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"THE EVENING WORLD" AHEAD.

One hundred newboys, in ten of the news-papers selling centres of this city, testify that of the 12,501 papers sold by them daily, 5,782 are Evening Worlds, while 2,711 was the figure of the next highest, and that the profits realized from sales of The Evening World are \$28.91, while upon its closest competitor the profits are less than half that amount.

SUMMARY. Total Number of Papers Sold..... 12,501 Evening World..... 5,782 Evening Sun..... 2,711 Daily News..... 2,404 Telegram..... 807 Post and Express..... 144 Foreign..... 36 Commercial Advertiser..... 35

The following table shows the profits made by the boys on each paper: Evening World..... \$28.91 Evening Sun..... 13.516 Daily News..... 12.02 Telegram..... 8.07 Post and Express..... 1.44 Foreign..... .40 Commercial Advertiser..... .35

PITY THE LITTLE ONES.

The appeal of THE EVENING WORLD in behalf of the sick babies is meeting with flattering responses, and the fund for this beautiful charity is growing larger every day. There is no danger of its becoming too large. No matter how generous the contributions, it can all be used in alleviating the sufferings of the sick children of the tenements.

Many of the letters accompanying contributions heretofore received have breathed the spirit of sweetest charity, and many young people have made sacrifices to add their mites to help the suffering poor. Such exhibitions of humane impulses are gratifying. The height of true happiness is only reached in a consciousness of making others happy.

Help on the noble work, ye fathers and mothers, for by so doing will you testify to the depth of your feeling for your own offspring.

SUICIDE FOR ANTI-FAT.

Because she was more corpulent than she thought consistent with symmetry of form, NETTIE COLBURN, a thirteen-year-old girl in Indiana, committed suicide. To what proportions NETTIE had attained at so tender an age is not stated, but, anyhow, she was very fat. It is no disgrace to be fat; in fact, the number of bad people among those whose waist measure is abnormally large is very small.

And what joy NETTIE might have experienced had she risen to the dignity of a freak in a museum. Did she ever hear of the crowds that do gather about the colossal form of the fat woman in a show? Besides, no matter how frivolous other girls might be deemed, she would always have been accorded the virtue of being substantial. With what crushing force she could have sat down on those who didn't like her.

SCRIMMAGE BETWEEN LAWYERS.

Edward F. James Says Franklin Bartlett Tried to Choke Him. Lawyer Franklin Bartlett, of this city, is being sued in the Supreme Court by Edward F. James, another lawyer, of Saratoga Springs, for \$5,000 damages for alleged assault.

HUMILITY DOESN'T PAY.

That was a touching assurance given by ex-Congressman CROWLEY, of Lockport, to President HARRISON, yesterday. While admitting that those he represented were hungry, oh! so hungry, for spoils, yet, said CROWLEY, if they were turned away empty-handed, they would yet kiss the hand that smote them. With all his faults they'd love him still.

THE PROHIBITION DELUGE.

Truly, it never rains but it pours. The Prohibitionists are just now feeling the force of this old adage. No sooner have they been deluged in Pennsylvania than Rhode Island's flood-gates are opened and away is swept every vestige of hope for their cause. That the Prohibitionists are sincere there can be no doubt; that their zeal is displayed in a hopeless cause must now be apparent to the blindest of them.

Wrecked by a Windstorm.

VERMILION, Dak., June 21.—A heavy wind storm struck this place yesterday, doing considerable damage. Col. Jonathan Kimball's new residence, the Catholic Church and a building on the Fair Grounds were total wrecks. Several houses were moved from their foundations, and steeples, chimneys and outbuildings are generally flat. The damage will reach \$50,000.

TO SAVE LIVES.

Push the Fund for the Sick Babies in the Crowded Tenements.

That Corps of Free Doctors Cannot Be Made Too Large.

Send in Your Donations Promptly for This Good Samaritan Work.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

The attempt to establish a "club" where women might segregate and be on races and other risky things meets with the determined opposition of the police. In their estimation a good woman could be no better, and a naughty one should be taught better than to bet her cash.

The Aqueduct Commissioners seem to think that they can manage do without their Church. The worst being over, they consider themselves able to go it alone. Just like other sinners, aren't they?

It is denied that Gov. Hill need add to erase his signature from certain bills. The Governor's last manner of scoring his political adversaries gives rise to the surmise, however, that there is an acid barrel on top in his office.

Railroads and women are alike in their quarrels—they go for each other's swiftness.

Foraker says that he is not a candidate for renomination for Governor of Ohio, but, of course, if renominated he would accept. We would like to see anything in the shape of an office that an Ohio man would decline. The world isn't coming to an end just yet.

The formation of trusts has become epidemic of late. The only "Trust" the dear people have is the old one, in Providence.

The members of the family being provided for, the President is now shedding his favors abroad in the shape of consoling.

The officials of the Patriotic Order Sons of America resent the imputation of being "Know-Nothings." They insist that they know a thing or two.

Those employees of the Department of Public Works who have been wont to loaf most of the time will have to economize their loafing or be bounced by Mr. Gilroy. They will probably consider "half a loaf better than none."

Belva Lockwood Writes Her Observations of Paris for the SUNDAY WORLD.

KILLED AT A RIFLE RANGE.

Young Dubrity Accidentally Shot in Brommer's Park.

Frank Dubrity, fourteen years old, of 2324 Second avenue, died in the Harlem Hospital late last night from the effects of a bullet wound in the abdomen, accidentally received at Brommer's Union Park, at One Hundred and Thirty-third Street and First Avenue, yesterday.

There is a 300-foot rifle range in the park, the top and sides of which are of wood, impenetrable by bullets. At the end is a bank of earth, in which the bullets find themselves after passing through the target.

Young Dubrity, with some companions, started to play croquet on the grass behind the earth bank, to the other side. He was about half way across when a bullet from the target struck him in the upper rim, cleared the earth bank and struck the boy in the abdomen, the shot entirely penetrating the body and coming out of the lower back.

His companions picked him up, and later he was removed to the hospital. Surprisingly, the father knew of the keeper of the range, Frank Kolb, twenty-four years old. He will be brought to the Corner to-day.

After Dark in the Nineteenth Precinct, as a Messenger Boy Sees Life—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

BISHOP'S PROPERTY IN DISPUTE.

His Mother Says the Widow Has No Legal Right to It.

Mrs. Elanor Fletcher Bishop, mother of the late mid-lander, and Mabel Talor Bishop, his widow, are disputing for the possession of his property.

The mother bases her claim on the grounds that her son's second marriage was not valid in this State, as his first wife, Mrs. Helen Bishop, had obtained an absolute divorce here, which she had never been able to get in her own State.

It is claimed, therefore, that she has no legal rights of a widow in this State. Surprisingly, the mother counsel to present briefs within three days. Samuel H. Randall appears for the mother and J. H. McCarthy for the widow.

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Wonderful Jugglers of India for the SUNDAY WORLD.

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THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD..... \$100.00 Already acknowledged..... \$20.74 Lathrop Ely Baldwin..... 5.00 Mrs. P. J. D..... 5.50 Young Little Girls in Hoboken..... 4.01 Through Mail Order..... 2.12 M. A. P..... 2.00 G. D..... 1.00 Number Three..... 1.00 Agnes Herndon..... 1.00 King's Daughter, from Florida..... .75

The fund for sending free doctors to the sick babies of the poor is booming at a gratifying pace, but it might grow faster, and ought to just now, for the sun is rapidly nearing its zenith in his power and the dog days with all their miseries will be upon us very shortly.

Let those who recall what a change they experienced on stepping off one of the bay steamers after an excursion and resuming their life in the paved and brick-walled city, reflect that the sick children whom the fund is intended to relieve get no chance to compare the cool breezes of the bay with the stifling stink of the city.

They, alas, are stifled in the poor, cramped tenement-house all the time, their fevered faces and parched skin getting no relief, and their parents unable, through poverty, to get them medical attention.

Let others, like Edward J. Woolsey, who sent \$100 for the fund on the eve of his leaving the city for his country home, think of the babies who are ailing in the crowded tenements and contribute their mites towards sending out a corps of free physicians to minister to the sick little ones.

Dr. Cox, THE EVENING WORLD physician of 1888, did a world of good and saved many lives, but his reports showed plainly that there was work for many more sanitarians, and the contributors to the fund will help to make the corps of free doctors an accomplished fact.

His Little Heart Touched.

I am a little boy, only seven years old. I want the babies and little children in New York to be well this Summer. I have saved and collected \$5, and send it to you and hope that your doctors may do good with it.

LATHROP ELY BALDWIN, Flushing, L. I.

Care for the Sufferers.

Please find enclosed \$2 for your fund started for sending physicians to attend sick children in tenements.

I hope every one's heart will be touched and your fund enlarged so as to enable every little sufferer to have the proper attention.

M. A. P.

With Pledge and Vow.

I send you \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund, and I desire to tender you my services as an elocutionist for any benefit performance you may inaugurate in New York. Very respectfully,

ALEXIS HENKINS, The Willomere, Bath Beach.

From Four Little Girls.

Enclosed find \$4.01, being the contributions of four little girls in Hoboken for the Free Doctor Fund to help the poor little sufferers of New York. May their little mite help swell the good cause to thousands.

MARTHA, BEATRICE, LOUISA and FANNIE, Hoboken, N. J.

A King's Daughter Enlisted.

Please find enclosed 25 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. I am going to try to take up a collection for their soon.

A "KING'S DAUGHTER" FROM FLORIDA.

Another Savings Bank Enlisted.

The enclosed \$5 cents is for the Sick Children's Fund and is all the money that my savings bank contained.

I had a lovely little sister and a handsome little brother die of diphtheria in March last, and I hope my 53 cents will help to make will some other little fellow's sister and brother.

TOMMY DAVIS, (Aged six years) 526 East One Hundred and Fifty-third street.

He Exports the Bartenders.

The German population will resist every effort on the part of the Commissioners of Education to abolish the teaching of German in the public schools, as proposed.

They Don't Want German Abolished.

NEITHER SIDE WILL YIELD.

THE BATTLE OF THE CROWS STILL BEING FIERCELY WAGED.

Mr. Kantrowitz Says "Lost" Must Go, While Mrs. Giavelli Says He Will Not—Mr. Giavelli Crows a Defiance from the Honorable—An "Evening World" Accountant Takes to Making "Lost's" Acquaintance.

The bitterness of feeling between the Empire Underwear Company and the Giavelli manager is more intense than ever. All the principals in the case are at fever heat. Sig. Giavelli has pushed the war into the enemy's country. On the other hand, Mr. Kantrowitz is inspiring on the minions of the law to some measure of direful import. If some enterprising Nationalist would like to keep his hand in by "removing" the irritating "Lost," he could doubtless secure a job from Mr. Kantrowitz.

Messrs. Goldstein and Kantrowitz were still able to attend to business this morning, though their tempers were very much in the condition of the plumage of the Giavelli rooster—said to be the most irascible of all birds.

Last night the Italian came out on the roof of his tenement with the crow perched on his shoulder," said Mr. Goldstein, with fire in his eye.

"He doesn't," said to his bird, and when the bird wouldn't, he crowed himself. Then his little wife came out from the trap-door and hauled him in.

"I don't know Kantrowitz and I was sitting at that window and he thought I was him. He talked a good deal to me under that impression. This was at a o'clock, just before he went to bed in January, said today regarding the proposed reorganization:

"I have my idea of what we should do in the matter, and that is to leave the committee which comes to reorganize as severely alone. However, if the other Republicans of the district think differently I will acquiesce in their views. I'm going to press the thing. I don't mean to let up."

Mr. Kantrowitz's office command a lovely birds-eye view of the rear court of the Giavelli mansion, where "Lost," "Sax," "Dan" the dog, the robins and the cats, are seen to have their own little world.

When the reporter looked down on the balcony scene, pretty little Donna Giavelli was supplying "Lost" with his national nishism, and was engaged in one of those "lost" excursions, "his hands, which were soiled by nothing but a readiness or a bad conscience, ran to labor under the idea that every day is the day for a new start."

Frequently he will come to an abrupt halt and go through some lively calisthenics in which extremes meet, as his high hind leg does not seem to have any use at all.

Finding the flag nailed to the mast in the Kantrowitz camp, THE EVENING WORLD young man descended to the Giavelli quarters, "Fred" having been on guard, and was worriedly against one of the pillars of the hall. She greeted the reporter with a faint smile and led him into the drawing-room.

"I don't go to let anybody in here to-day. I'm going to lock the door and stay inside and let him holler."

He was "Lost" evidently. The reporter looked through the window, to a large log of which reposed a withered bunch of radishes, and discovered that fascinating and now historic bird on the topmost round of a ladder, and he was not to be taken in.

"What are you going to do about him?" asked the reporter soothingly of the small, neck-faced woman.

"I don't know," replied she with Spartan brevity.

She denied that Mr. Giavelli had taken the crow to the roof last evening. He had taken himself there, and cawed, hopped, hopped, but he had not borne "Lost" aloft.

"Call him out," said the reporter.

"Lost" chirped her soft voice.

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CAN'T SCARE O'BRIEN & CO.

THE EIGHTH AND FIFTH WILL DOB UP SEREENLY IN SPITE OF REFORM.

John E. Brodsky Says the Eighth's Delegates Will Be Recognized, Even if They Are Rejected by the Republican Silk Stockings—The Fortunes of the Fifth Likely to Be Directed by Mr. The Allen

The naughty Republicans of the Eighth District are to be recognized. The County Committee has so decided and Chairman Cruver will appoint a committee of five to perform the arduous task of reforming the Eighth into the regular methods which formerly prevailed there.

Similar action will be taken with the Fifth Assembly District organization, from the leadership of which Frank Carroll was recently ousted.

In this district it is more than hinted that that redoubtable reformer, Mr. Theodore Allen, will head off in the work of reorganization.

Mr. Allen was the kicker in the January enrollment and it was through his efforts that a new scheme had to be determined.

Allen said recently: "The Allen knows what he is about. I didn't go into this fight without knowing that I would be recognized as the champion of the reform."

Allen's confidence is said to be born of his close political relations with Sheld Shook and other old-time Republican war horses of the County Committee.

The proposition to reorganize the Eighth District appears to have been made by John J. O'Brien and his followers in the last.

O'Brien is reported to have said when asked by Justice S. Smith, Chairman of the County Executive Committee, to take preference regarding the matter, that the Eighth District was before January last, and that Judge Smith or anybody else desired to see him they could find him to be found in the office of Councilor John E. Brodsky, one of the County Committee members from the Eighth who had been elected to-day regarding the proposed reorganization.

I have my idea of what we should do in the matter, and that is to leave the committee which comes to reorganize as severely alone. However, if the other Republicans of the district think differently I will acquiesce in their views. I'm going to press the thing. I don't mean to let up."

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WOES OF A DIRECTORY MAN.

ONE OF THE TRIBE TELLS OF THE THORNS IN HIS PATH OF DUTY.

Treated in Many Places Like a Debt Collector or Other Nameless Outcast—Objections to His Ignorant Inquiries—When They Come to the Door, Still, When No Housewife, Perit Small Boys, and Wrong-Headed Cranks.

Among the lesser miseries of life is the wearing affliction which befalls the census-taker, or the man who tries to get returns for a Directory. Until one has had experience of this sort of thing it is impossible to rightly conceive the power of the average human being, and especially, it is said, of the average female, to avoid giving a straight answer to a straight question.

An unfortunate man, to whom an unkindly fate had given the job of making investigations in view of a forthcoming Directory, instead of having cast his lot in with the merry ho-ho-carrier or the calm and lucrative undertaker, recently received something of the horrors of the destiny to which allusion has been rudely made above.

"I started out in one of the morn sections of this fine town," said the unfortunate man, "with the idea that going to people's doors and getting a few little innocent data about the inmates was rather an easy-going, healthy sort of employment."

"I don't know much about that way now as I did before I tried it for a month. I went up to a new house first. A flower-pot was on the ledge of the fifth story window front, and I saw a black cat gingerly keeping her way along the wall that hid the clothes that were out to dry in the neighbor's back yard."

"I rang the bell. I waited four or five minutes, because I didn't like to seem impertinent and get the people who lived in the place in an unamiable frame of mind before they came to the door. Still, when no one came at the end of the five minutes, I rang again with more impulsive ardor than had directed my first stroke."

"I had to wait three minutes this time, when a plump virgin opened the door with much clanking of chains and bolts, which naturally gave me the disheartening sense of occasioning a great deal of trouble."

"I asked her to give me a card, and she said: 'Excuse me, but I am trying to get a few more cards to a directory. Can you tell me who lives in this house?'"

"To my grief the girl looked at me as if I were a prehistoric specimen or a meteorological phenomenon, and she hardly kept my card in her hand, as I felt her cool blue eyes calmly run over me. She seemed to be engaged in an analysis of me in her own mind, but whatever the result may have been she did not utter a word in answer to my question."

"The stout young thing, looking at me calmly but in a far-away, unconcerning sort of way, gently, slowly, but without any hesitation, took the card from my hand, and, as I experienced this inhospitable treatment my first impulse was to laugh outright. Anything more non-committal could be imagined. It is a plump girl, but she has an ingeniously constructed contrivance for closing doors she could hardly have performed this function with a more stolid, insensible air."

"She couldn't have been blind," I argued, "for she had no eyes on her card, and indeed with an air of meaning to arrive at something as the result of her inspection. She did arrive at something. It was shutting the door in my face."

"I turned on my heel and went to the next house. Here, at least, the ring brought the servant to the door a little quicker. A big Irish girl opened the door, and she said: 'You tell me who owns this house?'"

"I asked, with a direct consciousness, 'It's a new house.'"

"But who is the man that lives here?" I asked.

"Oh, he never lived here. He died two years before we moved from the old house, and he was a very good man, and a very good man."

"Well, what is your mistress's name?" I asked, politely.

"Oh, what for do you want to know that? She's gone away. After five minutes she returned the Abigail, with a knowing grin."

"Oh, there's no need of that. Tell her that the directory man wants to see her."

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