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OPEN TO ALL.

THE NEW YORK World GUARANTEES

First—THAT ITS REGULAR AVERAGE BONA-FIDE DAILY CIRCULATION DURING THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS YEAR WAS 288,267 AND THAT THIS IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES PER DAY MORE THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA

Second—THAT THE REGULAR AVERAGE BONA-FIDE CIRCULATION OF THE SUNDAY WORLD IS MORE THAN TWICE AND NEARLY THREE TIMES AS LARGE AS THAT OF THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER IN NEW YORK WHICH IN POINT OF ADVERTISING IS NEXT TO THE WORLD.

Third—TO REFUND ALL MONEYS PAID FOR ADVERTISING, IF, UPON A PROPER TEST, THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT VERIFIED.

Circulation Books Always Open.

A FULL INVESTIGATION.

The representative of THE EVENING WORLD has been again refused the right of examining the book of records of the Juvenile Asylum, conferred on him and every other citizen by the law. The third refusal has been insultingly made after a polite request for permission to see the records had been formally addressed by the counsel of THE EVENING WORLD to the Secretary of the institution.

This defiance of law now affects not only a subordinate officer in the service of the asylum but the management itself. THE EVENING WORLD intends to compel the production of the books by legal proceedings. But that does not alter the fact that the unwillingness to produce them and the painful anxiety manifested to keep the records from the press, excite suspicions as to the whole management of an institution which receives public moneys on its own statement as to the number of its inmates.

We have every respect for the Directors of the Asylum, and every confidence in their personal integrity. But the investigation of all the affairs of the Asylum must now be thorough, in order to ascertain whether the Directors themselves are not deceived and imposed upon by unfit and unworthy employees. THE EVENING WORLD will take care that such an investigation shall be made.

MAYOR HEWITT'S ALARM.

Mayor HEWITT made a speech yesterday in which he expressed alarm at the influx of foreigners into the United States, and aired again the foreign flag fad with which he startled the city a few months ago.

Mr. HEWITT declares in favor of extending the residence of foreigners to twenty one years before naturalization. A man of forty years of age who came to this country would then become a voter when he had attained the ripe age of sixty-one, and a young man of twenty-five, who sought a home in the United States, would not be entitled to citizenship until he was forty-six years old.

As to flags, Mayor HEWITT thinks all foreign flags ought to be tabooed and never to fly over public buildings in the United States, because he imagines that the people may get to "reverence" these foreign symbols.

Humbug, Mr. HEWITT, humbug! These are prejudices unworthy an American. The Republic has grown great and prosperous under our system of immigration and naturalization. When our native population was much smaller than it is, the bone and sinew of the immigrant aided us in our advance and developed our resources. Why should we change that system now when we are great and powerful? What great harm can a yearly influx of 700,000 foreigners do in a nation of about sixty-five millions of people? And what damage can be done to our patriotism by the harmless display of any nation's flag on a public building?

UNEQUAL JUSTICE.

It is said that Mr. FREDERICK MAY has gone to Demerara. At all events he is enjoying his summer, perhaps at some pleasant resort, and having a good time.

Yet this same Mr. FREDERICK MAY is under charge of an offense which may send him for five or ten years to State prison. He is at large because a convenient Police Justice allowed his "case" to stand over until September. A relative of the accused sent to court a certificate that Mr. MAY was ill through the clubbing he received from the policeman he sought to murder, and Justice WELDE "postponed" the hearing.

Would this have been done in the case of a poor, friendless ruffian who had insulted women and feloniously assaulted a policeman? Would Justice WELDE have kindly allowed such a prisoner to go free during the summer to nurse his broken head?

Yet why should a rich and influential bully be treated differently from a poor and unfriended one?

Mr. HOWELL OSBORN has the income on $600,000 to live on under his father's will. At 4½ per cent., which is a low rate, it would yield $27,000 a year. A young man of energy, spirit and honor ought to manage to live well on this and pay off his debts in a few years. How much better it would be if Mr. HOWELL OSBORN would do this instead of courting an unenviable notoriety by evading his creditors and living abroad.

Gen. NEWTON's testimony before the Fassett Committee yesterday destroys the idea of the value of having the head of the Department of Public Works, a civil engineer, on the Aqueduct Board. If the bold robbery of the city of $1,000,000 through unauthorized and improper work can be consummated under an official civil engineer's nose, he is of as much value on the commission as a tobacco dealer's sign would be.

The evidence is irresistible that the suit of O'DONNELL against the London *Times* was a Tory trick and the plaintiff a tool of the defendant. The *Times* published a false story about PARNELL and gave admiss on to a forged letter in its columns, and this suit was instituted to cover up its tracks and enable it to publish new libels against Mr. PARNELL and the Irish party.

There seems to be a concerted effort to involve the Board of Education in paltry, insignificant and unnecessary quarrels. It is unfortunate that this wrangling and quarrelling should have broken out almost simultaneously with the appointment of women on the Board. Yet it is not due to that. Anybody can see the fingers of an ex-Mayor in the unsavory pie.

And now the *Tribune* is sneering at the Attorney-General's movement against the Sugar Trust and calling it a Tammany plan of campaign. Well, if all campaign material is of such practical value as the prosecution of these monstrous and baneful monopolies, it would be well to have an election on hand all the while.

Senator VOORHEES has brought in a bill in the House to pay Dr. BLISS, President GARFIELD's physician, $10,206 for his services. This is the unexpended balance of an old appropriation of $57,500 to pay the GARFIELD doctors. It is disgraceful that this business has not been sooner closed up.

The last from SHERIDAN up to this morning reports him as doing well and only waiting at Delaware Breakwater for a smooth sea to continue his trip.

It is singular that anybody should select the Astor House as a place to die in. It is certainly one of the best places of the city to live in.

Good Things in Variety.

Kingfish, 20 cents.
Bluefish, 25 cents a pound.
Red currants, 15 cents a box.
Raspberries, 10 cents a third.
Eggplant, 15 cents; large, 25.
Blackberries, 20 cents a quart.
Huckleberries, 15 cents a quart.
Green corn, 50 cents a dozen ears.
Cucumbers, 2 cents; large, 5 cents.
Soft shell crabs, $1 to $1.50 per dozen.
Spanish mackerel, 15 cents; finest, 20 cents.
Pineapples—Small, 15 cents; large, 30 cents.
Muskmelons, small, 10 cents; large, 25 cents.
Live lobsters, 10 cents a pound; large, 12½ cents.
Plums—Fair, 20 cents a quart; best, 25 cents.
Fresh caught salmon, 25 cents; very best, 35 cents.
Gooseberries, 12 cents a quart; very best, 15 cents.
Red bananas, 25 cents a dozen; very best, 40 cents.
Watermelons—Ordinary, 30 cents; largest, 50 to 60 cents.
California plums—Ordinary, 25 cents a dozen; best, 35 cents.
Bartlett pears—Good, 40 cents a dozen; very best, 60 cents.

WHAT THEY SAY.

James W. Boyle—Ah, there, Grover! Stay there!

Sheridan Shook—You will find me at my Red Hook farm until Oct. 1.

Poet Geoghegan—I am writing a Cleveland and Thurman campaign song.

Julius Harburger—The true friends of Cleveland are for the renomination of David B. Hill.

An ex-State Senator—I will bet a red apple that Mayor Hewitt will not vote for Cleveland.

Edward Kearney—Cleveland will get 1,000 more votes in Saratoga County than he got in 1884.

John J. O'Brien—Who said Cleveland would carry the Eighth District? Harrison will carry it by 1,500.

Isaac Robinson—The Democrats will win. The workingmen cannot be fooled by the free trade bugaboo.

Edward S. Stokes—David B. Hill's renomination for Governor would insure 30,000 Democratic majority in the State.

Timothy J. Campbell—I will sing Geoghegan's campaign poem in the Gaelic language and it will boom my return to Congress.

Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan—Tammany Hall is stronger and under better leadership and discipline than ever before in its history.

WORLDLINGS.

Recently the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at a Whitsun dinner party given in their honor by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The company included the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Mrs. Ronalds kindly acted as hostess, as Sir Arthur is a bachelor. After dinner some excellent music was performed, the Princess remaining until a late hour.

It has been reported that some workmen while tearing down a building on New Bond street in London discovered a roll of canvas, which turned out to be the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was cut out of its frame in May, 1876, and disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Messrs. Agnew had purchased the picture for £10,000 about three weeks before the theft took place, and the only things they had received of it since then was a letter from this country, in which the writer offered to restore the portrait for a stipulated sum. Inquiries made have not yet verified the report.

An Austrian vessel—the Dub—arrived at Aberdeen from Alexandria, laden with bones for manure. These bones consist mainly of giraffes, buffaloes and camels, but when being put on board many complete human skeletons were found among them. The captain at once refused to take them, and upon inquiring where they were procured, was informed that it was a native custom to visit a battle-field and dig in the trenches for the remains of the white men. Notwithstanding all precautions taken, the captain fears that many human bones were mixed up with the others in loading.

MARBLE-CUTTERS.

Prosperous in Trade and Successful in Organization.

Evils of the Importation of Contract Labor.

BY

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND,

Recording Secretary of the Reliance Labor Club.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

Having read with interest the various sketches of the rise and growth of the different labor organizations in your valuable paper, and also appreciating the kindly interest you take in the working classes, I submit a short history of the association of marble-cutters, known as "The Reliance Labor Club."

THE BEGINNING OF UNION.

In 1851 a few men got together and started the association on its way. It was uphill work at first and met with considerable opposition from the bosses. Two dollars and a half was demanded for a day's pay, that being considered very good wages in those days.

Very few changes took place until the war, when employment was scarce and men worked for what they could get. After the war work grew plentiful and wages kept on increasing until the year 1872, when we were receiving $4 per day of ten hours' work.

A LONG STRIKE.

In an evil moment a demand of $4.50 per day of eight hours was made of our employers. The result was a long strike and the utter demoralization of the society. It took some time to recover from the effects of such a blow, but as the fabled sphinx rose from its own ashes so the marble-cutters arose from what seemed the lowest point in their history to the proud position they now hold, that of one of the first labor organizations in the city.

AFFILIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS.

About three years ago we obtained a charter and joined the Knights of Labor, and are known in that body as Local Assembly 3,973. Since that time we kept rapidly growing until now we have over five hundred names on our roll-book.

BETTER HOURS AND WAGES.

Shortly after joining the Knights we made an agreement with our employers that nine hours should constitute a day's work, with eight hours on Saturday, and that $3 per day be the minimum rate of wages paid to any member. This agreement still holds good.

No member is restricted from securing more than these figures if he can get it, for in our trade more than any other a skilled workman can always demand and obtain good wages. An important branch of our industry is the carving. Three dollars and seventy-five cents per day is the lowest rate of wages a carver can work for. It is the artistic branch, a great deal of study being required to make a good carver.

INCREASING USE OF MARBLE.

The use of marble for the interior of large buildings is rapidly on the increase on account of its durability and fire-proof qualities. The Equitable Assurance Building on Broadway is probably the best example in the world of our work, being noted for the beautiful marble used in its interior; also for the rapidity and skill with which the work was done.

Granite has largely superseded marble for cemetery work, although a great many people stick to the time-honored custom of erecting tombs ones and shafts of white marble to perpetuate the memory of the departed.

STRIKES NOT ENCOURAGED.

Our conservative policy makes strikes almost an impossibility. The last strike we had a few months ago was a sympathetic one, we refusing to do the work of our striking brothers of Boston.

This strike proved a lamentable failure, as eighteen Italian marble-cutters, with promises of 300 more, were permitted to land here and to proceed to Boston to undermine American workmen in pursuit of their just rights and their endeavors to provide for their families in a respectable manner.

The marble-cutters greatly favor Congressman O'Neill's bill regarding convict labor, as large quantities of marble work is being executed in the different penitentiaries, greatly to the detriment of the trade in New York City.

Settling Types' Troubles.

Edward T. Plank, President of the International Typographical Union, and President Duncan and Secretary Wildman of Typographical Union No. 6, are engaged to-day with a committee of the International Typographical Union endeavoring to settle the difficulty between the stereotypers' and electrotypers' unions.

Among the Workers.

The Building Trades Section will meet to-night.

The State Convention of the United Labor Party will be held late in August.

The strike of piano-makers at Behning's factory was declared off some time ago.

The Board of Walking Delegates of the building trades meets every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 35 Clinton place.

A strike of cigar-makers being in progress at Rochester, the International Union men have been notified to keep away from that city.

Robert P. Davis has shown himself to be such an efficient officer that he has again been elected Walking Delegate of the Operative Painters' Union.

The United Labor party will hold a big ratification meeting in about two weeks. Messrs. Cowdery and Wakeman, the Presidential candidates, are to speak.

Dr. McGlynn will speak to-night to the East-Side Branch of the United Labor party at International Hall in East Twenty-seventh street. He will, no doubt, arouse more agitation on the subject of rack rents.

The Brotherhood and the United Order carpenters who favor consolidation say that the recent legal action of Lodge No. 1 will not prevent a consummation of the scheme. The proposed joint conference at Detroit will be held.

Edward Finkelstone, President of the Barbers' National Union, is visiting leading cities for the purpose of organizing new local unions and infusing new life into old ones. Secretary Hayhurne attends to the affairs of the organization during "Fink's" absence.

A lively interest is taken in the election of a Grand Marshal for the great Labor Day parade. The candidates are J. F. Sullivan, of the United Piano-Makers; Matthew Barr, of the United Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers, and Robert T. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

The General Committee of Arrangements for the Labor Day parade and festival held a decidedly lively meeting last night, at 145 Eighth street, but several of the delegates protested, after a three hours' session, that the committee had not accomplished anything worthy of note.

The 6,000 members of "Big Six," who claim to have turned the tide against James G. Blaine in this city in 1884, because of the opposition of a certain newspaper, will not, it is said, take united action in the present campaign. The printers are about divided between the two political parties.

Two hundred additional letter carriers and collectors will be needed on the postal force in this city under the eight-hour system. Gen. Bates, Superintendent of the United States Free Delivery System, is in the city to-day for the purpose of aiding in the reorganization of the force. Congress has not yet appropriated the funds required to pay the new carriers.

Why He Kissed Her.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Lawyer—Did you not kiss the plaintiff continually when you called on her?

Defendant (in breach of promise suit)—Yes; I never stopped kissing her while I was in the house, but I did that in self-defense to keep her from singing.

THE great benefit of MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL are testified to by all who use it. 25 cents. *,*

ALONG THE BOWERY.

In my walk on the Bowery to-day I met Manager Frank Murtha, of the Windsor Theatre, and we got to talking about the Dead Rabbits' riot of 1857. That led us to speak of ex-Warden Walsh and then of his daughter, Miss Blanche.

"By the way," says I, "what do you think of Miss Blanche's prospects?"

Deliberately he answers: "Miss Walsh has everything in her favor. She has youth, beauty, form, figure and talent. She is perfectly at home on the stage, quick, bright, and even now she is a splendid *ingenue*."

* * *

The Windsor, having done its usual amount of free service for benefits, is now closed for the season, to open again in the middle of August with "Lights and Shadows," Harry Kennedy's new melodrama.

* * *

I spoke of calling on Mei Lee Wa & Co. on the Fourth. They've been in their store in the Bowery eight years, and if anybody imagines that they are not Americanized any he should deal a little with them. I says to old Mr. Wa: "How much for a case of firecrackers?" There were about twenty-five packs in a case, and he says: "Eltyfive cents." I says, just to try him on, "Pshaw! I can get them further up for 50."

At that he just looks at me with a pitying sort of smile, and, tossing the case back on to the pile, says: "You come in next week—I give 'em to you."

* * *

But these are all new friends, "young folks," so to speak. They were never Bowery boys. I met Old Sport a little later and he was looking up at No. 1. His memory runs back a good ways and he says it was a museum once. Then Old Sport mourned a little for "Puddeen" Long's $13,000 bar, which was once there. It was the first of the fancy bars in this town.

* * *

"Do you remember 'Polly' Hopkins's wake?" says Old Sport. "It was at Hopkins's saloon, corner of the Bowery and Pell street, where the widow McKeon's place is now."

Did I remember!

Polly had a pet monkey that the boys used to pester, but one day somebody poisoned the little chap. The boys all felt pretty bad and Polly said that Monk should have a wake.

So he had a nice cherry coffin with handles made, and the remains lay in state in the back for three days and nights and the boys waked the dead pet until there began to be a bad odor about the place. The Monk was decently buried.

The place was called "The Wake" always after that. That was just at the close of the war. Polly sold out a little while afterwards, and now he is a regular figure at the races.

* * *

Speaking of McKeon's place, the Old Tree House is on the other corner. The Tree always cuts out the advertisements for "Help Wanted," that big department in THE WORLD, and pastes the pages on the four sides of a big square post stuck up on the curb on purpose for that. I saw as many as twenty hungry-looking fellows reading those advertisements to-day, and they say that they are ready hundreds every day. It's a pretty good scheme.

* * *

The Bowery boys always had their say about everything that was going on in the old Bowery down to less than twenty years ago.

If they got down on any man who opened shop on the Bowery he might just as well fold his tent like the Arab and silently steal away, for they wouldn't let him do business.

Oh no! There was no violence. The boys would just gather and crowd into his place so that he couldn't do anything. Sometimes he'd square himself by turning good fellow. He'd set 'em up for the boys, or acknowledge the corn and admit he was beat, and beat fair; and then the boys would let him alone.

One man discharged his head waiter, allowing that he could get along with a cheaper man. The man that was discharged was a favorite, and the boys just organized a visiting committee and sailed down on him. It took about two days to bring him to his oats, but he came like a little man.

* * *

Along in '61 or '62, while Briggs was managing the Bowery Theatre and Bob Johnson was doing the genteel blood and thunder there, Briggs announced that the boys couldn't come in any more.

They had been pretty noisy and were running the house, so that sometimes the play had to be stopped. Well, the boys got wind of it, and that night they paraded up and down the Bowery, and when it came time for the show to begin they swooped down and rode right over the manager in the door. They filled the house everywhere, let off firecrackers, shot pistols and yelled like all possessed. Briggs gave it up. He made a little speech and surrendered to the boys.

* * *

The militia and target companies used to parade in the Bowery, and it was always a great day. One time the boys strung a fuse along on the street-car tracks and they had the line blocked for some hours. The drivers didn't dare drive through the fire and smoke which the grinding of the wheels made.

BOWERY BOY.

The Enigma Promptly Solved.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find my answer to the enigma published in THE EVENING WORLD.

A CONSTANT READER.

THE ANSWER.

Verne, Herring, Tern, Gold, Wine, Reed.
THE EVENING WORLD.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

A Much-Sought Boy.

[*From the Bloomington (Ill.) Bulletin.*]

Mr. E. Wright, of Normal, is agent for the New Juvenile Asylum, and receives frequent consignments of young boys and girls to place in families throughout Illinois. Among others, he recently had Joseph Shepherd, a bright little street waif, and found him a home. Shepherd, it appears, is not so friendless as at first supposed, but has relatives and friends in good circumstances who now seek to reclaim him. They are making quite a stir in New York, and last night the *Bulletin* received a telegram from the New York EVENING WORLD asking for the whereabouts of the boy. A reporter sought Mr. Wright at Normal, but he refused to disclose the desired information, saying that a strict rule of the society made it impossible. The legal form of guardianship is gone through with at New York and the children then legally adopted in Illinois, and the name and residence of the person adopting a child is kept a profound secret, to prevent annoyance from impecunious or disreputable relatives of the little ones. Mr. Wright says that the directors in New York will secure the return of the boy if on satisfactory proof they deem it to be for his good.

CHIEF MURPHY'S FAVORITES.

Bose, of the Fifth, is proud of his mustache.

"Grif" Cooper, of the Fifth, has the finest teeth in Jersey City.

Sergt. Finlay is fond of reading and devours literature by the yard.

Officer Comstock, of the Fourth, once commanded the noted yacht Rover.

Capt. Jack Smith has more friends than hairs in his head. He is popular everywhere.

Sergt. "Sele" Wanters is a great fisherman and is never happier than when afloat.

Sergt. Carroll is proud of his four stripes. He has spent twenty-two years on the force.

"Billy" Luyster, whose chest measurement is six feet, can chase a burglar as nimbly as any one.

The Confidence

Of people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation is remarkable. Many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles are completely restored to health by the peculiar curative powers of this medicine. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed. If you need a good medicine give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

How a Grocer Passed the Fourth.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed please find my list. Being manager of a grocery I have but little time at my disposal, but yesterday being the glorious Fourth, I grasped the opportunity (instead of grasping the works), and, unlike a good many of your correspondents, was twice surprised—first, at the number of words it is possible to compose, and secondly, at the letter "w," it being far ahead of the others in leading the way. Yet I suppose this is only a matter of consequence, as it is the beginning of the "World."

G. R. H. CHELL.
70 Dupont street, Greenpoint, July 5.

She Worked Hard.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

I am fourteen years of age and a pupil of the Central Grammar School, of Brooklyn. I spent my first day of vacation in a very pleasant manner—in making my list of words. I have not done this in a few hours; on the contrary, I have worked very hard during the last two days. I sympathize with the editor in his task of examining these lists. Yours very respectfully,

BELLE CAROL,
July 4. 29 Gwinnett street, Brooklyn.

What He Intends to Do.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed please find my list of words for the Word-Building Contest. If successful in the competition, I shall probably take a trip to Europe on part of the prize, found an "EVENING WORLD" hospital with some of the remainder and give what is left to the G. O. P. for advancing the cause of Harrison and Morton. JOHN H. STEPHENS,
430 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York City.

"It Opens One's Eyes."

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

I herewith inclose you a list of words selected and arranged in accordance with the rules of the Word-Building Contest. It opens one's eyes to know the vast number of words which can be culled from our vocabulary from the letters in THE EVENING WORLD. I am in hopes I have selected enough to cause the "eagles" to fly to. S. J. HAMBLETON,
219 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York.

A Mammoth Spelling Lesson.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

I here hand you my list of words found in THE EVENING WORLD. I enjoy word-building very much. Mamma says it has been a mammoth spelling lesson. Thank you for the idea, if I fail of the prize, and how can a thirteen-year-old girl compete with the Vassar girls? It has at least been a pleasant pastime. BERTHA BIDWELL,
15 East Nineteenth street.

An Unsolicited Compliment.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed please find my list of words. It has afforded me great pleasure and instruction to make so many words from the letters of THE EVENING WORLD. I like your paper better than any other evening publication. It is always instructive, breezy and gossipy.

LEONARD L. BREITWIESER.
74 Seventh street.

Why She Enjoyed It.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed please find my list of words built from THE EVENING WORLD. It has afforded me much pleasure in finding them because of their being connected with the renowned paper, THE EVENING WORLD.

BELLE REARDON, aged fourteen years.
206 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 4.

An Independence Day List.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed find my list of words, which I have constructed, according to the regulations and rules, out of "THE EVENING WORLD," this Independence Day. I hope that it will be as successful in obtaining the prize as that famous Declaration was in obtaining "Our Liberty." ALEX NATHAN,
July 4. 271 West Thirty-third street.

Could Not Resist the Fascination.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed is my list of words. I could not resist the fascination of the work nor the desire to work for the prize and the honor of winning. I think THE EVENING WORLD is an excellent paper. It is another great good which its editor has given to the people.

MRS. WM. J. BRIGGS,
Peekskill, Westchester County, N. Y.

Proud of His Work.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed I hand you with pride my list of words. I have arranged them all alphabetically, so that you could easily detect any errors. A large number of the words I found in last SUNDAY'S WORLD. Hope to become the happy possessor of the double eagle.

CHAS. CONRAD,
4 Stuyvesant avenue, Brooklyn.

To While the Time Away.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Here inclosed is a list of words compiled from THE EVENING WORLD. Prize or no prize, I do not regret the trial. Trying it was a comfortable method to pass an hour or two away. FRANCIS C. MAPES,
48 or 60 Seventh avenue.

A List from Auburn.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed please find my list of words from THE EVENING WORLD. Although I have little hope of winning the prize, I have found the labor of making my list instructive and entertaining. MAY H. CORNING.
7½ Chestnut street, Auburn, N. Y., July 3.

Three Hours of Work.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed please find my list of words derived from the letters of THE EVENING WORLD, and after three hours' hard work. I hope to be the successful one.

ELLEN HANSON, age fourteen.
163 East Fifty-fourth street.

"With Great Expectations."

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

The mental exercise of this Word-Building Contest will be beneficial to all who have stuck to the task. With great expectations and best wishes. H. J. HOARE,
July 4. 6 Hudson place, Hoboken, N. J.

"Just Like 'The Evening World.'"

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

I think this is an elegant pastime, and very instructive, also very interesting—just like THE EVENING WORLD.

JAMES R. ADAMS,
33 East Thirty-first street.

It Drove Dull Care Away.

To Word-Building Editor Evening World:

Inclosed find my list of words formed from THE EVENING WORLD. It has afforded me much pleasure and drove dull care away.

MILLIE HOFFMAN,
158 West Twenty-eighth street.

Mail-Box of the Word-Builders.

Lists have also been received from Lizzie M. Whitney, 126 Vine street, Paterson, N. J.; Mamie McGuinness, Hughsonville, N. Y.; G. M. Blau, 45 Sixth avenue; E. Martin, city; Ella Kreuter, 348 East Seventy-eighth street; Harry W. Boston, 161 East Seventy-fifth street; Frank J. Pope, 570 Cherry street, Elizabeth, N. J.; P. Rosé, 348 McDonough street, Brooklyn; C. E. Chesley, 37 Clinton avenue, Jersey City; Geo. E. Cole, 678 Lexington avenue; Leonard W. Butler, 350 Lenox place, Harlem; J. Morando, 74 King street; Sarah M. Vidersiron, South Amboy, N. J.

J. Francis Harris, 260 W. 19th st.; Henrietta Strauss, 900 3d ave.; Lillie Neill, 327 W. 55th st.; Emma B. Bosworth, 135 First st., Troy, N.Y.; Katie Robertson, 450 Putnam ave., Brooklyn; Pauline Howe, age 13, 421 Bloomfield st., Hoboken, N.J.; F. D. Pease, 20 E. 124th st.; A. Mayer, 843 Lexington ave.; E. M. Wilson, 111 W. 33d st.; Henry Kurzman, 117 Pearl st.; W. J. Nicholloy, 194 Broadway; B. J. Shortridge, 165 Belmont ave., Jersey City Heights; Joe Ashley, 960 1st ave.; Martha Goodman, 310 E. Houston st.; Mary Cassidy, 217 W. 61st st.; J. Courtney Starin, 121 W. 49th st.; I. L. Long, Holyoke, Mass.; Mr. Lizzie K. Payne, Hurt's Store, Pa.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

A Wise Medicine Man.

[*From Puck.*]

Dr. Calomel—I'm afraid our Corn-Juice Nerve Food is about done for. Fifty thousand bottles on hand, and we can't bribe people to take it.

Dr. Sharpill—Change the labels on all of 'em to read Brickdust Nerve Tonic, and send a strong card to the press denouncing the Corn-Juice Nerve Food as a villainous compound of whiskey, opium, arsenic and Rough on Rats. That'll fetch 'em!

Feminine Logic.

[*From Judge.*]

An unwise widow had married again.

"You can't imagine, my dear," she exclaimed in a burst of confidence to a friend, "what I suffer from that brute of a husband of mine; and to think that, after all, it was all the fault of number one."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Why, if that fool of a man hadn't died I shouldn't have had a chance to marry number two."

In a New York Court.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Judge Cowing—I fix the penalty at five years in the penitentiary.

Criminal—That will make my wife swear. She bet that I'd get ten years, and I bet on five. I must have a mascot to be in such luck.

One Kind of Economy.

[*From Puck.*]

"Yes, sir, I've walked where formerly I rode, and I've saved enough money by the operation to have my shoes resoled."

An Easy Conundrum.

[*From Puck.*]

Park Policeman (very sternly)—Little girl, what have you in your hands?

Little Girl (who has been picking, plucking or breaking some twigs, flowers or fruit)—Guess! (They are great friends now.)

Bound to Lose It.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

First Man (with fan)—Didn't you say the other day that the sun was losing its heat?

Second Man (with fan)—Yes, all the scientists agree on that.

"Well, I believe it now. The sun can't keep this up very long and have any left."

A Wise Observation.

[*From the Somerville Journal.*]

Any girl can be dainty, even if she can't be pretty; and the chances are seven to one that the young men of her acquaintance will never know the difference.

How to Marry.

[*From the Merchant Traveller.*]

When pretty pouting lips say "no,"
Don't go
And blow
Your brains all out to simply show
How deep you're plunged in mental woe
Ano pain;
But, hid in Cupid's ambush, lie,
Nor cry,
Nor sigh,
Nor say all joy has passed you by,
And, when a chance is offered, try
Again.

CUT THIS OUT.

Why Spoil Your Summer by Missing "The Evening World?"

It Will Take But a Minute to Fill Out the Blank Below.

For the convenience of the readers of "The Evening World" who are leaving the city for a vacation or who live out of town throughout the summer the following blank is prepared. If you desire to have "The Evening World" sent regularly to you in the country or by the seashore, write your address in the space reserved for it, state the number of months, one or more, for which the paper is desired, and the amount inclosed.

The subscription for "The Evening World" is thirty cents per month, which includes postage. Remittance may be made by postal note, express or United States money order or in stamps, as may be most convenient.

To the Cashier EVENING WORLD:

Inclosed find.....cents in payment for THE EVENING WORLD *for.....months. Have the paper forwarded to the following address:*

.....

.....

.....

The above should be inclosed in an envelope addressed to THE EVENING WORLD.

BETTER PACK UP AND MOVE.

THERE WILL BE NO "BLOW OVER" IN THE POLICY FIGHT.

The Gamblers May Think They Will Flourish Again, But They Shouldn't Ante Too Much on It—An Innocent Looking Cigar Store in Which Are No Cigars—How is This About the Police?

THE EVENING WORLD is still after the policy gamblers with a sharp stick and does not propose to let its raid "blow over," as the policy men seem to think. The best thing they can do is to pack up and move out.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am sorry that you have so far confined your policy shop investigation to the downtown part of the city. It was most amusing to see the proprietor of the policy shop in West Forty-first street, just east of McCoy's liquor store, southeast corner Ninth avenue and Forty-first street, sitting in the liquor store all day after the exposé in THE EVENING WORLD. He expected a raid all day, so he kept steady himself and left a young fellow to run the shop. It is in the new flat, and has a cigar store in front. The police know all about it, but do not interfere.

The place referred to is at No. 358 West Forty-first street, in an elegant five-story brick building, with stone trimmings. It is ostensibly a cigar store. An Indian cigar emblem, painted in regular war colors, stands out in front of it, and in the show windows are many cigar boxes, which undoubtedly contain only unwholesome air. The door and windows are so screened that a view of the interior cannot be obtained from the street.

Next door to this shop towards the west, in No. 360, is William C. Gysber's real estate office. Both of these stores are rented by P. C. Eckhardt, real estate agent and notary public at 603 Ninth avenue. They are fitted up very nicely and are comparatively new.

In the latter part of January last, when Mr. Gysber went to choose between the offices the one which suited his taste best, both were empty and of about the same size. They are each about 25 feet square.

Two or three weeks after Mr. Gysber settled in No. 360 there were signs of life in 358. Men busted about there, and with some hammering and other carpenter work a partition was built right across the front only a few feet from the front door.

A counter was put up on the east side from the show window to the partition. At the west end of the partition was hung a door, and in front of it was built a sort of a storm-door to screen it. There is an opening behind the counter between the front and rear rooms.

Light is admitted into the interior of the rear room by a window which is about ten feet above a small court, and also over the top of the partition.

Opinions of people living in the immediate vicinity differ as to the proprietor. Some say he is a medium sized man with a blonde mustache, others that he is tall, dark and clean shaved. All unite, however, in declaring that a flourishing game of policy has been carried on there since it opened, and say that something besides policy occupies the attention of the men who remain in there until midnight. Although several persons have tried to buy cigars in the alleged cigar store they have failed.

An EVENING WORLD reporter went in yesterday to "buy a cigar." A tall, powerful-looking colored man met him with a "What do you want?"

He said the proprietor was out, and while he went to find him the reporter looked around a little. Presently the so called proprietor appeared. He is a small man with a pinched face and a gray mustache. He said he had no cigars in stock. The reporter said that was funny and went out. A young man whom he met on the corner and who appeared to know said the place is occupied by a man known as Al Evans.

While the reporter was standing on the corner of Ninth avenue he was closely watched by a man who came out of No. 358. He was of medium height and size and had a blonde mustache. In a few minutes he went back, and the little, pinch-faced man came out. Winking and nodding to the reporter, he asked him to take a walk down the street with him.

"What did you come into that place for?" he asked.

"To buy a cigar. Why, what did you think I went there for?" queried the reporter.

"Well, I have an idea. You also have an idea, and I'm blessed if I don't think our ideas would hitch together very nicely."

"They undoubtedly would," the newspaper man told him.

"Say, are you from THE WORLD or from the precinct?"

After acknowledging that to be an unfair question, together with several others he asked, the man told his concocted tale as follows:

"You see, I have only been here since Monday. I have been debating whether or not I had better put in $25 worth of cigars. I intended to start a cigar store there, but I am afraid, as it is a side street, it would not pay. I do not know who was there before me, I don't want to get into trouble. I really know nothing about the place.

"I have been laying around here waiting to see if it would pay to open a cigar store before I bought my stock. A friend came to me the other day and said he: 'George, if you will start a store there I will give you $50 to buy a stock of goods.' Now, if I lay in a stock of cigars with the $50 I would have to spend my money as fast as I earned it to live. I am a poor man. I have not a cent. I'm broke. Now, what had I better do?"

"Show me the little room back of those innocent-looking cigar-boxes," suggested the reporter; but no, that was entirely another matter.

The reporter then called on P. C. Eckhardt, who leases this building.

Mr. Eckhardt said that he kept no record of the place, and had not the name of the proprietor on any book. He leased it for a tobacco store, and supposed that that was all there was in there.

A Young Boston Philosopher.

[*From the Kennebec Journal.*]

"Dear me," said the little Boston boy, when, after intellectual suasion had failed, they had spanked him for the first time, "if I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant, I should never have invited the experiment."

Not On the Map.

[*From the Detroit Free Press.*]

A gentleman of this city observed his little son attentively studying a map of the world. "What place are you looking for, Willie?" he inquired.

The small boy knit his brow and travelled a circuitous route with his forefinger before he answered earnestly: "Twyin' to find Christendom."

The Daily Mad Dog Shooting.

Officer Bernard W. Larkin, of the Elizabeth street station, shot a mad dog in the area way of 36 City Hall place early this morning.

Guests at the Big Hotels.

Bishop John P. Newman, of Washington, is a guest of the Murray Hill Hotel.

Prince Roland Bonaparte and his party arrived at the Hoffman House this morning.

Windsor Hotel arrivals include Judge J. C. Knickerbocker and John W. Doane, the Chicago coffee merchant.

C. M. Sturtevant, of Cleveland; Oliver Withered, of London, and Clay Drewey, of Richmond, are at the Sturtevant House.

A. H. Chatfield, of Cincinnati; R. A. Barnett, of Boston, and G. C. May, the Montreal banker, are stopping at the Albemarle.

W. Sanford