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

MARCHING ON.

There was a lively if not a very important session of the Lexow Committee yesterday, and the learned Senators, as well as the highly seasoned counsel, seemed disposed to relieve the oppressiveness of the weather by a little light and airy persiflage.

Mr. Goff had a witness in reserve who was expected to make a sensation. He was a policeman with a good record and four service-stripes, who has served on the force a sufficient number of years to entitle him to retirement on a pension, and so, as the counsel puts it, can "snap his fingers at persecution." This man, Charles A. Beeck, was expected to divulge the whole secrets of the inner temple of the station, and he did make it clear that, as a patrolman on the river front, he received money for extra service from a steamship company, and that he recently gave Officer Taylor, one of the sergeants, ten dollars out of this compensation. Taylor and three other sergeants patrol the river front, but whether they collect for the Captain regularly the witness did not know. He did know, however, that the companies pay money to the policemen on duty.

Further testimony confirmed the fact that the police receive payment for extra services from the steamship companies, and developed the information that a sort of blackmail is levied on dealers who land goods from boats, by Custom-House Inspectors. There was also cumulative evidence of the levies by policemen on persons who obstruct the sidewalks, and who, as the counsel put it, rent their stores of the landlords and the sidewalks of the police.

Nothing was heard of Justice Divver's desire to explain matters to the Committee. But another session is to be held to-day, and the application may be made at any moment. It cannot come any too soon for the vindication of the Judge or the satisfaction of the community.

THE GREAT SAENGERFEST.

Great will be the honor paid by the American metropolis to-morrow and the two succeeding days to the National Saengerfest on the occasion of its glorious song festival, and well will the honor be deserved.

A people devoted to music and song are a people to be trusted. Where is to be found a deeper incentive to patriotism, where a more persuasive exhortation to tenderness and love, where a more reliable indication of gentleness, honor and integrity? Says Ruskin, "All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song." The German nation is a nation of music and song. Who will say that this characteristic of her people has not been the mainspring of that devotion to "fatherland" so deep in every German heart. Who will deny that it has helped to make the German-American generally a loyal, law respecting, useful citizen of the Republic, the earnest enemy of that Anarchy which has sprung up under all European Governments?

It is proper that the President of the United States, the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city should unite in showing respect for the great song festival and should grace the occasion of the opening torchlight parade with their presence. The sight will be well worth seeing, as the monster concerts in Madison Square Garden during the festival will be richly worth hearing. The singers invited number ten thousand, and they include the most famous artists of the day and nearly all the celebrated associations and societies in the Union. With such names as Materna, Emma Juch, Lillian Blauvelt, Tavary, Maud Powell, Campanari, Emil Fischer, Behrens, Herbert and Freidheim the New York people are familiar. It is expected that six thousand members of the societies will pass under the triumphal arch at Madison Square on the night of the parade.

Success, then, to the great National Saengerfest, and may the citizens of New York delight in uniting to do full honor to the festival.

SOME MISPLACED BLESSINGS.

There was a tornado in South Dakota yesterday and a wind storm in Faribault, Minn., that blew a circus tent to smithereens. Here there wasn't enough breeze to fill a goatee and the anemometers fairly gasped for breath. We would have given anything for a little Borean blast or two last night, and would have freely forgiven a cyclone if it had rushed in on us and ripped the sizzling backs off of things.

'Twas ever thus. There is plenty of comfort and joy in this world, but some people seem to get it all, while the rest of us simply look on and wonder why. Usually it is the people who don't need it who get it, too. Now, that South Dakota tornado would have done us a great deal of good if we had had it here yesterday, or that Minnesota storm. We needed either or both of them badly, and would have given thanks for them, but they had to go and assert themselves in places where, according to all accounts, they were not only not welcome, but were absolutely de trop.

It is really a pity that the world's blessings cannot be more equally distributed. See what a difference there was last night between the men who bet on Ramapo to win the Suburban and those who didn't. If we all had had sense enough to pick Ramapo, how much less gloom and more joy there would have been in our midst after the race.

Mrs. Halliday, the Sullivan County murderess, is under sentence to be executed at Sing Sing Prison within the week beginning Aug. 6. If the sentence is carried out she will be the first woman to meet death in the electric chair. The prisoner, whose condemnation was pronounced at Monticello this morning, is one of the most remarkable criminals who ever stood before the bar of justice in this or any other State. Undoubtedly a murderess, with the blood of at least three people on her hands, the only question which could arise in her case was that of her mental condition. Most people who have followed the case will consider it as pretty well established that her methods were not those of irresponsible madness. Her freakishness bore the marks of studied effort. She is a natural criminal, a cruel and crafty destroyer of human life. There will be no injustice in inflicting upon her the law's full penalty.

That same young Mr. Sulzer who once proclaimed his knowledge of what the New York State Senate would do with the New York City reform bills has just made a speech to the Hoboken Turtle Club. The gathering which he addressed was a purely social one, but he couldn't resist the temptation to inject a little Tammany politics. He did it by sneering at the Lexow Committee. Then he experienced an immediate and decided "frost." This was another time when Mr. Sulzer thought he knew, but didn't know. As he grows older, and the accumulation of Lexow revelations grows bigger, Mr. Sulzer will possibly be able to pick up several points on what not to say and when not to say it.

As might have been expected, the breathing spell allowed to the Brockway forces between investigations was utilized as a time for impressing important witnesses with an idea of their indiscretion in giving testimony against the magnate of the Elmira institution. In plain words, the opportunity has been seized to intimidate Reformatory inmates. Nevertheless, the truth as to the brutality practised in the name of reform comes out as plainly on the second inquiry as on the first. Amid the accumulated mistakes of acting Gov. Flower, that of showing misplaced leniency to Brockway and his obedient Board of Managers becomes more and more conspicuous as the inquiry goes on.

"For Mayor, a Republican. The G. O. P. will insist on the first place on a fusion ticket." That's the mischief of it. It is no less than the "'straight" ticket idea. Insisted upon to the bitter end, it will be rank treason to the better New York. The question whether the man who shall head the ticket shall be a Republican or a Democrat is a question not to consider at all. Is he a good citizen? Is he a strong citizen? Is he the man for the hour? Those are the questions.

The Income Tax bill as it stands is faulty. The income tax principle is as just and perfect as any tax principle can be. Properly applied, the principle will outlive and live down any amount of illogical denunciation.

"Infamous liar," "that old scoundrel," "a cowardly hound"—don't be alarmed. These are only some of vocal fireworks incident to the Senatorial campaign in South Carolina.

Justice Divver's memory, once wholly lost, would never be found. Who can tell where it might wander during an all-Summer recess of the Lexow Committee?

If you want the law enforced, pay the policeman. If you want to violate the law, pay the policeman. It must be a good police rule which works both ways.

Priscilla's trial trip exhibited the handsome new Sound boat as in every way creditable to the "trim, little Puritan maiden" who is her namesake.

Police Justice Divver is apparently profiting by the confessions of Civil Justice Roesch. He is not rushing to the Lexow Committee for a hearing.

An adjournment of the Lexow Committee until September, at this point, would bring damaging Summer frost upon a promising crop.

From the various stories of how the Suburban was won, it can be gathered only that Ramapo got his deserts.

It is a mistake to suppose that Capt. Ward's "Giants" were in a game of ball at Eastern Park yesterday.

Where Croker got it and what the Sugar Trust did with it are still questions of absorbing interest.

The man who didn't win on the Suburban is still looking for better luck next time.

The Lexow living pictures continue in interest and effectiveness.

There is still further depression in the pantata market.

Makes It Highly Objectionable.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Mr. Chugwater—The paper says that owing to the continued scarcity of coal the cable car companies are experimenting with crude petroleum for fuel at the power-houses.

Mrs. Chugwater—To run the cars with?

"Of course."

"That's all I want to know. I won't travel on cars smelling of nasty coal oil, now I tell you."

WORLDLINGS.

There is a tax on gravestones in England.

The manufacture of a watch involves 2,000 different processes.

In Spain the tax on tobacco and the tax on land each bring about equal returns—about $30,000,000.

A school of flying fish was recently observed on the Rappahannock River. They numbered a hundred or more.

The British mint has coined gold and silver to the value of more than $2,000,000,000 during Victoria's reign.

Some of the great trees in Humboldt County, Cal., are said by scientists to be nearly 3,000 years old.

The stamp duties on legacies, insurance, deeds, bills and receipts in Great Britain realise the Government $60,000,000 a year.

The paper on which Bank of England notes are printed is made from new white linen—never from rags or from anything that has been used before.

PLAYED FOR THE TOTS.

Romeo and Juliet, Lady Teazle, Hamlet and the Rest.

Appeared at the Lawrence School Benefit for the Fund.

Class-Room Crowded; Audience Cheered the Students.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$8,088.15
Visitors to Dome, Pulitzer Building	18.85
M	15.00
Beatrice, Charles, Robert and Baby	15.00
Bonnie Thornton, Madison Square Roof Garden	12.92
Maude P. Wycherley	2.00
Baby Madeline Pillion	2.00
Delia and Sadie	1.00

Director Edwin Gordon Lawrence, of the "Lawrence School of Acting," 106 West Forty-second street, was the proudest man in all New York last evening. The annual performance given by his pupils for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund covered him with glory. Everybody assured him that it was the best exhibition in the history of his school, and he was of the same opinion.

The class-room was not big enough for the students and their friends. Every chair was occupied. Stage pupils gave up standing room to visitors, and sat on window ledges, crowded doorways and hung over the staircase leading to the dressing-rooms. The gas had to be turned off at the sconces to keep people's wigs and bonnets from getting on fire.

To show the character of the entertainment that distinguished the pupils, delighted their friends and reflected so much credit on the director and teachers, "The Evening World" prints the programme in full. Here it is:

PART I.

Street scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Romeo	William J. Kavanagh
Mercutio	George Gordon
Tybalt	E. L. Hall
Benvolio	Joseph Healy

Scene from "The Hunchback."

Helen	Miss Edna Napier
Modus	Rutherford Perry
Character song, "You Can't Play in Our Yard."	Little Flo Perry
Recitation, "How Salvator Won."	Miss K. E. Goodnough

Balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Juliet	Miss Fern Alward
Nurse	Miss Rose Murrey
Romeo	William J. Kavanagh
Fancy dancing, "The Carnival of Venice."	Mme. Eugenia

(Teacher of stage dancing at the Lawrence School.)

PART II.

Scene from "The School for Scandal."

Lady Teazle	Little Flo Perry
Sir Peter Teazle	Little Ruth Lewinson
Song	Miss Grace Turner

Cottage scene from "The Lady of Lyons."

Pauline	Miss Rose Murrey
Mme. Deschappelles	Miss Fern Alward
Claude Melnotte	William J. Kavanagh
Recitation, "A Leap for Life"	Little Flo Perry

Closet scene from "Hamlet."

Queen	Miss Edna Napier
Hamlet	George Gordon
Ghost	R. Perry

Flower scene from "Ingomar."

Parthenia	Miss Katherine E. Goodnough
Ingomar	Edward J. Mastagnio

Scene from "The Shaughraun."

Conn (The Shaughraun)	Joseph Healy
Moya	Miss Grace Turner
Mrs. O'Kelly	Miss Rose Murrey

The four young gentlemen who appeared in the street scene from Romeo are big-lunged and big-limbed fellows, and when they got their swords out and their passions unbottled the little stage groaned and shrunk. Mr. Gordon made the wounded Mercutius draw tears from the girls in his class.

The gem of the evening was little Flo Perry. "You Can't Play in Our Yard" was delicious. The audience brought her back and made her sing and dance. She wore little clogs, a gingham pinafore, with an old-fashioned sun-bonnet to match, and her petticoats—big enough for a $2 doll—were all frills and frou-frou ruffles. The Roof Garden managers ought to see and hear her in that back yard spat! She would be worth at least $200 a night to the Madison Square Roof Garden people. Little Flo is not as tall as a chair, but if she lives she will make her mark.

Miss Goodnough's recitation of "How Salvator Won" was a brilliant piece of work. She looked like a blue streak in her blue and white jockey suit, and she got her listeners so excited that they stood on their chairs and cheered.

After the balcony scene, which was ably given, came Mme. Eugenia, a tall, stately, beautiful woman, all in white, with branches of gladolia fastened on her corsage. She seemed perfectly comfortable standing on her toes, and danced the Carnival of Venice, with variations to dreamy measures and lightning-like time.

Then came an intermission, and the sick babies had their turn. Prof. Lawrence came to the footlights and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Our annual collection for the benefit of 'The Evening World' Sick Babies' Fund will now be made," and with a magnificent bow he disappeared.

Then Miss Goodnough, in her jockey suit, came out, took off her cap to the audience and passed it round. She is as pretty as a rose, she has laughing blue eyes that never quit smiling, and the moment she looked at an individual a contribution responded. When her small cap was full of money little Flo Perry and little Ruth Lewinson gave a scene from "School for Scandal."

The students of the Lawrence School of Acting deserved all the praise they received and much more. "The Evening World" congratulates them, and the sick babies send love and best wishes to all, particularly little Flo Perry and little Ruth Lewinson.

It is this kind of friendship that enables the fund to look after the unfortunate babies of the rear tenement-houses.

There are 8,700 of them in New York. They are never really well, for the very air they breathe is poison-laden. When disease comes they wither and die like Spring blossoms in a snow storm. They are ill now and the free doctors are doing what they can to keep them alive. The more money subscribed, the bigger the Fund will be and the better the babies will be. The Lawrence School students have done their duty. Do yours. Send $1 to the cashier of "The World" and let some puny child owe you its life.

NELL NELSON.

Lots of Fourth of July Money.

To the Editor:

Every year for the Fourth of July my brothers, sisters and myself get a nice box of fireworks. This year papa asked us to choose between the fireworks and giving that money to the Sick Babies' Fund. We all decided to give those $15 to the poor little babies and not have any fireworks. Inclosed we send you the money, hoping it will help to make some babies well and happy. Beatrice, six years old; Charles, eight years old; Robert, 4 years old; Baby, three years old.

Collected by Little Maude.

To the Editor:

I am a little girl of ten years, and I am very fond of little children. I went among my friends and collected $2, which I now send in with best wishes, hoping to do some dear little sick babies good.

MAUDE P. WYCHERLEY,
201 Third avenue, City.

Two Give a Dollar.

To the Editor:

We inclose $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund.

DELIA and SADIE.

A Sheepshead Bay Baby.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $2 for the Sick Babies' Fund from BABY MADELINE PILLION,
Sheepshead Bay, L. I.

How to Know.

(From Truth.)

Skipper—Is that a private yacht?

Helmsman—Wait a minute, sir, till I find out; if she is, she'll soon be in collision with something.

RAP GENTLY ON THE WALL.

If the Door-Bell Does Not Arouse the Family This Will Do It.

A man who lives half-way between Fifty-ninth street and Harlem, New York, spent last Summer in town alone in a big brownstone-house with two servants, says the Budget. He likes to sit up late at night writing. At 2 o'clock the other morning he finished a batch of letters he thought important, and wishing to catch the early mail he started out in smoking jacket and slippers.

As soon as he had closed the front door behind him he remembered that he had left his keys in a side pocket of his street coat. He posted the letters at the street corner, went back and rang the bell. The house, as silent as the tomb, gave back mocking echoes of the gong that jingled in the basement as he pushed the button. The servants on the fourth floor both slept unmindful.

"I've pushed that button until my thumb is sore," said he to a policeman under the nearest Elevated station. "What shall I do?" The cop went back with him and they made futile efforts with the officer's bunch of keys to unlock the street door. The policeman gave it up. The locked-out man went in despair to look for a drink. On his way he met a man returning home from work and told him his plight. "Easy enough to get in," said the latter. On the way the reporter picked up a loose stone the size of one's fist. "Not going to break a window are you? I wouldn't like to do that," said the homeless one, anxiously. "Never fear," was the reply.

The reporter climbed the stoop and rapped once, twice, thrice, quite gently with the stone against the brownstone front wall. The effect was surprising—even startling. Windows in three or four houses on either side flew up, and as many heads were stuck out of windows inquiring, in perturbed accents, what had happened. A very sleepy maid servant looked out of the exile's home. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Arthur? I thought burglars were getting in. I'll let you in at once." "Confound Mr. Arthur," sang out a middle-aged neighbor. "I thought a bomb had been exploded in my parlor. If people can't get home at decent hours"—and bang! went his and the other windows.

You can hardly hear it from the street, but it sounds like an earthquake inside the house—that rap on the wall. It's an old trick, found useful by reporters sent out late at night to wake up some prominent citizen when important news requires that he be seen at once. The leaden butt of cabby's whip is the favorite weapon.

BERATED HIS CLIENT.

Sergeant Wilkins's Novel Way of Winning a Case.

Mr. Sergeant Wilkins once defended a breach of promise case for a singularly ugly little man, which he told the defendant, after reading his brief, must be "bounced" through, says the Argonaut. And the Sergeant did bounce it through in a truly remarkable manner.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, at the close of a most eloquent speech, "you have heard the evidence for the plaintiff, and, gentlemen of the jury, you have seen and have admired that most bewitching plaintiff herself.

"Gentlemen, do you believe that this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished lady would for one moment favor the advances or listen with anything save scorn and indignation to the amorous protestations of the wretched and repulsive homunculus, the deformed and degraded defendant?"

His client looked up from the well of the court and piteously murmured: "Mr. Sergeant Wilkins! Oh, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins!"

"Silence, sir," replied the Sergeant in a wrathful undertone. "Gentlemen," he said, bringing his fist down heavily on the desk before him, "do you think that this lovely lady, this fair and smiling creature, would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made to her by this miserable atom of humanity, this stunted creature, who would have to stand on a sheet of note paper to look over twopence?"

The jury at once gave a verdict for the defendant.

HE BUILT THE FIRE.

But Not Having Learned Wisdom He Used Kerosene Disastrously.

Next time Deputy Sheriff Weber wants to start the fire with kerosene he will make sure he gets hold of the right can, says the Chicago Tribune.

Weber lives in Blue Island, where the custom of lubricating fires prevails. When the servant quit, a day or so ago, Weber considered it his duty to start the kitchen fire. Things went well until after the rainstorm, but yesterday the fire wouldn't burn. Going downstairs Weber got the coal-oil can, poured a liberal dose on the wood and touched it off.

After he had crawled out from under the sink and reassured the cat he proceeded to investigate results. The stovepipe hung on the gas jet and the tea kettle nestled in the closet. One of the stove lids was in the front yard keeping the frying-pan company and the canary's cage was upside down. Weber thoughtfully stroked his mustache and it came off in his hand. He couldn't raise his eyebrows in surprise, because they weren't there. His wife shrieked when he went to be pitied and wanted to know what was the matter. Weber said some one had loaded the stove, and when he poured on kerosene it exploded. Then he described the can.

"There was benzine in that," said his wife.

A USEFUL PARROT.

It Aroused the House, and Spoiled a Burglar's Fun.

"A maiden aunt of mine," said George T. Everett, of Syracuse, N. Y., to a St. Louis reporter, "has a parrot which she could not be induced to part with under any circumstances. This bird is an excellent talker, and his cage hangs in the bedroom of his mistress.

One night a burglar got into the house, and, after ransacking the lower part of the house, ascended to my aunt's sleeping apartment and proceeded to collect all the jewelry and valuables he could find.

"While engaged in this manner the parrot, who had been watching him intently all the time, cried out: 'Halloo, what's your name?' The burglar was so startled by the sound of the voice that he dropped his dark lantern, and, in trying to recover it fell over a chair. The noise awoke my aunt, and she began to scream at the top of her voice.

"The thief, now thoroughly alarmed, took a flying leap for the stairway, intending to make his escape. In his haste he slipped, and in falling broke his leg, so that he was easily captured by the servants, who, on hearing the screams of their mistress, had come running to the scene."

A BRAVE FELLOW-WORKMAN.

He Bore Pain and Anguish Without a Tremor to Save Another.

"Last Summer a man in my employ exhibited an act of presence of mind and self-control that might well be compared to the deeds of daring on the fields of battle," remarked John L. Nevins, a New York contractor, who was at the Lindell yesterday, to a St. Louis reporter.

"Two workmen were engaged in repairing the lightning-rod on the steeple of a church. To accomplish this somewhat difficult and dangerous task it had become necessary for one of the workmen to stand on the shoulders of his companion.

"While in this position a sudden gust of wind caused him to spill a quantity of molten lead, which fell on the hand and arm of his friend. Notwithstanding the sudden and intense pain, the brave man never flinched and had the courage to remain motionless while the lead burned its way into the flesh. He knew that a movement of his was liable to precipitate his companion from the dizzy height into the street below, and he endured the pain rather than risk the life of his fellow-worker."

Speaks What He Thinks.

(From Indianapolis Journal.)

Tommy—Paw, what is a braggart?

Mr. Figg—He is a man who is not afraid to tell his real opinion of himself.

THE AMERICAN PLAY.

Grossmith Describes the Ground-Work on Which It Is Built.

The American play, according to George Grossmith, is a mixture of melodrama, farce, tragedy, comedy, music-hall and a lot of other things, says the Chicago News.

It has profound pathos in it and is liberally supplied with what are called "specialties." One theme supplies the peculiar taste for any kind of a drama. Generally it is about a homestead which is going to be sold to a railroad company, as the projected line is going to run through the farm, but the railway is given up, so the homestead is not sold; that is all. But the theme is worked out in a vast variety of ways.

As the curtain goes up you hear a tuneful refrain—something between a Salvation Army hymn and a plantation melody, the subject of which seems to be "the shore"—"on the shore," that's how the chorus always ends—"a baby"—or something—"on the shore." I never could catch the words exactly. Well, the curtain goes up and discovers John, the owner of the homestead, sitting in the middle of the stage with his head hanging down. American actors, by the way, always act with their heads hanging down. English actors, on the other hand, keep their heads up to such an extent that people in the pit never see anything but their necks. Enter John's brother. He goes up to John sadly and says: "Don't sell the old homestead." (This in quaveringly pathetic tones.) "Why not?" replied John. "Because we've had it so long—nearly twelve years!" says the brother.

"Don't sell the old homestead, John!" "I will sell it," says John, curtly, and then he goes off. His brother is heart-broken. He comes forward close to the footlights, takes a paper bag of sand from his pocket, sprinkles it on the stage, tosses aside the bag and then does a jig in the best style of the song-and-dance art. Then the brother goes off, and enter four farm hands. To them enter John. "Don't sell the old homestead, John," they plead. They have been working for him a whole week, and, of course, address him as John. "I will sell it!" replies John again, and again he goes off.

The farm hands are cast down with sorrow, so they step up close to the footlights in a row, and then it turns out that they are a quartet party. They sing a touching melody and go off, after which enter the leading lady, John's wife and her daughter, and a sprightly and fetching soubrette, in a long pinafore and a big straw hat. This character is played by a lady something more than twice the age of her "mother," and her special line of business is posturing as a tomboy girl. The play ends with a tableau in which John, surrounded by a very large and heretofore unsuspected family, augmented by the quartet, are grouped stiffly in the middle of the stage, and again the melting strains of "on the shore" are wafted over the audience as the curtain descends.

Not After a Job.

"Clara, dear," he began, as he took the hand of the beautiful Michigan avenue maiden in his, "I have known you but seven brief years, and yet"—

"And yet you love me—go on!" she finished, says an exchange.

"Yes, darling, I love you. I thought I had loved before, but"—

"But you were off your base on that?"

"Yes, way off. You have awakened a passion in my heart such as I never knew before. I—I"—

"Take it easy, George—no hurry to get under the wire on this thing!" she cautioned.

"Thank you, dearest. Now, what I wanted to say was that I will devote my life to making you happy."

"How nice of you!"

"You shall never see an hour's sorrow."

"How beautiful!"

"I will be your slave, and will seek to gratify your slightest wish."

"Oh, George, how sweet of you! Well, it will be a question of wages, I suppose, and Frank is rather close-fisted."

"Wages—Frank?"

"Yes—Frank, my future husband. We are to be married next month, you know. We shall keep a carriage, and if you are a safe and sober driver I think"—

"Clara, do my ears deceive me?"

"How deceive you, Georgie?"

"Have you been toying with my heart?"

"Not a toy! I supposed you were looking for a job, of course, and, as I say, I'll advise Frank to"—

But he stayed to hear no more. He went out and down the marble steps and out into the marble night, and when he reached the river there was a splash—a few ripples, and Duke De Koven had passed from earth away.

WOULDN'T TAKE SHELTER.

The Soldier Wouldn't Fight Except in the Open.

"All soldiers have odd notions of what is bravery and what cowardice," said an old army officer in a party of talkers, according to the Detroit Free Press. "For that matter," he added reflectively, "all men have, I presume. I remember in one of the fights before Richmond my company got into a hot scrap in a field where there were several trees. I was at the rear with the commanding officer when the firing began and hurried to the front at once. On the way I met a soldier going just as fast to the rear.

"'Stop there!' I yelled, with more force than politeness. 'What's the matter? Get back where you belong!'

"'Can't do it, Captain,' he replied. 'There's forty to one, and I was out there in front, mostly by myself, and I just couldn't stand it.'

"'Why didn't you get behind a tree?' I asked, mad enough to shoot him.

"''Cause I'm no coward, that's why, and if I can't stand up and fight fair and open I won't fight at all.'

"That was a new idea," concluded the officer, "and I thought enough of it to insist on the soldier going back and trying a tree, and he did. And, what is more, he rendered such service that day that he got a sergeant's chevrons on his arms."

HAD FUN WITH GROSSMITH.

He Lost an Author's Manuscript, and Feared to Confess It.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith tells a good story about a play by Mr. Robert Ganthony, which that gentleman asked him to read. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on the way home, says Tit-Bits.

"Night after night," he says, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The perspiration used to come out on my forehead, as I'd say sometimes I hadn't had time to look at it yet; or, again, that the first act was good; later, that the second wouldn't 'quite do,' but really, I couldn't stop to explain—so sorry—must catch a train! I didn't so much mind lying, only it was difficult to think up new lies appropriate to the case."

Some months passed, and Ganthony, who is a merry wag, still pursued without mercy. At last Mr. Grossmith searched his house once more before it occurred to him that he might have left the comedy in his cab going home. He went down to Scotland Yard and inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name; sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found."

HER GREAT SOLICITUDE.

She Was Touched When He Threatened Suicide.

She lived in the country, and he from the town for the Summer fell desperately in love with her, says the Baltimore Telegram.

But her heart was in the keeping of a farmer's son, and she could not return his metropolitan affections.

She had told him so that night on her father's porch, while the honeysuckles hung low in the moonlight and filled the air with their luxurious fragrance.

"If you do not marry me," he whispered, hoarsely, "I will drown myself."

"Oh, don't," she pleaded, for her heart was tender, though another's.

"But I will, I tell you; I will," he almost shouted.

"You mustn't," she begged, laying her soft, white hand on his arm, "there's no place wet enough except our well, and oh, Mr. Smith, what shall we do for drinking water?" and there was that in her tone which convinced him that he was not amphibious.

JAKE AND THE BEAR.

Exciting Adventure in the Rigging of a Vessel in Arctic Waters.

There is an old sailor named Jake, recently returned to San Francisco from an Arctic cruise, who had made up his mind not to go on another whaling expedition, no matter what happens. The reason is this, says an exchange:

On one occasion during his late voyage Jake was on watch in the night—that is, as much night as it ever gets up there in Summer. The sun had been down about an hour and would rise again about an hour later. It was a beautiful night as the ship lay there in the ice, and the air seemed scintillating with a phosphorescent glow that penetrated everywhere and made no shadows. On all sides the pack ice lay close to the vessel and reached for miles in every direction, broken occasionally by a large berg or the faint outlines of another ship. The silence was profound; it seemed to produce a roaring sound like the waves of a distant ocean. Such surroundings will put a person in a semi-comatose state from which the slightest sound will awaken him with a start.

Jake suddenly saw something white in the gloom climbing the mast. His first impulse was to jump to the deck, but before he could act upon it the white object climbed through the lubber hole, and Jake then saw it was a polar bear. Jake realized that he was in a most dangerous position and began to think of means of escape. He called to the watch on deck below, but they couldn't hear. He tried to get out under the canvas, but the beast grabbed him and pulled him back. It began thumping him, and every time Jake attempted to move away it would growl.

Suddenly his eyes lighted on a rope hanging to the deck just back of the cradle. By this means he thought he could reach the deck. To swing himself free was the work of an instant, but the bear made a jump and caught hold of his foot. But a few vigorous kicks freed him and then began a new terror. Perhaps the rope was not strong and would break, or he might miss the stay and swing against the mast and be dashed to death. The moment in the air seemed years filled with horror, and several times Jake wished he had taken his chances with the bear. To grab the stay and hold on was most difficult and twice Jake's hands slipped and almost lost it.

When he reached the deck he looked up and saw the rope swing back to the cradle, where the bear grabbed it. It tried to do as it had seen Jake do, but had no sooner swung clear than it slipped and fell to the deck. The crew had bearsteak for breakfast.

CHARACTER IN BOOTS.

New Science Invented by a Frenchman—Its Shortcomings.

A wise man of France has invented a science which he names "Scaphology." The science is the art of telling personal character by observation of the boots worn by the person. "Show me your boots," says the Frenchman, "and I'll tell you what you are." This ingenious discoverer claims that the equal wear of heel and sole accompanies "energetic character, sound business principles and a capable mother." To him badly frayed toes are the sure indication of roguishness, says the Boston Journal.

Unfortunately for the gratification of curiosity, the inventor as yet has not disclosed fully his schemes, nor is there any complete and trustworthy treatise on scaphology, as there is on palmistry, or as Cardan's book on the art of understanding men by the wrinkles on the foreheads. In the absence of any such treatise, hints and suggestions may be welcome to serve in the completion of the needed book. But stay—is such a science possible?

For is there any inflexible law concerning the wearing of boots as concerning the tides or the return of a comet? The Frenchman may say, if a man wears congress gaiters he is either fat or lazy, but thin men and brisk men are seen with these very boots. We know of the evil significance found by Edgar, son of Gloster, in creaking shoes, but is not a congregation often disturbed by the entrance of a worthy member whose shoes cry out along the aisle? Is the man of patent leathers always a dude, or is the man of unblacked boots always a coarse sloven? May he not be a scientist whose head is in the stars and whose feet are in the gutter, like the philosopher of old?

Should we look askew at cloth slippers, embroidered with a dog's head or a rose? Is not the wearer often a hero who wears them that a fond and misguided sister or wife may not be grieved by a silent reflection on her taste? Leg boots are often the signs of a solid Westerner who has lands and beeves.

MOOSE BEAT THE TRAIN.

Novel Race, Which Tested the Animal's Speed.

"Any one who thinks a moose can't travel at a pretty lively gait is very much mistaken," remarked George T. Horton, of St. Paul, to a St. Louis reporter.

"I used to be a locomotive engineer up in the northern part of my State, and one day I had an opportunity to test the speed of this animal.

"I was running a light freight train, and in coming around a curve saw a big moose standing directly on the track. As soon as the animal saw the engine he took to his heels right down the path between the rails.

"For about four miles we had a perfectly straight track, and as I had heard of the great speed of this animal I determined to test its ability. The gait of the moose was a sort of trot, such only as a moose can exhibit, his paces being about two rods in length.

"At first it was only a little jog, but as the engine began to gain speed the moose let himself out.

"Faster and faster sped the engine, but still the frightened moose trotted in the van, and all the mysterious power of steam could not prevail upon this monarch of the forest.

"At last, after we had covered the four miles, turning a curve, we came upon a gang of section hands who were fixing the track. The sight of these men frightened the moose from the track, and he was soon lost to view in the forest."

WAS WILLING TO BE USEFUL.

But It Was Only as an Introduction to the Usual Demand for Help.

A man came down Franklin street last evening carrying a satchel, says the Buffalo Express.

A young fellow who stood on the corner of Niagara street stepped forward and said: "Say, Boss, have you got any old clothes to sell?"

"No," replied the man.

"Want your satchel carried?"

"No."

"I'll shine your shoes for five cents."

"Don't want a shine."

"Want to buy a paper?"

"No."

The young man looked with well-simulated surprise at the man carrying the satchel and said: "Well, I can clean carpets or pack furniture."

"Haven't got any carpets to clean or furniture to pack."

"Want your lawn mowed?"

"Now, see here," said the man who was carrying the satchel, turning fiercely on the young man, who had stood on the corner, "what in blazes are you following me along like this for? Quit it or I'll call a policeman."

"Well," replied the young man, "I was only trying to impress on you the fact that I am willing to work before I asked you for a few cents to get a night's lodging."

He got a quarter.

He Did Not Ask Much.

(From the Detroit Tribune.)

The great man with white side-whiskers setting off his red neck couldn't think of it.

"I'm very sorry," he repeated, "but $7 a week is all I can afford to pay you."

The youth with pallid features and a longing look lingered at the threshold.

"May I"—

He turned yet again to plead.

"—refer to my remuneration as salary instead of wages without fear of contradiction by you?"

There was a long and painful silence, after which the youth crept away, and despair was written all over his face.

Jam-Pot Bonnet Crowns.

Could anything on a bonnet be sweeter than a jam-pot? That's what is worn. The crown of ecru straw is blocked on a marmalade jar, or jelly glass, and that is all the straw there is to it. With net, a cap or doylie of lace is draped over the top of the lady's head, a spray of roses is fastened on behind and an osprey aigrette in front; strings are added to make an excuse for the display of a jewelled bug or two, and a couple of long pins complete the bonnet.

Harmless Powder.

Rice powder for the face, though inexpensive, is warranted perfectly harmless. Refined chalk is the safest thing to use and costs far less than if put up under some other name and sold in boxes. Cascarilla powder is much used by Cuban ladies, and is considered harmless. Wash the face with thick suds of glycerine soap and, when dry, dust on the powder with a puff or piece of chamois skin.

Trout for Breakfast.

Brook trout, when fried, form a delightful breakfast or supper dish. Clean, wash and dry the fish, roll lightly in flour and fry in butter or clarified dripping. Let the fat be hot. Fry quickly to a delicate brown, and take the trout the instant they are done. Lay for a moment upon a hot folded napkin, to absorb whatever grease may cling to their speckled sides. Then range them side by side on a heated dish, garnish and send to the table. Use no seasoning except salt, and that only when the fish are fried in lard or unsalted dripping.

Now It's "Isigny."

Isigny mull and embroidery are the latest things in town. Plebeian folk might refer to them as butter-colored, but, according to Dame Fashion, that is not correct. Isigny is, however, of just the same rich yellow tint as the butter which is made in Isigny, a butter-making town in France.

The mull and batistes are exquisite in this new shade and are frequently embroidered in long Van Dyke points.

Isigny is the one color that will blend artistically with almost every other. Combined with heliotrope it makes a gown to dream over. Nothing more aesthetic can be thought of than a frock of Isigny mull, with its deep embroidered ruffles headed by loops of fresh green moire and with the sleeves and bodice trimmed with pale green chiffon. Almost every shade of blue and Isigny also combine harmoniously.

Scalloped Cheese.

Remove the crust from four or five slices of bread and butter generously. Arrange in a buttered baking pan and sprinkle with some good sharp cheese. Beat well four eggs, add three cupfuls of new milk and season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Pour the mixture over the bread and bake in a hot oven until nicely browned.

The Fashion Outlook.

Quite the newest veil vagary comes from Paris in accordion-plaited gauze, encasing the face in a bag, with a sort of tuft under the chin.

Coolness in warmth, warmth in coolness, dark with light, and in everything, and above all, contrast—that is the ideal. To be cool, a man needs to be cool. To be cool, a woman needs only to look cool.

Among the newest trimmings are canvas bands covered thickly with electric beads and drops of sequins, and moire satin and velvet bands more or less embroidered with jet beads, which finish the edge and form a pattern through the centre.

Lace shawls of the old-time elegance are resurrected for drapery.

Rhubarb Pudding.

Butter a baking dish thickly and cover the bottom with slices of buttered bread. Cover with rhubarb cut in short pieces. Sprinkle freely with sugar and then put on another layer of bread and butter and proceed thus until the dish is full. Cover closely and bake an hour and a half. Remove cover and brown. Serve with sweet sauce.

Porcelain on the Toilet Table.

For the toilet table silver and tortoise-shell are being superseded by porcelain-backed articles. One might imagine them more fragile than they really are, but they are not easily broken. This fancy is an English one, and has become so popular that a recent gift to the Duke and Duchess of York consisted of a toilet table with all its appointments in porcelain. They are said to be extremely beautiful. The mirrors are wreathed with roses, from the hearts of which tiny electric lights shine forth and light the mirror at night.

Belt and Four-in-Hand.

An excellent way to utilize the belt of a Summer waist is to make a four-in-hand out of it. Very few people wear the narrow belts which are sold with the waists, but if they are soft and long enough to go around the neck they make excellent ties when knotted with a skilful hand.

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.]

Some Private Detectives' Methods.

To the Editor:

Are not many of the so-called "private detective agencies" of our city abettors of vice within the letter of the law? A friend narrated to me very recently an experience with one of these concerns that savors of rather shady methods, to say the least. A lady acquaintance of my friend, in quest of a situation, answered an advertisement in a morning paper. Upon meeting the advertiser, she was informed that the position was that of detective. As a sample of the style of work she could expect, he recited a tale of an alleged society woman, who, after deliberately abandoning her home and without the slightest excuse indulging in grossest immorality for a week or more, applied to him to "square her" with her husband. The plan by which the agency hoodwinked the doubting lord and master, and restored the wife to his confidence, "until such time as she might again transgress," was told with great satisfaction and given as an example of the way they treated "such cases." The name of the concern I did not learn, but was informed that the detective branch was carried on secretly, another business altogether being openly prosecuted at the address, both, however, being conducted by a party in the service of the Government, "who runs this as a side speculation." Should not this sort of thing be severely dealt with?

JOHN BURNSIDE, Nyack, N. Y.

Is a Million Enough?

To the Editor:

I would like to ask the readers of "The Evening World" whether $1,000,000 is not enough to satisfy the ambition of any reasonable man? This sum, at a low estimate, will yield him $30,000 or $40,000 annually. Can he, without greed, ask for more? If by legislative act accumulations could be limited to this amount all worthy ambitions would be gratified. The rich would be well protected. The multi-millionaire would no longer be a stumbling block in the way of his less fortunate brother. Wealth would be more evenly distributed among those most deserving of it, and as we came into this world in one sense equal, to the extent of our deservings, we would have a fairer chance of maintaining a more equal footing than is possible under our present greedy and unjust system. No injustice would be done the rich, and no favoritism would be shown the sluggard, but increased incentive would be given to the thrifty; industries would thrive, our laboring classes be benefited and cause for uprisings cease. The greater good would be done for the greater number.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

He Attends to the House.

To the Editor:

It must be apparent to the readers of "The Evening World" that the "housekeeping men" have succeeded in establishing the best arguments so far. Take my own case, for example. I have a happy home, a beautiful young wife and three charming children, the youngest only four months old. I keep house for the family, do all the cooking, cleaning and washing, and I have the fire made at 5.30 A. M. daily, as my wife must be at the dye factory every morning at 6 o'clock. As she does not get home until 7.30 at night, you see the house and children must be looked after all day. I am not ashamed to be seen by my neighbors washing clothes in the back yard. My wife gets $13 a week, which keeps us nicely, and allows me spending money at night with the boys besides. I would be pleased to show my home to any of your readers who would like to emulate me.

LEICESTER DE LUSEY.

Orange Pie the Latest.

To the Editor:

Would you kindly inform us through your paper what causes such a demand for orange pie here in New York? Is it the ingredients, or is it the nature of our enterprising New Yorkers to appreciate so fine a delicacy. Much credit is due to our wide-awake bakers of the metropolis who study to please our digestive organs. What next?

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Land of Dyspepsia.

To the Editor:

I can assure "Hickups" that turkey and cranberry sauce and pork with apples are old-time American combinations never tolerated in Swelldom. As to the "pies-with-cheese brotherhood," the characteristic remarks emitted by an eminent French official on a visit here, when his attention was called to this genus, about answers the question. "This breach of table etiquette," he said, "is rather suggestive of the castor-oil which the dime museum glass-eater holds in readiness for his extraordinary and indigestible meal. Yankees should learn to make pastry that requires no cheese to aid its digestion." There is no doubt but the American dyspeptic was himself to blame, and must look to other nationalities for the invention of hygienic combinations in dishes. Who ever heard of dyspepsia as a prevalent malady in France, Germany or Italy?

X. Y. Z.

Not Interested in the Opera.

To the Editor:

Accompanied by my girl, I went on Saturday night to hear "Il Trovatore" at the Grand Opera-House. During the performance my girl kept constantly looking behind us, evidently trying to draw the attention of a young gentleman acquaintance of her sister. I informed her of what seemed to me an impudence and an act foreign to a lady, but she persisted nevertheless, and told me she was trying to get a "style," if you please, and added in a tone loud enough for those surrounding us to hear without any difficulty that "I was a fool." I did not object to this outburst of truth—we all are fools when we love—but I felt grieved that from pretty lips such ugly and forbidden words should flow. I would like to be enlightened on this point. Is it right for a lady to be twisting her neck in search of "styles" or her sister's friends in a theatre?

A FOOL.

No Tax on Empty Wells.

To the Editor:

The definition of wealth, as "debts due and collectable" is no more absurd than Mr. Sanford's example of what he calls a single-tax absurdity. The oil well increases the value of the farm while the well contains oil; with the disappearance of the oil the increased value also vanishes. So there is no danger of any tax being collected on empty wells. The single tax is after the full well, and the fullest of all wells is where population has become third or one-quarter of his wages for the privilege of existing close to his employment. "Tax the land values created by the people for the benefit of the people."

ROBERT J. WILLIAMSON,
636 Greenwich street.

Now We Have "Mary Ann" Men.

To the Editor:

Next to the "Molly Man," who makes the fire and assists in the housework, is, in my opinion, the "Mary Ann man," who carries a baby on the street. There is no man on earth who can carry a baby gracefully or without loss of dignity. What would President Cleveland look like on Broadway with Baby Esther in his arms? Benjamin Harrison was a "Mary Ann man" before he became President. Where is he now? If I were a "Mary Ann man" I'd stay indoors, or wear a mask when I went out.

I LIKE BABIES—BOILED.

The Leg-Curling Gang.

To the Editor:

What is the matter with the human r Is it running to varicoseness of the legs? only men but women cross their legs in st and "L" cars and swing their boots, big or li as they may be, into the middle of the or up against other folks' garments. Legs not made to be worn scissors fashion. T them in a knot, as many people do, is only offensive, but it makes their ow ridiculous looking. Here, you twining-ivy lir chaps, keep your feet on the floor and be se ble and decent.

25-IN-THE-L