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THE WORLD'S BANNER MONTH FOR CIRCULATION. Average Per Day: 463,191. Circulation for May, 1894, 25,033 Per Day.

Readers of THE EVENING WORLD leaving the city for the hot months should send in their address and have THE EVENING WORLD mailed to them regularly.

Keep insulting loafers out of the public parks. The confession and conviction of Erasmus Wiman are almost a tragedy.

New York's introduction to the "pantalo" is sensational and impressive.

The Lexow Committee is bringing out straight tips against "straight" local tickets.

There was a slight going down in sugar yesterday when 2,000 bags sank in the East River.

Mr. Croker is, under all the circumstances, a rather poor witness as to why he went away.

Violators of the law unite for "protection." Shall not good citizens unite for the upholding of their city?

According to definition, Mr. Croker was entitled to rank as a "pantalo." But when he "sailed away" it became a plain case of "Ta-ta!"

The Senate narrowly escaped a serious case of "wool-gathering" yesterday. The backbone of the majority needs still another bracing.

But little refinement was added to the cruelty of lynch law by the Arkansas mob, which allowed a victim to act as his own hangman.

After this week's developments before the Lexow Committee New York almost needs the breathing spell afforded by the adjournment to next Tuesday.

Senator Gray's Committee persists in the use of the sidetrack for its Sugar investigation. The people expected, and are entitled to demand, a through line of inquiry.

The day of faithful old servants is not past. A butler of thirty years' service in one New York family has just gone hopelessly insane over the death of the mistress of the house.

It is not surprising to learn that an attempt was made to buy a member of the Lexow Committee. The official barterers in "protection" and such things, in New York, have been living right along upon the principle that whatever is purchasable.

Promoters of prize-fighting have claimed for a long time that the sport which they represent has been elevated to a place among the sciences. It remained for Inventor Edison to give a practical demonstration of pugilism's new associations. The "Winn" will receive the heartfelt thanks of the fraternity of skilled self-defenders.

Gov. Flower gave up his good veto power for the political green goods of the Tammany Central Power. He will gather from the Lexow evidence that he figures, in the parlance of expert operators, "come-in" and "guy." This is one more interesting development that he didn't expect when he cut off that appropriation for the investigation Committee.

On the stand before the Lexow Committee yesterday a witness testified that he was a member of Tammany Hall and was also a Republican. The politics of the Crokerized Tammany are very much like those of the Sugar Trust, in that they are of the "business" variety. The wedding of the organization to Democracy is, under the present conditions of corruption, a mere "marriage of convenience." Like the Sugar Trust, the trust of the bosses has been playing to the majority.

There is a growing encouragement in the belief that the striking soft coal miners will, after all, accept the Columbus agreement. Their officers, duly authorized to act for them, have told them plainly that the best that could be done for the time was done. Those officers go so far as to stake their continuance in office upon the acceptance or rejection of the terms suggested. It would be the worst possible policy for present purposes.

and future effect if the miners were now to repudiate the acts of their accredited representatives. Their proper course is to resume work Monday next, as the agreement prescribes.

SUNDAY WORLD FEATURES. To-morrow marks the opening of the Summer resort season. Where are you going? Are you going to the mountains or to some quiet spot in the country? All winter long new cottages and new hotels have been making their appearance with more or less energy here and there, and in the last few weeks things have been rushed forward in a hurry, ready for the first hot wave. The weather bureau declares that at last the weather has settled down for a good hot Summer, and next week the vanguard of Summer visitors will begin to arrive at the various watering places. Near New York the regular Summer residents have already opened their cottages, and at the nearby resorts like Beth Beach, Far Rockaway and along the Jersey shore the hotels are already well filled with visitors. Bar Harbor has not yet sprung into active life, and, of course, the mountain resorts are still slumbering in their Winter lethargy.

The "Sunday World" to-morrow will devote three pages to laying before its readers nearly everything that has been going on all winter at the various watering places. It will have built new cottages and what general improvements have been made here and there. If you are going to return this Summer to the same place you went last year you will find a story telling all that is new, and giving you a very clear view of the country for the season. Besides this, the "Sunday World" will print a very striking page of pictures of the Summer resort, showing in her various specialties, fads, fancies and frolics at the big Eastern resorts.

Miss Meg Merrilies, that enterprising and very courageous young woman who has been the life and soul of the "Sunday World" with visions of life in New York and her varied and unusual experiences, will to-morrow tell of what she saw and did during a stroll along the bottom of the Bay. This young woman, with four pairs of underclothes in her hands, has been exploring the mysteries of life under water in her harbor. Anybody who has read Jules Verne's remarkable story, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," will have some curiosity to know what Miss Meg Merrilies has to say about her experiences.

The "Sunday World" to-morrow will present a most timely and interesting story, forecasting the chances of the great American yacht, Vigilant, which has just arrived in British waters, and which is to be the challenger in the contest with the crack English racer that she can beat them all. This is the yacht which last year held the championship and defeated Valkyrie, and now, under the command of George Gould, has stepped into British waters to show her stern to the celebrated British yacht, "Crescent," the celebrated yacht.

The "Sunday World" will tell exactly what rages Vigilant will try to win, and will give the opinions of the leading British yachtsmen on her chance of bringing back to America all the cups she can lay her hands on. Mr. Croker's characteristic modesty, says that he left New York suddenly and without announcement, because "he did not suppose the public attaches any interest to his movements." But, indeed, the public does attach a very great deal of interest to his movements, and would have been delighted to have heard from his lips a history of how he accumulated his Aladdin-like fortune, and what the events being inquired into occurred when Mr. Croker was very much in politics and occupied a prominent public position.

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The Populists have endorsed the Woman Suffragists. The Woman Suffragists have endorsed the Populists. There you are. So long as they confine their achievements to endorsing each other, they are all right. Should Senator Peffer and Susan B. Anthony take long walks in the moonlight, holding hands and acting skittishly, the country might blush a little, but it would resume its presence of mind immediately, and yell out: "Bully for both of them!"

The Populists want the Government to own and run all the railroads and telegraph lines and banks, with several other paying business enterprises of this land. We presume that now that the "Commons" Subcommittees have joined in with them the Populists will tack a colloid on to their platform insisting that the Government will do dressmaking and conduct millinery shops and soda fountains and ice-cream parlors. This would be a very wise thing to do. It would be a very wise thing to do. It would be a very wise thing to do.

Crucifixion of Croker. If Tammany is indeed Mr. Croker is doing the organization a great injustice—Washington Post.

Indeed and indeed it has. The horrible, un-Christian dancing of the Frogger nose has gone on too long—Chicago News.

Truth by the Card. You can't tell your fortune by cards, but you can lose it that way—Philadelphia Record.

Truism on a Truist. Mr. Haverly's so-called "political exposes" under another name would be as many votes—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Sweet Thought for Philadelphia. Whatever its faults may be, a town that takes a lively interest in baseball is no morose—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fair Warning from Louisville. We give Keller's Committee fair warning to steer clear of Louisville. There are agitators in the river, and there is work on the streets—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Widespread Need. What this community needs is more men to follow their own advice—Chester News.

New York's Sure Thing. At the beginning of the season New York thought it had a baseball club that was out of sight. Now it is sure of it—Rochester Democrat.

is now going bravely on. The methods it promotes and encourages are being laid bare before the eyes of the people. Its leaders are feeling from the wrath certain to come if they stay. They have the penalties of crime held out before their eyes, and see that the "protection" on which they have depended can no longer protect.

Are the forces promoting this work the "enemies" of Tammany? Are they not rather its best friends? There are thousands of thousands of honest Democrats in Tammany who will rejoice when the purification and regeneration are complete, and who are already looking forward to the time when Tammany under new and clean and honest leaders can again claim her proud title as the old Democratic organization of the city.

OUR FLAG IS THERE. Three cheers for the American boat-builder! Three cheers for the great American yacht Vigilant, which showed her stern to the American Cup! When Englishmen have been compelled to yield to American yachts in contest after contest, the cry of the Britishers has always been, "Ah, but look at sea-going qualities, don't-cher-know! Where would these Yankee shells be out at sea?"

Well, the good yacht Vigilant cut her graceful way through British waters yesterday, having reached the Irish coast just fourteen days, thirteen hours and forty-four minutes after her departure from Sandy Hook, doing the voyage in shorter time than any sloop yacht that ever before crossed the Atlantic and beating the Valkyrie's time over the same course.

The Vigilant is expected to be ready for the first of the Clyde regattas in July, and it is given out that the owners, the Gould boys, will do their best to win, and will not toady to Britannia, as it is called in the English boats. Why, of course not. They will beat the Prince of Wales if they can, that is sure. They will have to do their best to win, anyway.

NEWS FROM THE ABSENT. Mr. Richard Croker has arrived in Queenstown. Everybody will rejoice to hear that his first words to an Associated Press reporter confirmed that assertion of his friends on this side of the Atlantic, that he will be glad to give the Lexow Committee any assistance in his power.

It is to be hoped that the Committee will send Mr. Croker a polite invitation to testify. When search is being made for money, it is not the police and the Tammany district leaders in the city, and when it is found very desirable, indeed, to trace where it goes, an investigation without the ex-leader's testimony seems like the play of "Hamlet." Of course, everybody knows, as Mr. Croker claims, that he is "out of public position," and holds no public position.

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THE SUFFRAGIST AND HER "POP." The Populists have endorsed the Woman Suffragists. The Woman Suffragists have endorsed the Populists. There you are. So long as they confine their achievements to endorsing each other, they are all right. Should Senator Peffer and Susan B. Anthony take long walks in the moonlight, holding hands and acting skittishly, the country might blush a little, but it would resume its presence of mind immediately, and yell out: "Bully for both of them!"

Husbands Scarce in Jersey. To the Editor: I think "E. C. P." is quite right when he says that most of the girls don't know when they are good for anything. They don't care if they drink or not, if they only have lots of money to spend on them. I am a young lady eighteen years old; can cook, wash, iron or do any kind of housework, and when I find a good, sober and honest fellow, I shall not say no. But it is very hard to find one in Jersey. The good young men seem to look for the girls and stylish girls and pass the good ones by. A GOOD JERSEY CITY GIRL.

A Single-Taxer's Roy View. To the Editor: I have read the letter of "Pro Bono Publico" with most interest. I might not give you to such pessimistic feelings. It may take some years yet before the single-tax doctrine is fully known; but it is certainly not losing ground, as "Pro Bono Publico" seems to fear. His definition of it as "the manning of progress" is apt and just, and in that sense it is growing more and more into the affections of thinking people.

"Johnnie Bull" Writes Again. To the Editor: Strike me up a bloody gum tree, but I seem to have stirred up a hornet's nest. I wrote you a few lines not long ago, perhaps in a chattering way, and apparently Americans don't relish truth from a foreigner. Perhaps I have hit them harder than six weeks and understand America better than my former letter indicated. Your recollection of the "Johnnie Bull" is evidently "Johnnie Bull" as I would say to my very young friend, "Carson, of Youkers," to take cold baths in the morning, avoid highly seasoned meats and read Emerson's "The Path" is evidently a very earnest young man in quest of information. He wants to know who invented electricity? I would answer that to the best of my knowledge and belief, that was the same time that that invented heat, motion and other forms of energy. I don't think railroads were ever invented—rails and spikes were, but railroads were built for the use of the travelling locomotive. As to the invention of the automobile and other steam engines, I would say that up to date Watt and Stephenson, of Great Britain, have that credit. This is one great fault of Americans. They claim everything in sight. My first impression of Americans came from reading Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes." Then, again, I have met so many Americans abroad, full of pride and boasting, loud in talk and small in fact. Your readers who have spent much time in Europe and Paris will, perhaps, corroborate me.

MENTAL. [This column is for everybody who has a complaint to make, information to give, a subject of interest to discuss, a service to acknowledge, and who can put it into 100 words or less. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Once Upon a Time. The devil came to a certain town To see how things were going; How his cause was getting on, And what the saints were doing. He went around to see his traps, He climbed up in each steepie, And then came down with a long grin, And shook his head with the people. Some were caught with the social game, And some were caught with love; And quite a host were gathered in, To see the devil's work below. They saw a crowd upon the street; To welcome his arrival? Ah, no, just then the church bell rang. They were having a revival. The church was full of people sick, But he, with cooling greeting, Joined the saints as they went by, He moved to go to meeting.

Wants Work, Not Suffrage. To the Editor: I would gladly see the public at large where would be the advantage to the majority of workmen should they gain the full right of suffrage? I am a workman, and heaven knows I do not want the ballot. If those same half-headed old boozers, who have been robbing the workman by giving him the privilege of voting would but give him employment, then would be truly beneficial to his sisters. God did not give woman the right to vote, but, oh, surely he gave her the right to live, but, oh, surely he gave her the right to work. For months and months I have been seeking employment as a stenographer and typewriter. I have advertised, I have answered advertisements, I have written letters, I have even begged for work. Some one then has been and he? Surely there is must one then I am looking for. Can no one give me advice? If I could but secure a temporary position, even in another line of work, I would be glad to do it. I could secure a stenographer's place. Doubtless there are thousands of other women in New York who, like myself, are out of employment. On our behalf I exclaim, we do not want "rights," we want work. A DISHEARTENED ORPHAN.

They Are Superior. To the Editor: Will you please say to "E. M." of Union Square, that one of the individuals coming under the head of "Female Typewriters," taking exception to his remarks, "Man against man" and "woman against woman," are all very well in their way, but that "Man against woman" or "woman against man" is not a thing that should be done. A woman's duty is to be a woman, and to be content with her lot. A man's duty is to be a man, and to be content with his lot. A DISHEARTENED ORPHAN.

Christ and the Commandments. To the Editor: Am I understanding "O. P." answer to "The good man changed the Sabbath day" from the seventh to the first day of the week in direct disobedience of the ten commandments, which still stand recorded unbroken, and are taught to every Christian child who attends Sunday school? The commandments are the commandments of God, but of his Father also, which, in my opinion, is a very bad example to teach children in a Sunday-school. The commandment still reads: "On the seventh day shalt thou rest." The Sabbath day has not been changed, and an event of such importance should, in my opinion, have been recorded. There are thousands of events less important than this given great weight in the Bible. "O. P." in "The good man changed the Sabbath day" says that Christ was a Jew, therefore the Jewish Sabbath was Christ's Sabbath, and Christ was not the man to break the Sabbath or change the word of God. RUSSELL L. MAN, Coney Island, La. I.

Another Cry for Benches. To the Editor: I went down to the little and beautiful park at the foot of Eighty-seventh street and the East River last night. The weather had been a roaster during the day, and we expected to have some compensation by breathing the gentle breeze that comes from the East River, and walked, and not one bench in sight. The most lovely air beautifully, the green grass was smiling, the air comparatively cool. We contemplated the boats on the river, the waters reflecting the stars of the night sky, and absorbed in contemplation and admiration, we concluded to lie down on the grass for a short rest only. Our delight lasted four seconds. We were warned off by a stern man in a military uniform, who said, "Get up, you fellows! Get up! Get up! Get up!"

No "Molly Man" for Her. To the Editor: "Bill Jones," you are right. I want to shake hands with every man who is a "Molly Man" regarding "Molly Men." In my opinion they are only apt subjects for "an woman's home." As stenographer and typewriter for a large concern employing only male help (myself alone) I have been subjected to many annoyances with many of these self-styled "Mollys," and pray, therefore, that the gods deliver me from ever calling one "Molly." The majority of men are not "Mollys," but some are, and I am glad to please, to say nothing of their close-classed qualities. SHAKS PIPER, HULL, ENGLAND.

Four Loaves for a Nickel. To the Editor: My attention was called to the bread question by "X. X." letter in your paper. I thought I would try the experiment of having my bread baked at home, and find that since four at \$4.00 per quarter is the same as one cent and a half for the same size loaf. A handsome saving. Three cents per loaf. BIKK.

There Are Gay Typewriters. To the Editor: I have come in contact with a number of lady typewriters and have found them to be true and perfect ladies with intellectual faculties and good common sense—far above the giddy society girl of the street. I have seen all kinds of "Molly" typewriter, also extra, but why make ill of the good? I am a typewriter, I am a typewriter, I am a typewriter. M. Broadway.

A Gung with a "Pull." To the Editor: I am constantly irritated by a gang of loafers who hang round the corner of the police station, and have made complaints to the police, but it does not make any difference. I am a respectable woman, I am a respectable woman, I am a respectable woman. Miss K. M.

Working Girl's Work Week. To the Editor: If "Dotie" will address Emma Floyd, 200 West 20th St., she may hear something to her interest. Having been a young girl in such circumstances once myself, I can sympathize with her. Miss K. M.

BRAIN FRESHERERS. [This column is for mathematical problems. Only the popular kind that exercise and refresh the mental faculties and do not require elaborate algebraic solution will be printed. One type does not include algebraic signs, so well impossible to give answers on which these are used. The names of the first ten persons sending correct solutions will be printed. Address answer to "Problems," Evening World, P. O. Box 256, New York City.]

Those Right-Angled Triangles. To the Editor: Some young students, who seem to be much interested in the problems propounded by parties of advanced education, have called my attention to a problem by a Mr. H. A. Jones, the solution of which has not appeared hitherto. As all those problems, however simple, have an educational tendency, this one should not have been slighted by your contributors. It is a problem in our opinion, is a voluntary teacher to those who have not had the advantage of an early education. Problem as stated to me: "Find three right-angled triangles of different dimensions, the sum of whose areas is equal to 100 square feet. As the following solution is intended for young students not far advanced in geometry and mensuration, we shall try to make it sufficiently comprehensive. There being no limit to areas of dimensions, we will select a rectangle of 45 feet by 45 square feet. Dividing this rectangle by a diagonal, we get two right-angled triangles, the area of either equalling 24 square feet. So we find our first right-angled triangle—altitude, 45 feet; base, 45 feet; hypotenuse, 63 feet; area, 24 square feet. As we must retain this area throughout, to find our second triangle we will now cut off from our first rectangle 24 square feet, leaving 21 square feet, from which we form a rectangle of 21 feet by 21 feet, and divide it to the end of the remaining portion of our first rectangle (33 feet), the area

of which was 33 square feet, and get our second rectangle, 45 feet by 21 feet, with an area of 48 square feet. This rectangle we divide by a diagonal and get two right-angled triangles, one of which is 45 feet by 21 feet; area, 24 square feet. To find our fourth triangle we reduce the altitude to 2 feet, then the area, 24, divided by 2 equals 12, and 12 multiplied by 2 equals 24, our base. Our fourth is, altitude, 2; base, 24; area, 24 square feet.

The Lotus. I suppose it is meant that the tip of the lotus is at height in the first position of 9 inches above the surface, and that it moves forward, it floats and becomes submerged. Diagram will illustrate relation of things. Depth of water, BA; distance along surface to point of submergence, BC; and direction of wind when submerged, AC, forming the right-angled triangle, ABC. Now, the square of the hypotenuse AC equals the sum of the squares of AB and BC, and AC equals the sum of the squares of AB and BC, and AC equals the sum of the squares of AB and BC.

6 AREA 24
4 AREA 24
12
of which was 32 square feet, and get our second rectangle, 45 feet by 21 feet, with an area of 48 square feet. This rectangle we divide by a diagonal and get two right-angled triangles, one of which is 45 feet by 21 feet; area, 24 square feet. To find our fourth triangle we reduce the altitude to 2 feet, then the area, 24, divided by 2 equals 12, and 12 multiplied by 2 equals 24, our base. Our fourth is, altitude, 2; base, 24; area, 24 square feet.

What is Love? To the Editor: Oh, what is love? Is it to dream and sigh and weep and wonder till the world is gray? Believes the tender passion but a snare? Or is it to think all love lies in one eye? Is it to think that brightest glances lie therein, or that upon one smiling face Dwells sweetest loneliness; that perfect grace belongs to only one beneath the sky?

AD, or AD plus 9 inches. Hence the square of AD plus 9, which will be the square of AB plus 9 times 9 (81) plus 31, also equals the square of AB, plus the square of BC. Substituting from their equal quantities the square of AB, which appears in both, the remainder will be equal, and we have 15 times AB, plus 81, equal to the square of BC, which is 1,296. Subtract 81 from 1,296, and there remains 1,215, which is 15 times AB, whence AB equals 81.15 inches, which is the depth of the water.

The Cow Problem. To the Editor: In answer to "Another Cow Question" I submit the following: The cow will travel on a space equal to the circumference of a circle 18,500 feet in radius which is the furthest distance it can go from the posts or rail, and a rectangle 20,198 feet by 20 feet. The total number of square feet which it can graze is 1,999,250, which is also the number of pounds of grass the cow will eat.

Locating the Well. To the Editor: Three brothers, whose residences are at the vertices of a triangular area, the sides of which are severally 15, 20 and 25 chains, wish to dig a well which shall be at the same distance from the well as each of their residences. JOHN TIGHE, 63 East Thirtieth street.

How Is This for a Sticker? To the Editor: What number must be added to 47 so that 75 times the sum may be less by 20 than 95 times the sum? FREDERICK ARCHER, 41 Park Row.

With the Problem-Workers. A Subscribing sent the correct answer to the "What was the matter with last Saturday's problem?" To "Hard for you?" W. H. H. New Haven, Conn., sends the only answer received for the fencing problem. The dividing fence will measure 875 rods and it will be 68 1/2 rods distant from the wider end of the field. Mr. O'Sullivan's answer to his problem about four pounds at 25 cents and seventy-five pounds at 10 cents would be mixed with twenty-five pounds at 10 cents, thirty-five pounds at 20 cents and twenty-five pounds at 10 cents. W. B. Smith, New York.

The Argentine Girl. A pen portrait from a foreign correspondent of a typical Argentine girl presents a very charming picture. In the bloom of youth, and maturity as well, for she is fully developed at fifteen, she is beautiful to look upon, with her erect and splendidly proportioned figure, perfect oval face, hair as dark as night, and lustrous eyes, shaded with long, curling lashes. A tinge of European blood gives her cheeks the dainty pink of a damask rose. And as her full lips part in a smile over her teeth, that gleam of white, she is a fascinating object of sensuous beauty. To complete the enchanting picture, she must be clad in some soft, clinging material, made in the latest Parisian styles, with here and there a gleam of diamonds, and a coquettish hat to frame her dainty face. A woman in the highest sense of her peculiar nature, and yet a child with all the vivacity, youth, she captivates with her beauty, but in mind and soul there is something wanting which physical perfection does not satisfy, and the charm is soon gone, for at twenty-five, when the Argentine girl is passing, growing corpulent and coarse, her beauty rapidly as she approaches middle age. Her habits are indolent, and she is addicted to the use of rouge and powder to such an extent that her original complexion is entirely concealed.

Fashionable Parasols. The fashionable parasol has a slender stick, long rather than short, with a knob on the end. Crooks are out of date, and the knob must be small, scarcely wider than the stick, and oval. This genteel knob is overlaid with gold and pearls, and is so close to the handle, or it is of crystal with a diamond or a fringed tassel. Other handles are of carved ivory. The points should match the knob, and very fastidious people buy the set of knob and points and order the sunshade made. Heavy gutta serena insertion laid over color are of crimped chiffon. Changeable silk is somewhat out of date.

A Large Sheet of Cake. One and one-half cupsful of sugar, three-quarter cupful of milk, two and one-quarter cupsful of flour, two eggs, butter the size of two, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, together in this order. One and a half cupsful of sugar, and the butter well creamed; add the beaten whites, then the milk (putting in one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon). Add the flour (with the powder in it), and last, the beaten yolks. It will be a nice, fine, cream-colored cake, about forty-five minutes in a fair oven.

For Orange Cake—Add the rind of half an orange and a teaspoonful of orange essence—of course, omitting vanilla, &c. For Almond Cake—Add a tablespoonful of almond extract, and before baking spread over the top one-half cupful of chopped almonds. For Coconut Cake—Add a cupful of cocoanut (the unweakened) to the butter and sugar and one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract. For Currant Cake—Add two cupsful of prepared currants and a teaspoonful of lemon extract.

Latest Bonbonniers. Bonbonniers are taking and have taken an almost endless variety of shapes, but it remained for these last days to introduce the Bonbonnier of Dainty Dress, a deep china, fitted with a silk bar-like top. The pot is of medium size and will contain a generous supply of sweets or a flowering hyacinth with equal ease. It is lovely in itself, and has the rare merit of serving a definite end when the bonbons have become things of the past.

Ragout of Peas. A ragout of peas needs to be eaten to be appreciated. Put three ounces of butter into a saucepan, with a teaspoonful of minced onion, a few leaves of fresh mint, pepper and salt. Boil the peas in water until they are tender for a few minutes—take care that they do not acquire the least color—add a quart of green peas and shake the pan to prevent their burning; after five minutes add a pint of water, a little borax and a little cream. Boil for ten minutes. Cover the pan closely, and draw it to the side of the fire, and let the contents cook slowly for about three-quarters of an hour; if allowed to boil the water will soon be absorbed, and, unless more is added at once, the peas, instead of being large and tender, will be shrivelled and hard.

A Little Queen's Wardrobe. The Queen Regent of Holland wears the plainest kind of clothes, but spends much time and thought on her small daughter's toilet. Queen Wilhelmina wears nothing but material of the most exquisite texture, and all her linen has the "W" and crown beautifully embroidered upon it.

For Summer Cottages. Some pretty broche silks, flower and floral designs, are attracting a good deal of favorable attention. Cretonnes are also great favorites. Bright stoffes are used for summer cottages, and the craze for white rooms continues with people building suburban and city homes. This calls for pale colors, often after or green, and the effects sought after are soft and delicate. One of the latest fads is dining-rooms in white, even the furniture being enamelled in white.

French Cambric Skirts. Some of the French cambrics are as pretty as silk. There are flower designs of pink, lavender, rose, heliotrope, and buff for underskirts that have only to be seen to be appreciated. These prints, made into underskirts, dressing jackets

and light robes, are not as popular here as abroad, but that is the American "woman's eye" in London and Paris a pretty battle skirt, with embroidered ruffles and silk draw string, only costs 25 cents. They are shop laundered and worn on the street.

Kitchen Hints. A dress for the kitchen in hot Summer weather should be made "Mother Hubbard" style, with turn-over collar, large sleeves and belt in at the waist. When washed it will wash if carefully done, give it a good wash, just enough to give it body.

If one gets heated while cooking, wetting the face, and especially the wrist with quite warm water (not cold) has wonderfully cooling effect.

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