The World

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554,178 in JULY.

THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION IN JULY WAS 554,178 PER DAY.

This EXCEEDS the COMBINED CIRCULATION of ten New York newspapers, or, to be more specific, is OVER 100,000 more than the COMBINED CIRCULATION of the HERALD, the TELEGRAM, the SUN, the EVENING SUN, the TIMES, the TRIBUNE, the EVENING POST, the MAIL AND EXPRESS, the COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER and the MORNING JOURNAL.

CIRCULATION FOR

July, 1895	554,178 per day
July, 1894	500,705 per day
July, 1891	841,040 per day
July, 1883	87,469 per day

	Per day.
Gain in one year	53,473
Gain in four years	213,138
Gain in twelve years	516,709

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.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MAYOR?

Mayor Strong has left his gout at Richfield Springs. But he has brought back with him in its place something it will puzzle his friends to describe.

While at the Springs he gave an indorsement of the Aldermanic grant to the People's Railway Company, calculated to induce Acting Mayor Jeroloman to approve the resolution off-hand. Now he starts an inquiry into the matter, and is said to contemplate putting his veto on the grant.

While suffering gouty twinges Mayor Strong was enthusiastic over Commissioner Waring's street-cleaning methods and ready to vote for any appropriation asked for to carry them out. Now he presents a resolution to the Board of Apportionment revolutionizing the present system, advertising for bids for the collection and removal of garbage and ashes, and, as the dainty Col. Waring alleges, practically nullifying his powers.

Before Richfield Mayor Strong was liberal in his treatment of the Board of Education. Yesterday he took by the throat a request from Chairman Wehrum, of the Finance Committee of the Board, for an appropriation of about thirty-nine thousand dollars for heating the new school building on St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Nineteenth street, declaring it to be exorbitant.

What is it the Mayor has brought with him from Richfield Springs in place of the gout?

"Whales as far as the eye could reach," reports a British steamer's mate to the Hydrographic Office. The monsters were seen July 6, in latitude 44, longitude 48.48. This caps all the fish stories of the season.

THE GIANTS RETURN.

The Giants are home to-day. Their record for the trip just concluded has been such that they will be sure of a hearty welcome. Yet it will be tinged with a feeling of regret and of dissatisfaction.

The team does not stand on the League list in the position which a team bearing New York's name and receiving the generous support of the metropolis should occupy. It is only the most sanguine friends of the Giants who can see any possibility of their finishing the season with any such spurt and such honors as marked the close of their campaign in 1894. It is not likely that New York will have any home interest this year in the Temple Cup series.

It is not treating New York fairly to give poor baseball for a wealth of patronage. The men who play ball have not been all to blame this year for the unsatisfactory results. Nor do they escape all blame. They have been handicapped by managerial inexperience. Taken for all in all, it has thus far been, for the metropolis, a baseball season without spirit. The rest of the campaign should be different. Arrangements should be perfected so that all next season shall be very different.

Police patrol wagons appeared yesterday at the Elizabeth and Eldridge street stations. They had plenty of work. They will not attain their full measure of usefulness, however, till an efficient police signal system is in operation with them.

WILL TAMSEN ESCAPE?

Sheriff Tamsen is indicted for misdemeanor in having through carelessness and neglect aided the escape of the three post-office robbers from Ludlow Street Jail.

The Sheriff treats the matter very cavalierly and all his bitterness is reserved for Tammany Hall.

"Tammany Hall is to blame for this," he told a "World" reporter; "I have made Tammany appointments and now I am indicted with the active aid of the Tammany District-Attorney."

But ought Sheriff Tamsen as a Reformer to have made Tammany appointments? And as a Reformer ought he not to hail as a sign of reformation in Tammany the fact that the much-condemned organization will at last honestly prosecute an offender from whom it has received political favors?

The ridiculous plea that the escaped criminals were in the custody of the United States Marshal and not of the Sheriff when the law expressly makes the Ludlow Street Jail their place of detention will not save the Sheriff. The question is whether the gross and scandalous carelessness shown in the management of the prison and the evident unfitness of the Sheriff for the serious responsibilities of the office will not convince Gov. Morton that Mr. Tamsen is a person whom it is incumbent upon him to remove under the duty imposed upon the Executive by the State Constitution.

Rochester's Post-Express doesn't know much about the Sunday excise situation in New York City, nevertheless it has a sort of prophetic soul. Last Tuesday it printed the words and music of a choice "Skating Song." And behold! the next day was the coldest July 31 on record.

THE TAMMANY PRIMARIES.

The Tammany primaries last night were lively. The contests proved that the organization has a living hope of a very early resurrection. It is the same old Tammany. After defeat talk of reorganization with outside Democrats is heard no longer. The mistakes of the reformers are the hopes of the machine politicians.

The braves of the Wigwam should recognize one fact. Although there is great dissatisfaction with the Reformers who won last year and a good chance for a Democratic victory, it cannot be achieved save with candidates of character and capacity. If Tammany thinks to take advantage of the feeling against ridiculous reform to bring back into power its old close corporation clique of selfish, unscrupulous and greedy politicians, it will be beaten again worse than it was beaten last year.

There must be new life, new men, new principles in Tammany.

So far as its list of district leaders goes, the reorganized Tammany bears a strong family likeness to the old Tammany.

BLUE LAWS AND RED LAWLESSNESS.

The experience of Dr. Drury, of Brooklyn, who was enticed into an unoccupied house and robbed by two men after having been bound and gagged, is being improved on in this city.

It comes out that last Monday night Dr. Lawrence Coffin, who resides in Brooklyn, and George Crater, of 65 West Twenty-first street, were enticed into a house in East Twenty-second street, one after the other, and within half an hour of each other, and there assaulted and robbed by two men. The crimes were committed between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening.

Information was given at the East Twenty-second street police station on the night of the robberies, but the matter was kept quiet until yesterday, when two men were arrested on suspicion and held in the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court on charges of grand larceny and highway robbery.

Really, Mr. Roosevelt, do you not think criminals of the city are growing bolder, and that there is something for the police to do of more importance than peeping into saloon windows and through side-door keyholes?

If new men are wanted, hurry up and get them. But for the sake of the public safety do not let the criminal classes get the upper hand of the police, or blue laws and bloody lawlessness will go hand in hand in this great city.

As to Tammany—The more it reorganizes, the more it is the same.

MRS. EVESSON'S RAGING BLOOMERS.

The Evessons, of Hawthorne, N. J., are out—not as Tamsen's Ludlow Street Jail has been since July 4, but as Will Carleton's "Betsy and I" were. They are husband and wife, and the trouble is all about a pair of bloomers.

Both ride bikes. Mrs. E. finds gigot trousers just the thing for bicycling, and she wears them. Her husband has no objection to the trousers as such, or to their gigotness, but the hue that Mrs. E. affects makes his eyeballs jingle and brings the blush of indignation to his cheeks. The bloomers are red, and they worry Mr. E. as a flag of fiery flamboyance worries the proverbial bull.

Mrs. E. won't give up the red bloomers, so she and Mr. E. are "out." Probably if Mr. E. would get golf stockings of exceedingly elaborate golfiness and a "Band Played On" suit of check, he and Mrs. E. might see their way to harmonizing things over the picturesqueness of their biking costumes.

Roosevelt can't hide detective lights under a bushel. Officer Carey, lifted bodily from the Mulberry street bureau to do ordinary patrol duty in Tremont, has stirred up that little portion of the Trans-Harlem district by capturing a persistent and hitherto mysterious thief after the most approved detective fashion. He neither watched a side door nor peeked through a transom, but made mother wit, marked coin and dampened sawdust do their full duty. The thief stepped in the sawdust, took the coin—and there he was.

Mr. Strong could have truthfully remarked a long while before he became Mayor that "the disposition of the city's refuse is far from satisfactory." The garbage-dumping process has been for years a nuisance which a progressive metropolitan community should have refused to tolerate. And this entirely aside from any question as to whether the city was making or losing money by it.

A Richmond Justice left to the abused woman in the case the fixing of a sentence for a husband arrested for drunkenness and wife-beating. "Thirty days in jail" was the prompt decision. That wife is a real new woman. The ordinary household martyr would have forgiven the prisoner on the spot, fallen on his neck and been taken home for another beating.

There is nobody to dispute that the striking tailors are away ahead. This comes from the two conditions of having a good cause and conducting the strike without violence.

That is modern warfare in Newport. What a fierce campaign is going on in society when all the swells are forced to do battle either for or against a divorced millionaire. And think of what it means that the woman who got the divorce is now forcing the fight. In their best inspirations the old comedy makers never equalled such a situation.

How the Croton water must laugh as it leaps through the new aqueduct to hear O'Brien talk about something iniquitous in the Jerome Park reservoir contract award.

Those New York imitators of the Brooklyn robbers of Dr. Drury were bold enough, but with a boldness that was indiscretion. They shouldn't have become repeaters.

Taking the applicants' combined word for it, there is no lack of good men who would consent to serve twenty years at good salaries for police pensions.

Newspapers which, unlike "The World," fail to have reporters on the spot, continue to report an Indian panic in Jackson's Hole.

Now that Cuban war news is to be given out through Spanish censorship, we may expect daily reports of Spanish victories.

There is no truth in the rumor that Roosevelt gets his Sunday-law advice from Wymps Gap. He is strictly self-advised.

It came to pass that though Sheriff Tamsen was fooled one day, the Grand Jury really wanted to see him at last.

Only rash political guessers will jump hastily to the conclusion that Mayor Strong means to abolish Col. Waring.

In the matter of those Indian troubles, it is the Indians, apparently, who are most troubled.

In place of being turned down in the Sixth, Tim Dry-Dollar Sullivan turns up quite smiling.

Tamsen should be thankful that he was only doubly indicted for a triple escape.

Little Coroner Hoeber seems to be training hard to win the title of town clown.

Ex-Warden Raabe discovers much more than the jail was out that fateful July 4.

Tammany's "primaries" appear to have been political high schools.

That State printing contract—well, hence that Milholland smile.

It is the sweat-shop bosses who are now being made to sweat.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt, pick out your four hundred.

An Ineffective Law.

Mayor Strong's Police Magistrates evidently blame the law which fixes their salaries, the Commissioners. * * * The absolute ineffectiveness of the law of 1892 as a means of preventing the sale of liquor on Sunday was indeed, first exposed in these columns. In New York the chief violators of the law are the police.—Syracuse Standard.

JUST A LITTLE.

A little cot in a little spot,
With a little heaven hath sent;
A little way from that cot each day;
A song to sing, and a word to say;
A little Winter—a little May,
And a heart content, content!

A little wife, and a little life
In love and duty spent;
A song and sign as the years go by;
A grave, perhaps, where the violets lie;
But a heaven on earth and a heaven on high—
In life and death content!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A SAD SEA CHANGE.

The Cold Snap Gives the Hot Tamale Man the Trade that Should Be Hokey Pokey's.

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

BARON HARDEN-HICKEY—JAMES I.

This is a picture of the King of Trinidad, who bought his crown and sceptre in New York and went into the King business at an expense of only about $750.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

Several gentlemen were talking about Sheriff Tamsen and his troubles a day or so ago in a cafe near the Criminal Courts Building, when one of them said: "A friend of mine—a German—told me a good thing about Tamsen. My friend was one of a party at a bowling club one night about a month ago. Tamsen was there. Suddenly Tamsen exclaimed, 'I am a fool. I ought to have known better.' 'What do you mean, Sheriff?' asked one of the party. 'Why,' said the Sheriff, 'I could have got the nomination for Mayor just as easy as that for Sheriff. I didn't know enough at the time to insist upon it.'"

* * *

J. Dunbar Wright, the Standard Oil Company's assistant purchasing agent, with Messrs. Girard F. Thomson, of the law firm of Foster & Thomson, have just returned from a ten days' fishing trip on Rideau Lake, Ontario. Sifted down to a basis of cold figures, their stories show that they caught over four hundred black bass, not counting the many under one pound which they threw back. Their largest catch for one day was seventy-five. In addition to the bass they caught many lake trout and pike, with which the lake also abounds.

* * *

In the cafe of an uptown hotel a few evenings ago stood a group of four or five young men, all of them somewhat under the influence of liquor. A young woman who looked to be cultured and refined stepped into the cafe, and, with a worried look upon her face, glanced hurriedly around the room. She spied the group at the bar. Without a word she stepped up to one of the men and placed her hand on his arm. He turned about suddenly, and, seeing the woman by his side, blushed crimson. Then, without finishing his drink or saying a word to his companions, he left the cafe with the woman. From the conversation of his friends after his departure, I learned that the young man had been married less than a year, and that for months past he had been drinking to excess. The woman was his wife.

* * *

A man helplessly drunk and dead to the world lay at full length on the Warren street sidewalk, at Greenwich street, at about 4.30 Wednesday afternoon of this week. His head was down the hill. A curious crowd stood about him on the walk, and people stopped on the "L" stairs to look down at him. He was well dressed and prosperous-looking and wore a watch and chain, which might have attracted undesirable attention. Two good Samaritans finally lifted him to a sitting posture, with his back against a railing. There he slumbered heavily on, while the crowd kept up its idle watching. No policeman had appeared on the scene when, after a wait of ten minutes, I boarded an express train and was borne away.

THE GLEANER.

A CURRENT PHRASE.

"Not what it was cracked up to be."

SOME OF THOSE JOKES.

One Lie Discovered.

Lafayette (playing billiards with George Washington)—You play a fine game of billiards, George!

Washington—Yes, but I don't begin to play as well as I did five or six years ago.—Texas Siftings.

Mutual Confessions.

I told my love to Margery
In words I thought her heart would melt;
And then she told her love to me—
The love for some one else she felt!
—Detroit Free Press.

Relatives.

Teacher—Tommy, what do you understand the author to mean when he says that riches and poverty are merely relative?

Tommy—I guess he means that some his rich relatives and some has poor ones.—Indianapolis Journal.

At the Summer Resort.

The woods and fields he loves to rove,
Wild scenes he seeks each day
And contemplates the question how
His board bill he shall pay.
—Detroit News.

It Remained.

Her head had dropped upon his shoulder.

"If only," he whispered, "thy cheek could remain there forever!"

Little thought he what was to be.

Little thought he until he got home and tried to remove her cheek from his dress coat with ammonia and alcohol.—Detroit Tribune.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES.

American Playwrights' Millennium—Madge Ellis's New Song—Winking Clasy in Town.

Charles Frohman has been quoted as saying regarding American dramas that he did not wish plays by American authors unless the authors were men of wide reputation. This is not true. Mr. Frohman never said any such thing. He does want American plays, no matter what their source, and all that are submitted to him will receive the fullest consideration. What he did say was that he did not make contracts for plays to be written except with well-known authors, whose ability had been tried and whose work was usually skilful and successful. Mr. Frohman is so enthusiastic and sincere in his search for good dramatic material on this side of the Atlantic that he has established a play-reading bureau at the Empire Theatre, which will be in charge of Alfred Klein, one of the authors of "The District-Attorney." Mr. Klein has written a libretto that has been accepted by De Wolf Hopper, and is a capable man for the position to which Mr. Frohman has assigned him. He will have a play-reading staff, and the work of the humblest native author, if it possesses any merit, will be given as careful attention, comparatively, as a play by Bronson Howard or Henry Guy Carleton.

* * *

That $50 play-title contest is over. Mr. Frohman has selected the name for his Americanization of the farce, "Hotel de Libre Exchange." Through "The Evening World's" announcement of his desire for suggestions, Mr. Frohman received baskets of letters, and they are still pouring in. The lucky title is "The Gay Parisians." The play will be produced at Hoyt's Theatre Sept. 21, with W. J. Ferguson, Leo Dietrichstein, James O. Barrows, Joseph Humphreys, George Backus, Odette Tyler, Mrs. Phillips and Josephine Hall in the cast. There will also be a quartet of pretty girls. The winner of Mr. Frohman's $50 is Miss Grace Horton, of Stormville, Duchess County, N. Y., who sent in the title yesterday.

* * *

Little Madge Ellis is going to introduce a new song at the American Roof Garden Monday evening. It is entitled "The Boys of New York Town," and is a rollicking, jolly ditty with a merry chorus, in which she tells of the shy, wicked ways of the average metropolitan young man. It is expected to make a sensation. Miss Ellis is a young lady with excellent judgment, and she exercises the greatest care in the selection of her songs. Her voice is sweet and musical, and she renders her songs with a degree of expression and humor altogether uncommon among vaudevillers. The fact that she is petite and graceful and that she is also very pretty and extremely magnetic undoubtedly adds much to her success. Moreover, she is a born actress, and extremely versatile. Her rendering of the song "Henrietta" is one of the brightest things New York has known in many a day. In it she is the picture of a coquettish woman, while in her next song, "Oh, Uncle John," in which she is exactly the opposite, she appears as "Maiden Ruth," just from the country and greatly excited over the things she sees on Broadway. Her "A little So-So" is another piece of capital acting. Her songs are all good—in fact, the liveliest heard in New York this season, and while she renders each in a distinctly different style, yet she never loses her individuality and charm of manner, a combination which has made Miss Ellis the warmest kind of a favorite with the public.

* * *

That very clever musical classic, "Die Fledermaus," or as it is best known in English, "The Bat," receives an entirely adequate representation at Terrace Garden. In the hands of the Conreid-Ferenczy company it loses none of its charm and spirightliness. This organization has won a creditable reputation for its skill and deftness in the rendition of popular operettas, and last evening's performance showed the ensemble to the highest advantage. Ferdinand Schutz, the tenor, sang with graceful ease, and acted cleverly. He sustained himself throughout in admirable style. The Adele of Miss Clara Englander was uncommonly well rendered and received marked attention from the large audience. As Prince Orlofsky, Miss Wilhelma gave an exquisite characterization to the part, and in the role of Frank, the prison director, Emil Sondermann appeared to a degree of excellence seldom equalled on the English stage. "Die Fledermaus" was repeated last evening and will be followed by "The Gypsy Baron" this evening.

* * *

The first play in which the postal system of this country ever figured to any extent is "Special Delivery," a melodrama. It throws a searchlight on a phase of life in the great metropolis that has never been pictured on the stage. The interior of the New York Post-Office is shown, also Harlem Bridge by moonlight. It made money last season, and will open at the Columbus Theatre towards the end of August.

* * *

Cissy Fitzgerald and her handsome sister, Violet Dean, came up to town to-day from the winsome winker's cottage at Monmouth. Cissy is getting her wardrobe ready for the coming season in "The Foundling," which starts in during September, and among other engagements will fill a month in Boston.

* * *

Sydney R. Ellis has his hands full these days. Besides giving almost his entire attention to the interests of the American Theatrical Exchange he is also busy booking and engaging competent people for "Darkest Russia" and his own play, "Bonnie Scotland," which scored a success last season.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

The Rules of Best Behavior Explained to Inquirers.

To the Editor:

What is the proper thing in dress for a gentleman to wear at a house wedding to be held on a September evening? Also, is it correct to send an invitation to each member of a family?

WORLD READER.

1. If the wedding takes place later than 6 P. M., he should wear regulation evening dress. 2. Yes.

* * *

What is the proper way of introducing an intimate friend of mine (I being sixteen and she eighteen) to my two brothers of eighteen and twenty-three? As Miss Black, or as Jessie Black?

GRACE B. B.

As "Miss Black."

* * *

Is it proper for a gentleman to take his lady's arm while out walking?

No; it is in the worst possible form.

* * *

1. Can a gentleman at an informal Summer dance wear russet shoes with evening dress? 2. May they ever be worn with a frock coat?

J. P. W.

Russet shoes should never be worn with a frock coat or with evening dress.

* * *

1. In going out of a room should a lady always precede a gentleman? 2. Should the gentleman, in standing by for her to pass out, say, "After you?" What should he say?

S. R.

1. The lady should always pass out first. 2. No remark is necessary.

* * *

At a dinner party I attended I noticed that no knives were put by the plates when salad was served. As it was lettuce, I couldn't cut it up, and had to leave it on my plate. Was it an oversight not to have knives there, or is it a "new wrinkle?"

R. S.

Salad should never be touched with a knife. This is not a "new wrinkle," but has always been the custom.

* * *

Is it proper to discuss "Trilby" or "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" with a young man? I did, and my mother said it wasn't proper. Which is right?

CORA F., Wantagh, L. I.

You should use your own discretion in discussing the books. It is, however, always well in such cases to remember the maxim, "To the pure all things are pure."

* * *

Please let me know if proper for a lady to recognize the gentleman first or gentleman the lady first.

L. M. R., Tallmans, N. Y.

The lady should bow first.

* * *

Would it or would it not be proper for a young lady to accept an invitation from a commercial man to take dinner with him at his hotel without a chaperone—the man being a stranger in the city, but an old friend; the lady being an old resident?

W. B. B., Albany, N. Y.

It would be in better form if they were accompanied by a chaperone.

OLD WORDS AND THEIR MEANING.

The word "tomboy," now applied to a rude young woman, formerly meant a rude young man or boy.

Furlong was at first a furrow long, or the distance that a pair of oxen would plow in half an hour.

Shrewd once signified evil or wicked. Thomas Fuller used the expression "a shrewd fellow," meaning a wicked man.

The word "hoyden," now applied exclusively to a noisy young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character but of either sex.

Equivocation, a word now applied to any evasion, was once understood to mean the calling of diverse things by the same name.

Peck at first meant a basket or receptacle for grain or other substances. The expression at first had no reference to size.

Starve was once to die any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men."

Acre once meant any field. It is still used with this significance by the Germans, who speak of "God's acre," alluding to the cemetery.

Bombast once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments, particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Termagant was formerly a quarrelsome person of either sex, and only the lack of gallantry of the men has limited the word to its present significance.

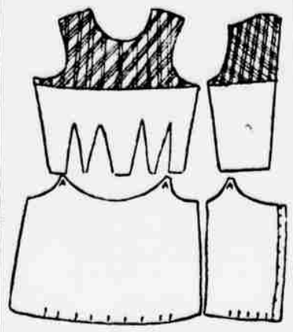
A SUNDAY HINT.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

HOUSE AND HOME

A Novel Blouse.

A blouse of very novel style is shown in this picture. It is of self-colored cloth or alpaca, may be worn as a separate blouse, or forms a delightful gown for country wear. The skirt would be, of course, plain, and cut in the fluted style, with a stiffened edge, and the



sleeves and yoke are of fancy plaid silk. A dove-colored or reseda alpaca is charming with a bright plaid in which green and red or blue and rose are conspicuous, but there are bold plaids in neutral tints, slightly relieved with color, which are elegant, and not at all showy.

This blouse is exceedingly simple in make, and the method of cutting it is shown in the diagram. The top of the lining is faced with the plaid to represent the yoke, and this is accurately arranged, and the lower edge stitched firmly through to the lining. The bosom darts are then sewn and fitted with platinum or whalebone, and the next process is the putting on of the material.

A Man's Hints to Breadmakers.

The temperature at which bread is both raised and baked is of the greatest importance in producing the perfect loaf. Dr. Woods, of the Connecticut Experiment Station, places the proper raising temperature at from 80 to 85 degrees Fahrenheit, and the baking temperature at about 450 degrees. In a late paper on breadmaking he cautions the housewife against cooling the loaves of bread too rapidly after taking them from the oven. "Much of the souring of bread," he adds, "is doubtless due to the lack of care during cooling. Owing to the high-water contents, and the large amounts of nitrogenous substances and sugar which bread contains, it is, especially while warm, a good soil for the development of various kinds of moulds and bacteria. A loaf of hot bread taken into a poorly ventilated room crowded with people, will become sour in the course of two or three hours."

Sweet Rusk.

One pint of warm milk, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cake of compressed yeast. Make a sponge with the milk, yeast and flour enough for a thin batter. Let this rise over night; in the morning add the butter, eggs, sugar (well beaten together), then salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough; mould with the hands into balls and let them rise very light, then bake.

A Pointer About Worsted.

Besides the bother in winding worsted, for fancy work, off in the balls, it is not good for the worsted itself. It stretches it and removes something of the light surface, making it stringy. It is better to unwind a skein into a very loose round, like a bottomless nest in shape, and, holding this on the lap, use from it in working.

Photo Holder.

An oblong photo-holder made of an ordinary split bamboo splasher, lined with cambric, sateen or china silk and edged with silk fringe, is very odd and pretty. This should be decorated with narcissus blossoms and leaves and green taffeta ribbon bows, the loop being of green silk cord.

Ice Water Without Ice.

To get ice-cold water in places where there is no ice, wrap a jug of common earthenware in wet flannel, leaving no place exposed to the air; place it, filled with water, in an open window exposed to all the air there is. Keep the flannel wet; in an hour the contents of that jug will be almost as cool as if they had been iced.

Silver Polish.

A fine silver polish is made of two-thirds of a pint of alcohol, one-third of a pint of ammonia and a tablespoonful of whitening, shaken thoroughly. Wet a small sponge in the mixture and rub the silver or brass quickly, and rub off with a dry soft flannel before it has a chance to dry on the metal.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

The Geometric Unit and the Metric System.

To the Editor:

In a letter to "The World" of July 24 "Arithmetic" timely calls attention to a move backward by Government officials willing to force upon the people the French metric system of weight, time and space measurement. A far more important aspect than that presented by "Arithmetic" in arguing against such a scheme is the fact that Great Britain and the United States opposed the system years ago because it is unscientific in principle and its terminology is periphrastical. Scientists know that no fixed measure is obtainable in the field of physics alone, but they also know if a finite linear unit can be found in geometry, which unit can be proven true by a solar time measure rationally related to the geometric unit, such a phenomenal relation of space and time naturally involves the sought-for universal principle on which to found a universal metric system. Now, as this universal principle has been discovered on American soil and is awaiting recognition by other nations as well as Great Britain and the United States, it seems ridiculous to think of adopting the French system in this country unless the move is instigated by a trust concern ready to supply the people with measures they don't want. A more becoming task could hardly be imposed on the leading paper of the Western Hemisphere than to use its wise and potent influence in opposition to the projected move and to further the introduction of the American metric system, should it be found on investigation that the statements made in this letter are susceptible of proof.

GEOMETER.

Who Are the Men?

To the Editor:

Who are the men who so firmly smoke
Till all the women begin to choke?
Who are the men who think this is a joke?
Are they New Yorkers? New Yorkers, true?

Who are the men who so calmly sit,
And poor tobacco chew, smoke and spit—
Who are the men who thus manage it?
Are they New Yorkers? New Yorkers, true?

Who are the men who on an "L" train,
Selfishly hold seats with might and main?
Who are the men who thus women pain?
Are they New Yorkers? New Yorkers, true?

Who are the men who ride at their ease
(Women all standing with trembling knees)?
Who are the men who escape the squeeze?
Are they New Yorkers? New Yorkers, true?

SAL. ATTICUM, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Boys' Nights.

To the Editor:

What are the boys of New York City going to do at night after working hours? We have policemen here on our post that chase everybody off the Thirty-fourth street dock about 9 o'clock. If, then, one or two of us should stand on any corner in the neighborhood, a few minutes, a certain policeman comes along with this expression: "G-t off this corner or I'll club the —— heads off you." Are the boys in this neighborhood going to sit in the house with their thumbs in their mouths?

WORKING BOY, Thirty-fifth street.

The Music in Rutgers Square.

To the Editor:

A few words to the party who dislikes the music played by the band in Rutgers Square every Monday evening. I happen to live almost in front of the platform where the band plays and do not see how anybody can dislike the music. Why, sometimes they play pieces that just hit the nail on the head. I mean they play just the pieces that the eastsiders want to hear, and sometimes they are compelled to play the same thing once or even twice over again. The only thing that no doubt a great many eastsiders would like to see is to have them play at least twice weekly, as we enjoy it heartily.

M. F.

Women Don't Seem to Be in It.

To the Editor:

If it be true that woman is man's equal, as the fair sex so readily aver, why is it that history cites so few instances of female genius in comparison with man's record? Few women have contributed anything to philosophy, to science, to astronomy, since the world has never had a female Plato, Socrates, Descartes, Pascal, Newton, Voltaire or Bacon. Then take oratory or law, have we ever had a female Cato, Cicero, Demosthenes, Burke, Curran, Webster, Clay, Disraeli, Gladstone or Blaine? As a novelist, where is the woman that can be truly compared with Dickens, Thackeray, Hugo, Scott, Bulwer, Collins, Reade, &c.? Or as a poet can equal Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Tasso, Schiller, Dryden, Pope, Longfellow, Tennyson, &c.? Or as a painter stand with Titian, Angelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Meissonier, Dore or Carreggio? Or in music (in which if anything she should surpass man) have we ever had a female Wagner, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Verdi, Liszt, Donizetti, Rossini or Strauss?

T. F. JAMES.

A Spanker Breaks Into Song.

To the Editor:

Whene'er you have a naughty boy,
Who likes not to obey,
Lay him straight across your knee—
Spank him every day.
Whene'er you see your daughter fair
On the corner every night,
Spank her till she murder cries—
Hit with all your might.
Spank her when she goes to bed,
Spank her when she wakes,
Spank her with a shingle hard
Till the shingle breaks.
Had Teddy Roosevelt's mother dear
Spanked him in this way
We now would have our lager-beer
On the Sabbath day.

RANCHEE.

All This in a Kiss.

To the Editor:

"Chancy" wants to know "what is in a kiss?" There is always two lips in it; there is a liquid glue in it, and that is why people get stuck with it so often. There is a trump card in it for the game of matrimonial simplicities; there is a dude in it, and also other poodle dogs. There is an electrical current in it which produces eternal bliss and gives lovers a feeling of internal, external, outward, all-overishness. Now, "Chancy," when you meet your bewitching fairy, say to her:

I ne'er on your lips for a moment have gazed
But a thousand temptations beset me;
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you've raised,
How delicious 'twould be if you'd let me.

A BEENTHERE BACHELOR.

Soul Song.

To the Editor:

O Soul, I cherish thee!
For, at death's hour,
Thy glow I take with me
To Heaven's bower!

Why horde man's sordid gold—
At death it stays
Within another's fold—
Far from my ways.

O Soul, I love alone
To be thy friend;
At death, my gold hath gone;
Thou hast no end!

L. M. R.

Why Not Disproportionabilitudineality, Too?

To the Editor:

In prying into the English language we came across the word disproportionableness, which is reputed to be the longest word in said language. The object of my writing is to inquire if this word could be enlarged five letters, making it disapproposionabilitiness.

LEO KEARNEY,
Gutmsburg, N. J., am in doubt.