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FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

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OUR LIFE-SAVING CORPS.

For three weeks THE EVENING WORLD'S Corps of Free Physicians have been prosecuting their labors among the woe-invalued of the tenements. From day to day the pathetic suffering found to exist among the sick children of the poor, and the methods of practical relief applied through the generosity of THE EVENING WORLD'S readers, have been graphically recited in these columns.

But the work of the corps has been so great and the territory covered by it so extensive, that the published stories have been but glimpses of the field, a spot here and there, a particular case selected from similar hundreds, merely to demonstrate the necessity of such a fund and the method by which it is disbursed. For the purpose of showing the aggregate of the work thus far done attention is called to the following figures, eloquent of practical philanthropy and wonderful results:

Number of families visited, 35,206.

Number of cases relieved by prescription, 8,988.

Number of cases relieved by clothing, groceries, money, &c., 1,340.

This is the record to August 3d. It will be several times larger before the season is over.

WHERE'S YOUR MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE?

The developments in the case of Mrs. ANNIE SHICK, who was sent to Blackwell's Island on suspicion of being a street walker, would seem to render it very necessary for people to keep their marriage certificates where they can be produced on demand. This woman, while returning from a visit to a sick child, last Friday evening, was arrested by a policeman upon the mere suspicion that she was a bad character.

Unfortunately she cannot understand the English language and found herself in jail without knowing what for. When, through an interpreter, she was acquainted with the charge against her, she protested her respectability, asserted her wifehood and had her husband brought to corroborate her. But the failure to produce the marriage certificate was thought to warrant her commitment to the island.

A few hours afterwards the certificate was produced and the innocent woman set free. It was a disgraceful case of railroadng a person to prison. But all married women who go upon the street would do well to have their certificates within reach.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

Police Capt. Eason, of Brooklyn, can withstand temptation. He has been tested and not found wanting. This characteristic of the Captain, one FOLEY, a saloon-keeper, has found out to his sorrow. He thought to blind Capt. Eason to irregularities about his grog-shop by sending him a basket of champagne and a pair of slippers. But it did not work. By the complaint of that same sought-to-be "sugared" officer FOLEY now finds himself in the soup.

That is all right. Well done, Capt. Eason! But there is a suggestion in the person of FOLEY'S. Is that the best of punishment with officers less than that? Eason? Certainly it is that in my opinion. Eason? How is it done? Well, it is done by the efficacy of champagne and slippers.

TO FISH STORY CONTESTANTS.

The editor of "The Evening World" desires the real names and addresses of the following contributors to the Fish Story Contest: B. B., X. X., X. X., Fanta Kassa, F. L., T. Y., and Texas.

Annie Hurd's Almost Fatal Poison. Annie Hurd, a housekeeping young married woman of twenty years, of No. 143 Channing street, came near losing her life last evening through an overdose of laudanum. She is held as a prisoner at Gouverneur Hospital on the charge of attempted suicide, though her friends maintain she did not take the drug with suicidal intent. Annie was married last year to John Hurd, a gay young fellow of her own age and of uncertain occupation. They were separated by domestic unhappiness, since which time she is said to have suffered from insomnia. It was for this trouble, her friends allege, that she took the drug last night.

A CONTRIBUTION OF RHYME.

Editor of the Evening World. I was an Irish-Doochman, and Carl Schneider's vat I calls me, I live sometimes in Gotham, and Most many things befalls me, Because, you see, I don't vas rich Mit plenty gold, or, maybe I might pull out a feefy bill To gift to some sick pap.

I jooft vas poor, and cannot gif Some money contribution To dem sick childrens styng mit Disorders in confusion. But Schneider scratch his bald oil head Vor something like a second, Ven suddensome Apollo come Into his sight and peckoned.

Apollo strike me on der pack Und make me hol und yellor, Und say to me mit modern Greek: "Yez dirthy, lazy fellor, It's not meassil wit patronizee The loikes ny ye as poet, Throth, can't yez write a baby poem? Git up," said he, "an' do it."

So den I gets up poofy quick, Und take my pen und paper, I gets me out der packyrid, Und sit upon der scraper, Vore I can see those childrens poor, Und hear der plaintive cryng, I vipe mein eyes—you ask me why? Vor childrens der vas dyng.

I picks me up a piece of wood To write more mit edmander, To write as well as Doochmans can, Vor Doochmans ain't vas clever; I tink some nople deet vas done Ven flood und fire had smitten, But in dot book of nople deets DER EVENING WORLD vas written.

Und underneath, in golden ink, Vich not can fade forever, Der names of von large family, Vich naught can ofer sefer; Der childrens old, der childrens young, Der all vich be reported, Und not found wanting any one Ven plensinge as assorted, Don't "hem" und "haw," mein Yankee front,

No "ifs," no "buts," no "maybes," Gif sometimes (dis-dat, cito dat), To dease poor sickly papies; Postpone, mein frent, dein lager beer, De not a full-fledged sinner; Come, drop a nickel in der slot Vor some poor papie's dinner.

Vell, vell, Herr Editor, I send Die lectie contribution, I can't do more to help der cause Of papy destitution; Some eye might read dis poem und Some heart be touched mit pity, Some hand might gif a tollar for Some papy in der city.

W. IRVING WYLLIE.

Policeman Nolan Held for Trial.

Policeman Michael Nolan, of the Grand Central Depot squad, who was held at the Yorkville Police Court yesterday on the complaint of Daniel E. Ladd, of Schenectady, N. Y., who accused him of the theft of \$3.50, was arraigned in court again yesterday for examination. Complainant Ladd testified to the facts of the case as stated in THE WORLD, and identified Nolan. The Justice held Nolan in \$500 bail for trial. Ladd, who has been in the House of Delegates since Saturday last, was accompanied by Michael Martin, a Third Avenue cigar dealer.

The Butchers' War Fight.

The butchers of Washington Market held a meeting yesterday afternoon, at which it was agreed that a committee of one from each of the business interests in the market be empowered to collect funds and take such action towards relieving the sympathy and assistance of those interested, to resist the action of Comptroller Myers in his endeavor to force the wholesale butchers to leave Washington and take up their quarters in the new case-court market.

Ready for Emergencies.

Superintendent of an Electric Railway (to a Superior for a position)—What is your name? Applicant—Wood, sir. "You want to be appointed conductor?" "Yes, sir." "Can't take you, sir." "Why not?" "Electric experts say that Wood is a poor conductor."

A Gentle Surprise.

Jones—What makes you so peevish? Smith—To-morrow is my wife's birthday, and I was deliberating how to surprise her. Jones—You can surprise her to-day if you want to. Go out to Coney Island and you will find her promenading around or eating clam chowder with your friend, old Eastloy. She will be very much surprised when she sees you out there.

A Cautious Darky.

A candidate met Uncle Moses on Austin avenue and said to him: "Be sure and come to the ward meeting to-night, and bring all your neighbors with you." "You kin jess bet dey will come erlong wit me, or I say at home myself. Dar wouldn't be a chicken left in my coop if I wuz ter go to de ward meetin' an' leff dem nabors at home."

He Will Earn His Feet.

Brown to Jones, whom he has observed to shiver—Don't you know, Jones, there is an old saying that if you shiver it is a sign that some one is walking over your future grave? Jones—Is that so? Well, he is liable to burn his feet if he keeps at it, for I have arranged to be cremated.

A Fact.

Granddaughter—Grandpa, I'm engaged. Grandfather (who has already grown childless)—I'm delighted, I congratulate you. Granddaughter—Shall I introduce you to my intended? Grandfather—No, I know enough people already.

Wink cold and diarrhea in children cured by

WORLD'S TRADING COMPANY, 25 cents.

THREE WEEKS' WORK

Thirty-five Thousand Families Visited by the Free Doctors.

Over Three Thousand Sick Children Prescribed For.

Nell Nelson Visits the Sick Babies of Brooklyn.

A Crowd of Itinerant Children Follow Her All Around.

There must be sick babies in Brooklyn.

Dr. Clark says there are, and he ought to know, as he has been working in the sister city for the past three days.

We have a cat that fairly bursts with ribs and ticklers, dresses, bed linen and petto-genie food, and we dash across the big bridge and turn into Fulton street.

The first case is the victim of rasping poverty. The mother has five little ones. She says they are not sick, but one has only to look at them to know that they are not well.

Food is needed to build up the frail bodies, gather the falling health and chase the illness from the unkenk cheeks. We make an effort in that direction with a handful of pennies and some prepared food, and with clean pillow-cases, sheets, flannel shirts, slips, shoes and dresses beautify the children and freshen the miserable straw beds.

On the pavement we pick up a pair of half-knack curly-heads, just learning to use their legs, and dress them. The costuming is a grave mistake, for in the twinkling of a wife's eye we are surrounded by urchins who fill the carriage doors with pleading hands, and the air with supplications.

"Please give me a pair of shoes," "My sister hasn't any clothes!" "We've got a baby. Won't you give me a dress?" "Can I have that book?" "Won't you please give me a box of food for my mother?" "Oh! that'll fit me. Please won't you, missus?"

One boy of ten follows us from Gold to Pearl street crying "Please give me a pair of drawers." I have nothing that will fit him, but the sadness in his eyes is too imploring to be resisted, and I find him a book, a clean collar, a handkerchief and a dime to start an EVENING WORLD route.

"Say! we got a sick baby. He's my nephew." "Well, well. Where is he?" the doctor asks. "To home." "Where's that?" "I'll show you."

We follow the chap of eight down Gold street. He is as brown as a hazel-nut, sturdy, mosquito-bitten, loquacious and picturesque in a little pair of cloth breeches that come to a stop before the scarred, scratched and dimpled knees are reached. He tells us that his name is Henry, that he lives with his married brother, and that Harry, the nephew, has been "down to the Cooney's Island."

We find Harry lying on the kitchen floor in a very bad humor. He has a fever, a bad cold and enters following teething. For the past week he has been at the seaside hospital, and when he wakened up Sunday morning and found himself in Brooklyn he showed his temper and has continued showing it ever since.

The fact is, Harry is a sick little man and ought to have another week's vacation. Dr. Clark gave him a prescription, filled out a second for his three-year-old sister Katie, who has croup, and we left them each a suit of new clothes and a box of petto-genie food.

While the doctor was examining the sick child, Uncle Henry took his nephew in his arms and sat in a disabled low chair. One of the legs gave out and the young gentlemen were spilled about the floor. Henry thought it a fine joke, and as he is Harry's paragon, uncle and nephew indulged in a big laugh. The mother and sister-in-law had no money in the house, and as the doctor was anxious to have the medicine administered at once we advanced a bit of silver to pay for it.

In the basement of the same house an unhappy family was found. The mother has taken her sick baby down on the wharf, and two young boys, nine and eleven, are doing the housework and doing it well, too.

In the doorway sits their father, just none from the hospital. He has been working in a white-lead manufactory, and for the last three months has been ill with lead colic. The home is neat and clean, but far from comfortable. We learn the needs of the baby, and a little bundle of muslin and flannel is made up with a box of prepared food as a nucleus.

In Front street we introduce ourselves to a young lady two weeks old. She lies in a cradle, tied up in a piece of ingrain carpet, with some cast-off neckties wound round and round the bundle. Nothing is visible but the little brown face, and no Esquimau child or pappoose was ever more snugly done up than this Italian woman's baby.

The father is a rag dealer, and the young mother is outlying in her industry. Every evening she overhauls the pickings of the day, and from the choice pieces clothes herself and husband, and supplies her house with cooking-towels, table-cloths and carpets, and now and then odd and elegant garments are patched or made over and sold to a clothes dealer, and in this way a mite is put by for the rainy day.

We try to have the baby unrolled and dressed in the proffered slips and shirt, but the mother will not hear of such a thing. She is nothing of an enthusiast on bathing, either, and pool-pools the doctor's theory.

"No, she is all right as she is. We mothers from the Mediterranean do not wash away our vitality. If nature intended us to duck into a tub of water morning and night we would have been born with scales or oiled feathers. This child has neither. Nor has my pussy here, so I shall keep them both out of the water, and she sleeps the sixth patch to an old merino undershirt she is endeavoring to save.

The ears of the carpet-swaddled infant have been pierced and threaded, and about the throat is a necklace of black thread to frighten away any evil spirits that may be straggling about.

The doctor leads the way into in basement where two mothers live with their little ones.

attended, owing to the threatening weather. Over 100 tickets were issued, but only 200 were available. Another excursion will start from pier 1 N. R. to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock, when unused tickets will be accepted if presented.

Will Help the Good Work.

Dr. Geo. W. Dowkott, Medical Director of the International Medical Missionary Society, at 118 East Forty-fifth street, who has just returned from abroad, writes to Dr. Foster, Chief of THE EVENING WORLD Corps, to say that his Society will gladly fill all EVENING WORLD prescriptions free of charge so far as it possesses the medicines prescribed.

NELL NELSON IN BROOKLYN.

A Crowd of Itinerant Children Follow Her All Around.

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The woman are sisters, both very poor, and their children have whooping cough. "I am a lovely laundress," the younger woman says, while the doctor fills a prescription. "Can't you help me to get work? I've just come from Connecticut, and I haven't a penny in the world. I can wash and iron anything made of cotton, silk, linen or wool, so nicely that you could not tell it from brand-new. I don't know anybody here. I have no friend but my sister, and she is as poor as I am. Oh, if you only would help me to get work, we would be so happy."

I give her a dollar; we fit her babies and her sister's little ones with dresses and underclothes, leave a can of petto-genie food for the two infants and receive an ovation of good wishes and thankfulness.

Little Italy is full of sick babies, but we find it difficult to get at them, the parents looking upon us as an auxiliary of the Health Board, an organization for which this community has nothing but contempt. We are under the chaperonage of a police reporter, who tells us he would not venture into the locality after dark without an officer.

In York street we go through a little store where the only articles of worth on sale are green peppers and bread, the rest of the stock being made up of decaying fruit. The proprietor has gathered from the gutters and garbage barrels along the wharves and markets. The roaches move about in squads and battalions across the counter and floor and across the pavement to and from the stall on the curbstone.

Back of the shop is a small yard, perhaps fifteen feet in surface, where some junk dealer has his merchandise stored. The iron-poles, kettles, stove trimmings, garden-gates, cellar railings, eadrons and what not, are stored in a small shed, and lining the inclosure are old sofas, parts of bedsteads, bottomless chairs, curtain poles, pieces of harness and machinery, odds and ends of household furniture and a small forest of timber, leaving but a small open space through which ingress and egress is made.

There are eleven rooms in the old frame building that we enter, a family in each room, and from seven to eleven persons in each family. All the rooms are tidy. Behind the cooking stoves driftwood is piled and the odor is not pleasant; there is not one bedstead, scarcely a table and no chairs in the whole of the building. Barrels serve as wardrobe, ladder, dining and carving board, rick benches of old timber furnish seats for the family, and cross-boards resting on a couple of carpenter's frames support the beds.

I am curious to account for the remarkable attitude of the beds, some of them reaching close to the smoky ceiling.

"Oh, that's nothing," a man tells me. "We are nine in family, and all sleep on the floor but my little boy. He makes the money and gets the bed."

In one house there are no beds. The father and his five little boys and girls hunt rags for a livelihood. Each has his one gunny-bag and at night it is pillow, bed and blanket for its owner. And the children are as beautiful in feature and as lovely in color as so many canoes.

There is in the rear of a York street house a baby the doctor is very anxious to see. One of THE EVENING WORLD'S physicians visited the house Saturday and prescribed for the child, but its condition then was very bad, and at the time little hope was entertained for its recovery.

Dr. Clark is repulsed at the start, and something about my clean muslin dress strikes the women as queer, and while the fit of curiosity prevails I open my satchel and find some soft pieces of linen, sent by the little girls in Plainfield. They are the genuine article, and on some monograms worked in colored and white threads still remain. There are, too, odd handkerchiefs, some worn but patchable sheets and tablecloths, and with them I buy confidence.

The women are delighted and cheerfully admit us to the kitchen where the sick child lies. A week ago he fell on the red-hot stove, and before assistance came the little brown face, both hands and arms and the front of the body, from the chest to the knees, were frightfully burned. By the merest chance an EVENING WORLD physician heard of the case and prescribed for the little sufferer.

"Let me see the ointment," the doctor requests. "We have none." "No medicine? No oil?" "Nothing," the woman says. "What are you doing for the child?" "Nothing." "Didn't the doctor leave a prescription when he left Saturday?" "Yes." "What did you do with it?" "Its lost."

And there the poor, helpless little sufferer has lain for nearly a week without food, care, treatment, or anything to relieve its agonizing pains. The head and face are clumsily bandaged in rags and around the hands and lower arms pieces of calico are pinned.

The doctor attempts to undress it, but a fierce and dangerous objection is raised. He writes out a prescription for an oil bath; we substitute clean, soft linen bandages for the rags, leave a small pile of clean clothing for the baby and go away in doubt as to the usefulness of our visit.

Two more very sick babies are seen in the same house and provided with medicine, food and clothing, but if the parents are grateful for our interest the feeling is not betrayed in our presence.

An ignorant mother in Main street would have put any other doctor in a swearable humor when she tells him: "Oh, I eat everything," and as a result the puny child at her breast is kept in a state of constant diarrhea.

One we patient in a Main street tenement has boils, no clothes and nothing to eat. The mother is still in her teens, the father unemployed and the future cloudy and uncertain. A few dimes, some medicine, a new suit of clothes, a package of prepared food and a warm, close grip of the hand make the trio better and happier for our coming.

In a tenement tailor shop we find a baby of five months with thirty-seven pounds of flesh. The doctor is perplexed. Something is wrong, for the mother is no fatter than a lath, and the little sister, who was just like baby, is a mere shadow, with scarcely strength to move about.

There are babies in our course with croup, bronchitis, consumption, sore eyes, running sores, burns and dysentery, for all of whom we find a balm and a new dress. We give a poor mother 50 cents for a trip to the beach in the hope of curing her sore eyes and

bringing the color to the cheeks of a lily white infant prostrate with bronchial trouble. All this time we have as many children following as fled before the wrath of Herod, and they will not be repulsed. They want food, clothes, pennies and attention. The doctor relents and we have a party on the pavement in front of a bake-shop. For 50 cents we get a painful lot of cookies, and seventy hungry little stomachs are appeased. After the feast the doctor opens his case of instruments and begins an open air practice. A girl of three has a rent in her eyelid. The doctor gives her a piece of florice, threads a cambric needle with white silk and takes three stitches in the little blinker.

Then he dresses a wound in a small boy's ear, puts a plaster around a sore thumb belonging to a black-eyed urchin, who gets five cents a day for minding a toddler whose mother washes for a living, and cut away a handful of yellow curls to reach a sore spot on a little girl's head. He looks at vagrant tongues, puts ointment on not less than a hundred mosquito bites that are displayed on all corners and in all sections of the human body, and with a small vial of live syrad does about a dozen children suffering from the itchy disease.

Two colicky cases are treated with peppermint and something else, five dyspeptics in blue get castor oil, three little hands are put in plaster and one swollen throat is painted with ammonia. By this time the day is far advanced, there is nothing in the crib but an empty sandbox, and as we draw off at least a hundred pair of little hands wave us a good-by.

NEEL NELSON.

ASBURY PARK TO THE FRONT.

Miss Markstein and Others Will Give an Entertainment for the Fund.

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