The World

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,
(Including Postage.)
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PER YEAR.....$3.50.

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,018

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YEARLY RECORD

TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888:

104,473,650.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR ENTIRE YEAR:

285,447.

SEVEN YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the Present Proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Av'ge
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,519,785	77,922
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465
1888	104,473,650	285,447

Sunday WORLD'S Record:

Over 230,000 Every Sunday During the Last Three Years.

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1882 was....	14,727
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1883 was....	24,054
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1884 was....	79,985
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1885 was....	166,636
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1886 was....	234,724
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1887 was....	257,267
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1888 was....	260,326

Amount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888:

Year.	Pounds.	Year.	Pounds.
1883	1,423,288	1886	12,200,829
1884	4,468,455	1887	15,657,662
1885	8,269,207	1888	17,134,467

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

OUR GENEROUS READERS.

The readers of THE EVENING WORLD can always be depended upon to relieve a deserving case that is brought to their attention.

The pitiful story of the poor girl who had lost her glass eye, parallels that of the little Brooklyn lame boy who had broken his crutches. The wants of both were promptly supplied by our generous readers, and these are but two of many cases.

A contemporary criticises THE EVENING WORLD for not buying this glass eye itself. Now, THE EVENING WORLD does not hesitate about providing Christmas dinners for a thousand newsboys, or buying the entire seating capacity of a theatre for an afternoon's entertainment for the waifs of the streets, or providing a free physician for the babies of the tenements during the torrid Summer, or paying the fine of a hilarious patriot, or doing a dozen other things. But it does believe in giving its philanthropically inclined readers an opportunity to do good themselves, which is always appreciated.

THE EVENING WORLD takes great pride indeed in being the almoner of the charitable public. There can be no more significant expression of its readers' confidence.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Langtry is said to be negotiating for the purchase of a piece of Chicago property, which is held at the price of $150,000.

The wealthiest oil producer in Pennsylvania is John McKeown, of Washington, Pa. He has a fortune of $8,000,000. He is an Irishman and twenty-four years ago he was working at $2 a day as a laborer.

W. D. Washburn, who will be the next Senator from Minnesota, is estimated to be worth upward of $10,000,000 and owns the second largest flouring mill in the world, with a capacity of 10,000 barrels a day.

The home of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the millionaire Chicago hotel-keeper, is one of the most sumptuous residences in the West. Mrs. Palmer is at the head of many philanthropic enterprises and gives thousands of dollars to charity every year in an unostentatious way.

A BIG DRAGON AT LARGE.

It Lay Coiled Round an Obelisk in Front of Mr. Wagner's Store.

$10 REWARD for return of copper ornament stolen from 108 Chambers st.; no questions will be asked.

There is something very curious about the occurrence just revealed by this advertisement. The copper ornament in question is an obelisk, with a dragon coiled about it, six feet high. It stood in front of Mr. J. T. Wagner's ornament store on Chambers street and was valued at $120.

When Mr. Wagner left his store on Monday at 5 o'clock the dragoned obelisk was there. When the other people in the place went away half an hour later it was gone.

Now it is scarcely probable that the dragon was suddenly endowed with life and flew off with the obelisk. And it was certainly too large and heavy for a man to walk off with conveniently. Could several men have backed up a wagon to the sidewalk and loaded the ornament before the eyes of everybody?

This might readily be done. No one would think of questioning them except Mr. Wagner's people, and his store is on the second floor back of the building, whence they of course could not see what was going on in the street.

Perhaps the ornament will yet turn up in the possession of the Bureau of Encumbrances, though Mr. Wagner has not yet been able to learn anything of it at that office.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL in teething soothes the gums and calms the nerves. 25 cents.

THAT TYRANNIC LAW

The Josie Shephard Case Exposed Its Evil Working.

Like Instances Frequently Brought to Notice in the Courts.

"The Evening World's" Proposed Amendment a Remedy for All.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

[Drawn by a Judge of the Supreme Court at the request of THE EVENING WORLD.]

7. All proceedings under this section (*Sec. 291, Chap. 676, Laws of 1881, and Chap. 46, Laws of 1884*), when a commitment shall have been made, shall be subject to review by any court of record, upon certiorari on the facts and the law, and in such a proceeding the commitment order, or judgment may be affirmed or reversed or modified in such manner and to such extent as may seem best, or a rehearing of the charge ordered.

THE EVENING WORLD's persistent agitation in favor of the Children's Commitment bill, now before the Legislature of the State, limiting the authority of asylums and similar charitable corporations over children committed to their charge, is the result of its own experience in the now famous Josie Shephard case.

In that case, as all the readers of THE EVENING WORLD will recollect, the little boy, who had been committed by a Police Justice to the New York Juvenile Asylum, without the knowledge of his grandmother and relatives, was sent out to the far West, to be bound out till he became of age, against their wishes and without any notice being received by them of the intention of the Asylum authorities.

Although he was finally returned, it was only due to the untiring efforts on the part of THE EVENING WORLD and the strong pressure of public opinion which was brought to bear upon the Asylum authorities by the incontestable evidence of the shameful injustice which had been done in the case.

A legal remedy was first sought, but in this direction nothing could be accomplished, for THE EVENING WORLD was confronted with an obstacle that could not be surmounted, in the shape of special laws which gave the officers of the Asylum absolute and unquestioned control over children committed to its charge for whatever cause, even as against their own parents.

Not even the highest Court of the State had any power to interfere with the acts of such a corporation, or even to review them to see if any injustice had been done; so that the trustees of the Juvenile Asylum were under no legal obligation to reconsider their action in the Josie Shephard case, in which all of the most unjust and outrageous features of the present law were fully brought out.

The attention of the editor of THE EVENING WORLD was called to the case by the following letter, which was received early in June last:

DEAR SIR: I have a case which I hope will interest your benevolence.

I am an aged woman, but able yet to keep my home.

My grandson, Joseph Shephard, who is an orphan, was in the Juvenile Asylum, in One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street, one year. I was in Rochester with my son when he was sent to the Staten Island Nursery and Child's Hospital. As soon as I returned to New York I applied to Mr. Carpenter, of 61 West Thirteenth street, for the boy. I was told that he was transferred to the Juvenile Asylum in One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street, and that I could not get him, but could see him once a month. I went every month to visit him.

Visiting day in April, 1888, I went and found him in the hospital ward. The doctor said he was out of danger, but if he got worse I would be notified. (No notice.)

Next month I went to see him. He was sent to Illinois. I applied to the Board, who said I was notified. I received no notice.

I am able to keep the boy. I have a friend who is willing to adopt him. The Board says he has a good home, but I want him.

Andrew Grant, of 530 West Thirty-ninth street, will take the boy into his family and treat him as his own, and adopt him if necessary. He would like to do so. My son, who resides with me, can keep him, and why should he be in Illinois?

Please interest yourself in the matter and have the blessing of a heart-broken woman. Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH SHEPHARD.

P. S.—The boy is only seven years of age.
608 West Thirty-eighth street.

When THE EVENING WORLD investigated the case it was found that every statement made by Mrs. Shephard was true. There had never been any intention on the part of the boy's relatives, when he was placed in the Nursery and Child's Hospital on Staten Island in the Summer of 1886, that he should remain there for any length of time.

His mother was dead and old Mrs. Shephard, having been obliged to break up her housekeeping here on account of deaths in the family, placed the child, then very young, in the Staten Island institution while she went for a time to Rochester to see her eldest son.

While she was there the child's father died in the city, and serious illness preventing Mrs. Shephard from coming to New York, she sent her son, John Shephard, down to attend to the funeral and to take the child away from the hospital and bring him home.

The latter object he could not accomplish, for he was told that the child, which had meanwhile been regularly visited, could not be discharged without two weeks' notice; and being a man whose family were dependent upon his daily wages for support, he was obliged to return home without the boy, expecting that Mrs. Shephard herself would soon be able to go to New York and get him.

This was in February, but it was not until the following May that Mrs. Shephard was able to leave Rochester. She went directly to Staten Island, and was amazed to find that her grandson had been turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Finally, after great trouble, she found him in the Juvenile Asylum, to which he had been committed upon representations by the S. P. C. C. that he had been abandoned by his relatives.

She was comforted in her distress, however, by being allowed to see Josie once a month, and being given to understand that she could have him again at the end of a year. She never lost an opportunity of visiting him, and her grief at learning that he had been sent away where she would in all probability never see him again, just as she was beginning to make preparations to have him under her care once more, may be imagined.

The authorities of the Asylum refused to listen to her story, saying that she had abandoned the child and alleging that she had never visited it, whereas the visiting book when examined showed that she had been there on every visiting day during the year. Nor had she received any notice of the child's removal, as the rules of the Asylum prescribe.

It was not until THE EVENING WORLD investigated the case that the fact of the absolute authority of the Asylum over its wards was discovered, and it was seen that there had been no intention to restore the child to its friends. Information regarding the case was refused to THE EVENING WORLD by the Superintendent of the Asylum. The managers could even carry their authority to this point under the existing laws.

When the matter was brought before the Board of Trustees by THE EVENING WORLD, while many of the members acknowledged that a great injustice had apparently been done in the case, the majority, knowing they had the law to protect them, would not at first yield a point.

Although this and other obstacles were thrown in the way of THE EVENING WORLD in its determination to get justice done in the matter, in spite of adverse laws, the paper did not relax its efforts in the slightest, but procured from Rochester such a mass of testimony as to the good character and responsibility of John Shephard, the uncle of the boy, who resided there, that the Board was compelled to take more notice of the matter, and finally consented, though with much reluctance, to return the boy to his relatives.

They decided to do this on Sept. 17, 1888, just three months after THE EVENING WORLD had first interested itself in the matter. In the course of this long agitation, where there was not the slightest doubt that a gross injustice had been done, and all the tyranny of the present law was disclosed.

It was shown that the officers of such institutions possess a power that is simply absolute and beyond the control of any authority in the State except the Legislature, and that they are at liberty to violate their own rules and regulations with impunity, for no proof was ever given that notice of the child's removal was sent to the relatives in the Josie Shephard case.

It is evidently impossible for a newspaper to take up every case of injustice of this kind which may arise, even though it may have knowledge of it. The difficulties experienced by THE EVENING WORLD in the Josie Shephard case show this conclusively enough.

The application of parents or guardians to the courts to have children in the custody of these societies produced upon writs of habeas corpus, in order to obtain their discharge, are frequent enough to show how much of this sort of thing is going on all the time, and the invariable decision of the courts that they have no right to interfere, provided the commitment is regular, is evidence of the futility of all such efforts and the uselessness of attempting to have these cases argued upon their merits.

The only remedy for the evil is the amendment of the present law regarding the commitment of children to such institutions, as proposed by THE EVENING WORLD.

THE EVENING WORLD has important interviews with Judges Barrett, Lawrence and others favoring such an amendment, which will be published in due time.

BANDMAN IN "AUSTERLITZ."

Daniel Bandmann, an actor who is always more suggestive of the uncanny than of the emotional, is now to be seen at the People's Theatre, in a play called "Austerlitz," which, it appears, was originally known as "Dead or Alive?" and was written expressly for Mr. Bandmann by the late Tom Taylor.

The play has considerable dramatic interest, though at the present time its situations have become rather too usual, and its climaxes have long ago been assigned to the conventional melodrama. The story deals with the misfortunes of the Count de Meurienne, who was supposed to have been killed at Austerlitz, but who came to hand eighteen years later extremely alive. His identity was doubted; he was shut up in the Charenton asylum, and remained in dire distress until it was time to bring the play to a close, when, with a natty little explanatory "Baffled" on the programme, everything was satisfactorily settled.

The rôle of the distressed Count does not suit Mr. Bandmann at all. In his hands the character is unsympathetic and slightly repulsive. Mr. Bandmann never touches the hearts of his audiences, and the Count de Maurienne ought to melt them. There is something eerie and unpleasing about this impersonation which is unnecessary. Mr. Bandmann ought to seek another play of the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" stamp. He will never find one better suited to his eccentricities.

"Austerlitz" is popularized and Americanized. Songs and dances are irrelevantly introduced, and there is a strong flavor of Manhattan slang. Miss Louise Beaudet enacts the rôle of a most extraordinary vivandière, who sings and dances and cooks omelets, and occasionally gains a round of applause by a melodramatic utterance.

Some excellent comedy work is done by Richard F. Carroll, W. B. Murray and John Reynolds. The cast is otherwise very indifferent. Mr. Bandmann, who is an artist, has mounted the play admirably. Realism is a great thing nowadays. The audiences at the People's are wild with delight when Miss Beaudet puts real eggs into a real saucepan on a real fire and makes a real omelet.

ALAN DADE.

RAILROAD LIGHTS.

The railroad boys are looking closely after THE EVENING WORLD every day.

L. G. Warford has just returned from an extended visit to his home in Troy. Everybody is glad to see him back.

Tom Reed, an old and well-known railroad man, was buried at Allentown, Pa., yesterday, and a number of the Broadway boys attended his funeral. They will return to-day.

Handsome Harry Allen, of the Erie Despatch, is still on a wild hustle for freight. The boys say he is tireless and his steam is never exhausted. He captures all the business he starts after.

A peculiar innovation on the ferry-boats of the Central Railroad of New Jersey is putting of "Men" and "Women" on the signs over the cabins. It is quite democratic and a move in the right direction.

Billy McGibney, of the Louisville and Nashville road, has just returned from an extended Eastern trip. This is his busy time of year, but he is waiting anxiously for cold weather to drive the people South.

General Eastern Agent Ellis, the newly appointed representative in this city of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Air Line, is fast winning friends by his quiet, gentlemanly way of doing business.

Few of the resident agents of outside railroad lines are native-born New Yorkers, but like everybody else, they become a part of the great metropolis and take an active interest in political life. They are strong partisans.

B. F. Popple, of the Chicago and Atlantic road, is one of the brightest lights in Broadway. He has been a great traveller, and is a far-famed story teller. He does a splendid business for his road through his personal popularity.

The officers of the Central Railroad of New Jersey are in a quaint old building in Liberty street. A stranger will have a hard time to find the office of General Passenger-Agent Baldwin, but he gets a very cordial welcome when he arrives.

The Union Pacific Railway has issued a handsome pamphlet describing the Golden Gate Special, a long account of which was published in THE WORLD some weeks ago detailing its race against time. It is very neatly gotten up and profusely illustrated.

Distress After Eating

Is one of the many disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia. Headache, heartburn, sour stomach, faintness and capricious appetite are also caused by this very widespread and growing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves the headache and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it."
G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B.—Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

THE JESTS OF THE JESTERS.

THE MERRY MEN OF THE PRESS AT THEIR CHEERFUL TASK.

Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid.
[From London Punch.]

"You can't go home when it's raining like this. You'd better stay and have dinner with us."

"Oh, it's not quite so bad as *that*."

Most Unfortunate.
[From Life.]

Simpson (tremulously)—Emma, darling, say yes, and there will be another—— Newsboys (outside)—Big breach of promise case! Extra!

At Delmonico's.
[From Time.]

Howling Swell (known)—Garcon, can you lend me a dollar? Garcon—Avec plaisir. Thanks. Keep it for your pourboire.

A Bad Match.
[From the Cartoon.]

"You and Ned are like two shades of one color," said an old maid to a young one in love.

"Why, how?" said miss, anticipating something good.

"You don't match," answered the ancient.

Rose's Violin.
[From the Baltimore American.]

An awful report is abroad. It is that young ladies are trying to be like Rose, in "Robert Elsmere," and are learning to play on the violin. If they all make the fad a fashion there is no doubt that matrimony will become very much of a failure.

She Went.
[From Puck.]

Mrs. McFlimsey—You know I can't go to the theatre with you to-night. I have positively nothing to wear but that old hat I made over from last Winter.

McFlimsey—What of that? Just take it off when we get there and I'll guarantee you more admiration than $50 worth of headgear would evoke!

A Fatal Error.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Ambitious Mamma—Ethel, didn't I see young Mr. Ferguson paying particular attention to you last evening at the party? Ethel—Yes, mamma; but I snubbed him effectually before the evening was over. Mamma—Horror of horrors! Are you crazy? Ethel—Not at all, mamma. Not this Winter. His father is an ice-packer. Mamma—Yes, but he makes artificial ice. (Daughter faints.)

Baseball Information.
[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"What is a mascot in connection with a baseball game?" asked Mrs. Snaggs.

"It is the wire net the catcher wears on his face," replied Snaggs. "You might know that from the formation of the word—mask caught."

The Reason He Was Silent.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Smart Young Man—Is it possible there's nothing new in baseball or prize-fights to talk about? You've been fifteen minutes at work on my face and haven't said a word.

Taciturn Barber—I lost a good situation once by talking too much to every durned fool I shaved. Next!

Not Applicable in His Case.
[From the Cartoon.]

"What a seeming trifle may save a man's life, Bromley! I read here that a half dollar in a man's waistcoat pocket turned the bullet aside."

"Such a trifle would never save my life, Darringer."

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Because you might perforate me with bullets and you'd never strike a half dollar."

Not Reduced to Want.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"I desire to insert this small advertisement in your paper to-morrow morning," she said.

"This," said the advertising clerk, looking it over, "will go among the 'wants.'"

"Have you no 'wish column?'"

"No mum."

"Then sir," said the young lady from Boston, haughtily, "you need not insert it." I simply wish a situation as governess. That is all. It is not a case of want. Is there any newspaper printed in English in this place?"

That Department Full.
[From the Cartoon.]

St. Peter (in answer to hasty ring at door)—Hallo! Who are you?

Applicant (coolly)—I, sir, am the last and only survivor of the dreadful Custer massacre in Wyoming!

St. Peter (wearily)—All right; you go make yourself comfortable in the barn for a couple of centuries till we get the new wing built. The large L, and O. S. of the D. C. M. in W. dormitories are crowded to overflowing now. Will see you later.

Too Muck Talk.
[From the Arizona Kicker.]

There is altogether too much talk about that mistake of our popular young druggist of the Blue Front which sent Col. Jim Jackson to his grave.

Col. Jim asked for quinine and got strychnine by mistake, but there are a good many redeeming features.

The Colonel was old, lazy and drunk half the time, and left no one to mourn his life.

The druggist is a young and energetic man, who sold out a coal yard in Chicago to come here and go into the drug business, and it must be expected that he will make a few mistakes in the go off.

We call attention to his liberal manner of advertising in the *Kicker*.

He has assured us that such a mistake cannot occur again, as he has properly labelled the bottles.

"'Tis a Wise Child That Knows Its Own Father."
[From Judy.]

Ophelia (to the son of Æsopus Brown, tragedian)—Well, little man, and are you going to be an actor, too, when you grow up, like papa?

The Son of Æsopus Brown, Tragedian—Oh, yes! I'm going to be an actor; but not like papa.

PICKINGS BY REPORTERS.

SOME OF THE DAILY HAPPENINGS IN THIS GREAT METROPOLIS.

The Reporter Shouldn't Have Watched, but Who Could Help It?

It did not need an experienced eye to discover the fact that they were bride and groom, and a score of curious eyes were turned upon them as they entered the L road car at the City Hall station.

That they were from the country was also evident from their appearance, and an EVENING WORLD reporter took them under his mental protection as they seated themselves, she blushing and nervous, he trying his best to look unconcerned, as though getting married to him was an every-day occurrence.

They sat in silence, he gazing steadfastly out of the opposite window, she letting her eyes rove around, but frequently resting with on oh-what-a-darling expression on his face.

As the train proceeded uptown, the other passengers got out at various stations, until the reporter and the newly-wedded couple were the only occupants of the rear car.

By glancing in one of the mirrors the reporter was able to watch the latter unperceived, and soon saw the bride's hand placed on the bar dividing the two seats. Gradually the groom lost his steadfast look and his hand stole quietly around until it rested upon that of his fair companion.

Her other hand then found a resting-place on the back of his, while with a go-it-hull-hog-or-none recklessness, his left hand was added to the pile of digits, but only for a second, as by a sudden and adroit movement, he seized both her hands in his, and began squeezing them gently, while cold chills ran up and down the reporter's spine.

As the guard opened the door to announce a station the hand-squeezing was dropped temporarily, but hardly had his burly form disappeared when the event which the reporter had been expecting and yet fearing, took place. Taking advantage of the bustle and confusion resulting from the stoppage, the groom made a sudden motion forward—only a few inches were necessary—and his lips were planted fairly on those of the blushing bride, while a faint smack was borne to the reporter's ears, perceptible above the grinding of brakes and the hissing of steam.

The guard's hoarse voice calling out the station was all that saved the reporter from fainting, and he left the car, two stations beyond his destination, without daring to look at the unsuspicious turtledoves, who were probably congratulating themselves on their cuteness.

A Young Brooklyn Lady Starts a Fat Fire with a Match.

To a certain young lady in Brooklyn the subject of fat-frying, either in a political or domestic sense, will ever be a distasteful one since her experience of a few days ago.

The fire in her large dining-room stove was at its last gasp, so to speak, and in order to arouse the dormant flame the young lady threw a quantity of fat on the coals, and, closing the door, waited patiently for the flames to kindle, holding meanwhile an armful of wood ready to throw upon the oily fuel.

The fat was a long while taking fire. Too long for the maiden's patience, and with brilliant ingenuity she sought to aid and abet the conflagration by igniting the fat with a match.

Hardly had the tiny, sulphurous flame been put inside the stove door when a cannon-like report vibrated through the house and the young lady assumed a most undignified position on the floor, surrounded by a chaotic mass of stove-pipe, ashes, soot and smoke, dimly conscious of the fact that her bangs had suffered from the sheet of flame that had leaped forth with astonishing abruptness.

To her credit, be it said that she did not faint or grow hysterical over the calamity, but, with surprising coolness, after the shock was over, hastened to restore the displaced stovepipe to its proper position, without stopping to look in the glass to learn the extent of the damage sustained by horself and bangs.

The other members of the family, alarmed by the report, came rushing to the scene, and all hands were soon engaged in making the necessary repairs, while questions and explanations were the order of the hour.

Fat is not used as fuel in that family now.

The Gushing Dudes and the Scornful District Messengers.

Two dudes boarded a Sixth avenue L train. They were attired in ultra-fashionable clothes and a dewy perspiration. They were breathless. Evidently they had been running very hard.

"Gwacious, Chawlie, how you did wun—te-he! te-he! I could hawdly keep up with you. I'm all out of bweath—te-he! te-he!"

"Oh, I'm a wegular spwintah, I am—he-he! he-he!"

"I weally didn't think we could cawtch this bloody twain, dontcherknow—te-he! te-he!"

Two diminutive District Messenger boys sat opposite.

"Git on to ther Gussies' lingo," remarked the smaller one.

Supreme disgust was depicted on the faces of both, and even their very feet seemed to express a boundless contempt.

As the dudes continued their twaddle, the contempt of the boys deepened into intense indignation, and by the time a few stations had been passed, their wrath became so great that the other passengers were fearful lest the youngsters would attempt to throttle the dudes then and there.

Fortunately, the dudes got off presently, their retreating forms followed by the derisive comments and glaring looks of the boys.

If a glance could have annihilated, those young swells would have been reduced to ashes.

Monheimer—Freund.

At 5 o'clock this evening the Rev. Dr. K. Koehler will perform the marriage ceremony uniting Mr. Max Monheimer to Miss Jennie Freund, at the residence of the bride, 129 East Forty-seventh street. The ushers will be Arthur J. Koehler and the Messrs. Morris, Martin and Harry V. Freund. The ceremony will be followed by a dinner for the immediate family only. Reception in the evening at 9 o'clock.

Not So Very Much to Blame.
[From the Merchant Traveler.]

"I used to think," said Uncle Ezra, "thet this thing of gals kissin' pug dogs was purty rough, but sence I come to town an' see some of the dudes—well may be the gals ain't so much to blame arter all."

THE GENUINE
CARLSBAD
SPRUDEL SALT
NATURE'S BEST REMEDY.

AN EXCELLENT

APERIENT, LAXATIVE AND DIURETIC.

Easily soluble, palatable and permanent.

As an APERIENT it should be taken BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Pamphlets mailed free upon application.

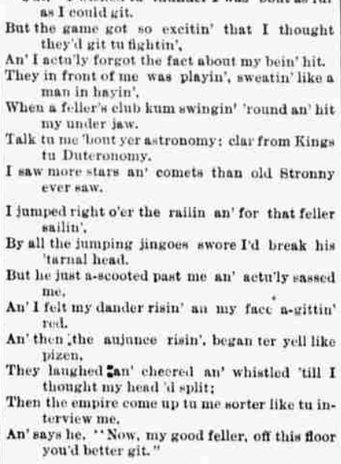
EISNER & MENDELSON CO.,
Sole Importers
of the Genuine Carlsbad Mineral Waters, Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, MATTONI'S GIESSHUEBLER WATER, and the only
GENUINE
JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT,
6 Barclay St., New York.

SIMON DUTELL'S POLO EXPERIENCE.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

I rise tu speak a solo regardin' playin' Polo,
An' give you my experience with that ar pesky game.
A hopin' that some feller with head a trifle meller,
Like mine, by knowin' of it may git profit by the same.
My name is Simon Dutell, an' when I this tu you tell,
I'd rather you'd consider it in confidence all roun',
For up in Sandy Holler, where I hoss tradin' foller,
I'm called about as cute a chap as any in the town.
I come down to the city for fun, 'nd more's the pity,
A sort of recreatin' an' a takin' in the sights,
An' I had a feelin' sorter as if I hadn't orter
Go back without a witnessin' Polo 'nd its delights;

An' so I bought a ticket an' went in through a wicket,
An' the seat the feller give me was a front one on the floor;
An' I guess the agravation that I had in that location
Will compel me tu remember it henceforth forevermore.
Ten fellers, quick an' wiry, an' lookin' pretty fiery,
Come rollin' in on little wheels, with crooked clubs in hand.
An' the way they scooted 'roun' thar, criss-cross 'nd up 'nd down thar,
Compelled me tu ejacilate, "Jerusalem!" "My land!"
An' when they went tu playin', a feller he kep, sayin',
"Bet ten tu nine that yeller wins;" an' lookin' right at me;
Think's I, you little muffin, I'll stop yer little bluffin';
"I'll take that bet," says I tu him, as cool as I could be.
A fellow took our money tu hold; I thought 'twas funny
Tu see him git up pretty soon an' walk 'long out the door.
Regardin' his intention, I might as well here mention
That he kep' right on a walkin', an' I never see him more;
But the players they was busy, an' it fairly made me dizzy
To see 'em scootin' back'ards, for'ards, sideways an' aroun';
Then I see the ball a comin', everlastin'ly a humming'—
Right betwixt the eyes it tuk me, an' I felt like layin' down.
"Out!" I heerd the empire holler; you kin 'bet yer bottom dollar,
"Out," I wished tu thunder I was 'bout as fur as I could git.
But the game got so excitin' that I thought they'd git tu fightin',
An' I actu'ly forgot the fact about my bein' hit.
They in front of me was playin', sweatin' like a man in hayin',
When a feller's club kum swingin' 'round an' hit my under jaw.
Talk tu me 'bout yer astronomy; clar from Kings tu Duteronomy.
I saw more stars an' comets than old Stronny ever saw.
I jumped right o'er the railin an' for that feller sailin',
By all the jumping jingoes swore I'd break his 'tarnal head.
But he just a-scooted past me an' actu'ly sassed me,
An' I felt my dander risin' an my face a-gittin' red.
An' then the aujunce risin', began ter yell like pizen,
They laughed an' cheered an' whistled 'till I thought my head 'd split;
Then the empire come up tu me sorter like tu interview me.
An' says he, "Now, my good feller, off this floor you'd better git."
But my Sandy Holler muscle just was achin' fur a tussle,
An' says I: "I'll lick that feller if I have tu stay a week."
Well, you never see sich actions an' such crazy-like contractions
As that aujunce jest went intu when them words they heard me speak.
Why! men leaned way o'er the railin' sort a howlin' an' a wailin',
An' the tears run down their faces as they hung ontu their sides,
An' they stomped 'nd screamed with lafter nuf to splinter ev'ry rafter,
An' I felt as if I'd like a chance tu tan their 'tarnal hides.
"Give old Rural a fair showin'!" fellers yelled, "thar ain't no known'
But he'd catch that chap on rollers; call the game 'nd let him try."
Then the empire brung 'em tu me, an' I felt the chills run thru me,
But I innerdly resolved tu catch that feller or else die.
Well, they strapped 'em on my feet an' they really fitted neat;
Then they left me thar a standin' on the floor, an' lookin' round,



With my under jaw unjinted, an' towards my left ear pinted,
Like a curus freak o' natur, an' the wust one ever found.
Then, I reckon tu confound me, them 'ar fellers skated 'round me
In a circle, like greased lightniu', just about ten feet away,
An' the aujunce kep' a yellin' things at me I ain't a tellin',
Like a lot o' condem' lunkheads havin' of a holiday.
Then the feller that I hated suddingly up tu me skated,
An' he give me in the stummick with his club a leetle whack;
Then I made a spring to ketch him, 'nd somehow I didn't tetch him,
But the floor riz up behind me an' it hit me on the back.
Well, I heerd an awful roarin', an' I seemed tu be a soarin'
Way off somewheres all in darkness tu a region quite remote;
When I come back that ar feller that I hated, dressed in yeller,
Was a pourin' bourben whiskey from a bottle down my throat.
An' he looked so awful sorry that I told him not to borry
Any trouble, but I guessed I'd better git out in the air;
Then he led me off the floor, through the crowd and out the door,
An' he acted like a gentleman tu me I du declare.
Then I felt inside my pocket, an' my heart riz like a rocket
Tu my throat, an' then went down an' settled in my boot;
Fer it's anything but funny tu discover that yer money
Has been pulled right out yer pocket by some thievin', young galoot.
I for Sandy Holler dusted, with my jaw and pocket busted,
An' when any one talks Polo tu me now I allers think
If they'd had my introduction tu the game 'an short instruction,
They'd travel forty miles around to clear a Polo rink.

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Couldn't Fee the Hoffman Porters.

LOST in going from Hoffman House to Grand Central Depot—A brown alligator pocketbook; name inside, M. Schweitzer; containing papers and about $300. Liberal reward will be paid for its return to J. J. Mack, 80 Reade st.

This advertisement, which appeared in this morning's WORLD, brings to light an unfortunate experience of Mr. Schweitzer, a prominent San Francisco banker, while on a business stay of three weeks in Gotham.

Just as he was about to depart with pleasant recollections of New York, he entered the baggage-room of the Hoffman to see after his baggage and fee the porters. He ran through his pockets in rapid succession, but his pocketbook was gone. He had it a few minutes previously, when he bought some cigars at the hotel stand. He took the 9.50 Chicago limited without feeing the porters and minus his papers and money.

To a Cigarette.
[From the Chicago Times.]

Defamed, denounced, despised, decried,
Thou fragrant, fragile, dainty thing;
How could in thee such harm abide?
For me I find not such, I bring
A devotee's best offering,
Which is: Though scorned by other eyes,
Whose owner's on thee curses fling,
I'll puff thee ever to the skies!

A deft and fairy finger tied
Thee with that silken bit of string,
And smoothly laid thee side by side
To send thee on thy journeying.
While others take the time to sing
Of pipe, cigars, thy virtue eries
For one who to your cause will cling;
I'll puff thee ever to the skies!

With slippers and an arm-chair wide
And thee—above my head thy ring—
What then care I what may betide
Thy springtime incense hovering?
Brief as thy hour; short as thy swing;
Before thy waning moments flies
I pledge thee this last offering;
I'll puff thee ever to the skies!
Alas how grievous have I lied.
Dead is thy fire; thy cold stump lies;
Your virtues left you when you died:
I cannot puff thee to the skies.

Among Hotel Guests.

George S. Prindle, of Washington; C. L. Travis, of Minneapolis, and W. A. Fisher, of Baltimore, are at the Hoffman.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel are J. Gardner Curtis, of Boston; James A. McCrea, of Pittsburg, and C. B. Benson, of Chicago.

Registered at the St. James are W. McCandless, of Pittsburg; C. B. Whitman, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and Leon Goetz, of Paris.

J. J. Vandergrift, of Pittsburg; C. W. Plummer, of New Bedford, Mass., and F. D. Binnings, of Duluth, are guests at the Albemarle.

W. Yorke Atlee, of Washington; George H. West, of Lynn, Mass., and W. G. Miller, of Chicago, are among recent arrivals at the Sturtevant.

Capt. H. P. Kingsbury, U. S. A.; G. Royal Pulsifer, of Boston; George W. Daw, of Troy, and Charles Thompson, jr., of Washington, are at the Grand Hotel.

Prominent at the Gilsey House are: Austin F. Brown, of Washington; J. S. Aborn, of Providence; S. R. Hemingway, of New Haven, and C. E. James, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

CLOSING OUT
Our Entire Stock of
HANAN & SON'S
and other Popular Makes of
MEN'S FINE SHOES
at About Half Their Actual Value.

LOT OF HANAN & SON'S CALF HAND-SEWED BUTTON SHOES, mostly large sizes, 9, 9½, 10, 10½ and 11, narrow and wide widths; have sold at $6.00 and $7.00; all at
$2.98.

LOT OF HANAN & SON'S FINE CALF HAND-SEWED WAUKENPHAST SHOES, all sizes, their best goods; have sold at $6.00 and $7.00; all at
$4.95.

LOT OF HANAN & SON'S FINE CALF, HAND-SEWED LACE AND CONGRESS SLOES, made on the great Natura last, all sizes; have sold at $6.00 and $7.00; all at
$4.95.

LOT OF HANAN & SON'S FINE CALF, HAND SEWED LACE AND CONGRESS SHOES, on London and French toes, plain or with tips, all sizes; have sold at $6.00 and $7.00; all at
$4.95.

LOT OF MEN'S FINE CALF SEWED LACE, BUTTON AND CONGRESS SHOES, all seamless, first-class articles, all sizes; have sold for $3.50 and $4.50; all at
$2.85.

LOT OF FINE CALF HAND-SEWED LACE, BUTTON AND CONGRESS SHOES, on all styles last, plain or with tips; have sold at $5.00; all at
$3.65.

LOT OF MEN'S CALF, CONGRESS AND LACE SHOES, all sizes, good value; regular $3.50 goods; all at
$2.25.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's fine Rubber Overshoes at
19c.

EHRICH BROS.,
8th Ave. and 24th St.