

AN ESSAY ON BOYS.

Bill Nye's Advice to a Father Who Has a Son Who Despises Labor.

The following note, addressed to the editor of the World, has been passed over to my bureau for elucidation:

To the editor of the World: Please inform me the best thing to do with a boy that won't work in summer. M. L. B.

This was doubtless referred to me because I have given more attention to human industry than anything else, perhaps. I have also been interested in the accumulation of boys.

But to get right at the solution of this question, Mr. M. L. B., without stopping to try and find out what your name is by carefully scrutinizing your initials, I would say at first blush that if I had a boy who would not work in summer I would use him as a winter boy. Nothing interests me more, M. L. B., than the careful study of boys. I would rather put on a base ball mask and watch a boy than to go stealthily into a hole in a neglected canyon and pull a grizzly bear out by the tail. It is more exciting, too.

But I think that industry among boys is not making such fearful ravages as it did when I was a boy. Boys seem now to be more able to restrain themselves in the matter of forming industrious habits, and do not become the slaves of manual labor. I can see that I overdid it as a boy, and now that I am abundantly able to take life easy and enjoy well merited rest, my whole being seems to be so soaked in a morbid desire to work that even in England, where it is looked upon with horror for a gentleman to exert himself, I frequently lost caste by doing chores around the barn.

In the South, where industry is controlled almost solely by colored people, I can see now that I lowered myself by giving way to this wild, uncontrollable yearning for toil.

So that boys should not be allowed to think that industry is the one thing for which we were created. I wish I might say this in an impressive way so that boys would heed it.

How would it do for the World to send a man down to your house, M. L. B., and see what he could do with your boy in order to make him a summer boy?

The World wants to do what is right by its readers, but the trouble is to get its friends to harmonize on a policy. A few weeks ago a subscriber for the paper wrote to this office asking how to preserve watermelon rinds so that they would not work in summer, and here you come with a will and Macedonian cry for a recipe that will make your boy work during the same trying season.

I am anxious to adjust this matter so that both of you will be pleased, but I have a good many other things to think of, and it is hard to give your matter the time and thought that it really merits. I would like to dwell at greater length upon the horrors of industry, were it not for several far more important questions that are waiting here for a reply.

On my desk there is a pressing inquiry as to the best method for the amelioration of pimples which it will not do to ignore. There is also a tear-stained note from Fremont, O., asking what to do to restore animation and induce artificial respiration in a hen that has fallen into the swirl barrel through no fault of hers. Another subscriber, in a spirit of badinage I presume—for surely no one could be so ignorant—asks what he can do to make his hydraulic ram sing while mounting.

So you can see, M. L. B., that a man who answers all these questions during the week and then writes the matter for a 32-page Sunday paper is what might be termed a busy man.

Some would tell you, if your boy will not work in summer, to fill him up with New Orleans molasses and set him in a warm place, but that is no way to talk to a parent. I say either use him as a winter boy or swap him with some man who has a boy that won't work in winter.

A MEXICAN FLOWER SHOW.

Peculiar Types of Spanish and Mexican Beauty—A Gambling Girl.

(Mexican Letter in Boston Herald.)

All types of Spanish and Mexican beauty filled the little plaza of Mexico that Sunday forenoon. There were the flashing eyes of Castile, the large, liquid, melancholy eyes of the Moors set in true Spanish faces, and the gray or blue eyes of the Germanic conquerors of the Iberian peninsula. There was a tall, slender girl, in a neat brown toilet, with eyes that seemed to magnetize her admirers—eyes dark and lustrous, which were not used with artfulness, but were, by nature and without art, of the sort that make of these susceptible male Latin slaves and serfs. One superb woman might have been taken for a goddess of Mexican liberty. She was of a blonde type, but with dark eyes, erect, sympathetic in the Spanish and Italian sense, of noble proportions, fit for the canvas of a Titian. There were so many handsome women and girls on the grounds that the men who had come out to see the flower show quite forgot the wonders of vegetation and gave themselves up to admiration of nature's masterpiece. Mexico might make of her finest women an exhibit that would conquer the hearts of civilized men and bring half of Europe here to find his fate. A feature of the exhibition, and tolerated with true Southern carelessness, was the gambling. There were roulette tables in full swing, card games, and last, but not a bit the least, the three-card monte men. All

these people and their apparatus were kept outside the low wall of the plaza. It was very funny to watch the monte sharps, who were each accompanied by one or two confederates, who, affecting indifference, would saunter up and win from \$1 to \$5 with entire equanimity. But all these gamblers had the hard-set mouth, the deep, drooping lines over the lips that mark the men who lives by games of chance. The monte operators had blankets of gaudy hue which they sat upon, manipulating the cards with great rapidity, and calling out incessantly:

"Colorado! Colorado! Colorado! Blanco! Blanco! Blanco! tantas vueltas! tantas vueltas!" &c., till one was quite defensed. One chap had a confederate who assumed the role of a nurse girl. She was modestly dressed in a cotton frock, and a neat cotton reozo covered head and shoulders. She was the picture of girlish innocence, and when she first staked her big silver dollar on the card she had selected, I thought her a sort of foolish maiden who was being entrapped by guileful man. She won, and then tried again and won once more. Some people, tempted by her luck, tried their hand—and lost! Soon the monte sharp had shifted his blanket to another place. I followed him and there found, trying her hand again, that innocent damsel dressed as a nursemaid in the service of a good family. As often as the monte man took a new place so often was to be found the nurse girl, and how artlessly she won her dollars, which afterwards she slyly gave back to her partner. Many soldiers played at roulette, some winning and some losing. The faces of big-eyed little boys watching the rolling of the ball were a study. The police stood about idly, never interfering with the busy gamblers, but ready to see that no one robbed the piles of silver lying on blankets on the ground or on red-colored tables in the open air or under tents. People lost and won, and generally lost. No one complained to the police, and no one exulted over his luck or bemoaned his loss. The best people did not gamble, though one handsome man, with his wife on his arm, felt a tug at his sleeve to take him away from a particularly good chance to pick up a monte man's pile.

Fashion Notes.

Moonstones grow more and more popular; many of them are set as cut-throats.

Heliotrope, Neapolitan blue, coquelicot, Japanese red, pomegranate, silver gray and daffodil are popular colors in the India silks that every day grow more fashionable.

The blouse and sailor collar look best on stout people; for slim ones the yoke and plaited waist is more becoming. The jersey suits have tight-fitting trousers to the knee and a tunic gathered into a yoke, with a broad belt to confine it. Where the bathing-grounds are private, light colors and white may be used, but for crowded beaches dark blue is the prettiest and least conspicuous.

Those who have maids or mothers to wait for them on the beach have in their case a long cloak, which they don immediately upon coming out of the water, and thus make a dignified retreat to the dressing-room. These cloaks are almost invariably of Turkish towelling in bright colors. They are made with long loose sleeves, and have two ribbons to tie across the front. A pretty one is of delicate blue, with the owner's initials applique upon the front in white braid.

Leghorn hats are becoming a craze, and are nearly as popular as was the sailor hat of last season. A pretty one had a soft fold of lilac silk twisted about the crown. The brim at the back was turned up and the left side bent down; set upon the back of the crown were some eight or ten ostrich plumes, half of them lilac and the other half purple. These fall forward over the crown and backwards over the curled and twisted brim, with a very charming effect.

A pretty morning dress for the seashore has a skirt of bright red cotton, frilled at the edge with two narrow plaitings. Over this is a deep flounce of sheer white open-work embroidery, through which the skirt shows prettily. The short front draperies—long and full in the back—and the plain basque is of white cambric with narrow stripes of bright red. The basque has collars and cuffs of red velvet. A broad red straw hat turned up sharply on the side, faced with dark red velvet and trimmed with a big bunch of buttercups, goes with dress, and the toilet is completed by a red and white striped Tuxedo parasol and a pair of the new sang de boeuf gloves.

Another pretty red dress is of dark copper-colored India silk, figured with interlinked rings of dull yellow. This has a kil-plaited skirt, the plaits very wide and trimmed with five rows of inch-wide copper-colored velvet. The draperies are long and full, but caught up high on the side. The basque has a high collar and waistcoat lapels of the velvet, the waistcoat itself being dull yellow crepe de Chine, shirred at the throat and from below the bust to the point of the basque. The leg o'mutton sleeves were gathered into a deep velvet cuff, and the tall, red straw hat, of the long, narrow shape so popular now, had a full puff of the velvet on the edge and was trimmed with a cluster of the variety of yellow coreopsis known as black-eyed Susans.

A REFORMED BANDIT.

Frank James Says that He Always Avoided a Fight and Never Drank Firewater.

(New Orleans Times—Democrat.)

A gentleman reports the result of an interview with Frank James, who is now living in Dallas, Texas, where he is employed as salesman in a wholesale clothing store. He is visited daily by large crowds of people from all parts of the country, to all of whom he extends a cordial greeting. To the gentleman who called on him he said:

"Yes, I am living quietly enough here, and I think the balance of my life will be passed peacefully. I have never carried a weapon since I surrendered my revolvers to Gov. Crittenden in Missouri. I do not carry any arms, because I do not want to have any trouble with any one. I do not think anybody wants to kill me, unless it might be some crank who wanted notoriety, and a gun would be no protection against such a man, for he would shoot in the back, or at some time when I was not expecting it."

When asked if he was a good shot, Frank replied:

"No, I am nothing extra, but there was a time when I thought that no man on earth could draw a gun quicker than I could. I practised it for twenty years, and always felt safe while talking with a man who had not already drawn his weapon. I knew that whenever he made a motion I could kill him before he could draw."

"What kind of gun do you prefer?" "Well, I always used a Remington 44. The same cartridge used in this six-shooter fits a Winchester 44 rifle, so there is no danger of a man getting rattled in a fight and putting the wrong cartridge in his gun. It is a bad plan to carry two kinds of ammunition when you have to use it in a hurry sometimes."

"Do you meet any people here whom you have known before?"

"No. I meet a great many who claim to know me, but the fact is I really knew very few people anywhere, and fewer still know me. The reason I was never captured was because I never made a confidant of any one, and I never placed confidence in any human being. There was a time when no man on earth could have killed me without a fight. I never let those who were with me handle my guns, and if any one asked to look at my pistols I always took out the cylinder before handing it to him."

"Did you know many of the noted men who have figured in the West?"

"I know them by reputation, but never met any of them. I always made it a point to keep away from bad men. These killers are always seeking quarrels, and I tried to avoid them as much as possible. I always hated to kill anybody, and never did unless I had to. No reasonable man wants to take the life of another if he can help it. I always tried to keep away from the Western country, where all the detectives supposed me to be. I stayed east of the Mississippi River most of the time, and always among quiet people who carried prayer books in their pockets instead of six-shooters. I found it much safer."

"Do you ever drink?" was asked by the visitor, who wanted to set 'em up, but got a temperance lecture in reply.

"I never touch liquor. This is one reason why I was never caught; nothing could induce me to take a drop, so I always carried a cool head. Some men need two or three drinks to give them courage enough to fight, but as for myself I always went to go into a fight with a clear head. I can see better, shoot quicker, fight harder, and protect myself better. No, sir, I thank you, no whiskey for me."

Those Silver Chains.

Says a writer in the Boston Herald—Dear girls! In the name of that fickle jade, Fashion, cannot some of you resist those silver chains? By them if you must, but hang them on a peg in your apartment rather than around your tailor-made waist. It makes no odds whether these Bernhardt girdles are works of art worth \$90 or only a flimsy tin kitchen affair of no artistic or intrinsic value, they are too plentiful to either arrest the admiring gaze or add another "effect" to the prettiest toilet of the season. For a number of years a lady well known in Boston and Cambridge society has constantly worn one of these silver belts. It had the merit of being a pure Norwegian trinket, and, owing to association, was decidedly d'ingue. Since the popularizing of this fashion I wonder how she relishes seeing her beautiful belt imitated in cheap metals and hanging to every other woman in the street. One must admit there is overmuch ochain in the present economy—no, that isn't what I mean—the extravagance of dress, when five ladies thus nobly accoutred all met as they did the other day at a garden party and clinked in jealous harmony together. And yet, considering the peril of slippery rocks and high-heeled shoes, let us not lightly condemn the summer girdle. It may yet save some fair one's life. Who knows!

The favorite plan for making those bathing suits, when of flannel, has the drawers and waist in one piece, with a separate skirt that is attached by buttons to the belt. It is made either with yoke or plain blouse, short or long sleeves, and either short or Turkish trousers.

Russia's Royal Sorrows.

(St. Stephen's Review.)

I hear from St. Petersburg that the slight improvement which recently took place in the Czarina's health has not been sustained. The Empress is a prey to a deep melancholy, and so pronounced was this some weeks ago that the Czar, in alarm, called in Dr. Bukovitz—who, however, the Empress refused to see. The journey to the Don Cossack country somewhat roused the Empress from her sadness, but now that she is back in Gatchina the old depression is again asserting itself. The fact is that the Czarina lives in a state of constant terror, which is all the more oppressive because of the necessity of hiding it from the Czar. Then the young Czaritch gives cause for no little anxiety. I have it upon undoubted authority that the heir apparent to the Russian throne has been pronounced by physicians to be within a measurable distance of sheer lunacy. Nor is his physical health much better than his mental condition. Of all women in the world the Czarina of Russia is most to be pitied. Her husband is in daily peril of assassination and her eldest son is on the verge of lunacy.

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