

\$100 PRIZE!

What Mother Has the Greatest Number of Living Children?

"The Evening World" Will Present Her with a \$100 Gold Certificate.

It has been wisely said that the mother guides the home ship and holds the future destinies of the nation in her hand.

This is a Republic and the majority rules. That mother who has reared the greatest number of children, therefore, has had the greater share in moulding the destiny of our country.

THE EVENING WORLD wants to know her. THE EVENING WORLD has offered many prizes for competition of brains and ingenuity, and nearly every one has been won by a man.

Now, it offers a series of prizes to which its many readers cannot aspire.

Three prizes are offered to the mothers of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken who have given birth to and reared the greatest number of children, and THE EVENING WORLD hereby binds itself to award and pay these prizes:

One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate to the mother having the greatest number of living children.

A Fifty-Dollar Silver Certificate to the mother of the second largest family of living children.

A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a consolation prize to the proud mother of the third largest brood of children.

These prizes are to the mothers.

The competition is to be covered by the following

CONDITIONS:

Every mother entering her offspring must live in the metropolis consisting of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken.

Only living children will be counted.

The mother must send to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD her own full name and nationality; her name before marriage; her age; the date and place of her marriage; the name and age of the father or fathers of her children and their nationality; the full name of each child, the date of its birth and present residence. Contestants must write upon one side of the paper only.

Accompanying this statement the mother should send a brief note from some well-known person, like the minister or priest, the family physician or the Alderman of the ward, stating that he knows or believes the statement to be true.

"These are my jewels," replied the proud Roman mother to her Oriental guest, and they were rich gems to her.

How many precious gems have you, dear mother?

Every American-born boy has a chance to try for the Presidency of the United States, and every girl may aspire to be mistress of the White House.

Every boy is a free-born sovereign here, and every girl a queen. How many American sovereigns and princesses have you produced, madam?

Send in your lists, for should there be two families larger than all others, and themselves of equal number, that mother whose list arrives at THE EVENING WORLD office first will get the slip of paper that may be exchanged at any bank for twenty \$5 gold pieces.

Remember, what we want is the largest number of children born to one mother and saved for the struggle with the world. No matter how old they are nor how young. Count them all from the sucking babe to the big burly, broad-shouldered man who is father to your grandchildren.

DISTILLED HUMOR ON TAP.

CREAM OF THE FUNNY MEN'S PRODUCTIONS ARE FOUND HERE.



Heckman (on a very warm day)—Fifty cents, boss.

Buffalo Tourist—What for? Heckman—You ain't der gal has been standin' in der shade of my cab for ten minutes.

Tough Grapes. Guest—Water, bring me a nut-cracker. Water—But, my dear sir, we have no nuts. "I know that. I don't want it for nuts, but for these grapes you have brought for dessert."

An Apt Quotation. "What are you doing?" asked Gazzam, as McCrackle tore off the wrapper of his copy of Pansy.

Opening the chestnut burr. A Misunderstanding. She—And did you like the water in Florida, Mr. Brown?

He—Well, no; in fact the water there is not as good as that right here at home. She—Indeed? And I have heard Florida water so well spoken of, too!

A Bitterness Between Them. Travis—Why do you slum Miss K's society so persistently, De Smith? Is there anything between you and her?

De Smith—Yes, she is trying to teach me to eat olives.

An Old Healer. Miss Prynce—I wonder why they always call ships "she"?

Mr. Flynn—Because they are all craft.

Hard Lines. She—Last night I dreamt we were at Saratoga and stopping at one of the finest hotels.

He—Don't talk that way. Money is so scarce nowadays that we can't afford to even dream of going to Saratoga.

Getting Over the Difficulty. "Such a pity it isn't a girl!" said the elderly and rich maiden aunt as she looked regretfully at the infant.

"I have no namesake in your family, you know," said the young girl.

"Aunt Minerva," exclaimed the poor relation, eagerly, "we will give the boy your name with a masculine termination and call him Minervons."

A Lucid Explanation. "Yes," says the Colonel, "little drops of water" and "little grains of sand" are naturally associated with each other.

It takes the one to drink the other, you know."

There Are Quarts and Quarts. Elder Berry—How much are these black-caws a quart, deacon?

Deacon Sanders (the grocer)—Twelve cents. Elder Berry All right, deacon. Here, I've brought a quart measure along to get 'em in. Deacon Sanders—Well, Elder, I'll have to charge thirty-six cents for that full.

She Could Talk About Something Else. Irate Husband—For heaven's sake, can you talk about something beside dresses?

Wife—Certainly, my dear. You ought to see the bonnets they are making nowadays at Smith's. I stepped in to-day and saw a beautiful thing in pink for only \$37, and others were of course a good deal more expensive. A \$50 gown just took my eye, but I thought I wouldn't get one that cost as much as that before I saw you. Of course I can talk about something besides dresses, you dear old hubby.

How many precious gems have you, dear mother?

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THE MYSTERY OF CENTRAL PARK.

BY NELLIE BLY.

Penelope Howard, a wealthy girl, agreed to marry Richard Treadwell, providing he solves the mystery of a young woman whom they find dead on a bench in Central Park. In searching for the girl, Richard enters Central Park in time to save Dido Morgan from throwing herself into the reservoir. Dido tells him her home, where Dido lives with Margaret Williams, Richard's sister. Lucille, has been missing for two weeks. Richard undertakes to find her. He enters the Hoffman Home to write a note to Dido, and a gentleman informs him that he is Richard's being shadowed. Richard thanks him and hands the stranger his card, which violently agitates the unknown stranger.

CHAPTER VII.

"Isn't the matter of likes and dislikes a strange thing?" Dick asked, refilling the glasses which stood by his and Dido's plates. "This is very good wine, don't you think? Let me help you to some Spaghetti. I have often wondered why at first meeting we conceive a regard for some people and a dislike for others.

MRS. PYTHON GONE.

Her Snakeship Believed to Be no Longer Among the Living.

Variegated Scales Found in the Denmark's Bilge Water.

Capt. Rigby and the four engineers on board the National Line Steamship Denmark have continued their search in the ship's stokehold for the elusive Mrs. Python, who, as every one supposed, had concealed herself somewhere in the hold.

They got down as far as the bilge, without finding any trace of the fugitive. All the dark corners were carefully examined with a candle light, and even the entrails of the donkey engine, where her royal snakeship was last seen, were thoroughly illuminated, but no Mrs. Python showed up.

There were plenty of rats, and Engineer Buxter stoutly maintained that if Mrs. Python had any brains at all she would have stopped between decks and set up a permanent establishment. She could have had all the fat, juicy rats she wanted, and there was no reason why she shouldn't have been comfortable there for the rest of her natural life.

If she had behaved herself properly, the engineers and stokers would have been very glad of her society during the long, tedious voyage.

Engineer Gillespie wouldn't have been unwilling to make a pet of her, though he admits that her first visit to the engine-room rather rattled him for the moment. He has been working so long, however, down in the stuffy, narrow room in momentary expectation of seeing her poke her head up through some hole in the floor, that now he has become quite used to the sensation, and has for some time just only been anxious to realize his anticipations.

It seems, however, that the hopes of the engineers, as well as the captain's, are doomed to be dashed. Discoveries were made this morning which lead Capt. Rigby to revise all his previous theories and accept the proposition that Mrs. Python is no longer among the living.

When the bilges were examined and no signs of Mrs. Python could be found a bucketful of the bilge-water was pumped up and put in the hands of the ship's chemist for analysis.

The analysis announced this morning that he has met with a very striking find. The find is nothing more nor less than a number of small triangular scales of variegated and assorted colors.

Further analysis showed that such scales are only produced on the backs of pythons born and reared on the west coast of Africa, and in view of this proof Capt. Rigby feels that he must accept the evidence of Mrs. Python's death as conclusive.

She must have got down into the bilge water and drowned, and as the scales could only have been washed off after advanced decomposition had been reached she must have died very soon after she paid her last visit to the engine-room.

What has become of her remains is a mystery, but the theory that she may have been washed out through the big steam pumps in sections and gone to feed the slugs and snails on the way overboard is a plausible explanation of her complete disappearance, with the exception of her scales.

The latter may therefore be taken as certain evidence of her painful and untimely demise, and though the engineers and stokers on the Denmark cannot help feeling a sense of relief now that the long suspense and uncertainty is over, the loss of so charming a companion fills them with profound and lasting regret.

His Daily Teak. She—Do you think me daily? He—I should sneaker, my dear little sugar-coated angel. Think of you daily? You let; and now that the days are longer, I sometimes think of you twice a day.

A New Definition. Teacher—Now, my young friend, can you tell me what memory is? Master Tommy after a moment's hesitation. Please, sir, memory is what you forget with.

How to Get There. First Stranger (in Boston)—Can you tell me how to reach Washington street. Second Stranger—That's just where I want to go. Let's work together. You go south and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet.

HEARD IN THEATRE LOBBIES.

Bits of Gossip Regarding Footlight Favorites.

Rehearsals of Kiralfy's New Spectacular Play, "Antiope," to Begin To-morrow. Booth and Medjeska Begin Their Tour Sept. 30—Denman Thompson Inspects the Academy Alterations.

Bootsy Kiralfy is happy at last. He will be in his element to-morrow when regular rehearsals of "Antiope" begin at Niblo's. He has already called for his corymbes and his extra ladies. Until he is with them his life is a blank. The stage at Niblo's is being altered, and a fire wall is in process of construction. Preliminary rehearsals of "Antiope" have been going on at Niblo's for some time.

Miss Kate Cinton received all the "in-jerms" in town yesterday. Miss Kate Fulkler's place had to be filled. In the language of the immortal bard, she had left Miss Clayton "in a hole." Miss Clayton was particularly anxious to secure Edie Shannon, who appears to be in demand. But Miss Shannon was not to be had.

Patrice on Broadway with a very pink dress and a very white dog, is really a companion picture to Vernon, whose attire has already been pathetically discussed in these columns. Patrice isn't going to contribute to "Lost in New York" just now. Her place in this warty drama is to be filled by Miss Lottie Ater, who last season was the discoverer of talent. Miss Vernon's Jarbeau, lid.

Booth and Medjeska open their joint tour Sept. 30 in Pittsburg. Thence they go to Cleveland, after which they appear, Oct. 14, at the Broadway Theatre for eight weeks, opening in "Hamlet." Otis Skinner has been engaged to play Laertes. Skinner is another ex-Palyte who is in demand. Edie Shannon and Otis Skinner are eagerly sought for on account of their daily training.

Little Gertie Roman, the child now playing in "The Burglar," was discovered in New Orleans. That sounds rather like an answer to a primer question, but Gertie is becoming great, in every sense.

Denman Thompson, with his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets and a sweet, enigmatic smile on his face, surveyed the arrangements being made at the Academy of Music for the revived "Home, Sweet Home." He couldn't rest at Swanzy, N. H., but was obliged to rush to the city to see how things were going. Mr. Thompson had a very energetic conversation with young Business Manager Constock.

What the managers told him more truth? he asked, looking at Mr. Constock paternally.

"Where would you be if they did?" queried Constock in Irish brogue.

"Much better off," says Uncle Joshua's reply. "If business managers told the truth I hold that we should go on by it. The time will come, Mr. Constock, when you'll never put a lie in it."

In that case, "reverted the imperious Alexander, "I shall have you with others at my feet begging just to come to see that the thirty-dollar audience packed the house. You will beg me to do it just for once, and I shall refuse."

Mr. Thompson was quieted. "Well," he grumbled, "when you are an old man like me you will see that there is nothing like the truth. You'll have had enough of the other thing."

"I hope so," was the answer made in the sanguine tone of a tank-hoed holder. Denman Thompson says that Manager E. G. Gilmore is the coldest man he ever met in all his life; that he must carry a piece of ice in each pocket, and another piece on his head.

Miss Lillie Grubb has just returned from Cape May. She is much better looking and her voice is as good as it ever was. Miss Grubb has designs upon next season, but won't tell what they are just yet.

Miss Minnie Radcliffe has been engaged to play the part of Desdemona in the No. 1 Little Lord Fauntleroy company. Mr. Sanger has reserved the right to transfer Miss Radcliffe to other attractions should he deem that course advisable.

There is glory for British Thespians. At the garden party given at Marlborough House recently by the Prince and Princess of Wales Henry Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Beer, John Lee, and J. L. Toole were present.

Manager Josh Hart, of the Theatre Comique, Harlem, says that he isn't a bit afraid of competing in Harlem. He has looked some excellent attractions for next season, and fifty new theatres won't interfere with his business.

Business Manager Jessel, of the Agnes Herndon company, has devised a novel scheme for advertising. He offers a prize of \$25 for the greatest number of words that

BREEDING WILD ANIMALS.

Central Park the Habitat of Many Rare Species.

Lions, Tigers, Buffalo, Antelope, Camels, and other wild animals are being bred in Central Park. The animals are being bred in Central Park, and the results are being reported.

There are three little animals in Central Park which were born there—a baby seal and two young nyctalus or African antelope.

The little seal, in his tank of fresh water, if he lives to old age, will never see the rocks in the salt Pacific. The nyctalus will never roam over the great plains and the dark continent. Clarence has made Central Park their habitat.

Many of the strange wild animals from distant climes and countries in Central Park were never of Manhattan Island. They were born in the Park. The two wild African buffalo, with their huge bulk and their heavy horns, are in a covelet, downward-looking, looking like the animals which one sees in the pictures in Livingston's books of travel, never were in Africa. They were born and bred in Central Park. Yet the stranger who looks at them thinks of them as fighting lions, charging exploring parties and tossing negro carriers in the wilds of Africa.

The herd of four lions in the pen next the African buffaloes never saw the great Western plains. They were born and raised in the Park, and two of them are majestic animals, who would be their fate in the far west, the American Buffalo would not be coming extinct in Central Park, but, in the country, are rapidly increasing.

The herd of four lions, of which one is a sacred bull, two sacred cows and a sacred bull—never drank out of the Ganges, and never were driven to a cart by a deity, and were never in India, for all of them were born and raised in Central Park.

The two great white Bactrian camels, which were bred in the Park, were born and raised in the Park, and were never driven to a cart by a deity, and were never in India, for all of them were born and raised in Central Park.

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THEY EXPECT TO LIVE FOREVER.

A Curious Pair of Recluses in a Back Township in Indiana.

There are many curious people in the world, and one meets them in unexpected places, says the Indianapolis Journal. A traveler found a couple a few days ago in Parke County, this State. They are a father and daughter, the former an illiterate, hard-working man, past fifty years old, and the latter a quiet, intelligent girl, who, since the death of her mother, keeps house for him. They are recluses and religious enthusiasts.

The man, without ever having heard of Christian science, claims to be a Christian scientist. He never takes medicine, but cures all ordinary ills by faith. "Once," he says, "I accidentally cut off my big toe. The wound healed in one day without the aid of any medicine, but cold water, which I poured on it, and on the second day I wore my boot. On the eighth day it was entirely healed."

He and his daughter expect to live always in the flesh. They hold that faith is a sufficient defense against death. Asked why Christians die, the man replied: "Because they choose to die, and have not faith in the fact that, if they chose, they might live forever without dying. The devil is the only decomposer. Many Anns, I expect to be among the 14,000 spoken of in Revelation as living."

In regard to food, they observe the Moslem law, and quote chapter and verse readily. They do not eat meat of any kind, nor anything that grows on the ground, but eat fruits, nuts, herbs, and the seed of trees. They eat Irish potatoes, but eschew sweet potatoes because they grow on a vine. They call the Irish potato a part of the tree, and eat it as a fruit. They eschew beans because they are annual, and tomatoes because they are the fruit of a herb. Nuts are forbidden, because they are the seed of a tree. In their solitary life they nurse these curious vagaries as religiously as if they were important principles, and are healthy and long-lived.

First a Pigmy—Anon a Giant. We are too apt to regard a small animal such as we would some pigmy, unimportant as aspect and praiseworthy, but incapable of serious mischief. We ignore the fact that it grows prodigiously, strengthens in proportion and begins to prey. A fit of indigestion, a slight ailment, a cold, a sensation of unrest and languor when the system should have been relaxed by rest, sleep, unaccountable nervousness, irritability of the kidneys or bladder—what are these but the precursors of obstinate and serious bodily disturbance? In either of the above emergencies, common sense and experience unite in indigestion. Hysterical stomach Bitters as the best preventive. Particularly should its use be experienced when the lamper, yarning, chilliness down the back, and nervousness that precede a malarial attack, manifest themselves. In malarial chills, stomach Bitters. Don't neglect it. So with constipation and debility.

IF YOU ARE TIRED TAKING THE LARGE amount of medicine, get Dr. Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some of them. A man can stand everything.

AMUSEMENTS. MANHATTAN BEACH. PAUL'S LION AND TIGERS OF POMPEY. A BRILLIANT SCENE. NIGHTLY REHEARSALS AT 8 P. M. WEST BRICHTON CASINO. CONEY ISLAND. CASINO OPERA COMPANY in Grand Seaside Revival at PINAFORE. MISS ANNE LEAF, Prima Donna. ADMISSION FREE.

THE BRIGANDS. CASINO. PALMER'S THEATRE. A CLOVEY CLOVEY. MATINEES SATURDAY. MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. THE SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2. BURGLAR. EVENINGS AT 8.30. BROADWAY THEATRE. COR. 41ST ST. FRANK'S WILKINS. IS A COMIC OPERA SUCCESS. KOSTER'S BROTHERS' CONCERT HALL. MATINEE 10 A. M. WED. and SAT. MONTE CRISTO JR. NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD. THEISS'S. NEW MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRA. REV. GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN. PSYCHOIC. DOCKSTADTER'S MINSTRELS. EDEN MUSEE. TERRACE GARDEN. 19th Ave. EDISON'S.

THE MYSTERY OF CENTRAL PARK.

Richard Treadwell, a wealthy girl, agreed to marry Richard Treadwell, providing he solves the mystery of a young woman whom they find dead on a bench in Central Park. In searching for the girl, Richard enters Central Park in time to save Dido Morgan from throwing herself into the reservoir. Dido tells him her home, where Dido lives with Margaret Williams, Richard's sister. Lucille, has been missing for two weeks. Richard undertakes to find her. He enters the Hoffman Home to write a note to Dido, and a gentleman informs him that he is Richard's being shadowed. Richard thanks him and hands the stranger his card, which violently agitates the unknown stranger.

At another table were two little men, children in form and voice, who made a great display of their mustaches and diamonds. They could barely see over the table when standing, but she judged them very great persons indeed from the way in which the proprietor had rushed to assist them to their places.

A girl came through trying to sell some budding assorted flowers, and a black and yellow bird in a cage high above their heads thrusts his long beak and head through the wires and, impudently twisting his head to see what was taking place below him, gave vent at intervals to a shrill, defiant cry. Meanwhile Richard was absorbed in Penelope Howard's letter.

"Dear Richard," she wrote, "I am glad to say our prolonged visit has drawn to a close, and to-morrow we return to dear old New York and Dick. I wonder how much we have been missed. You cannot imagine how anxious I am to see you. I feel sure that you are ready to tell me all about the poor dead girl."

"You can't imagine how I feel about her. When I go to bed at night and close my eyes I can see her again living before me, her masses of golden hair, her pretty little hands, their fingers something about Clara's Washington property. Clara confessed to me that the report which she published a while ago concerning her engagement was true. You remember one of us credited that time. Well, it is true and the wedding is to be celebrated privately on the 7th. Antiope is to go, and I promised Clara I would be there. Will this not be rather a blow to your friend Chauncey Osborne?"

"Her fiance, I believe, is quite unknown in our set. You know how very peculiar

engagement, although I had forgotten the whole occurrence; and Dick returned to his dinner.

"I think it is useless to hunt for Maggie's sister any longer," said Dick to Dido as they resumed their dinner. "We have made a pretty thorough search of the resorts where I thought we were likely to meet her. I confess I am disappointed. I was sure we would run across her somewhere. Do you think it is at all possible for you not to recognize her?"

"No, indeed. I'd recognize Lucille Williams anywhere," Dido replied earnestly. "My private opinion—don't tell Maggie—is that she tired of her family and home and that she took herself to better quarters and means to keep them in ignorance of her whereabouts, fearing they would ask her to give towards their support."

"I hardly think Lucille was as heartless as that," thoughtfully replied Dido. "She was vain and fond of dressing, but I don't think she would be so mean as that."

"What were her habits?" asked Dick. "Habits? What she did regularly? Well, she used to go to Coney Island and Rockaway and such places in the summer with some boys she met in the places she worked, but after she got work in the office at the factory where we worked she got very steady and she wouldn't go out with anybody any more. The nights she went out she went to do extra work."

"How did she get along with your employer? You gave me the impression that he was very kind," Dick said inquiringly. "Oh, Lucille got along splendidly with him. I always thought he was horrible, but she never said anything about him. She was very easy natured