalyptol, ten drops of oil of cubebs and two ounces of liquid albolene or benzoinol. Use it with a nasal atomizer ever hour or two, as required.

* * *

Kindly publish directions for making a wash for sore and inflamed eyes. A. M. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Take ten grains of pure borax and dissolve it in two ounces of camphor water. Bathe the eyes with it several times a day.

* * *

I am greatly troubled with indigestion, also with constipation. Please suggest a remedy, something that will also improve my appetite.

Get a mixture consisting of two drams of tincture of nux vomica, one ounce of tincture of colombo and three ounces of compound tincture of gentian. Take one teaspoonful in water before each meal. Also take a powder composed of two grains of pure pepsin and five grains of subnitrate of bismuth after eating. For the constipation take a teaspoonful of pure sulphate of soda in a goblet of hot water an hour before breakfast every morning. You should also avoid haste in eating and masticate your food very thoroughly.

* * *

Please publish a formula for a good cough mixture—something for general use. W. E. M.

The following is an excellent mixture:
Muriate of ammonia three drams.
Extract of licorice two drams.
Freshly powdered cubebs two drams.
Paregoric four drams.
Syrup of wild cherry bark enough to make four ounces.
The dose for an adult is one teaspoonful to be taken every three hours.

* * *

Kindly tell me how to make a good tooth powder containing soap. C. T. H.

Take one half ounce of powdered castile soap, one ounce of powdered orris root and two ounces of precipitated chalk; flavor with oil of wintergreen or rose to suit the taste.

* * *

Kindly publish a good remedy for burns. I. C. A.

A very good remedy may be made by mixing equal parts of lime water and raw linseed oil.

* * *

Please print the directions for making a good cholera mixture. W. H. V.

You can make a very good mixture by taking equal parts of laudanum, tincture of rhubarb, spirits of camphor, essence of peppermint and tincture of capsicum. The dose for an adult is from fifteen to thirty drops in water every half hour or hour, as required.

* * *

W. H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Get some syrup of hypophosphites with quinine and strychnine and take one teaspoonful before each meal.

J. K., Belmont avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Apply compound gall and opium ointment twice a day.

G. M., Harlem.—A physician cannot advise you with any degree of safety without making an examination.

H. R. L.—Massage with cocoanut oil, cod liver oil or lanoline may produce the desired effect.

A. R. A.—Hoffman's Anodyne is another name for the compound spirit of ether, composed of sulphuric ether, oil of wine and alcohol.

J. P. WHITMYER, M. D.

A PATHETIC REPROACH.

TRAMP (on Monday Morning, to Commissioner Roosevelt)—Teddy, you've wrecked me life. There ain't a empty keg in town.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Philadelphia Doesn't Want Sousa Music on Sunday—Automatic Baseball at Palmer's.

This city has dry drinking on Sunday, but Philadelphia pushes the imposed aridity a notch further on, and insists that its public shall have none but dry music on the Lord's day. The Park Commissioners of the permanently hypnotized burg on the banks of the Schuylkill have resolved that there shall be no mixing of popular and sacred music at the Sunday concerts, which are patronized by thousands of the Quakers. Mr. James McManes, an ex-political member of the once famous Gas Trust and one of the Park Commissioners, grew exceedingly wroth the other day when he saw that Sousa's "Belle of Chicago March" was one of the chief attractions of these concerts. He stated in positive terms that there had been many bitter complaints about the popular character of the Sunday music, and that the obnoxious numbers must be omitted, or the park guard would stop the concerts at Lemon Hill, and, in fact, wherever the naughty numbers were played. There were thousands of disappointed Philadelphians at the Sunday concerts at Lemon Hill, to whom Sousa's marches are among the most enjoyable features of the programmes, but the Puritanical notions of the Park Board have to be observed, despite the loud-voiced objections of the people, and the Philadelphians are now listening to "Plunged in a Gulf of Deep Despair" and other cheerful tunes at the Sunday concerts in Fairmount Park. Sousa "nouses" his marches into the crowds at Manhattan Beach, though, where nothing wearing a suspicion of a Sunday law ever penetrates.

* * *

Somebody who signed himself "An American Roof Garden Visitor" sent to this office a rhyming acrostic celebrating the vocal virtues of the star feature of "Doc" McDonough's American Theatre roof garden. This is what he wrote about his visit: "I had my daughter with me, and although we are only Plymouth Puritan people, we were both so delighted with Miss Madge Ellis that I have been compelled to effuse the following:

M any have tried to sing popular songs,
A nd some have succeeded, no doubt;
D on't ever believe, though, that s'en the most clever
G ood as Madge Ellis can shout.
E xcuse me, please, for "shout" isn't the word
E ver to her to apply.
L ittle and litheome, she gloriously sings
L ike angels sweet in the sky;
I n far off dreams each sweet story they tell is
S imply no good after hearing Madge Ellis.

* * *

"We can't give every one a cake of ice," said Manager Mason at the Casino, "but we can give them a good, cool show in as cool a theatre as New York provides, and 'The Sphinx,' I am sure, can stay here just as long as the weather is propitious. I never saw a city where heat comes as decisively as it does here, and I was really frightened when our business dropped down on Saturday last and on Monday of this week. But Mr. Canary knows more about your climate than I, do, and when I broached the matter of our closing and going to Philadelphia for the rest of the Summer he would not have it, but made me accept his terms (better than our original ones, I don't mind telling you) to stay till the last day of August. There is no doubt of the opera's success, as the great business of Tuesday and yesterday showed, and all we want is the complicity of Farmer Dunn."

* * *

It is now definitely announced that "Kismet; or, the Two Tangled Turks," which is enjoying a phenomenal run in Boston, will follow "The Sphinx" at the Casino Sept. 2.

* * *

"Der Arme Jonathan," best known to New York theatre-goers as "Poor Jonathan," will be revived at Terrace Garden this evening. There are many who prefer to hear this particularly melodious work of Milloecker's in its original language than in the native tongue. In the translation the opera suffered from too much localization. The cast will be entirely adequate with all the principals of the Conried-Ferenczy company in trim, so that a capital performance may be expected.

* * *

The sisters Hawthorne, known as "The Bloomer Girls," are singing a new topical song, "Her Bloomers Are Camphored Away," at Koster & Bial's. The words of the song are by Lee L. Landes, the music by S. Levere.

* * *

Agnes Booth, who has been running a big hotel at Manchester, Mass., all Summer, will soon have to tear herself away from the warbling of the mosquitoes and the merry kicking of the captious boarders and come to New York to begin rehearsals with the rest of the cast of "The Sporting Duchess," which will be produced at the Academy of Music early in September. Miss Booth will have the title role, the character having been drawn from the eccentric Duchess of Devonshire, who was a noted figure on the English race tracks until she died, about six months ago.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

Honey-sweet, sweet as honey smell the lilies,
Little lilies of the gold in a ring;
Little censers of pale gold are the lilies
That the wind, sweet and sunny, set a-swing.

Smell the rose, sweet of sweets, all a-blowing!
Hear the cuckoo call in dreams, low and sweet!
Like a very John-a-Dreams coming, going,
There's honey in the grass at our feet.

There's honey in the leaf and the blossom,
And honey in the night and the day,
And honey sweet the heart in Love's bosom,
And honey-sweet the words Love will say.

The bee seeks for honey in the lilies,
He rifles the rose of her store.
Goes drunken with the honey as his will is,
And yet the honey grows more and more.

O Love, with the roses all a-blowing,
O Love, with the lilies breathing bliss,
Come gather of her honey, gold and glowing,
Who gives all the Summer in a kiss!

Come gather all her honey as your will is,
Like any bee that roams a yellow field;
Her heart still like the roses and the lilies,
The more you taste the more of sweets shall yield.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

HOUSE AND HOME

Decorative Vases.

Tall glasses in beaker form, some of them six feet in height, are set in the corner of reception rooms to hold clusters of tropical grasses and palms, or a few long-stemmed American Beauty roses, or a group of equally long-stemmed lilies. These glasses are made of a highly polished pale green Bohemian crystal, and make a very effective picture.

At a Blue-Blooded Wedding.

This beautiful dress was worn at the marriage of the Princess Helena d'Orleans by the bride's sister. It is of sky-blue satin, relieved with bands glittering with steel and crystal spangles, which cross the bodice, veiled with muslin. Hat in maize-colored straw, trimmed with white tulle plaitings; white ostrich aigrette, secured down with a rose de France.

Newport Candy.

One pint molasses, one pound of brown sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter. Boil until it hardens in cold water. Pour in well-greased pans, very thin.

Eau de Cologne for the Skin.

Many skin tonics are recommended. Among them is eau de cologne. It is said to strengthen the skin and to close enlarged pores that have been unduly opened by foolish trifling with the complexion.

Kitchens in the Tropics.

The kitchens of tropical countries, such as are to be found in our Spanish-American lands, are like cells, from the thickness of the stone walls—often two or three feet deep—and the projecting, omnipresent veranda, which gives a grateful shade and which looks out on a court. The cell resemblance is enhanced by the iron bars at the windows and the heavy double doors, which look as if they could resist a siege. The walls are whitewashed and the floors are of tiles. The dining-room is often separated from this room by a long staircase; outside the kitchen, in the court, will stand table and closets, to supplement the scant furniture of the small, hot apartment, with a furnace-like fire.

White Alpaca Dresses.

White alpaca is enjoying a great and sudden vogue abroad, and is to be much worn this and next month over here. It is used for both day and evening wear, the time of its wearing influencing its make and trimming, and while a stiff, ungraceful fabric, it has the merit of lightness and much longer service than most white materials now used for Summer dress. Its hard, lustrous surface particularly suits a brunette wearer.

Pineapple Sandwiches

Pineapple sandwiches may be appropriately offered at a luncheon or evening entertainment. These may be made by spreading grated cocoanut or almonds between slices of pineapple, or a paste of grated pineapple between the thin slices of cake.

Professional House-Cleaners.

For women who do not employ a housekeeper there has come within the last few years a boon in the form of a "professional house-cleaner." She is a responsible woman, well recommended, who takes the entire charge of opening and closing city and country houses in the Spring and Fall. She takes her own staff of cleaners, carpet-sewers, &c., and becomes responsible for the care of the house and everything in it from the time she takes possession of it until she turns it over to its mistress in perfect order. She will also hire any servants that may be needed, and can usually do it satisfactorily, as she makes a business of it, giving personal investigation to references and requirements.

Elder Blossom Wine.

One quart of elder blossoms (pack the quart tightly), cut into the blossoms two lemons; pour over this three quarts of boiling water; when cool enough, say lukewarm, add a large teacupful of yeast (unsalted yeast is best). Keep in a warm place for forty-eight hours, then strain through a colander and add three pounds of granulated sugar. Skim the top every morning and let stand until it ceases working. Then bottle.

Peas.

When boiled as follows peas are exceptionally nice: To half a peck allow a breakfast cupful of water, 1 once of butter, 1 large lump of loaf sugar, a pinch of salt and a sprig of mint. Serve, with the liquor.

To Clean White Hats.

Procure a few cents' worth of salts of sorrel from the druggist and mix it in a cupful of cold water; scrub the hat with the solution, then leave it in the sun to dry.

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.]

How a Brooklyn Mother Spanks.

To the Editor:

I don't see why it is that when girls get spanked they are always so anxious to rush into print. Take the letter which appeared in your paper a few evenings ago. "Rebellious" ought to have an extra spanking for writing it. I believe in a good sound spanking when they deserve it. I have two daughters, aged sixteen and eighteen years, and a daughter-in-law aged twenty-two years. If either disobeys me or does wrong in any manner I take her across my knee and spank her for at least three minutes with my slipper or give about twenty strokes with a good stout strap. Like "Rebellious," I often make them kneel, too, when spanking, as it gives my arms more freedom, and the spanking is then more thorough. At such times I use a rattan. The consequence is my son has a good and obedient wife and I have three good and respectful daughters. Now, I say to all mothers, if your girls deserve a spanking, take them across your knee and spank hard. BROOKLYN MOTHER.

Education and Employment.

To the Editor:

"C. K." in to-day's paper says C. M. Depew says "Education has thrown 40 per cent. of labor out of employment." Therefore, education is a bad thing, but any sane man knows education is not a bad thing, which reduces Chauncey's remark to a reductio ad absurdam. Education and machinery are blessings—under proper social conditions—such as Socialists want; but under the present rotten social conditions they are curses.

J. CONWAY.

Taking Judge McAdam to Task.

To the Editor:

When Judge McAdam committed himself to the silly assertion, as reported, "that if laws are onerous, relief rests in legislative wisdom and not in judical discretion," he must be ignorant of plain English, indeed. "Legislative wisdom," surely he meant "legislative ignorance," or else he had pseudo-reforms in his head. "Judicial discretion" must be something new, too. Webster has given us a very good definition of it, but as far as its utility is concerned, his dictionary would be complete without it. Can any of your readers define what the learned Judge must have meant when he toyed with serious language in such a superficial way, or can he account for it himself? He may practice as he preaches and be honest in his convictions, but one thing is certain, both "legislative wisdom" and "judicial discretion" in New York City, are as dead as they are meaningless. Yours truly,

A CANAL STREET CONDUCTOR.

He Squeezed Her Hand, She His.

To the Editor.

While walking with a young lady I happened to squeeze her hand slightly, she doing the same in return, and her having asked me if I knew what it signified I confessed I didn't. What does it signify? Please publish answer in "Evening World" to-morrow if possible, as I am in a hurry to know. ANXIOUS.

Single Tax and Loose Thinking.

To the Editor:

Hold on! "E. L. K." before accusing single-taxers of loose thinking. Have you carefully thought out the single-tax idea? You think that the S. T. would be inadequate to supply the necessary revenues of the Government on the supposition that the freeing of land through the S. T. would tend to diminish land value. You are evidently not informed as to the forms in which ground rent appears. Now, there are two kinds of rents—monopoly and economic, the former due to artificial causes, fencing in of vacant land; the other due to local advantages and desirability. Thus the lot on which the Equitable Building stands is valued at $500 per square foot. Now why didn't the improvement of vacant lots in Harlem diminish the value of this lot. There is more than enough of economic rent in valuable New York City lots to defray the expenses of National, State and city government. But assuming that with the freeing of vacant land this might disappear, would not other new land brought within the margin of cultivation increase in value and so equalize values? Think it out, "E. L. K."

C. THE CAB.

Reform That Brings Ridicule.

To the Editor:

Reform is a good thing, and I believe in it most thoroughly, especially for New York, where it is needed in the worst way; but there is reason in everything, and when the reform party starts out to reform in such a way as to bring ridicule upon itself and make the question of reform a vast absurdity, it seems to me it is doing its level best to overthrow reform, and most certainly the reform party must be "in it," politically speaking, if it continues as it has begun. This Sunday-closing question has not only raised the ire of hundreds of respectable business men, but put them to great inconvenience as well; and as for this matter of street stands, that caps the climax. They are not in the way; no one objects to them; but, on the contrary, they are a great convenience to the business public at large and greatly appreciated by them; and their removal means considerable inconvenience to many, as well as taking the bread out of thundreds of mouths. What are these poor people to do now? Surely, we have enough unemployed on our hands, and if the criminal classes are largely swelled by the addition of some of these poor men, driven desperate by starvation, who is to blame? I thought we had been "the laughing stock of the civilized world" too long in many respects, without adding to our absurdities. DISGUSTED WOMAN.

The Girl He Loves.

To the Editor:

The girl I love has but one eye,
Her teeth are not her own;
She dyes her hair with reddish dye,
Her sweetness long is gone.
She knows not how to ride a wheel,
She chews not tutti-frutti;
It's hard on her a kiss to steal,
She thinks herself a beauty.
I madly love that homely miss,
So help me, holy Brahma;
Yet, when I ask her for a kiss,
She's wildly screaming "Mam-ma!"

BAUCHMB.

Stirpiculture Once More.

To the Editor:

In view of the fact that it is (or should be) the general sentiment of the American people that coming generations should exhibit a marked physical and mental improvement over the standard of to-day, would not a law prohibiting marriage between individuals, either one of whom was not capable of passing an examination, the requirements of which to be determined by physicians thoroughly competent to so judge, have a decided tendency to produce the much-to-be-desired result? H. L. GIFFORD, Brooklyn.

What the Police Are Doing.

To the Editor:

Your cartoon of July 11, "What the police are doing," is inferentially unjust to the guardians of our city's morals. Red-handed murder stalks abroad in open day, it is true; but look at the delicatessen stores. Are they not closed on Sunday? Burglary unchecked lends terrors to the night, but the barber shops are hermetically sealed after 1 P. M. on the Lord's Day. Robbers of National repute don their derbys and ramble out of our retoemed city prisons. Yes! But can they buy a glass of beer on Sunday? Ha! ha! there's where we have them. We will drive the venomous bootblack into the saloons. We will relentlessly pursue the nefarious flower-venter to his doom. We will upset the apple-cart of every poor devil who has a license to sell. Meanwhile, what about real crime? Leave that to us. We know crime when we see it.

JEFF LOYDE.