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THE LONDON STRIKE CRISIS.

Absolute monarchy never offered a more impressive example of one-man power than that afforded by the London strike.

With commerce rotting in the harbor and on the wharves, with a hundred thousand idle men standing about, angry and desperate, and half a million persons out of food, with the air full of threats of incendiarism and violence, London trembles before a possible riot of awful magnitude.

JOHN BURNS, Socialist, is the check upon the torrent. Upon his power to keep it for a week hangs the safety of hundreds of human lives and millions of property. Who shall say that John Burns does not wield more power in this crisis than a king?

The English dock companies, whose stubborn refusal of a just demand has brought about this crisis, deserve severe censure. Their greed is impeding order and social safety. With the whole London press and public opinion against them they are deliberately holding the match to the mine.

JOHN BURNS, the world is looking at you. Yours is the difficult task of curbing violence and upholding the law, while standing for justice to the workers. Play well your role and men will honor you.

THE JUDGES SET IT ARIGHT.

What, we wonder, does Judge BOOKSTAYER think now, of himself and his neglect, in view of the action his fellow judges took touching the FLACK case yesterday? They spoke plainly enough. Their advice to the District-Attorney to consider the matter with a view to "indictment for conspiracy, for deceit willfully practised upon the Court, or for any other criminal offense," is indicated pretty clearly that the press has been right throughout in its agitation of this disgraceful matter.

What, further, does Judge BOOKSTAYER think about Judge ALLEN's remark: "All our subsequent proceedings will be public. There has been enough secrecy in this case already. Everybody in New York can see and hear what occurs in the case, so far as the Court of Common Pleas is concerned."

His fellow judges are taking charge of Judge BOOKSTAYER's neglected business in a way hardly calculated to make him feel comfortable.

The letter of the Judges to the Bar Association of this city, too, is a judicial indorsement of the attitude of the press of this city. Now the FLACK matter is in the District-Attorney's office, whether Judge BOOKSTAYER should have sent it a week ago. Its issue, alas! rests largely with JOHN R. FELLOWS. There's the rub.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Will wonders ever cease? The Board of Aldermen has "sworn off" taking passes from the New York Central Railroad, and adopted a resolution asking the Company not to give them any. Never, never, no more. "I hold my," said Alderman PAT O'LEARY, "that the Alderman who receives such favors cannot do justice between this city and the Company."

PATRICK, you are right. What a righteous organization this Aldermanic Board of ours is getting to be!

A GLAD ANNIVERSARY.

Today Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES reaches four score. Hale, hearty old philosopher; genial poet, whose writings smack of human sympathy; good man, whose cheery years are a lesson to youth and a consolation to mankind. His sturdy age is a fine example of his wise philosophy.

One service alone should endear him to New England hearts—that he has softened the severities of Puritanism and given scope to the mirth-loving, life-loving instincts that underlay the deep crust of dogma in New England nature.

WHERE WILL IT END?

What else wouldn't John Bull like? To own our breweries wouldn't do. He proposes now to store away in his capacious maw our iron and steel industries. Already several big American companies have been robbed up, and now an English proposition is submitted to buy out the Thomas Iron Company, for five millions.

By and by Mr. Bull will be wanting to buy our World's Fair, and pay us a salary for running it.

The people in charge at Government Hospital, who buried JAMES HAMILTON in the Pottery's Field, and sent no information of his death to his family, whose address was on the hospital books, or to the hotel whence they had received him, ought to be made to answer for their extraordinary neglect.

Now, somebody hold young WILLIAM, of Germany. The Serbian papers threaten a Servian invasion of Bulgaria. Is the war cloud about to burst over Europe? If it is that bellicose youth will be out to meet its food.

The BROWN-SQUARD elixir seems to have died very soon from old age. It lived two weeks in popular esteem. To live forever is what some people want. If the "elixir of life" is a mere tonic they prefer whiskey.

Now, Glants, we want to see you win three straight games and put yourselves where you belong.

A WATERMELON EAT SUFFERING BABIES.

Contest Between Two Negroes at Steve Brodie's Place.

The Melons Charged With Whiskey and Then Frozen.

Some One Steals a Slice and the Referee Calls the Match a Draw.

Watermelon rind filled a lonely-looking barrel which stood in front of Steve Brodie's popular saloon on the Bowery, near Grand street, this morning.

"Where did that all come from?" an EVENING WORLD reporter asked Steve, as he stood in a broad way at the door of his saloon. A broad smile bustled in drooping over the famous bridge-jumper's face as he explained.

"Watermelon match here last night. You see the gang was sitting around lonesome like. We grew tired of drinking beer and treating one another and finally a particular friend of mine, an author, suggested that we get a couple of darkies to eat watermelons on a bet. See?"

"Yes, good idea," replied the reporter.

"Well, we went over to an Italian who keeps a fruit stand on the corner of Catharine street and East Broadway and bought six fine extra-weight watermelons. I always like to patronize that Italian, because he tells me that I will be an Alderman some day." Steve naively explained, and then went on with his story.

"Well, having the melons, we wanted the negroes. We stood on the Bowery and asked the first two couples that came along to go in and eat the melons.

"They wouldn't do it. We pleaded with them, and coaxed, and finally threatened them, when one of them reached for his razor-pocket and we skipped into the saloon.

"Finally we had to send over to Thompson street, where we heard there were two young colored fellows out of work. We found them and hired them.

"Their names are Frank Love and Charley Howard. They are a medium-sized pair and as black as ebony.

"While waiting for the negroes the watermelons were loaded with whiskey and rum and then put in an ice-box to freeze. They were frozen solid when the darkies at last arrived.

"What time did the contest begin?" asked the reporter.

"At 9.30 last night," answered Steve. "Mike Costello was chosen referee. Mike Riney was chosen inspector, and Louis Ledger held the watch.

"The conditions of the match were very simple. The men had to sit on the floor, take a melon between their knees and eat for keeps. With a baseball bat in his hand, the referee informed the men that they must eat at the end of every piece of melon they tackled.

"There was a quart of rye whiskey soaked in the first melon that was cut, and the 'con' and watermelon then for over an hour in a way that made the large crowd there laugh to pieces.

"At the end of the first slice Howard had taken the lead and was attacking the second slice of melon.

"Love tried to overtake his rival. His jaw worked with the regularity of a machine. His cheeks puffed out, his black face shone, and the more he ate the more the word on his head stood up. It was a pleasing and beautiful sight to see the two men eating and eating.

"Why, to show you how interesting it was," he went on, "my wife fell off the stairs, and I caught her in my arms.

"I saw, she forgot where she was, and in the excitement she just stepped off into space. You see, there is no guard-rail on the steps which run inside the saloon, so my apartments overhead. In order that the public should know what was going on I tackled a sign up in the window which read:

"Grand watermelon match going on inside."

"Love made a claim of foul in the second slice, saying that Howard was not eating his melon.

"The referee would not allow the claim, and the match continued. Thereafter Howard gained steadily and Love kicked continually. He said that Howard was eating the liquor out of his slices, and that he was being favored.

"The referee threatened to blow his brains out if he did not take it back, and Love retreated.

"He opened the top button of his trousers and started in to eat Howard, but the latter had to good a start.

"The seeds flew from the men's mouths like hail-stones.

"The end of each slice fell with a dull, sickening thud into the barrel prepared to receive them.

"The first melon was disposed of in six minutes and the second, Howard's, in five. The second melon did not go quite as quick as the first, and the men showed signs of weakening.

"The author was also getting in his fine work, and the men tried to sing.

"Love said he could not warble because he was so full he could not get his voice out."

"And the most interesting moment of the men started on their last melon, but Paddy Green, whose mouth had been watering for it, stole a piece of melon, and the match was declared a draw.

"A purse of \$6.50 was made up by the crowd, half of which went to the winner, the loser getting the balance.

"The men then returned to their haunts in Thompson street," concluded Brodie. "Art class of agreement for them to eat pies will be drawn up at Brodie's place this afternoon."

Gentle Hands Minister to Their Many Wants.

The Naked Clothed and the Hungry Fed.

Neil Nelson Among the Negro and Italian Babies.

Already acknowledged.....\$5,981.58

There is a round table in the center of the room, about which a group of natty colored gentlemen are seated playing cards. They are a propped set, as club men usually are, well dressed, audibly scented with bay rum and hair oil, and handsomely jeweled with cameo and inoffensive solitaires. They wear their hats and an imperturbable address in a manner that could not be improved upon by the windows of the Manhattan.

"Any sick babies in the building?" the doctor inquires.

"Don't know anything about the building, better see the janitor."

"We go upstairs, see the beds and furniture in the halls that have been crowded out of the little rooms by the ubiquitous children, and at the window in the upper hall we see a colored man sitting on a bench, his arms folded on the sill and his head bowed. He is out of work and has been all Summer, his children are sick, his wife has lost hope, and he is in the depths of despair.

"Where are the little ones? Gone off on the Guild excursion. If it wasn't for the Guild folks we'd a died long ago."

"We have a card for the mother, and to-day her little ones will be provided with clothes, shoes and such other help as is most needed.

"In the rear of Houston and Congress streets the seven little colored girls are selected from the two scores who are making mops in the sunshine, and they, too, will be dressed up from the Jenny Wren wardrobe.

Entering Congress alley we came upon a young mother attenuated to the very verge of emaciation. She sits on in the paved alley, leans against the wooden door and, with her lap for a cutting-board, is drafting an infant's shirt. And oh, the poverty of her fabrics! Unbleached muslin, little better than cheese-cloth; a penny soap of thread and a pair of scissors that depend upon the woman's teeth for a start.

Her lips are shriveled and bloodless, her eyes are inexpressibly sad and her strength barely suffices for her support.

She says "God bless you both," when we hand her a parcel of clothing marked "unborn," and her face lights up with joy and gratitude when a card is filled out for the little girls that will entitle each to a suit of clothes.

In another Sullivan street house half a dozen pretty little black babies and a brown baby, born on the Mediterranean twenty months ago, are put in shape by the doctor. The Italian might have a tubercular ulcer on her right shoulder, and what do you suppose the simple mother has applied?

An orange leaf!

She had much trouble getting it, we are told, for three times she went to the dock at 4 o'clock in the morning and hunted among the fruit boxes, peering in through the cracks for the little green leaf that the doctor removes, substituting a healing ointment and a clean bandage.

In one of the rear rooms of the same house we find a young octopus who has been a helpless consumptive for five years. He is lying on the red comfortable that covers the bed, and about the place a middle-aged woman moves with a dusting cloth, giving everything the touch of neatness. It's a pretty little home, but neat as thrift and industry can make it.

The cooking stove, which is not as large as a coal-stove, is mounted on a fruit box, but the polish with which it shines gives it the importance of a range.

The wife, a brave young colored woman, is out washing. Times are dull, and her earnings have not exceeded \$4 a week since June.

After his examination the doctor makes a regular evening appointment, and tells the kind-hearted woman who volunteers her services while the wife is away that the man needs nourishment.

The information is not needed. She knows it, so does the helpless, almost lifeless man. But these Africans are a proud race, and neither says a word.

We go off, the doctor to the grocery and I to the butcher's shop, and when we come back we find the poor man on the sidewalk and the good woman wrapping him up in an old overcoat.

The sun beats down on his head, but he shivers with the cold. Besides the basket of groceries and the bundle of lamb chops, we have a big bottle of grape brandy—the last of your gift "Little Mother"—a quart of oil-liver oil and a paper of fresh eggs.

Dr. Hooper sends for the patient, bringing with him a quart of brandy and a paper of fresh eggs, which the patient drinks before an audience the size of the sidewalk.

With a bunch of tickets for two round trips on the Thomas A. Morgan and a God-send, we go to call on the little ebony boy belonging to the well-known Smith family.

The young fellow has only been on earth twenty months, and in that time measles, croup, bronchitis, diphtheria, cholera morbus and a quartet of viruses have kept him wondering as to the object of his creation.

We find him wholly indifferent to his surroundings, empty as white and too weak to fight with the fist that nibble at his little nose. He has won the race in a Summer complaint and wants something tempting to eat.

Half a dollar pays for a box of gelatine, some eggs and oranges, and the delicacy we concoct would tickle the palate of an epicure.

That sweet peace which buoy the human heart and makes home a heaven enfolds a little Italian family tucked away like a brood of sparrows under the roof of an old frame house on the sunny side of the street. The house consists of one room and there are seven in the family. Out in the hall are the beddings, and an inclined 18-inch plank, propped against the base-board, serves as a pillow for the olive-skinned, black-eyed little ones who sleep here and dream as sweetly as

an Italian court-yard to give a flannel petticoat to a babe of ten days, that is, actually attired in a patched quilt, and before we'll can be found for the child's face the pavement swarms with olive beauty, and the astonished doctor stands amid a group of chattering niggers, who thrust their babies at him, and pull and tug at his sleeves and coats-tails for attention.

Such articles of baby wear as remain in the cab are distributed, out the clamor for more is deafening and the actual needs pitiable.

A Sullivan street house is the abiding-place of a strange lot of people, representative of Europe, Africa and America and the various grades of misery and misfortune.

The main floor is occupied by a young man's club, in the membership of which the very Brahmins of west side African society is included. The hall door being open, our visual angle takes in the assembly room, an inviting apartment, largely furnished with sky-tinted whitewash and cane-bottomed chairs.

There is a round table in the center of the room, about which a group of natty colored gentlemen are seated playing cards. They are a propped set, as club men usually are, well dressed, audibly scented with bay rum and hair oil, and handsomely jeweled with cameo and inoffensive solitaires. They wear their hats and an imperturbable address in a manner that could not be improved upon by the windows of the Manhattan.

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the pets of fortune in their canopied Eleanore couches.

In the kitchen is the little stove, the big bed, a dresser filled with odds and ends of china, tin plates and cups, a brass candlestick and some steel knives, all of them shining bright, a table spread for the noon-day lunch, and up near the window a crib in which a little girl is bolstered. She is a quaint, wise, pretty creature, white as a lily, but thirty months old, and restless as few children ever are. She is dressed in a white Canton-flannel nightgown, her little head is wound about with a white kerchief, and because she is so good her Genoese mother has decorated her with a necklace of crystal beads, which are reflected in the delicate whiteness of the exquisite baby chin.

"Sweet One," as they call her—and the name is pertinent—has a fever, and when Dr. Hooper lifts her out of the narrow crib, so listless to the light heart-beat, she wraps her slender white arms about his neck and implores him with her large, sad brown eyes to be gentle.

And so he is, and reassuring, too, and when he lays her back in her bed, smooths the coarse coverlet about her and puts her delicate cheek, the dark-eyed mother, who, nursing a babe of six months, has been watching him with anxious eyes, presses his hands to her thin lips and tells me "he is good, so good."

The father, a swarthy son of toil, sits in the corner with his little boys about him whitening a boat.

It is to be a beautiful craft, for there are the bits of muslin and tared for the rigging, and at the very elbow of the shipwright is a bucket of water kept at high tide by the chubby arm of a five-year-old, who informs us that "it's the ocean."

The man has a sore foot which the doctor, God bless him, has dressed every few days since the accident, and that was two weeks ago.

He is a laborer by trade, and while at work up in High Bridge with his pick he was blinded for an instant by the sun and brought the point down on his foot. The boss was very sorry and promised to pay him for lost time on account of faithful service. He shows us an envelope containing his time, sixty-four hours at 15 cents and the \$9.52 due.

He has the September rent all ready, and when there is something to eat he is content; and when all are well and all have enough he is happy.

Those society idlers whose pleasures pall, whose blood turns to gall and whose very existence is a tedium from continuous profligacy to self, would find a reason to be ashamed of their lot but see the sweet contentment of this poor man, and the fragrant morsel upon the pine table, flavored with a blessing and made savory by hunger.

There is only one dish—a soup plate—filled with stewed tomatoes, macaroni and sweet peppers, a small loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk, yet the parents protested their satisfaction by their own happiness, and the merriest of the little ones, even the angelic sweetness and patience of the child in the crib, confirmed it.

Dr. Hooper brings an armful of bundles from the cab, we dress the cylindrical, swaddled babe in dimity and white flannel, put worsted boots on the little brown feet and a neat, soft bib is coaxed under the pointed chin.

"Sweet One" is given a white dress, a lace edged apron, some fine blue thread stockings, a doll and a bit of blue ribbon to tie at her throat—the outfit the gift of an up-town lady who laid away her little girl before the tulips were in bloom.

No word of mine can lessen the grief of that sad-hearted mother, but I know there would be a drop of comfort for her could she but see the joy of this tiny Italian invalid in the pretty garments of the lost child.

Try Hattie, who lived away up in one of the gables of an old frame house, is not so easily cajoled to.

She is a little thing with a careless system of joints that permits the bones to be folded, turned or twisted in any direction, and scarcely enough flesh on her body to be gathered into a pinch. The only positive feature in her sad, sallow little face, is a pair of staring blue eyes.

We find her bunked in a rocking-chair, with Granny "Lizbeth—who was a Culpeper slave in 1816—talking to her. The old grand-mother is gandy in a green brass breastpin and a string of amber beads, and it is very sweet to hear the pet names to which the tiny sick child responds.

Only the day before little Hattie returned from one of the seaside hospitals. Everything was tried—salt water, a hammock bed, electric currents and a new diet, but without effect, and after two weeks she comes back to the cherishing of dear old granny.

That gentle, loving, trusting woman is sustained by an unflinching trust "in good nursing and the help of the Lord." All she wants is a bit of money, some one to patch the roof so as to keep her "honey" from being drowned, and they "all pull through."

She tells us that she "was born with a double veil, brought over the line at the age of three months and sold to Wilson O'Neil."

She "done raised six children, lives in the fear of the Lord and with his grace will get Hattie, bless her precious soul, on her feet 'fore snow time."

We cross granny's honest hand with \$2.25, unload an armful of clothes for small Hattie and provide free passage for both to and from South Beach.

In the rear of 5 Sullivan street clothes are provided for fifteen children, half of them unborn, and jersey waists, towels, pieces of linen and skirts for as many needy mothers.

The doctor looks after five runabouts, who have sore eyes, bruised fingers or turbulent stomachs, aged four and three-quarter years combined, who are as tightly knotted up with the gripes as the poorest pickaninny in the yard.

Both are motherless, but the \$6 a month paid for their board and lodging, insures them against neglect and abuse. These "money babies," as they are called, pay the living expenses of two families.

Further along Sullivan street we enter an alley and pass a little garden planted with grass and sunflowers, dahlias and marigolds, and jealously hemmed in by fences and woodsheds.

A peep through the gate is like a poppy show to the wandering eyes of the neighboring children in the rear tenement, many of whom have never so much as touched a blade of grass.

There are twenty-three in the gloomy yard without, playing about the pump, brown as berries and happy in the face of privation.

We flit away a few dollars, knowing well enough that the dimes will eventually go to the mother, who are too proud to accept so much as a penny from us.

The little girls bring the babies to us, and in every little hand a coin is folded for milk. I want to kiss a black-eyed harlequin of five, who has a skin like brown satin and three dimples in his face, but he won't have it. Unbidden the little girls attempt to catch him, but he scales the fence and mocks me from the roof of a coal shed. Turning the corner fifteen minutes later he suddenly appears and coyly surrenders his lips, and to pay for the timid caress I have to levy on the doctor's purse.

Half a hundred children are found along Houston, Thompson, Clark and Prince streets whom we dress, drug, pet and feed, and we catch the contagion of mercurial mania with laughter and contentment.

Rhiani, a lovely girl of thirteen, born in the shadow of St. Peter's, has been taking us about, and when the last of the black and brown babies have been prescribed for or relieved she wants help.

"No; not sick. I want work. My father is a laborer. I must help. You can help me find work?"

I wish we could. She has the beauty of a Madonna and would make the fortune of the artist who has the ability to put her lovely face, brilliant eyes, blue hair and her little Venus de Medici figure on canvas.

Among the Italian and colored people, we visit 250 families, the doctor prescribes for forty-seven little ones, and with groceries, clothing, fruit, cordials, excursion tickets and very small cash donations, 197 persons are relieved.

NEIL NELSON.

THE DEATH RATE.

Dr. Nagel Says "The Evening World" Physicians Have Done Wonders.

Yesterday there were 100 deaths, forty-five of which were children under five years of age. The causes of death were:

Cholera infantum..... 5  
Diphtheria..... 2  
Whooping cough..... 1  
Typhoid fever..... 1  
Scarlet fever..... 1  
Pneumonia..... 1  
Other diseases..... 19

Dr. Nagel, of the Board of Health, states that the total number of deaths this year is much less than at this time last year. It is due in a measure to the nice weather we have had, but in a greater measure to the work of THE EVENING WORLD'S corps of physicians.

Cholera infantum, which hitherto has been the dread of the tenement houses, has been almost driven out, only two deaths occurring from it yesterday.

Diarrheal diseases are on the increase, and it is possibly owing to the carelessness of mothers in giving their children green fruit.