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NEW YORK OFFICE-350 FULTON ST. HARLEM-News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST. ADVERTISEMENTS

THE HONORS OF MOTHERHOOD.

The Evening World is desirous of ascertaining what mother in the metropolis and vicinity is entitled to the proud distinction of having the largest number of living children, and has offered prizes with that end in view.

The term "proud distinction" is used advisedly, for so it is. The dignity of motherhood is an exalted one. That woman who has reared a large family is the central figure in a group, the possibilities of whose achievements are without limit, and whose possible value to the Republic cannot be estimated.

The selfishness of the age is tending to small families. Especially is this so with the ultra-feminists, who selfishly shirk the responsibilities of maternity in order that, unhampered by home cares, they may chase elusive pleasures. Such women do their duty neither to themselves, nor to society, nor to the Republic. They neglect, in fact, both duty and happiness.

Throned mistake ideas of thrift also are the cause of the home circle is often restricted. The economic objections to a large family are greatly exaggerated, and in a broad sense are quite fallacious. Investigations, indeed, would probably not show that parents with large families are less prosperous on the whole than those with none or but a single heir.

Nature has wisely provided that before a family can become inordinately large the first born is of sufficient age to render material assistance. In this way a large family soon becomes armed against the world at many points and with numerous sources of income.

The Evening World believes in large families, and that's why it wants to honor the mothers who have reared them.

THEY WOULD LIKE TO BE EXPOSED.

The Postmaster General says that our city Post Office is a dreadfully unhealthy place, and that the mortality among employees is scandalous. This is startling intelligence. 'Tis true that a remarkable death rate among Post-Office attaches will be news to many. The prevailing idea has been that those who got a place in that establishment were good sayers.

If the Post-Office is such a disease-breeding place it is astonishing how many there are who are anxious to expose themselves to its pestilential atmosphere. Mr. WANAMAKER avers that foul odors exude from the basement. Well, why not clean it out?

It is to be surmised that this thrilling story of "our beloved JOHN" is merely an effort to scare off the horde of office-seekers. But it will not work. The hungry sportsman is not such a timid crea-ure.

THE SHOW ON THE ROAD.

The aggregation of "lightning calculators," comprised of experts carefully selected from the two rival electrical clans, the Westinghouse and Edison corporations, which has been holding the boards in this city for several weeks, is billed to appear at Buffalo tomorrow. The play presented is called "Kemmle's Appeal." Like most of the dramas of the present day, you don't get much idea of the plot of the play from its title. It is what might be called a comic tragedy.

While in this city the "star" was a dog called "Dash," whose role was to wag his tail to show that electricity doesn't kill. We understand that "Dash" does not accompany any troupe to Buffalo. It is the intention, probably, to secure a local dog to do the act.

It is a great show, and is displayed regardless of expense.

THE CHILDREN'S "UNCLE."

The last Legislature enacted a law intended to estrangle children from that, in one sense, dearest of all friends of mankind, the pawnbroker, commonly known as "Your Uncle." It was a wise piece of legislation.

To children the ability to procure desired pennies which the financial condition of their parents did not warrant offered a constant temptation to petty pilfering which was certain to result in their eventual ruin. It is gratifying to note that the law prohibiting the pawning of goods by children under sixteen is to be vigorously enforced. The arrest of two pawnbrokers yesterday for violation of this new statute should serve as a warning to others.

A Difficult Job.

A negro minister once observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows: "My very obstinacies brethren, I find it no more easy to preach to you than it is for a grasshopper to wear knee buckles."

KINDLY DONORS.

Willing Hearts and Hands Swell the Free Doctor Fund.

This Hot Weather Brings Much Suffering to the Poor Babies.

Nell Nelson Describes the Mulberry Street Hovel.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Table listing names and contribution amounts for the Sick Babies' Fund. Includes Mrs. Dugler, Mrs. Mootz, Mrs. Barthelemy, etc.

SEND THEM TO DR. FOSTER.

In response to many inquiries it may be again stated that all baby clothes and other contributions (excepting money) should be sent to Dr. M. L. Foster, Chief of the Doctors' Corps, 30 West Thirty-fifth street, who will see that they are placed where they will do the most good.

\$2 65 Collected in Jersey.

The amounts collected are small, but I think it a good movement. Collected by Mrs. Dugler, 253 Washington street, Jersey City.

From a Baseball Crank.

Herewith I send you \$2 for the Sick Babies' Fund. By 'sick babies' I do not mean our so-called Baseball Giants, although it seems to me that the term would fit them well enough—they are sick enough and babies, too, for when we want to see the game of ball of late we go over to Brooklyn, where they play to win.

Prize for the Work.

Inclosed please find 25 cents for Babies' Fund. I will endeavor to send 10 cents per week for this, and may God bless your noble work, not forgetting the little address and dear Nellie, who is right when she says there are noble hearts on the stage. I have no babies, but my heart goes out to them, and many a lonely hour I spend wishing I had one to love.

Oh, Yes! It All Helps.

Please accept the enclosed dollar in behalf of those who may need it the most. I wish it was larger, but it may do some poor little baby some good.

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Hubbs, 50 cents; Elsie N., \$1; Freddie Tombs, 50 cents; Marion Tombs, 50 cents; Eleanor, 50 cents; Nannie, 50 cents.

Her Sympathy Aroused.

My heart has been touched several times, constantly reading of the suffering of the little babies. I herewith inclose \$1, wishing it was more, and gladly hoping it will help to make some little soul happy.

Their Spending Money.

Inclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. This is our spending money. We will send more if we can.

Little Emma's Collection.

Please accept the enclosed amount of 60 cents, which I collected for the Sick Babies' Fund. Mamma, 10 cents; Mrs. Hughes, 10; Butcher, 5; Emmet, 5; Mrs. Fisher, 10; Mrs. Richardson, 10; Mrs. Rogier, 10.

A Restaurant Collection.

Inclosed please find \$6 for poor sick babies, contributed from the Crematorium, 262 Bowery, New York, July 29.

Collected by Long Branch Children.

Among the many interested readers of the good work done by the corps of free physicians among the poor babies are the children of the guests of the United States Hotel at Long Branch. Their interest and sympathy took a more substantial shape last Saturday, when the little toddlers organized themselves into a collecting corps and went among their parents and friends asking contributions for the Sick Babies' Fund.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

Long Branch, N. J., July 27, 1890. We are having a good time here and are sorry to hear that there are so many poor sick children in the city of New York. We have made a collection of \$28.80, which we send to help along the good work of your Sick Babies' Fund.

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merchants about the weight I made her acquire.

"Buying my dinner," she told me. "Five cents for all. I got some bread home. I am always happy when I can get a broth."

"I wish you could have seen the paper of scraps she called 'meat' and for which she had paid two cents.

No, you would gape for pity and marvel how she could be happy, or how any one, not a magician, could make soup of such material.

There may have been half a pound of flies included, most of it skin clipped from joints, clumps and steak, and I doubt if the meat all told would have filled a tablespoon.

In the most delicate way I knew how, I invited myself to her house, an honor she extended with much reluctance.

Mulberry street, she entered the hall door, the child still lying heavily across her shoulder, and I followed her up the long, narrow stairs, past foul-smelling sinks, past open doors, where naked children and half-naked men and women were lying about the floor, past quarrelsome old hags, past filth, sickness, squalor, vice and the most abject, despicable condition to which poverty can descend.

We made a bed for the tiny, yellow-haired child near the window, sent for milk, crackers and soup, made a warm bath into which we craved her, scrubbed her brown, bare little body several shades lighter, gave her all the hot milk she could drink, and before we had the bath removed she was fast asleep.

"Would you like me to send a doctor to you to-morrow?"

"No-o-o."

"Why not?"

"Don't want him; have no money. Without pay a doctor is a brute. None shall experiment on my child while I live. When my husband gets work we will get a doctor."

"And until then?"

"Until then I can only leave her to the Lord's care, the only refuge of misery."

I gave her \$2 to buy a pair of shoes for herself and 50 cents for milk. To-morrow an EVENING WORLD physician will visit her and put the frail child under treatment.

There are some joys too keen for endurance, and hers was one of them. She took the money to the window, examined it closely, kissed it, squeezed it between her rough hands, danced about me with the graceless antics of a child, and, opening the door, called over the banister: "Marie, Marie, come here quick!"

Fearing she was going to have a fit of some kind I left her, but she followed me downstairs to the next floor, where a crowd began to gather that called attention from the hysterical mother.

Every woman had a child in her arms, and each was in need of victuals and medical aid. As the women stood open-mouthed and eyes-wide, listening to their excited neighbor, two infantile stomachs turned somersaults, but all the notice taken by the rossips was to step aside. Three young children in arms had whooping cough, one was suffering from bronchitis and five were recovering from cholera infantum.

Within the range of his mournful bleat is the home of Camilla, but she will not live there long, nor any place else terrestrial. Camilla came upon the scene three months ago, and ever since has had to look hours with fate. In all the white tents that Artist Whistler ever essayed not one could match the livid white in the distorted little face, punched here and there by the icy fingers of Death.

We found the stony mother sitting by the crib watching the ebbing life, for the babe is wasting away from sheer inanition. The mother, poor soul, is as thin as a rafter, and so ignorant that it never occurred to her to feed the child. With an outlay of \$1.25 we procured food for mother and child, and had her go to Dr. Foster's office for clothes and treatment. An effort will be made to have the fainting babe admitted to a floating hospital.

After dismissing Alice I started for home, followed by a shoal of ragged, watiful-eyed children.

"Say, please gim me something, won't you?" "I'm skinny, look at me."

"I'd die, have no brekfast; won't you gim me a penny?"

When I asked the hungry little mob what was wanted the answer was: "Milk."

And milk we got in a Baxter street grocery store. There were only two glasses in the establishment, but to us matters the accommodating proprietor brought a glass sugar-bowl and creamer from his own private table so that four empty little stomachs could be supplied at once. A pound of sugared elephants gives each mile of mid-trot a bagful, and an excuse for the wildest liability, that the shopkeeper takes the trouble to squelch. The little gutter snipes seater as soon as they leave the store, and I am refreshed by the sense of their satisfaction.

The bill is 82 cents—think of that!—for a dozen cups of sweet milk and a pound of sugar, but I have nothing but vacancy and a cat flicket in my purse. I give the proprietor an order for the amount on the city editor, but he doesn't like the medium, and for a time it looks as though I would be held as hostage by the swarthy merchant.

After a great deal of gesturing and dislocated English we come to an understanding and a separation as well, and when I get to the corner there is the plethoric doctor, reinforced by at least thirty babies, boys and girls, the eldest not more than eleven, who follow me to the car-steps, and tug at my dress and beg for just a penny.

It Was a Matter of Business.

Country Magistrate generally, to complainant: Oh, boys will be boys; I wouldn't prosecute 'em, if I was you. That cut over y'r eye will soon heal, and ye know they wouldn't 'a' stoned ye if ye hadn't got mad when they saw ye. Jest remember ye was a good deal of a drunk when ye was out and Magistrate's wife (rushing in)—Silas! Silas! Them boys is in our orchard again! Magistrate (darting up)—Consarn 'em! Where's they doggin'?

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Roune de Bout—What's the matter with Upson Downes? Hyand Lowe—Got the liver complaint? Roune de Bout—Liver complaint, how's that? Hyand Lowe—Can't pay his butcher's bill.

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are men to her. My sister and I are the only folks who go near her."

Notwithstanding the heat my blood freezes when we enter the flat. You couldn't call it a room, but a cell, with its dungeonic iron-grated windows, where a woman has with gasping mouth, burning skin and roving, restless, piercing eyes, that seem begging with their terrible brilliant gleam for bread. About her bloodless face her hair hangs in strings; the sunken cavities in her chest are deeper than the thickness of her cinched hand, and the unwhisked skin—there is no flesh on her body—is crackled with the fever heat that is slowly consuming her life.

Her name is Marie. Last March her baby died and she has lain on that miserable pallet ever since and prayed for death.

"You took her to the hospital, but the two-year-old boy could not come and she refused to be separated from him. The old father does the housework, minds the child, and from such bounty as the poor can render makes broth and tea for the helpless wife. There is a boy of ten and another fourteen, whose combined earnings barely pay the rent for the dilapidated flat. It would make your heart sick to see the plank on which the older one sleeps—a couple of rag-lags forming the mattress and an old coat the pillow.

I gave the mother \$2.50 for food, sent the child a package of cereal and a jar of clothes, and Dr. Hepper, of the staff, who speaks Italian, will visit the family and do what he can for the dying mother and her neglected child.

Coming down the debilitated stairs we met a woman who might have posed for the Mater Dolorosa, she is so beautiful in her sadness. In one arm she carries a waxen-faced babe of nine months, and—"Oh, God! he is sick that I must starve to mind him"—while half a dozen clumsy winter cloaks burden the other.

"I get eight cents apiece for them. Now I can't finish more than seven in a week." Fifty cents for milk makes her eyes shine with celestial fire, and we climb up the main building to the top floor, through more dust, mildew-damps, odd smells and destitution than you, gentle reader, ever dreamed of.

To see with your own eyes and scent with your delicate nostrils this clammy, wretched abode would take away your appetite, much of your peace of mind and all your pocket-money.

But horrible as their surroundings the misfortunes of the innocent little children are doubly so. Exposure has dwarfed many of the tender bodies, hunger made them wizen-faced, abuse made them suspicious and continued sickness and neglect made them old almost before infancy had passed.

It would take a column just to mention the ills and names and needs of the poor Alice and unhappy little creatures to whom Alice led me. But I must allude to a hapless kid that we found at the head of the third story, tied to the lower hinge of the door and pastured in a black space less than a yard square. It's well for the poor prisoner that he's short lived.

Within the range of his mournful bleat is the home of Camilla, but she will not live there long, nor any place else terrestrial. Camilla came upon the scene three months ago, and ever since has had to look hours with fate. In all the white tents that Artist Whistler ever essayed not one could match the livid white in the distorted little face, punched here and there by the icy fingers of Death.

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