The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 62 to 68 PARK ROW, New York.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD (including postage):

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

Vol. 36 ..... No. 12,405

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—Junction of Broadway and Sixth ave. at 134 st.
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—125th st. and Madison ave.
BROOKLYN—369 Washington st.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Press Building, 703 Chestnut st.
WASHINGTON—703 14th st.

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 160,000 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 - 341,040 per day
July, 1888 - 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 DOES THIS MEAN?

An incident at the meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment yesterday, seemingly slight in itself and attracting very little notice, has really wide and marked significance.

The Board at a former session had authorized the employment by the Fire Department of an electrical expert to superintend the stringing of wires in buildings. Commissioner Sheffield appeared before the Board yesterday to ask that the Fire Commissioners be authorized to select and appoint such expert themselves, and that he should not be obliged to pass a civil-service examination nor to be certified by the Civil-Service Examiners.

The reason given by Commissioner Sheffield for the request is the singular and startling part of the affair. He stated broadly that the position is one open to the temptation of blackmailing and extortion, and as such ought to be filled by some one on whom the Fire Commissioners could entirely rely, and not by a person certified to them by the Civil-Service Board.

What does this mean? Is it a clear intimation that civil service is a failure, at least in the opinion of the Fire Commissioners? What else can it be if the Fire Commissioners insist they are more likely to select an honest employee themselves than to obtain one through the civil-service machine?

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment, singularly enough, did not resent this imputation on the civil-service machinery, but referred the request of the Fire Commissioners to the Corporation Counsel.

When Monopolist Yerkes gave that $500,000 telescope to the Chicago University the jokers said he wanted to keep Chicago star gazing while he was franchise grabbing. A joke is good when it is true. That was a good joke.

LET GRAY GABLES ANSWER.

The later news from China shows that the American as well as the English missionaries have been subject to outrages and that American lives and property are endangered.

What is our Government going to do about it? Are our people to be left unprotected? Are we to have visits to Gray Gables and consultations after fishing excursions before American men-of-war are sent to China to enforce satisfaction for the past and safety for the future?

Are we a powerful nation, anyway, or a little concern not worth noticing? Are our people to be massacred by savage foreigners and their property destroyed, or are they to have the protection of the Stars and Stripes in whatever part of the globe they may be?

For what are we building a powerful navy?

Mayor Strong and Commissioner Roosevelt have had a talk over the Excise law. Neither will tell what was said, but wait until we see how dry next Sunday will be.

ALAS! THE POOR GERMANS.

According to the Staats-Zeitung, the German-American citizens of this city are, in homely parlance, between the devil and the deep sea.

Germans generally do their own thinking. Their leaning is towards Democracy because of their belief in political and legal equality, their love of personal liberty, their opposition to class distinctions and their dislike of all plutocratic aggressions. During the war their sturdy love of liberty inclined them towards Republicanism, and immediately after the war they generally remained with that party.

But Germans are always at war with attacks on personal liberty. The intolerant policy of the Republican party wherever it held power drove them in a great measure over to the Democratic side. In this city, however, according to the Staats-Zeitung, they found it difficult to affiliate with Tammany. So they became an important element in the recent reform movement.

Now comes the trouble. Reform has disappointed and disgusted the Germans. They are displeased with Mayor Strong's administration. They detest Rooseveltism. Their Democratic principles reawaken. But, according to the German organ, they find Tammany reviving as the Democratic party "with the same old rotten gang on top." So the Staats-Zeitung says "between the purely Irish, through and through corrupt Tammany and the know-nothing, hypocritical Republican party the Germans find themselves in an, indeed, unenviable position."

They will probably find their way out of the dilemma by going back to their first love and voting some with the Democrats and some with the Republicans, according to their affiliations before reform.

"John Bull acts at once." "Inactive at Washington." Two headlines which describe the attitudes of two great nations towards the massacre of missionaries in China.

HELP WANTED!

The robbers of old times, the Barons, who took most of what the poor people raised on their miserable farms, built chapels and appointed chaplains to preach to these poor people the virtues of humility and submission and the beautiful doctrine that order is heaven's first law, and therefore you must do nothing to change existing evils. When the chaplain so far forget what he owed to his master thief and dared to preach anything that might open the eyes of the poor to the fact that they were cruelly robbed, the chaplain soon found himself without a chapel.

Names change, things remain. The robber barons have gone; the robber trust monopolists are in their places. People go less to church and more to school and college. Where a baron built a church, Rockefeller endows a university. Yerkes gives a telescope where his forerunner appointed a preacher. Like the old robbers the new monopolists insist on dictating doctrine.

In Chicago there is a university richly gifted by Millionaires Rockefeller and Yerkes. Prof. Bemis was teacher of political economy. Recently this professor lectured on the evil-doings of trusts and monopolies, the fraudulent getting of public franchises by debauching public officers, the wrongs practised on workingmen by most corporations. To sum it all up, he began to tell the truth in this millionaires' university. The shock was awful. Here were young men being led to believe that millionaires who gave money to schools and hospitals were other than great and noble benefactors of their age and race.

There is a vacancy for a professor of monopoly-economy now in the Chicago University. Prof. Bemis has been discharged by Rockefeller and Yerkes, who are getting up an advertisement somewhat in this shape:

Help Wanted—A professor who believes that trusts are always right; that labor-unions are always wrong; that public franchises are the just possessions of those who first grab them; that any method to crush a rival is right if it is successful; that the poorer the man the heavier his tax should be; that corporations should have the right of approval or veto of all laws; and a few other similar doctrines, can find a vacant chair in the Chicago University.

ROCKEFELLER,
YERKES,
Examiners.

The professor that teaches political economy in the Chicago University must deal gently with trusts and be sweet on monopolies if he would hold his job.

STEAK IN PARK ROW.

There is as good eating and drinking on Park Row as can be had anywhere else. You can get a meal for 10 cents or you can get a rattling a la carte dinner for $1. The size and quality of the menu are governed only by the feeder's finances and appetite. Men and women grow fat and jolly on the meals they buy there and wash down either with pints of red wine or "High hats" of beer.

The fact that a man was found dead in Park Row with a piece of steak stuck fast in his windpipe must not be taken as a reflection on the bills of fare that abound in that street. Park Row steak is as likely to be tough, once in a while, as a Delmonico steak. Steak is pretty much like a lottery ticket. You never know what it is until you get it. The mistake made by the poor unfortunate that was choked to death by the Park Row steak was that he didn't let the cable-cars run over it a few times before he tried to swallow it.

Queer case that of Mrs. A. M. Gardner, the Nebraska Christian Endeavorer, who deserted her husband and children and, having changed her name, went to live as a domestic in Norwich, Conn. The woman had no cause to leave her home, where everything was comfortable and pleasant, and there seems to be no excuse for her action, unless it be an overwhelming desire, such as is possessed by most of the new women, to be what they call independent. Whether this is the fact or not, there is little doubt that the woman is looney.

The Emperor of Germany would not race his boat the Meteor against the English yachts yesterday because there was too much wind. Since he took that race from Lord Dunraven two years ago nobody has given German Willie much credit for sporting blood.

The negro preacher who urged his hearers to slaughter Italian miners in Illinois, made a spectacle of himself. He is bound by his calling to advocate peace and not bloodshed, no matter how great the provocation for violence.

Justin McCarthy's appeal to Irishmen is full of sound sense. Factional differences in the past have prevented home rule. Unless unity is maintained the cause of Ireland will never be advanced.

What! Bounce Tamaen and appoint Hoober in his place? Isn't this city suffering enough with the blue laws without adding another infliction? Persecution we can stand, but not ridicule.

Bicyclers should be happy. The Eighth avenue asphalt pavement is to be continued all the way downtown to Chambers street.

William I. of Germany made big war talk on his battle dance yesterday. Willie has talked such a heap of war talk recently that everybody is getting a little tired.

A five-year-old boy in Harlem fell five stories into a baby carriage and escaped unhurt. There's a practical suggestion for an apparatus to be used at fires.

Ambassador Bayard likes English society. He finds it full of humanity. Well, we have some of that here ourselves, but not much of it in our "400."

The Montreal police are looking for the Ludlow Street Jail fugitives, Killoran, Allen and Russell. That is more than our own police are doing.

It is unfortunate that the yachtsmen are quarrelling. The boat selected to defend the cup should meet the English racer without doubt of ability.

Matt Quay says he represents good government and better politics. He has been measured for a new halo and is practising daily with wings.

The Defender, it is complained jockeys the Vigilant out of her right of way at the start. That is where she puts the luff on the Vigilant.

If the story told to "The World's" special correspondent by the Indians be true, the recent scare was all on their side.

Dick Croker is coming back Sept. 1. He knows where he got it and he probably needs some more, now.

Milk dealers have raised their price one cent a quart. The poor people will have to raise the price also.

Business was resumed in Chicago today. The Horr-Harvey debate has ended. What was it about?

The Aldermen want a portrait gallery. Wouldn't some of the portraits be too redhotly reminiscent?

This morning's deluge was evidently sent as a welcome to the Total Abstainers' Convention.

Mount Vernon asks for a dry Sunday. And with this city before it as a horrible example!

It is eminently fitting that a Brooklyn girl should be selected to christen the new cruiser.

In the Chicago University they now teach not political but monopoly economy.

QUITE A LA MODE.

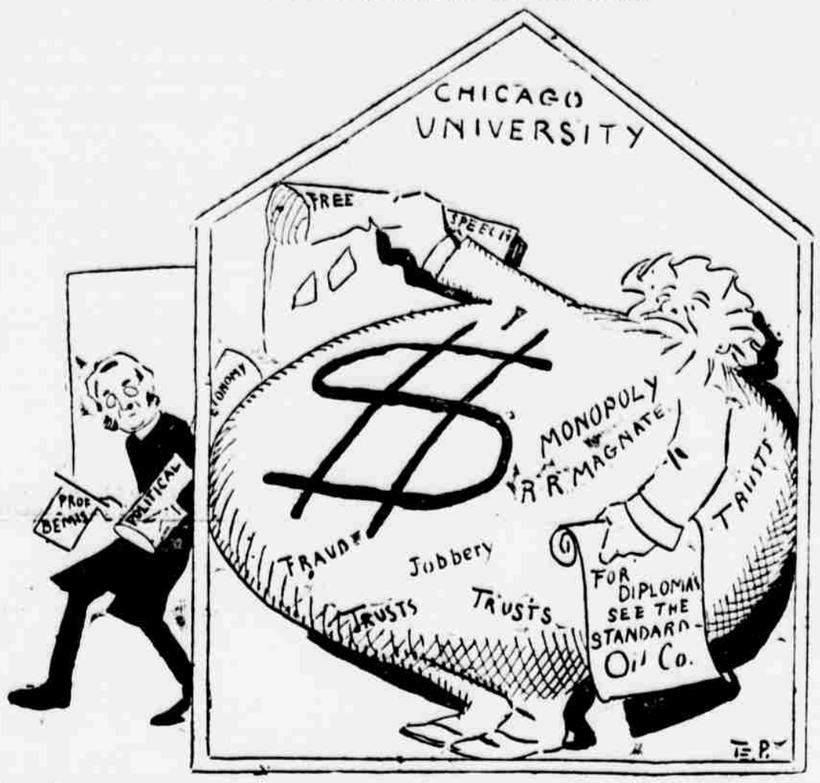
(After Tennyson—a long way.)

The rain had fallen, the maiden arose
And swaddled her wheel in bloomered trim,
And a murmur came from the crowd around,
As they gazed at her well-developed limb!
And she rode, and rode at a record rate,
Until she was dusty and limp and hot,
And, ten hours after, she faintly gasped,
"A hundred miles! I've beaten the lot!"

The sportsman stopt, as he shot at a duck,
The rabbit sat up and blinked his eye
The snakes wriggled off at the awful sight,
And the birds of the air began the skies!
And the wise man thought, "I have seen many a sight
On the sea, in the air, on the road,
But it looks all unusual to see what they'll do
If they think it is quite a la mode!"

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

MONOPOLY-ECONOMY AT CHICAGO.



When Monopolists Endow Colleges Professors Must Not Teach that Robbery Is a Crime.

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

ELIAS GOODMAN

This is a picture of the Alderman whose resolution calling for a more liberal Excise law was passed unanimously by the Board of Aldermen yesterday.

FOREIGN FUN-MAKERS.

The Seaside Season.

He—Where did you and Charlie go off to last night?

She—We strolled down to the beach to hear what the wild waves were saying.

He—Yes, I heard part of their conversation myself. It was: "Charlie, you do know how to kiss!"—Pick-Me-Up.

Not So Foolish as She Looked.

Mrs. Hiram—And have you any references?

Applicant—No, mum. Ol tored 'em up.

Mrs. Hiram (in surprise)—Tore them up? How foolish!

Applicant—Yes wudn't think so, mum, if yes had seen 'em!—Tit-Bits.

The Ghost Gave Him Notice.

"You look very worn, landlord."

"And for a good reason, sir; in those ruins you have just been looking over there was a ghost that used to draw a heap of sightseers to this place."

"What of that?"

"Why! he has given me notice to leave."—Le Figaro.

The Dean No Longer in It.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" whispered a society lady to Lady Bulwer at a party. "I should so like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam, the dean has done something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me, you don't say so! What a dreadful thing!" said the lady in a breath. "And what was it?" she added.

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."—Tit-Bits.

A Useful Fashion.

"Ah! professor, what a charming collection of stuffed birds you have here! Where did you get them from?"

"Oh! that is quite simple. I have been collecting them for years from the worn-out hats of my seven daughters."—Sur Echelonning.

THE CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATION

A hundred men sat in a room,
Each at a little table,
They answered questions put to them,
As well as they were able.

They gathered there to try to pass
The hard examination
Which must be done by every cop
"Neath Teddy's domination.

Their hair was long, their foreheads high,
And they were all possessors
Of spectacles that made them look
Like erudite professors.

They figured with the greatest ease
Hard sums in mathematics,
And with extreme facility
They wrote of hydrostatics.

They told in Latin and in Greek
About the ancient poets,
And wrote a thesis on the ways
Of prehistoric go-ats.

But suddenly their faces fell,
And all began a-talking
About the posers put to them
On Sunday side-door stalking

And each one swore and tore his hair
And said that Teddy oughter
Know better than to ask the law
On Sunday soda water.

And, sad to tell! each candidate
Lost the job he was seeking
Because he couldn't write an ode
To Sunday side-door sneaking.

N. A. JENNINGS.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

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

Commissioner Roosevelt has a cousin in Bayville, L. I., who recently launched a new sloop yacht built on the lines of the Defender, and fitted up luxuriously. His chef is a Japanese. The launch, like the Commissioner's Sundays, was very dry, so much so that the workmen declared the boat would be unlucky because neither wine nor beer was distributed. Young Roosevelt merely smiled.

* * *

Col. Edward C. James is one of the few men at the American bar who has twice defeated Joseph H. Choate in the same case. This is what the Colonel did in the Laidlaw-Sage case. In person Col. James is over six feet and built upon most massive lines. His force of individuality and magnificent physique play no small part in his winning cases before a jury.

* * *

Stenography is a stepping-stone to higher things in the Standard Oil Company. I was informed the other day that many of the officers and higher employees of the company were originally its stenographers. A stenographer by acting as a medium through which the business is transacted soon becomes conversant with the thousands of details which are a part of the business. When a vacancy occurs or an official goes on a vacation it is the stenographer who deals with that particular branch of the business where the vacancy is who fills the place.

* * *

William Blakie, the lawyer who is opposed to John E. Parsons in the litigation over the estate of Daniel B. Fayerweather, came down town the other morning in the same Elevated car with Bishop Potter. Blakie had a seat and the Bishop had none. It also happened that the lawyer knew the Bishop by sight, but the Bishop was unacquainted with the lawyer. Mr. Blakie offered the Bishop his seat. "Be kind enough to keep your seat, sir," said the Bishop politely. "You are very kind, but I would not think of depriving you of it." "I would not think of keeping a Bishop's seat," replied lawyer Blakie arising, and giving his seat to the Bishop, who thanked him and accepted it. A few days later Joseph H. Choate presented Blakie to the Bishop while the three were going down town in another Elevated train.

* * *

The latest attempt on the part of the sales-women in some of the big dry-goods stores to vary the tedious monotony of the daily routine has taken an odd form. For years when a customer had handed over the money in payment for a purchase the saleswomen would cry "cash." The call would sooner or later bring a small boy or a small girl scurrying up to the counter. Then the young women changed their cry to "check." This got threadbare and within the last few weeks the girls have rung in a change on the word. Now they call out "check" with a peculiar accent on the "ch." I asked a tired-looking girl the other day why she said "check" instead of "cheek." "Oh," she replied, "it's only to try and get something new, I guess. I don't know any other reason for it."

THE GLEANER.

No Love for the Home Team.

Baseball on the stage appears to have been a success in New York. Perhaps the Browns can be eventually unloaded on the theatres.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Praise for Roosevelt.

Even Hugh Grant acknowledges an admiration for Theodore Roosevelt. Of all the so-called reformers, he observes, Roosevelt is the one to command the most respect, for he doesn't lack pluck and sincerity. Right you are.—Boston Herald.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Louise Beaudet Will Play in London for a Year—Rice Is Lightning Proof.

Another comic-opera lady out of the field. Little Miss Louise Beaudet, who had rather a checkered stellar career last season, has gone to London, and sends word that she had signed with George Edwardes for one year. Miss Beaudet is at present playing Marie Tempest's part in "An Artist's Model," at the Lyric Theatre, and is to continue with that role until the new opera is ready. "I had the part of Adele for a week, and was studying it when Miss Tempest was taken ill," writes Miss Beaudet. "The management begged me to appear, and I did so, without having either met the company or had an orchestra rehearsal. I was well received, but I can tell you that it was no joke to jump in as I did. I am, however, well repaid, as I feel I have half won my battle. Mr. Edwardes is having a new song written for me entitled 'Don't Blame Women for Flirting,' by Leslie Stuart, the composer of 'La Petite Mademoiselle,' which Vesta Tilley sang at Tony Pastor's. It's a dainty little song on the style of 'The Chaperone,' which I sang in 'Jacinta.'" So that settles little Miss Beaudet for the coming season. She went to London in desperation to look for a comic opera for America, and, like a good many other desperate women, has won success. In fact, it seems to be lucky to visit England feeling desperate. Something invariably turns up. (It is to be hoped that this statement will increase the outgoing passenger lists and depopulate the plethoric Rialto.)

* * *

The pyrotechnical display at Manhattan Beach was simply not "in it" with the thunderstorm Sunday. The tall tower of the Oriental was shattered and splintered by a streak of forked fire, but the lightning bolt which tackled Edward E. Rice as he sat on the Manhattan's broad veranda glanced off, harmless and impotent. Mr. Rice calmly leaned over towards his "press agent" and asked for a light, adding thoughtfully that it looked as if there might be a storm. Chain lightning is powerless against a man who has managed burlesques for a quarter of a century. It merely suggests picturesque possibilities in the way of spectacular effects for a new transformation scene.

* * *

An aspiring youth walked into a dramatic agent's office yesterday. His brow was humid yet intellectual and in his eye—in both of his eyes—was the fire of an unquenched ambition. But he was quite unknown to fame, and the dramatic agent brought him down to ugly, prosaic everydayness by informing him that his name was not down on the books. "But," said the agent, "you can register, and I'll do what I can for you. You are not an amateur, I presume?" "An amateur!" cried the youth, with the incandescent eyes. "No, indeed. I have successfully appeared as Richelieu, and in 'A Box of Monkeys.'"

* * *

Here's a little story that is being circulated around. If you want to verify it, you can do so by going out West, as it is said to have occurred there. A company was out in the wilds playing "Othello" with a superb cast. In one town—a rather Puritanical community—the manager thought that he would stimulate popular interest by means of the sandwich-man. So he hired a number of them, and upon each put a letter of the legend, "Go to Othello." They wandered through the town until they were weary, and three of the men were so exhausted that they became separated from the others. These three were the men bearing the letters O, T and O of the word Othello, without them the legend assumed a profane meaning that caused a great sensation, and so high ran the public feeling that no performance was given in the town that night.

* * *

This comes fresh from the breezy and intelligent agent: "The Bible has been read by every one, and by Robert Ingersoll it has been denounced. But we have a man more famous than he who upholds or denounces it, and that man is William Gill, the most successful of all the American playwrites (sic). He has written a beautiful three-act, straight, legitimate, musical domestic comedy on that well-known Biblical subject, 'A Fatted Calf.' This is William Gill's masterpiece, and is by far the best comedy ever produced. It is clean, pure and refined, and at the same time the vein of comedy is so great that everybody enjoys it to the highest degree. Seriously, though, doesn't it seem incredible that a sane person should send in such twaddle for acceptance? This is an enlightened city—and—well, we're not at all hard up for matter. "A Fatted Calf" may be a classic, and William Gill a Shakespeare, but—er—we doubt it.

* * *

Oscar Hammerstein will get Yvette Guilbert with hair of a more golden hue than when he engaged her. If she doesn't quit, "wont that be ground for cancellation of contract?" Lew Rosen, writing from Paris to "The Evening World," says of Yvette: "She is thinner than ever. Her two most popular songs are 'Les Jeunes Mariees,' and 'La Soularde.' The one is quite risque, the other is dramatically sombre. 'La Soularde' recites the various stages of the life of a viveuse fond of drink." Mr. Rosen says that Sarah Bernhardt just now has two secretaries busy aiding her in preparing her memoirs.

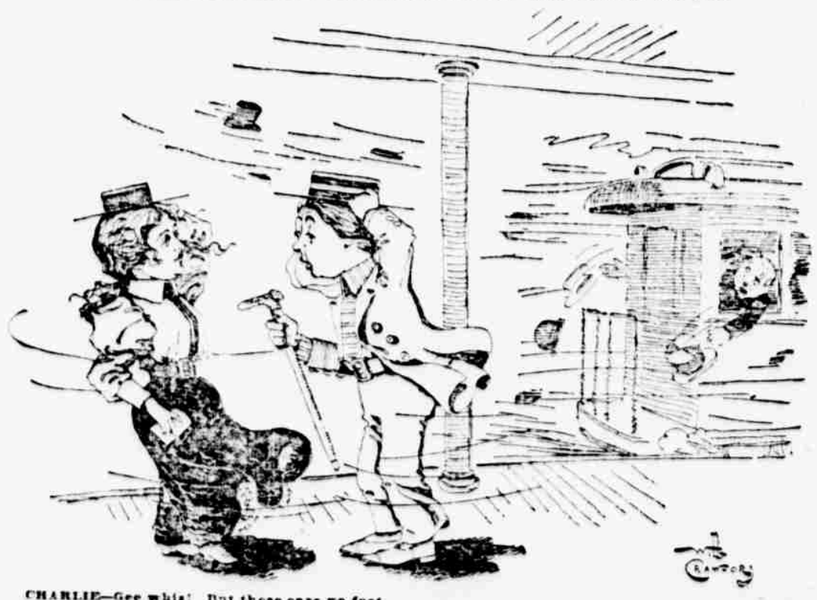
* * *

It is said that Marie Jansen will not star next season. She did very well with "Delmonico's at Six" when she first loomed forth upon the stellar horizon, but "Miss Dynamite" was not a go, as anybody who saw it will readily believe. If Miss Jansen is wise she will go back to the leading support of some popular comedian. There is a place for her still, but it is not at the head of her own company.

* * *

Helen Tracy and her daughter Virginia have just arrived in the city from Chicago. Miss Tracy last season played the indignant wife in "The Foundling." She is now rehearsing with Charles Dickson and his company in "Other People's Money," which opens the season at Hoyt's Theatre. Later on Miss Tracy will "create" a part in David Belasco's much-heard-of play "Heart of Maryland."

WHEN HARLEM TRAINS RUN 150 MILES AN HOUR.



CHARLIE—Gee whiz! But these cars go fast.
GLADYS—Yes, it takes such a short time to go from the Battery to Harlem that it's hardly worth while getting on the train.

HOUSE AND HOME

Sloping Shoulders.

The effect of sloping shoulders, which is now considered desirable, is sometimes obtained by means of a very deep yoke. Doucet sends over a model which would make a very pretty Autumn dress. It is of green wool, having a perfectly plain skirt, with the yoke of green velvet cut very low over the shoulders and straight in front. This yoke is embroidered all over with a design in steel beads; into this the bodice and sleeves are plaited with equal fulness, so that they look as if they were one piece, the bodice being gathered into a deep corselet belt of green velvet with steel embroidery, but the sleeves, being made tight-fitting from the elbow, held down by fine plaits.

New Blouse and Fan.

Blouse of clear white muslin, with front of tiny tucks, yellow lace insertion and finely kilted muslin frills, edged narrow yellow lace; cuffs to match;

neck band and bows of muslin. Fan of white gauze, with painted flowers and inserted edges of lovely Honiton lace; carved ivory sticks.

Old-Fashioned Corn Bread.

One quart of milk, one quart of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls wheat flour, one-half tablespoonful of butter, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix well together and spread out in a biscuit baking pan about two or three inches thick. Bake twenty-five or thirty minutes. Cut in squares and serve hot.

A Hot Weather Pudding.

A pudding which tastes good and keeps well is made by taking one cup of soft soaked bread crumbs, one teaspoonful grated cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful grated cloves, one-quarter teaspoonful grated allspice. Beat two eggs lightly and add one-quarter cup of milk. Mix one-quarter cup chopped figs with two tablespoonfuls of flour and add to egg mixture. Pour this into bread crumbs and spices, and add one tablespoonful sugar and turn the whole mixture into a small greased pail, then steam it for one and a half hours. If there is need of haste, pour the mixture into four buttered cups and cook in a pan of hot water for twenty-two minutes. This may be served with hard or soft sauce.

How to Get Thin.

The woman who wants to be thin must drink large quantities of hot tea.

She must not sleep too much.

She must practice with dumb-bells before meals.

She must eat salt on dry toast.

She may drink tea or coffee sweetened only with a saccharine tablet.

She must omit oil from salad dressing.

After breakfast, rain or shine, she must exercise, though Rome fall.

She must keep her mouth closed while walking.

She must ride a bicycle to reduce her hips.

She must take a bath every twenty-four hours.

Orange Jelly.

One-quarter box of gelatine soaked in one-quarter cup of cold water, and dissolved later in one-quarter cup boiling water. To this add one cup orange juice, one-half cup lemon juice, one-half cup sugar. Strain into moulds wet with cold water and place where it is cool. If orange-skins are used for moulds soak them first for half an hour in cold water.

The Chiffon Veil.

The white chiffon veil still holds its own. There seems to be no symptom of its doing otherwise. About every other woman that you see upon the streets has her features so shrouded. The shops say that the supply is really not equal to the demand for the stuff. The reason for its popularity is self-evident—it is becoming, than which there can be none greater. It casts a rice-powdery glamor over the most indifferent features and the worst complexions. The Summer girl swears by it and "girls" who are not especially summery find it both useful and ornamental.

Good Salad Made from Crabs.

The ingredients necessary are picked crab meat, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a head of lettuce, one saltspoonful of salt, and pepper and cayenne to taste. It will take the meat of at least twelve to fifteen crabs of medium size to make a salad for six persons. Pick it carefully, keeping the pieces as large as possible. Lay it in the bowl. Mix the oil, vinegar, salt and pepper together for the dressing and pour over the crab meat. Mix thoroughly, surround the dish with lettuce leaves and serve.

Don't Know Too Much.

Do not strive to seem well informed about your friends and neighbors. Although the homage you receive as a wise woman is pleasant, the result will be disastrous, for your friends and neighbors will cease to confide in you.

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 150 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Another Single-Tax Explanation.

To the Editor:

No doubt A. Kaplan thinks he has completely riddled my letter. The way to pick flaws, however, is not by the use of hair-splitting arguments. It will hardly suffice to prove that single taxers generally dissent from the position I take. The proper thing to do is to prove where I am wrong. A. Kaplan, however, entirely evades the main point under consideration. He has yet to show me why a single tax on land values could not adequately furnish the necessary revenues of government. All single taxers maintain that it could. And singular enough, too, Mr. Kaplan concedes the entire contention when he says that the "single tax is feasible in some localities, but not in others." This is tantamount to saying that land at or near the margin of cultivation will always yield rent for taxing purposes, while on the other hand, the sources of revenue will constantly be replenished as soon as it becomes possible to use poorer land. But why should such a trivial contingency as a possible deficiency in the revenues under the single tax hinder men from working for its sublimest consummation—the freeing of natural opportunities from monopoly's grasp? A. Kaplan needs to refresh his mind occasionally by dips into his Bible. He will find then that not only "too much land ownership" is bad, but even the special form of ownership he believes in is not sanctioned by moral law. I would also like to remind Mr. Kaplan that it is not the poor little mouse the single tax cat is after, but the great big dog-in-the-manger. Verily! the wonderful sagacity of this literary feline is—beyond human comprehension.

C. DE CAT.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

How Lena Lost Her Frizzes.

To the Editor:

Bathers at the bathing pavilion, foot of One Hundred and Fifty-first street, North River, got together to wet the frizzes and side combs of pretty Lena, who had been bathing all day and who had on an olive green bathing suit and was the sole attraction of the day. The women bathers became so jealous of Lena and her frizzes, as their frizzes were wet, and decided Lena should go, too.

Yesterday they enticed Lena out on the float, then all the bathers got on the end which Lena was on and nearly turned the float over, splashing Lena into the water, wetting her side combs and destroying her frizzes that she had so carefully saved all day. When Lena splashed into the water a shout of laughter could be heard from the bathers and the people on the pavilion two blocks away, and Lena lost her frizzes.

E. F. G.

Weather Guesses for August.

To the Editor:

Noticing in your valuable paper the grand "kick" at prophet (?) Dunn's Fourth of July prediction, I send you with this a copy of my predictions for August, so that the public may (although it is odious to do so) compare the prognostications of Farmer Dunn, who foretells thirty-six hours beforehand, with those of an unknown who predicts a month ahead.

July 31. TEMPESTAS.

The predictions: Aug. 1, warm, cloudy and showers; Aug. 2, warm and cloudy; Aug. 3, colder and clear; Aug. 4, cold and clear; Aug. 5, warmer, cloudy and windy; Aug. 6, warm and cloudy; Aug. 7, warm, cloudy and windy; Aug. 8, colder, cloudy and windy; Aug. 9, cold, cloudy and windy; Aug. 10, cold, cloudy and windy; Aug. 11, warmer and cloudy; Aug. 12, warm and cloudy; Aug. 13, colder and clear; Aug. 14, warmer, clear and windy; Aug. 15, warm and clear; Aug. 16, warm and clear; Aug. 17, warm, cloudy and showers; Aug. 18, warm, cloudy, showers and wind; Aug. 19, warm and cloudy; Aug. 20, warm, cloudy and windy; Aug. 21, warm and cloudy; Aug. 22, warm, cloudy, showers and windy; Aug. 23, warm and cloudy; Aug. 24, warm, cloudy and windy; Aug. 25, warm, cloudy and windy; Aug. 26, warm and cloudy; Aug. 27, warm and cloudy; Aug. 28, warm and cloudy; Aug. 29, warm, clear and windy; Aug. 30, warm and clear; Aug. 31, warm, clear and windy.

Note.—Local storms cannot be accurately predicted, but the following are days on which showers are most likely to occur: Aug. 3, 8, 17, 22, 29.

The Police Force's Side-Door Day.

To the Editor:

I have lived in a very quiet, respectable neighborhood on East One Hundred and Twenty-second street for over five years, and have never in that time saw a fight on the block before this afternoon, when two citizens who had eluded Roosevelt's side-door guards some time during the day, created a disgraceful disturbance about 2.30 P. M. trying to settle an argument with their fists. They were nearly half an hour at it, and had the male and a portion of the female population of the street trying to separate them. And not a policeman showed up all that time. Where were they? Watching the sidedoors, I suppose. Ought we not to have more police on patrol duty and a few less at the sidedoors?

HARLEMITE.

John Henry Indorses Roosevelt.

To the Editor:

The Police Commissioners are doing only their duty in enforcing the law, and we should not find fault with them. If the people do not like the law, let them change it at the next election, and have the saloons open on Sunday, but let it be one way or the other; that is, let beer and whiskey be sold openly on Sunday, or else not sold at all—no half-way business, nor side-doors; no hypocrisy; no, sir. When men say no they should mean it, and not mean yes, as has been done so often in this city. The wives of hundreds of poor men in this city are glad the saloons are shut on Sunday. Workingmen should save their money for bread and clothing for their wives and children, instead of spending it for beer. Beer and whiskey are not necessaries of life. If rich men and members of the Union League Club drink and even get tipsy on Sunday, is that any reason why a workingman should spend his week's wages in a saloon on Sunday and get tipsy, too, as he often has done when the side-doors have been open.

JOHN HENRY.

A Biblical Basis for Single Tax.

To the Editor:

If God made the earth and gave it to the children of men as stated in the Bible (Psalms, 115th chap., 15th verse), why do some men have to pay other men for the privilege of living upon and using it?

A. CORKER,
From Singletaxville.

Mourns His Lonesome Lot.

To the Editor:

There are many young men in New York and Brooklyn of good appearance who are kind and affectionate and possess other qualities necessary for a gentleman, but, nevertheless, on account of not being society men have a very limited acquaintance among the fair sex. It is to be regretted that such a one must visit the beach or theatre alone when there are so many refined pretty girls who would be pleased to accompany him could he but get acquainted in a legitimate manner. "There are others," not as particular, but also not desirable companions.

"HAPPY MEDIUM," Brooklyn.

"I Love" in the Magyar Tongue.

To the Editor:

In "The Evening World" of July 20 you publish an article entitled "I Love in all Tongues." Among the various languages given you asserted that in the Hungarian language "I love" is expressed as "Varok." Being of the above nationality (which fact I am very proud to state), I should be greatly obliged to you if you will kindly inform the public that the above-mentioned translation is incorrect, the proper meaning of "I love" in the Magyar tongue being "Szerettek," and that the word "Varok" means "I am waiting."

A VERY PATRIOTIC MAGYAR GIRL.