The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 30.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION
(Including Postage).
PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,206

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., NEW YORK.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

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. Through her reflected influence she wields a mighty power.

The selfishness of the age is tending to small families. Especially is this so with the ultra-fashionable, who selfishly shirk the responsibilities of maternity in order that, unhindered 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.

Through mistaken ideas of thrift also the size of the home circle is often restricted. The economic objections to a large family are greatly exaggerated, and in a broad sense they 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. The most onerous period in the rearing of a large family of reasonable wants comes at a time when the parents are usually in the health and vigor of early life and most competent to provide for their children.

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. That there is 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 stayers.

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 spoilsman is not such a timid creature.

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 "Kemmler'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 rôle was to wag his tail to show that electricity doesn't kill. We understand that "Dash" does not accompany the 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 estrange 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.

[From the Celestial City.]

A negro minister once observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows: "My very obstinacious brethern, I find it's no more use 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 Hovels.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	3,152.29
Long Branch Children	28.85
Mrs. J. A. Shannon	6.00
J. L. M.	1.00
C. V. T.	.25
E. A. Jones	.60
Snyder Street Babies	5.00
Mrs. Dengler	2.65
Mamie	1.00
Arthur and Ada	.50
Mera Clift	5.00
Warrie and Robert Dodge	1.00
C. L.	.25
Albert D.	5.25
Agnes and Vincent	1.00
E. W. Bloomingdale	2.00
A. L. and H. W.	.01
Maggie Cullen	1.50
Beckie, Moses and Leah Shulman	.70
W. Irving Wylie	.25
Maggie Cannon, Rose Murray, Laura Brennan and Delfina Kearney	1.80
Annie, Willie, Elsie and baby	1.00
B. B. C.	2.00
Lillian Lange's collection	7.10

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, 36 West Thirty-fifth street, who will see that they are placed where they will do the most good.

$2.65 Collected in Jersey.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

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

Mrs. Dengler, 50 cents; Lulu Dengler, 10; Carrie Dengler, 10; Mrs. Bardholmes, 25; Mrs. Maas, 25; Mrs. Mootz, 10; collector, 20; Mrs. Williams, 20; Mrs. Starke, 20; G. W. Hoffman, 25; C. Feller, 10; J. Rowland, 25; Mrs. Darmer, 10; W. F., 5.

From a Baseball Crank.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

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. B. B. C.—

Praise for the Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find 25 cents for Babies' Fund. I will endeavor to send 10 cents per week after this, and may God bless your noble work, not forgetting the little actress 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. C. V. T.

Oh, Yes; It All Helps.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept the inclosed 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. J. L. M.

Midsummer Festival at Long Beach.

The ladies of the Long Beach Hotel are arranging for a midsummer festival on tomorrow evening for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund. It promises to develops into quite an affair. Mr. John T. Devine, the manager of the Long Beach hostelry, is taking a warm personal interest in the project, and the fair babies of the hot metropolis are likely to profit by the enterprise.

Another Generous Druggist.

Dr. R. A. Davis, whose pharmacy is at 1744 Lexington avenue, desires to say that upon receipt of an order signed by any member of THE EVENING WORLD'S corps of physicians he will fill at the cost price of the medicine. This applies to the Harlem district covered by THE EVENING WORLD'S doctor.

It Will Be Done.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly distribute the inclosed $3.25 as I have specified on the other side of this paper? ALBERT D., Staten Island.

Followed a Good Example.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have followed the example of other little girls and collected the following amount for the sick babies:

Lillian Lange, 25 cents; my little sister Eva, 25 cents; my brother Charles, 25 cents; Papa, 25 cents; Mamma, 25 cents; Lena, 10 cents; a cheerful giver, $2; Mr. Morrell, $1; M. W. F., $1; Mr. De la Cueva, 50 cents; Mr. Drake, 50 cents; Mr. Meyers, 50 cents; Mr. Sands, 25 cents; total, $7.10.

LILLIAN LANGE, twelve years old,
69 Washington square.

Proceeds of a Children's Entertainment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1.80 for the benefit of your Baby's Fund, this being the proceeds of a children's entertainment, given at Newark by the undersigned little girls.

MAGGIE CANNON,
ROSE MURRAY,
LAURA BRENNAN,
DELFINA KEARNEY.

Three Canal Street Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find 70 cents, contribution to the Sick Baby Fund. With best wishes for the sick children, we remain,

BECKIE SHULMAN, 50 cents,
MOSES SHULMAN, 10 cents,
LEAH SHULMAN, 10 cents.
61 Canal street.

Maggie's Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The following sums were collected by Maggie A. Cullen, 35 West Thirty-fifth street:

Miss C. E. Martin, 25 cents; A. H. Smith, 25 cents; A. Friend, 25 cents; Mr. Heff, 25 cents; Mr. Ryan, 25 cents; A Friend, 5 cents; total, $1.30.

Collected by Orange Babies.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The following is sent by the babies of Snyder street, Orange, N. J.: Lulu Burton, $1; Mary Quinby, 25 cents; Edna, 25 cents; Ruth Hubbs, 50 cents; Elsie N., $1; Freddie Toombs, 50 cents; Marion Toombs, 50 cents; Eleanor, 50 cents; Nanie, 50 cents.

Her Sympathy Aroused.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

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. MAMIE.

Their Spending Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

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

AGNES and VINCENT.

Little Emmet's Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept the inclosed 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. Rogger, 10.

EMMET A. JONES, 130 Macdougal street.

A Restaurant Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $6 for poor sick babies, contributed from the Creamerie, 262 Bowery.

Mrs. J. A. SHANNON.

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. Lawyer Mitchell Hershfield was chosen treasurer, and to him the little ones gave their collections, which, in a surprisingly short time, reached the sum of $28.75, which Mr. Hershfield sent to THE EVENING WORLD yesterday, accompanied by the following letter:

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 27, 1889.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We are having a good time here and are sorry to hear that there are so many poor sick children in the big city of New York. We have made a collection of $28.85, which we send to help along the good work of your Sick Babies' Fund. Your little friends,

Alice L. Hershfield, $1; Ione and Dannie M., 50 cents; Blanche Dalton, 50; Birdie King, 25; Rose King, 25; Martin King, 50; Ray King, 25; Clarence Spero, 25; Arthur Harold Spero, 25; Eloise Laird, 25; Lulu Van Cleaf, 50; Sydney Green, 50; Delphine Rosenthal, 25; Gertrude Rosenthal, 25; Nora Rosenthal, 25; Aimee Rosenthal, 25; Ruth Scherer, 50; Adele Mahoney, $1; Beatrice Mahoney, $1; Hortense Mendelsohn, 50; Martha Jackson, 25; Freddie Abrahams, 25; Hattie Sarner, 25; Kattie Sarner, 25; Elsie Tully, 25; H. L., 25; Stanley Weil, 50; Daisy Harburger, 25; Lulu Harburger, 25; S. G., 25; Percy Corn, 50; Baby Lucky Schwartz, $1; G. T. Payten, 50; Miss L. McCabe, 50; Herbert Kahn, 25; Bernie Kahn, 25; H. Emery, $1; Sophie Ball, 25; Fannie S. Kerngood, 25; Ed W., 50; Flora S. Kanske, 25; Helen B., 25; Jube Cohn, 25; Daisy Harburger, jr., 25; Leon Levi, 50; Florence Rosenberg, 25; Marcus E. Sterne, 50; Tillie Ender, 25; Bella Schattman, 25; Julius Schattman, jr., 25; Elsie Silverstein, 50; Bessie Denzer, 25; Flo. Denzer, 25; Florence Gleason, 25; Gertie Gleason, 25; Joe Gleason, jr., 25; Florence Baum, 25; Gustave Baum, 25; Ida Strauss, 25; Florence Rosenberg, $1; M. H. S., 25 cents; Rebecca Fox, 25; Mrs. Goldgart, for Baby, 50; J. Oppenheimer, 50; Baby Hecht, 25; Rosa Knopf, 25; Baby Kaliske, 25; Baby Feidenheimer, 25; Berry Wall, jr., 10; R. L. Knopf, $2; Frank Myers, 25 cents; Geo. Myers, 25; Florence Folsom Cleveland Stern, 50.

Please Send Us a Good Account of It.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The young boys and girls of West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, are holding a fair in the basement of 161 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Baby Fund. They are scouring the neighborhood for donations, and are meeting with great success. They called on me last evening, knowing I was in the market, and asked me to donate some fruit through the kindness of A. S. Stone, of Washington Market. He sent a fine bunch of bananas, which I hope will help to swell the fund. Long live THE EVENING WORLD. A RESIDENT OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.

IN MULBERRY STREET.

Nell Nelson's Experience in the Abodes of Misery and Sickness.

Early yesterday morning I stood on the Bowery at the Grand street crossing and waited for the doctor with whom I had made an appointment.

He was not on time, but a fellow-feeling for a delinquent softened me, and I waited for him fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty minutes, the dread of venturing through the district alone increasing my patience.

A trio of Bowery scalawags tried the effect of their leering, bleary eyes on me, and when a couple of sleepy policemen put me under scrutiny I got suspicious of my liberty. I drifted into the tide of hurrying, perspiring humanity, and moved with it towards Mott street.

At the corner I found myself so close behind a prematurely old woman that the spokes of my parasol almost touched the yellow hair of the languid child that was hung, rather than carried, across her shoulders. There was no mistaking the sickness of the little one, for its eyes were saucer set and half closed, the peaked face was limp and colorless, and with every step of the mother the small, white arm that hung over her shoulder flapped listlessly against her back.

The woman was a large, square-shouldered, large-boned, brown-skinned creature, on whom time had laid a most disfiguring hand. Hair, teeth, figure and complexion had gone back on her; her face was shrivelled with wrinkles, and hunger, want, neglect and abuse had robbed it of every trace of womanly sweetness. She was bare-headed and bare-footed, and the job lot of rags that composed her waist, apron and skirt were fringed, frayed and patched, leaving her bony neck, elbows and ankles exposed. About her throat she wore a string of blue glass beads, and big brass rings of sulien lustre filled and stretched her ears.

The child had on but a single garment, and that was shapeless, ill-fitting, untidy and uncomfortable. Her progress along Grand street was painfully slow, for while I followed her an insolent little wretch, with brittle legs and a horseshoe shirt, followed me. She looked in all the show-windows, and I thought the attractions of a pawn-shop would keep her in front of the place all the morning.

At Mott street she invested one cent in a half dozen decaying bananas, and, turning down Mulberry, entered a little basement grocery shop, in the window of which a "No Trust" blue glass sign swung.

Her purchase consisted of two cents' worth of rice, and in the dispute she had with the merchantess about the weight I made her acquaintance.

"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.

"Laugh?"

No, you would gasp 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, chops 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. At 175 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 soap, made a warm bath into which we coaxed 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."

"Why?"

"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 envious-eyed, listening to the excited neighbor, two infantile stomachs turned somersaults, but all the notice taken by the gossips was to step aside. Three young children in arms had whooping cough, one was suffering from bronchitis and five were recovering from cholera infantum.

One poor, puny thing about the color of a soapstone pencil, and but slightly thicker was wrapped up in a brown crash towel that had been brought home the night previous about a lump of ice. Another speck of mortality, born four months ago, and who was standing a very good chance of getting curvature of the spine, wore a calico diaper and a pair of bracelets made of small black beads. He had an interrogative little nose with squint eyes that seemed to grow out of the cartilage and which in no way pleased the mother.

"That's why I put the bracelets on. I *wished them* first and they will make the eyes pull out."

"Why is your baby so thin," I inquired.

"Well, I don't give it much to eat. Two times I nurse him, and if he cries he gets water. When he cries more he gets a lickin'. I am too poor to feed him. Sick? Look around here. Every baby in the hall is sick but Tommy. I'll keep on starving him, any way, he must learn to go hungry, and the younger the better."

On the pavement I make a contract with "Alice," the belle of Mulberry street, to help me find the sick babies. She is about seventeen years old, gorgeous in a pair of beach shoes and a smart little sailor hat, chews gum with an Ada Rehan kind of grace and has rare gifts as a linguist. I secure her services for the price of a pound of caramels, and she takes me to a sick child in the basement of the rear tenement of No. 172.

And of all the places in which I have ever sought misery this "double decker" is the very worst. I have to cover my face as we cross the court, for the foulness of the air is simply overpowering. A black slime coats the stones, from which the most offensive effluvia arises; nothing seems to fill the garbage barrels but flies and brown paper, but the stench is sickening, and from the open windows on both sides and all the way up unwholesome little smells pour out and roll themselves into one volume of exhalation as noxious to the senses as the plague.

From every casement opposite and adjacent lines are stretched, from which unsightly rags dangle, and in and between them can be seen the faces of troubled women and fretting children, the bare feet of idle men, the needles of starving cloak makers or the smelly little oil stove, over which the dinner of penury is cooking slowly and with more soo than sauce.

Flats in the rear house are reached by a gallery of open stairways, and in most instances the porch forms the bedroom.

Down to the basement we go, Alice in the lead, where an Italian mother is washing out the family linen in a small tub, and a much more smaller quantity of water. Bed and stove adjoin, the latter not any larger than a bootblack's outfit, while the bed is only a board resting on a couple of wooden horses.

The father has taken the child out, but he is sent for and the little one comes in, is seized with a fit of coughing that leaves the face purple and the delicate frame too weak to support itself. No food and no clothes for the child; no use to suggest an excursion, for he would not be admitted, and all we can do is to leave some money for nourishing food and an order for baby clothes from THE EVENING WORLD'S supply.

The father is paid 25 cents an hour for sweeping the streets, but there are 500 hands for each shovel and it is small use to wait for a turn. At best he says I can only make $5 or $6 a week.

"Ups aits is another sick baby," Alice says, "and you must see him. He is nearly well, but the mother is dying. For five months she has been sick. All the people are mean 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 dungeon-like iron-grated windows, where a woman lies 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 clinched hand, and the unwashed 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.

They 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 broths 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 elder one sleeps—a couple of rag-bags 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 parcel 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 so 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 cannot 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, offal 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 hungry 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 lock horns with fate. In all the white tents that Artist Whistler ever essayed not one could match the livid white in the distorted little face, pinched 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 ramrod, and so ignorant that it never occurred to her to feed the child. With an outlay of $1.25 we provided 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 famishing babe admitted to a floating hospital.

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

"Say, please gim me something, won't you?"

"I'm skinny, look at me."

"I didn't have no brekfus'; 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 has en 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 mite of misfortune a bagful, and an excuse for the wildest hilarity, that the shopkeeper takes the trouble to squelch. The little gutter snipes scatter as soon as they leave the store, and I am refreshed by the sense of their satisfaction.

The bill is 52 cents—think of that!—for a dozen mugs of sweet milk and a pound of crackers, but I have nothing but vacancy and a car ticket 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 gesticulating and dislocated English we come to an understanding and a separation as well, and when I get to the corner there is the plethoric dozen, 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.

NELL NELSON.

It Was a Matter of Business.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Fred—I say, Chet, what would you think of a man who buried two children in the morning and went to a horse-race in the afternoon?

Chet—I should think that he was the worst cuss that ever lived. Who was he?

The undertaker.

WHERE GLOVES COME FROM.

THE ANIMALS AND SKINS USED IN THEIR MANUFACTURE.

The Finest Kid Is Imported from the South of France—Very Few Dog-Skins Are Used, but Many Gloves Are Made from the Hides of Russian Horses—South America Exports a Great Many Skins.

Almost every one wears gloves. The rich wear kid gloves for a day, as they do collars and cuffs, and the poor wear them to weddings, and on other great occasions. Though people never stop to think of it, kid gloves are made from kids—that is from gamboling young goats. The little goat that kicks up its heels on the Harlem hills is, potentially, the bearer of many pairs of white kid gloves.

People who look with a jaundiced eye at trade, and have become hopeless doubters, lose confidence in gloves and say: "Oh, rat skins," or, may be, "dog-skins." Indeed, they are more likely to be cat-skins than the skins of kids.

These doubting Thomases among customers are mistaken, for goats are more numerous in Europe than they are in Harlem even. The Alps of Switzerland furnish rocks and climbing facilities for hundreds of thousands of goats.

Goats multiply rapidly. The hardy peasants live on the milk and cheese which they yield and on their meat, and, besides, they sell the skins of the young kids for tobacco money.

The finest kid gloves come from France. The kids from which they are harvested are those which are born in the Alps and come down from the mountain pasture into Southern France in the Autumn with the flocks, whose return is charmingly described by Alphonse Daudet. The kid is turned into goat chops when he is five or six weeks old, and is then a much choicer dish than spring lamb.

The village butcher kills and dresses the kid for the peasant and accepts the hide for his pay. Then they dress the skins, an art in which they are expert.

Less than half a dozen rich dealers in Europe, who, by mutual understanding, have an unincorporated Trust, buy all the kid skins as cheap as they can get them, and, when they have cornered the market, sell them for as high a price as they will fetch.

In order that the European dealers may not get rich too suddenly American dealers send over buyers who purchase the skins directly from the goatherds. Thus the foreign kid glove Trust is thwarted.

A few sceptical people have a wild and fantastic idea that kid gloves are made out of dog-skins. Well, dog-skin gloves aren't made out of dog skins. So, if there are not enough dog-skins to make the dog-skin gloves now could any be spared for the kid gloves?

It is said that in a thousand pairs of so-called dog-skin gloves about a dozen pairs are really made out of dog skin. The reason is that the hide of an ordinary dog is so thick and coarse that it baffles dressing and cannot be given a fine finish.

Rat skins cannot be used for kid gloves, because rats, unlike young goats, are very scarce. If anybody wanted to buy rat skins the supply would not be equal to the demand. On the other hand, if rat skins were a drug in the market they would be useless, because no one can make gloves out of them.

Nearly all so called dog-skin gloves are made of sheep and lamb skin. A few gloves are made of horse skin, and these cost more than kid gloves.

All the horse skins used come from Russia. The leather is a clear and beautiful white and makes the finest men's gloves. The Russians have a peculiar breed of horses and very fine leather is made from their hides.

South America exports many tanned skins of sheep, lambs and kids. The process of tanning is imperfect, however, and many of the skins are spoiled or inferior in quality.

Lamb-skin gloves are often sold for kid, and good lamb-skin is said to be superior to poor kid. The supply of kid skins is abundant and increases every year. The price of them has recently advanced 20 per cent., but this is merely temporary and is due to a corner in the covering of the buoyant and lively young goat.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison weighs 157 pounds. Baby McKee tips the beam at 19 pounds.

James Horner, the wealthy Pittsburg manufacturer, has a remarkable collection of cacti. One plant in his collection is valued at $500.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, rarely sleeps more than four hours a day. He says that when he sleeps eight hours a day, as most men do, he feels badly when he wakes up. He eats the simplest food.

George W. Carter, who is now one of the noted preachers in the South, was considered thirty years ago to be without a peer in the Southern Church. He fell from grace and spent fifteen years in dissipation. Two years ago he was converted, and he has since occupied a Southern pulpit.

A Wild Turkey Scheme.

[From the Washington Press.]

The wild turkey is a bird that has almost disappeared from the face of the earth. But it will be comforting to sportsmen to learn that there are still sections of the country where this gamesome and toothsome fowl abounds in comparatively plentiful numbers. Such is said to be the case in some parts of Mississippi. But that the record recently made by an old hunter down there is kept up, the supply will not last long. The hunter in question enticed a flock of turkeys into a lonely place in the woods by scattering corn on the ground. This operation was performed several days in succession until nineteen nice fat birds formed the habit of resorting to the place for their daily breakfast. He then laid for them, and one morning fired into the flock, killing eighteen outright at one shot. The nineteenth escaped with a broken wing. His neighbors feasted on turkeys for a week. Snakes also abound in that region, and some curious specimens are met with. The chicken snake is one of them. His habits are very peculiar. His occupation is mainly to rob the nests of innocent barn-yard fowls, and swallow eggs for nourishment. It is difficult for even a snake to digest an egg in its natural shape, and this serpent resorts to a novel expedient to assist him to perform this useful operation. After swallowing a number of eggs he climbs into the branches of a tree, or crawls to the top rail of a neighboring fence and lails off in order to break them. Another snake inhabiting that section, it is claimed, will swim across a river to bite any one it may suspect is on the opposite side.

Boys Will Be Boys.

[From Puck.]

Country Magistrate (genially, 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 sassed ye. Jest remember ye was a boy once y'rself, and——

Magistrate's Wife (rushing in)—Silas! Silas! Them boys is in our orchard ag'in!

Magistrate (darting up)—Consarn 'em! Where's my shotgun!

A Prevalent Malady.

[From Puck.]

Rowne de Bout—What's the matter with Upson Downes?

Hyand Lowe—Got the liver complaint?

Rowne de Bout—Liver complaint, how's that?

Hyand Lowe—Can't pay his butcher's bill.

DIARRHŒA and dysentery are averted during teething by MORELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

CAUGHT UP HERE AND THERE

RANDOM HAPPENINGS GLEANED BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

He Wanted to End the Dog's Sufferings, but Got Abuse for His Trouble.

There was a "yip" and a "ki-yi," and then a bleached blonde in a French gown, which showed a beautiful neck of alabaster whiteness, rushed into Park Row.

An unwary dog of limited proportions had been run over by a butcher's cart.

It was her dog.

A man in a Prince Albert coat, tennis shirt, blue silk belt and mackinaw hat rushed out, too, and delivered a vigorous kick at the dog's head.

The beautiful blonde screamed and flying before him, grabbed her pet in her arms, turned upon him and hissed, "You wretch!" while the quickly gathered crowd said, "For shame!" you ought to be kicked yourself," and other unpleasant things.

The man in the tennis suit got very red in the face and perspired dreadfully as he tried to explain that he thought the dog's back was broken and it was his humane intention to end its suffering by kicking its head off.

The woman alternately caressed the whining, moaning pup and "blossed" the kind-hearted man, and the crowd blocked the way.

The humanitarian began to look foolish just as a policeman appeared on the scene.

To him the irate female appealed and demanded that he arrest the kicker of her dog, whereat the kicker leaped on a passing street-car and disappeared, while the copper was explaining to the excited lady that as he didn't see the outrage he could not arrest the man without a warrant.

A Simple, Easy Method of Licking John L. Sullivan.

A number of sporting men stood in the barroom of the Vanderbilt Hotel the other day discussing the merits of the different prize-fighters.

One gentleman gave it as his opinion that Sullivan was invincible, and that no man in the world could stand up before him.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied a small, undersized man disdainfully. "There's only one way to lick Sullivan, and it's a very easy way at that."

"What is it?" asked the crowd eagerly.

"Why, put his face on a postage stamp," replied the small man. Every one then marched to the bar and demanded licker.

Here Are a Few Things that It Will Pay to Remember.

Here are a few miscellaneous hints, rules and facts worth remembering:

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

A box 16 inches square and 8 2-5 inches deep will contain one bushel.

One cent saved each day and put out at 6 per cent. interest will accumulate to $950 in fifty years.

Eight bushels of good lime, 16 bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

A stone, used by grocers, is equal to 14 pounds.

It takes from 1½ to 2 bushels of wheat to sow one acre of ground.

To find the amount of hay in a mow allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

A thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and 11 pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

In Demand.

[From Judge.]

Jack—I'm going back to business to-morrow. Are you sorry?

His Enslaver (earnestly)—More than I can tell you.

Jack (not contented with a fair compliment)—Why?

His Enslaver—Because we are to have a picnic to-morrow, and I did so want you to make our calves'-head sandwiches. Brother Tom has spoken of you so feelingly in connection with the subject, you know.

Fly Faker.

[From the Epoch.]

Mrs. Harpy—How did you manage to acquire such a fortune from that little pamphlet, "How to Make Dynamite?"

Mr. Sharpy—I used to offer the book, then pull out a foot section of two-inch gaspipe loaded with paper and a piece of rope in one end for a fuse, and then tell them that was how a bomb looked when finished. Everybody thought it was genuine and subscribed to get rid of me.

Quite Anxious to Accommodate.

[From the Epoch.]

Mr. Cholly (showing a lady guest about billiards)—I beg pardon, I don't think I quite understood.

Miss Julie—Teach me how to make a double kiss.

Mr. Cholly (taking out his engagement book)—With pleasure. What evening will you have me call?

The City Too Much for Him.

[From Puck.]

"Say!" he said to a clerk at the Post-Office, "I've mailed a letter that I'd like to get back, please!"

"When did you mail it?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Well, it left this office over twenty-four hours ago."

He walked away in a kind of dazed condition, and shortly afterwards was overheard asking a policeman what time he could get a train back to Philadelphia.

Killing His Pride.

[From the Chicago Journal.]

Ethel—Do you think he loves you, Nellie?

Nellie—Oh, I'm certain of it. Why, he wants to marry me so much that he has borrowed money of papa for us to get married on—a thing his proud, sensitive soul could not brook if he did not love me.

Hot Days

Have a weakening effect, causing loss of strength and a languor of mind as well as body. This condition permits the development of affections and diseases otherwise inactive. In such cases the system readily rallies under the influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, tones and strengthens the digestive organs, and infuses fresh life and energy. Try it this season.